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in

Modern English Prose

For Matriculation & S.S.C. Classes

BY

C. J. BROWN, M.A.

FORMERLY PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH, LUCKNOW UNIVERSITY

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
ST. MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON

A UNIVERSITY ENTRANCE COURSE IN MODERN ENGLISH PROSE

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INTRODUCTION

THIS little book of selected English passages has been designed primarily for students preparing for the Matriculation Examinations of the various Indian universities or for other qualifying examinations of the same standard. The aims the writer has had chiefly in view are those set forth at length in the introduction to *An Intermediate Course in Modern English*. There is no need therefore to repeat them here. Suffice it to say that in selecting the passages the first consideration has been that the English should be modern and familiar, such as the student may without hesitation accept and use in his own compositions.

Since one of the principal objects the writer has had in view is a practical one, namely, to furnish the student with a working knowledge of modern English, the selection of passages has not been made exclusively from standard authors, though these are well represented (*cf.* the passages from Dickens, George Eliot, Faraday, Maria Edgeworth, Lewis Carroll). Not only have foreign writers of repute such as Tagore, Tolstoy, Dumas and Fabre been drawn upon, but having regard to the equipment and requirements of students at this stage, a number of passages chosen for the intrinsic interest of their subject matter from less well-known writers have

been included. In these the strictest attention has been paid to the purity and exactness of expression, and I have not hesitated to alter any words or phrases which appeared to conflict with recognized idiomatic usage. As in the *Intermediate Course*, a considerable number of passages dealing with Geographical and Scientific topics have been included. But in this book the treatment of these—as, for example, in Carl Ewald's *The Earth and the Comet*, a model in this kind of exposition—is simple and popular.

For the narrative passages, legend, romance and travel have been chiefly drawn upon, as making a special appeal to readers of the age for which this book is intended, and the majority of these are either taken from Oriental sources or have their scenes laid in Eastern lands.

Once more attention is drawn to the great value of dialogue in the teaching of colloquial English. About one third of the passages in this book are either partly or wholly in dialogue form, and in addition a simple prose drama has been included. Passages like " A Mad Tea-Party " from *Alice in Wonderland* abound in idioms, and a judicious use of such pieces as models and for part-reading is likely to give the Indian student a sounder knowledge of the spoken language than a long course of rapid reading.

Finally, the passages have been carefully graded to suit a two years' course of study.

In the exercises at the conclusion of the book an attempt has been made to embody some of the principles of the Dalton and other modern methods of teaching English, and to adapt them to the requirements of Indian schools. These exercises are essentially practical, and though intended in the first place for the teacher's

use, should present little difficulty to the student working by himself. They are concerned chiefly with composition, *e.g.* paragraph-making, the construction of sentences, the use of idioms, etc. At the same time they are designed to test the student's knowledge of both the matter and form of what he is reading. A special attempt has been made to show how grammar may serve as the handmaid of composition, instead of becoming, as it too often does in Indian schools, a meaningless formal exercise.

A few notes have been prefixed to the exercises on certain passages, where these seemed necessary to elucidate the text. For the remaining passages, the dictionary and the atlas should be adequate to resolve any difficulties the pupil may encounter in the course of his reading.

In conclusion, the writer desires to acknowledge his indebtedness to Mr. H. S. Walker, Headmaster, St. Mary's School, Melrose, for his constant help and advice in the selection of the passages included in this book.

CONTENTS

1. THE FIRST RAILWAY.

SEPTEMBER 27th, 1825. It was a wonderful day in the history of William, and a wonderful day in the history of far more important people than our young hero; a wonderful day even in the history of the world, for it witnessed the opening of the first railway.

People nowadays have forgotten what a truly wonderful event it was. Nobody could say whether the locomotive would really pull its weight of coals and people along the line; whether, indeed, it would run the length of the line at all. Yet with great faith the promoters and proprietors had announced the formal opening of the line with Engine No. 1, and also announced the time of the train, just as a hundred years later the time-tables give information of the train services.

Posters for days before had been prominently displayed in Darlington "hereby giving notice that the formal opening of the railway will take place on the 27th inst.," and giving full details of the programme.

William had arrived with his father on the previous week. He had hoped to be allowed to travel on the road waggon to the railway with the engine "Locomotion,"[1] but, alas, he had to remain behind at Newcastle

[1] The engine "Locomotion" had been transported by road on a waggon from Stephenson's works at Newcastle to within eight miles of Darlington, where the rails started.

and clear up the workshops whilst his hated rival, Arthur Smith, had gone off with the engine. It was disappointing, but still, he would be at the opening ceremony, and his father, too.

The day dawned clear and bright, and George Stephenson, his helpers, and everybody else were up early. Mr. Stephenson himself helped to get up steam in "Locomotion." Having filled the boiler with water, a hurried search was made for a tinder box to set the fire going. (Matches were neither cheap nor plentiful in those days.) Then one of the workmen brought out of his pocket a magnifying glass, with which he used to light his pipe, and holding it up against the sun, which was shining brightly, soon set a light to the tinder in the fire-box of the engine.

This first train for the opening day was made up of several waggons filled with coal and flour, more waggons fitted with boards for the guests to sit on, and a special coach on waggon wheels for the Directors and gentry. This coach had no springs and was very rudely constructed, but as all stage coaches had names in those days it was called the "Experiment." To-day it would be considered a most uncomfortable carriage in which to travel. Railway carriages are now made of the very finest hard woods, mahogany, oak or teak; they are perfectly weather-proof, and huge steel springs fitted to steel girders make our journey comfortable and easy. Travelling in this little wooden box on wheels must have been far from pleasant, yet it was better than journeying in the open waggons, where you were constantly exposed to cinders and sparks from the engine.

Let us now look at the crowds of people who are lining the sides of the railway track, for the time for the train

to start is drawing near. Here is a party of well-wishers from Newcastle; there is a contingent from Yorkshire prophesying disaster; sarcastic folk, frightened folk, people on horseback, in gigs, carriages and carts—all to cheer the little Flying Monster with its burden, or laugh at its failure.

In the very front of the crowd you might have seen two small figures which you would recognize at once—one of them William Hart, and the other, not to be outdone, his red-haired rival.

Both of them were determined, when the time came, to have a ride on the train. They would not be left behind, whatever happened!

At last the invited guests with the Directors approached the waiting crowds, and with them came another crowd who hurried along to get a good view of the little train. George Stephenson was standing beside his little engine, a centre of activity; such a hitching up of waggons, buzz of talk and argument, shuffling and pushing—a scene the like of which had never before been witnessed by that quiet countryside. Would "Locomotion" perform its task proudly and well, or would it cast dishonour on its creator and promoters?

Forming up the train as best they could with the crowd gathered round it, the workmen prepared to start. A horseman was told to carry a flag in front of the engine to clear the way—there were no signals as yet. By this time steam was up in the boiler of the engine, and one or two snorts from "Locomotion" soon cleared a little space round it. The signal having been given, George Stephenson jumped on to the seat of the engine and pushed the handle. Very slowly at first, but surely, as the steam made its way into the cylinders,

the cranks began to see-saw and the wheels began to move. They were off! They had started! The first passenger train in the world was moving.

Suddenly a loud burst of cheering came from the great crowd as they jostled each other in their attempt to keep pace with the train. At this moment young William dashed out of his place in the crowd, ran by the side of the train for a few minutes, then gave a mighty leap and was up on the tail-board of one of the last waggons.

Arthur saw his rival's move and made haste to follow. Alas, it was too late: the train was moving off at a rapid pace and he was unable to find a foothold. Too late! He shook his fist at William and, with the crowd, started to run. Men on horseback jumped over fences, alongside the railway: the man with the flag broke his horse into a trot.

The pace of the train grew quicker and quicker. Darlington, with its population on the tiptoe of excitement, was eight miles away. Telling the man on horseback with the flag to get out of the way, George Stephenson increased the speed to fifteen miles an hour. "Locomotion" responded to its driver's command, and with a rattle and much smoke the little train swayed onwards. The occupants of the waggons gripped the seats firmly. They had never experienced anything like this before. Fifteen miles an hour—it was thrilling! The horseman was left far behind, the crowd faded out of sight, and the followers on horseback fell behind too. At last the engine slackened speed again as the train drew near to Darlington. With a more stately pace now, the Flying Dragon with its long tail of thirty eight waggons and one coach, slowed down, and again

headed by the horseman with his flag entered the town.

The day had been declared a general holiday, and handkerchiefs and scarves fluttered gaily as "Locomotion" with the first stage of its momentous journey behind it, came slowly to a stop. William Hart was the first to alight, which he did by jumping from the train while it was still moving—a dangerous habit which, I fear, has been copied by older people since. Ready hands helped in the re-watering of the boiler. Two waggons of coal and flour were detached and the contents given to the poor. Many people partook of the refreshments provided, and after some delay the real journey between the two towns of Darlington and Stockton began.

Between each waggon on the train brakesmen were placed, for it was necessary for them to work a lever which put a brake on the wheels of each waggon and so checked the speed of the train as it ran down the little hills. By this time, however, the waggons were swarming with would-be travellers, and the brakesmen who were standing on the buffers were in great danger of being thrown off their perches.

At this juncture Willie thought it his duty to help to maintain order.

"Hi, there, hi!" he shouted several times; and taking his stand beside one of the brakesmen, he pushed off as many others as he could, and certainly saved his particular waggon from being overwhelmed.

Fortunately the train soon started again, and Willie heaved a sigh of relief and happiness.

"This is better than hoeing turnips!" he murmured.

"Locomotion," with its craving for coal and water satisfied for the moment, was running splendidly under the direction of George Stephenson. Once more the speed was increased. Across the fields, over little gullies, under bridges and past tiny cottages, with crowds of onlookers at every point, the now triumphant train sped on its way to Stockton. Truly a marvellous thing even to us in these days—that a locomotive engine of so simple a design and of such a size should be able to haul so many waggons over a railroad so smoothly and rapidly.

At one part of the journey the new line ran alongside the turnpike road, and as the train rattled along it came up with and slowly passed the stage coach with the king's mail. The coach horses were urged to keep pace with the new competitor, but slowly and surely the train gained. Inch by inch it went ahead, its progress watched by the occupants of both conveyances, until at last the stage coach was left far behind. We may wonder if any of those who saw this first competition between stage coach and railway train ever thought of the long struggle for travellers which followed through the years. The novelty of travelling on a railway was something to talk about, but for a long time after 1825 the idea of going by train did not occur to many people, or if it did they were too nervous to venture.

When a second stop was made to take in more water for the engine, the now wildly enthusiastic travellers described what it was like to ride in a railway train to the wide-eyed bystanders. But the pause was short. "All aboard!" was again passed along the waggons, and the train started on the final stage of its first journey.

The waiting crowds at Stockton watched the hands of the clock anxiously. Had something happened? Where was the long-looked-for locomotive engine, driven by steam? Strained eyes were searching the spot where it would come into sight. Was that a cloud, or smoke from a cottage? No—the trembling of the iron rails told its own story. There they are! From hundreds of throats a mighty cheer went up, as the gallant little locomotive, steaming and puffing, drew the train into the very heart of the crowd, and stood panting as if for breath.

Such explanations, such chatterings, such wonder! It was excitement enough to last those who had made the journey for many a long day. George Stephenson had so far won his fight for his locomotive. "Locomotion" had served its proud master better than any Arab steed. He had ridden on the back of the fiery monster the length of the new line, which was now declared open. His striving, his perseverance, had that day won their due reward. His engine had done more than he had said it would do. The critics were dumbfounded; the scornful ones hurried away scowling—while the town of Stockton gave itself up to jubilant applause. The church bells rang out upon the afternoon air, and the now somewhat tired travellers made their way to the Town Hall where a welcome banquet had been provided. The great day had ended in triumphant success.

From *The Steel Highway*, by H. D. WILLIAMS. By permission of the Readers' Library Publishing Company.

2. A GRAIN AS BIG AS A HEN'S EGG.

ONE day some children found, in a ravine, a thing shaped like a grain of corn, with a groove down the middle, but as large as a hen's egg. A traveller passing by saw the thing, bought it from the children for a penny, and taking it to town sold it to the King as a curiosity.

The King called together his wise men, and told them to find out what the thing was. The wise men pondered and pondered and could not make head or tail of it, till one day, when the thing was lying on a window-sill, a hen flew in and pecked at it till she made a hole in it, and then everyone saw it was a grain of corn. The wise men went to the King and said :

" It is a grain of corn."

At this the King was much surprised : and he ordered the learned men to find out when and where such corn had grown. The learned men pondered again, and searched in their books, but could find nothing about it. So they returned to the King and said :

" We can give you no answer. There is nothing about it in our books. You will have to ask the peasants : perhaps some of them may have heard from their fathers when and where grain grew to such a size."

So the King gave orders that some very old peasant should be brought before him ; and his servants found such a man and brought him to the King. Old and

bent, ashy pale and toothless, he just managed with the help of two crutches to totter into the King's presence.

The King showed him the grain, but the old man could hardly see it: he took it, however, and felt it with his hands. The King questioned him, saying:

"Can you tell us, old man, where such grain as this grew? Have you ever bought such corn, or sown such in your fields?"

The old man was so deaf that he could hardly hear what the King said, and only understood with great difficulty.

"No!" he answered at last, "I never sowed nor reaped any like it in my fields, nor did I ever buy any such. When we bought corn, the grains were always as small as they are now. But you might ask my father. He may have heard where such grain grew."

So the King sent for the old man's father, and he was found and brought before the King. He came walking with one crutch. The King showed him the grain, and the old peasant, who was still able to see, took a good look at it. And the King asked him:

"Can you tell us, old man, where corn like this used to grow? Have you ever bought any like it, or sown any in your fields?"

Though the old man was rather hard of hearing, he still heard better than his son had done.

"No," he said, "I never sowed or reaped any grain like this in my field. As to buying, I never bought any, for in my time money was not yet in use. Every one grew his own corn, and when there was any need we shared with one another. I do not know where corn like this grew. Ours was larger and yielded more flour than present-day grain, but I never saw any like this.

I have, however, heard my father say, that in his time the grain grew larger and yielded more flour than ours. You had better ask him."

So the King sent for this old man's father, and they found him too, and brought him before the King. He entered walking easily and without crutches: his eye was clear, his hearing good, and he spoke distinctly. The King showed him the grain, and the old grandfather looked at it, and turned it about in his hand.

"It is a long time since I saw such a fine grain," said he, and he bit a piece off and tasted it.

"It's the very same kind," he added.

"Tell me, grandfather," said the King, "when and where was such corn grown? Have you ever bought any like it, or sown any in your fields?"

And the old man replied:

"Corn like this used to grow everywhere in my time. I lived on corn like this in my young days, and fed others on it. It was grain like this that we used to sow and reap and thrash."

And the King asked:

"Tell me, grandfather, did you buy it anywhere, or did you grow it all yourself?"

The old man smiled.

"In my time," he answered, "no one ever thought of such a sin as buying or selling bread: and we knew nothing of money. Each man had corn enough of his own."

"Then tell me, grandfather," asked the King, "where was your field, where did you grow corn like this?"

And the grandfather answered:

"My field was God's earth. Wherever I ploughed, there was my field. Land was free. It was a thing no

man called his own. Labour was the only thing men called their own."

"Answer me two more questions," said the King. "The first is: Why did the earth bear such grain then, and has ceased to do so now? And the second is this: Why your grandson walks with two crutches, your son with one, and you yourself with none? Your eyes are bright, your teeth sound, and your speech clear and pleasant to the ear. How have these things come about?"

And the old man answered:

"These things are so, because men have ceased to live by their own labour, and have taken to depending on the labour of others. In the old time men lived according to God's law. They had what was their own, and coveted not what others had produced."

From *Twenty-three Tales*, by LEO TOLSTOY. By permission of the translator, Mr. Aylmer Maude, and the publisher, Mr. Humphrey Milford.

3. THE STORY OF RAMA.

I. Rama Bends the Brazen Bow of Rudra

[At the request of Visvamitra, the anchorite, and on the advice of Vasishtha, Dasaratha has permitted Rama and Lakshman to accompany Visvamitra in order to subdue the demons (Rakshas) who had interrupted him in his austerities. In the course of their wanderings they approach Mithila (Tirhut).]

King Janaka of Mithila wished to find a suitor for his lovely daughter, the Princess Sita. The monarch hoping that among the suitors would arrive the renowned prince whom destiny had chosen for his daughter, caused this edict to be made known far and wide throughout the kingdoms of India and China: "Whoever aspires to the hand of the matchless Sita must bend the war-bow of her famous ancestor."

Suitors arrived from the most distant corners of the earth; indeed, all the bravest and most eligible young warriors of the time came to try their skill. But alas, not one was able to bend the great bow, and the noble youths, nay even princes of royal blood, one after another left Mithila abashed.

In due time Rama with his brother Lakshman, accompanied by Visvamitra, the hermit who served their royal house, arrived at Mithila. Janaka was seated on his throne, surrounded by his lords and warriors, when

the saintly Visvamitra was reverently conducted to his presence. Audience being granted him, the hermit made his claim on behalf of Rama in these words: "O Sovereign of the great country of Mithila, grant if it please thee that the wondrous bow be shown to Rama, King Dasaratha's first-born son." Then King Janaka turned to his officers and commanded them, saying, "Bring forth the wondrous bow with its garlands and its gold." And the officers went forthwith to the strongly guarded chamber where the treasured weapon was kept in a chariot of iron. To draw that eight-wheeled chariot was no easy task, and though the men appointed for the labour had the strength of giants, yet their sturdy backs bent almost double under the exertion and the leather leading thongs pressed deeply into their shoulders as they drew the car along. At length the great chariot containing the brazen bow lumbered with ponderous roll into the judgment hall where the king was sitting with his attendant, tributary princes and nobles, and the whole audience cried out with one voice: "Behold the bow of Mithila! Let it be shown to Prince Rama, rightful son of Dasaratha."

Thereupon Janaka thus addressed his honoured visitors: "Here is the bow which for many generations now has been the chief treasure of our royal house. Many mighty men of valour and renowned chiefs have attempted to bend it but could not. Rudra, my great ancestor, caused even the gods to shrink in terror before his shining bow. Spirits, that have the power of changing their form to deceive and destroy men, found their skill of no avail before the bow of Rudra. The demons who are the sworn enemies of the gods, have fallen by the hand of Rudra when armed with this splendid bow.

Holy saint, see the bow is before you: yet man is but mortal and he will endeavour in vain to string it, bend it and shoot from it an arrow. Nevertheless, cause the princes of Ayodhya to look upon it and pronounce to them the solemn promise I have made."

When Visvamitra heard the monarch's words he led the brave Rama up to the ponderous car in which the bow of Rudra lay. Rama seized the cover of the chariot, and lifting it up exposed the mighty weapon to view; and as he stood surveying it with wonder and awe the consciousness of his manhood and his strength caused a thrill to run through his limbs. Yet he was in no haste to touch it: the veneration, in which for ages it had been held, kept him back.

But he turned humbly to the holy hermit and asked: "Am I permitted to stretch out my hand and touch the bow? Oh, do thou help me now with thy gracious power to lift and bend the bow!"

"It is permitted," replied the hermit, and the king assented. And so Rama put his hand upon the bow, raised it from the car and stood proudly resting it on his powerful arm. Next he fitted the cord and strung the bow, a feat which emperors had failed to perform. Then as if he were preparing to loose an arrow, Rama drew back the bow-string further and further, until at last under the fearful strain, with terrific noise the weapon snapped across. The clank resounded through the hall like thunder: the solid ground shook and the distant hills re-echoed the sound. The princes and lords turned pale at the unexpected sight and many fainted with fear, while the hearts of the other suitors for Sita's hand turned cold with dismay.

When the princes and the lords had recovered from their

terror and the blood returned to their cheeks once more, they became aware that Janaka was speaking, and these were the gracious words he spoke: "In my old age I have seen this marvellous deed done by Rama, a deed unmatched by any recorded in history or devised by fancy. My lovely Sita, the chief ornament of my house, sheds still greater lustre upon her father's name in espousing this god-like hero. For I have given my word, and my daughter, who is dearer to me than life, shall be given as the reward of Rama's valour to be his faithful wife."

Then turning to Visvamitra, he continued, "O saintly adviser, if thou consentest, ambassadors shall be sent forthwith in chariots to Ayodhya and there relate to King Dasaratha the late glorious achievement of his son Rama; and they shall tell him how by his wonderful might he has won Sita as his bride. Meanwhile the two princes, Rama and Lakshman, shall stay with us and be right royally entertained in our halls. And should King Dasaratha consent to the request of our envoys, he shall be conducted here in our own chariot, to grace and honour our palace with his august presence. Do thou, therefore, bestow thy blessing on the enterprise."

Janaka's proposals met with the approval of Visvamitra, and accordingly certain noble lords were chosen for the embassy, who at once set out for Ayodhya, carrying the royal message.

II. The Meeting of Dasaratha and Janaka.

For three days the embassy travelled with all speed, halting only at night to rest their tired horses. As they

approached Ayodhya a message reached them from the king, bidding them enter the palace hall where Dasaratha attended by his peers and courtiers was sitting in council. Upon entering this hall King Janaka's envoys, with a low obeisance, first gave King Dasaratha their master's greeting and then proceeded in an easy yet graceful manner to deliver the royal message: "Great sovereign, greetings! And greetings to every priest and warrior. King Janaka sends thee, O king, his wishes for thy health and safety, and prays heaven to send thee happiness, and further, with the consent of Visvamitra, sends thee this joyful message:

'I had pledged my word and proclaimed it by the mouths of heralds far and wide in every land, that whoever should bend the bow of Rudra should take my beautiful Sita as his bride. In response to my proclamation, kings and princes, chieftains and famous warriors flocked to Mithila to try their strength, but one and all returned, shamed and abashed, unsuccessful in their venture. At last the princes, Rama and Lakshman, came, conducted by their venerable tutor,—Rama took the brazen bow in his hands and not only bent it, but exerting the whole of his mighty strength forced it backward until it snapped, to the wonder and confusion of the thousand suitors and the princes seated in my palace hall. 'Tis the will of Heaven: Rama has won the promised bride and thus I fulfil my vow. I trust that in this matter thy pleasure will be equal to mine!

'Come therefore, King of the land of Kosala, with thy lords and priests to the city of Mithila. The feast is prepared and awaits only thy presence to honour it. Come, and rejoice over the triumph of thy son.'"

"This, O King Dasaratha, is the glad message of

our royal master, sent with the approval of the wise Visvamitra."

When the king had heard the message he took counsel with Vasishtha and the other Brahmans who were well versed in religious learning, and also with the chieftains who sat round his throne. The Brahmans assented with one voice. "The will of Dasaratha be done!" they exclaimed. Thereupon the king informed the ambassadors that the royal procession would set out from Ayodhya the next day at sunrise. So the ambassadors withdrew from the court and were entertained in a manner becoming to the honour of their royal host.

No sooner had the sun risen on the next morning than the king rose and proceeded to give orders to his seneschal for the forthcoming journey; and these were the orders he gave: "This shall be the order of the procession. First the treasure waggons which the steward of the treasury must fill with gold, silver, jewels and costly garments. Next a company of horsemen drawn up in ranks of four. These must be followed by the elephants and the pick of my chargers. Then the foot-soldiers drawn up in close order. After them my war chariot, followed by all the state chariots drawn by the fleetest horses and attended by the couriers. Vasishtha and the Brahmans will travel by my side. Bid all this be done in haste, for we have a long journey before us."

These instructions were speedily carried out, and King Dasaratha set out in his royal state chariot at the head of this splendid company.

After journeying for four days they drew near to Mithila, and Janaka, being informed by a courier of their approach, rode out to meet them. And he welcomed Dasaratha with this gracious speech:

"Thy coming, my royal brother, has shed glory on my house. I trust that thy journey has been peaceful. Welcome now to Mithila, where thy brave sons are awaiting thee. Welcome Vasishtha, expounder of the scriptures. From henceforward no evil can happen to my race seeing that it is sanctified by a marriage alliance with the descendants of the warrior Raghu. Let us begin the sacrifice and the ceremonies proper to this auspicious occasion at sunrise, so that the nuptial rites shall be concluded by the evening."

And Dasaratha answered him: "As the ancient saying has it, 'The gift is a token of the bounty of the giver'; so thy gift, O King of Mithila, is enhanced by thy fame and virtue. We accept this gift, for by it our race is highly honoured."

The two kings indeed appeared to vie with one another in the graceful manner and kindliness of their greetings: Janaka was delighted with Dasaratha's answer, and Dasaratha was gratified by the warmth of Janaka's greeting. The princes, Rama and Lakshman, then came forward and greeted their father, humbly touching his feet with their foreheads. Thus Dasaratha's happiness was complete. The Brahmans and other priests spent the night joyfully in their own manner, conversing with men whom they esteemed as no less virtuous and as profoundly learned as themselves. The evening rites were duly performed, and it was not until the stars were shining over the domes and turrets of the city of Mithila that the guests and their hosts retired to rest.

From *The Wanderings of Rama*, by W. GANDY.

4. IN THE AMAZON FOREST.

You will remember Manuel, the boy who went with his father on a voyage for a thousand miles up the Amazon. This is the story of some of his adventures in the great forest where he lived for six months, keeping his father company. It was lucky for Manuel that he lived in the forest for the best half of the year. For during the times of the great rains it is very close and steamy, and very unhealthy for anybody unless he happens to be an Indian. The natives, of course, are used to it. But nearly everybody else catches fever badly, and many die. The worst of this fever is that if you catch it once it hardly ever leaves you altogether. Even when you get back to your own land you are likely to have attacks of it every year—not severe attacks, but quite bad enough to make you feel very ill.

Of course, it rained heavily many times during Manuel's stay there. At such times it was so close and damp that the forest seemed like a vast hot-house. Manuel was lucky not to have fever. Perhaps it was because he had lived so long at Para. Perhaps—and this is more likely—it was because his father saw that he took a dose of quinine every day to keep the fever away. Every sensible person does this if he has to live in a hot wet land.

Another thing that helped to keep the fever away was

the fine net which Manuel slept under at night. There was netting, too, on all the windows. This fine gauzy netting kept the fever away, because it shut out the mosquitoes. For the mosquitoes bring the fever. They have the fever germs in them. When they sting, or rather stab, you with their needle-like trunks they leave some of the germs in the wound. These germs grow very fast, and soon your blood gets full of them—and you have a bad attack of fever.

Now you know this, you will begin to see why the very first thing men do, if they can, before settling in hot, wet countries is to drain or fill up the swamps. The home of the mosquito is the swamp. Destroy its home and you destroy the mosquito.

The house that Manuel lived in was a long, low building, with a wide verandah and green shutters. Its roof was thatched with palm leaves, and was the haunt of many kinds of insects—many of which looked far more fierce than they really were.

Beside the house were several large wooden sheds, open on the side facing the river. Manuel's father traded in rubber, and these were the sheds in which the rubber was stored until there was enough to send down in large canoes to meet the steamer at Manaos. Manuel was much puzzled when he first visited these sheds. Two of them were half-full of dirty looking balls of stuff that looked worth nothing at all. Another held a large number of flat cakes of the same stuff.

"That is rubber," said his father. "The Indians bring it down to us in their canoes. Some of it is in rough balls, as you see. Quite a lot comes, too, as biscuit-rubber—those flat cakes you see there."

"How do they get it?" asked Manuel. "I know it

comes from the rubber-tree, but isn't the rubber juice milky white ? This stuff is black and dirty."

" To-morrow we shall be going up-stream a few miles," replied his father. " We are sure to see some of the Indians at work, and that will be far better than my trying to tell you all about it now."

So very early next morning, while it was still cool and the thick mists hung over the river and the forest, Manuel and his father stepped into a long, narrow dug-out canoe, which soon was speeding up-stream under the swift strokes of the paddles of six Indians. As the sun rose high and the mists lifted, they kept under the shade of the branches which stretched out over the shining water. Several canoes loaded with rough dirty-looking rubber passed them, going down to the store. From one of these canoes Manuel's father found out where some of the rubber men were working.

By and by the canoe was thrust ashore. The party sprang out, shouldered their loads, and plunged into the gloom of the forest. How quiet it was ! Not even the song of a bird broke the silence. Suddenly came a report like that of a gun—a big gun, too. It was the fall of one of the forest giants—a mighty tree that had seen the rains of more than three hundred years, perhaps. Later came a quick rustle and a scuttle among the thick leaves overhead ; then a long-drawn scream as of a child in pain.

" Jaguar ! " said Manuel's father. " He's been lying in wait for the monkeys."

After an hour's march, or rather scramble, along the winding forest path, they came to a little open space where a smoky fire was burning before a rude shelter made of branches and big leaves. By the fire were four

or five large clay vessels full to the brim of sticky white juice. A naked Indian was holding a canoe paddle covered with brown dirty-looking rubber over the fire to catch the smoke, turning it slowly round and round. Presently he dipped it into the nearest vessel and brought it out covered with the sticky juice, turning it round and round to keep it from dripping until it was once more in the hot smoke of the fire.

"Pépé is making rubber," said Manuel's father. "Now you know all about it."

Manuel watched the ball of rubber on the paddle grow larger and larger as Pépé went on dipping it and smoking it over the fire, until it was a large blob. Pépé laid it aside and took up another paddle to begin another ball.

"Come this way," said the overseer, "and see what is done next. Those Indians are stripping the smoked rubber from the paddle. It is very tough. See, there is a ball lying there. Try to tear a piece off. Tough! isn't it?"

"Yes," answered the boy, "but it isn't much like the rubber I've seen at home. I suppose all sorts of things have to be done to it to make it ready to use."

"Of course. But that is another story! Here come some Indians with fresh rubber in their calabashes."

"It seems to pour out quite easily," said Manuel. "The stuff in the big pots is much stickier."

"That's because they've put something into the fresh juice to make it so," was the answer.

After watching for some time they started back for the canoe, for they did not wish to spend the night in the forest. On the way back they took a different path. Manuel was shown several rubber trees being tapped. Each had Y-shaped gashes made in the bark, and Manuel

noticed that at the long tail of the Y there was fixed a little clay cup. Some trees had a dozen or so of these cups fastened on them. Once a silent Indian with a calabash slung over his shoulder came out of the gloom, swiftly emptied cup after cup into his calabash, and, after putting each one carefully back in its place, disappeared.

The party rested for a little in a rough hut which the rubber-men used to sleep in, and which was built on an open sandy spot by the river. Manuel noticed two queer things about it. First, it had a strange smell. Then he saw several little cane baskets hung from the roof by fibre cords. He asked what it meant.

"Fire-ants," replied his father. "They are only tiny things, but they bite terribly. Keep to the path when we go down to the river, or you'll step on one of their underground villages, and they'll swarm all over you and nearly eat you alive. All eatables have to be hung up like that to keep them out of the way of the ants. They gobble up everything—even clothes. That strange smell is the juice of a certain plant which the fire-ants hate, and which the Indians use to smear over everything they want to protect from these little pests. People on the Amazon often have to run away from their villages because of these creatures. Their bite is bad, but their sting is worse. When the fire-ant touches your flesh he at once buries his jaws in it, doubles himself into an arch, and plunges his sting in deep. It burns like fire. That is why the Indians call him the fire-ant."

. . . . . .

The sun was low in the sky when they started off down-stream again. Already the forest folk were astir. The parrots and macaws shrieked as they told each other

of the men-folk on the river, or quarrelled among themselves over the fruit. Now and then the monkeys broke out into a quick chatter from the trees overhead, and the wailing cry of the great jaguar came from the dark forest.

They came in sight of the house just as night fell. There was no dusk. Night comes suddenly in lands near the Equator. Enormous flights of bats wheeled about. Manuel remembered only too well how he had been awakened one night by a rushing whirring noise in his room. The bats had got in, and his father had to beat them out with a thick stick. They slept during the day among the rafters of the rubber-sheds. Some of them were dangerous. They sucked the blood of sleeping men and animals, so the Indians said. Manuel was a brave boy, but these creatures somehow made him shiver.

Manuel was glad to get back. He had had a splendid day.

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5. OUR UNSEEN FRIENDS AND FOES.

WE have to talk now about the simplest kinds of living creatures that we know, and about the things they do, not only because they are very interesting in themselves, but also because their life affects the story of the Earth, which they are constantly helping to change in many ways.

These living things are extremely small; they have many names, and are often called *germs*—the germs of disease. But the great Frenchman Pasteur, who found out that some of these things often make us ill, called them *microbes*, a word which really means "small life."

Different kinds of microbes have different powers, and act sometimes in useful, sometimes in harmful ways. Some microbes, for instance, have special powers of making food-material with the aid of the air which is found down in the soil. Air contains a very valuable element called nitrogen, which ordinary plants cannot use, though we breathe it into our blood along with the oxygen which we *do* use. But certain microbes can take this nitrogen and combine it with other elements so as to make compounds which are perfect food-materials. These particular microbes are specially fond of certain kinds of green plants which are not particularly useful in themselves; but the farmer knows that it is worth his while to grow these plants one year, so as to make the

soil rich in food for his wheat in the next year. If he grows wheat every year the soil will become exhausted of its food materials, and so farmers have long practised what is called the *rotation of crops*. It is, of course, a very serious matter, for the farmer and the country, that the farmer cannot grow wheat every year; but it is hoped that by using these special microbes in a particular way we may be able to grow wheat year after year in the same soil.

The dairyman should be no less interested in microbes than the farmer should be, for they are of the utmost importance in all his work. Among them are included his best friends and his most dangerous enemies. If we realise that microbes are everywhere, we shall understand that they invade milk from the moment it is drawn—microbes of all kinds, useful and dangerous—from, the air, from dust, and from water.

Now, milk is one of the best things in the world in which to grow microbes, and so those which get into it grow very quickly, for good or for evil. It is the duty of the dairyman to keep out of his milk all dangerous microbes. It is the duty of everyone to know that milk, which is a perfect food for us, is also a perfect food for some of our most terrible enemies, such as the microbe that causes consumption, the microbe that kills tens of thousands of little babies every summer.

But here we are talking especially about the natural and proper work of microbes. There are quite a number of them which are, in a sense, natural in milk and are known as milk microbes.

They are certain to enter it, and are indeed very useful in it. These microbes exist in enormous numbers in cowsheds, and get into the milk soon after it is drawn.

Now the extraordinary thing about this is that as they grow and multiply in the milk they prevent other microbes which might be bad for us from growing there. In course of time they turn the milk sour, but sour milk is not bad for us, and, indeed, the microbes in sour milk when they enter our bodies, help to protect us from other microbes which might do us harm. So they are really very good friends of ours, and nowadays, when people suffer from certain kinds of illness, they are sometimes given sour milk to make them better. The microbes in sour milk help us to digest our food, and they prevent other microbes which would hurt us from multiplying in our food after we have swallowed it.

But there is more to say than this. From milk we get cream, and from cream we get butter, but without the proper microbes of milk no butter could be made. It is the milk microbes which cause the cream to ripen so that butter can be made from it.

We owe our boots to microbes, too. Boots are made of leather, and all leather is made from the skins of animals by a process called tanning. But tanning would be impossible without microbes. Nor is this all. Every great city has to deal with the problem of how to dispose of its waste matter, and one of the best ways of dealing with sewage is by using microbes to do the work.

We see now that the tiniest of all living creatures play a great part in the world. Especially marvellous is the way in which they destroy all dead creatures, animal, vegetable, and even human, so as to make room for those who are now living and those who yet shall be; and, more than that, turn the stuff of which these millions of dead bodies are made into fresh, wholesome, and pure food material to nourish the life of the Earth.

But we must be quite fair, of course, in talking about microbes. There are a certain number of microbes that live, not on dead matter, but in and upon the bodies of creatures that are still alive. Probably all microbes began by living on dead matter, but some of them learnt how to attack the bodies of very old or nearly dying plants, or animals, and so at last there were produced the present race of microbes which invade the living bodies of higher creatures and are a scourge and a menace to mankind.

Plants and animals and men may all suffer in this respect; but it is very interesting for us to learn that when creatures live wild, in their natural state in the open air of heaven, and in the light, they suffer little from microbes. Wild animals and wild plants scarcely suffer at all. But when man takes various kinds of plants for his own purposes, and grows them in conditions which are not really natural, they are often attacked by microbes; and it is the same with domesticated animals.

This is a lesson for us. If wild creatures were meant to live in fresh air with the sky as the roof over their heads, so also were men and women; and if we shut ourselves up, as we sometimes shut up cows and tigers, microbes will attack us, just as they attack them. The kinds of microbes which are useful to us, such as those that keep the earth sweet, those that help plants to grow, and so on, can thrive in the open air, and the light of day helps their work; but the dangerous microbes, and especially the microbe of consumption—which kills far more human beings every day than all the snakes and tigers in the world kill in a year—are themselves killed by open air and sunlight. We cannot do without

air and sunlight; we must not be packed too closely together; and if we obey these laws microbes will scarcely injure us.

One of the most important of these microbes is not usually called a microbe, but it might well be so called, for it is a close relative of microbes and lives in the same fashion. This is the yeast plant, which turns sugar into alcohol and the gas called carbon dioxide. Now alcohol is a very useful substance; it is used in hundreds of arts and industries; it is splendid for cleaning things and for preserving them; it burns beautifully and makes a splendid fuel; it is, perhaps, the cheapest and most easily made of all fuels for many purposes. It is far cheaper than petrol, and one day will be used to drive engines. So, if we had the sense to know how to use alcohol in useful ways, the tiny yeast plant which produces it would be among the best friends of man.

But men drink alcohol, which is a *poison* to all living creatures, without exception, men or animals or plants. Alcohol is of no use to our bodies, but in time will cause disease in every part of them, especially the brain, which is the most important part of us. It is the great friend and ally of the microbe of consumption, for which it prepares the way by making our bodies unable to resist it.

The microbe of consumption was found in the last half of the nineteenth century by a great German called Koch, who took up the work of the Frenchman Pasteur—the first man to understand and tell us about microbes. All over the world, wherever men are crowded together, this microbe destroys them; but one day we shall make an end of consumption by attacking its great friend alcohol. Probably the microbe of consumption is one

of those microbes which can scarcely live at all except in the bodies of other living creatures, such as ourselves, and so, when we prevent it from attacking us, it will no doubt die out altogether.

But let us not forget that, though some microbes do us harm if we let them, and though some microbes kill us, yet without microbes we could not live at all.

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6. THE WAGER

[The three Musketeers, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis and their friend D'Artagnan were discussing with certain bystanders at the Infidel Tavern the capture by the French royal army of an outlying bastion—Saint-Gervais- belonging to the strong fortress of Rochelle, held by the Huguenots. In the course of this discussion the following incident occurred.]

Part I.

"Gentlemen," said Athos, "I have a wager to propose."

"Ah! ha! a wager!" cried the Swiss.

"What is it?" said the light-horseman.

"Well, Monsieur de Busigny," said Athos, "I will bet you that my three companions, Porthos, Aramis, D'Artagnan and myself, will go and breakfast in the bastion Saint-Gervais, and will remain there an hour by the watch, whatever the enemy may do to dislodge us."

"Upon my word! gentlemen," said Porthos, turning round upon his chair and twirling his moustache, "that's a fine offer, I consider."

"I take it," said Monsieur de Busigny; "now let us fix the stake."

"Why, you are four, gentlemen," said Athos, "and we are four · a dinner for eight—will that do?"

" Capitally," replied Monsieur de Busigny.

" Very well indeed," said the dragoon.

" That suits me," said the Swiss.

The fourth listener nodded his head to show that he also agreed to the proposition.

" Breakfast is ready, gentlemen," said the landlord, entering.

" Well, bring it in," said Athos.

The landlord obeyed. Athos called his servant Grimaud, pointed to a large basket standing in a corner, and made a sign to him to wrap the food up in the napkins.

Grimaud, without a word, packed the food and bottles of wine in the basket and then took it on his arm.

" But where are you going to eat my breakfast ? " said the landlord.

" Of what consequence is that to you, if you are paid for it ? " said Athos, and he threw two pistoles [1] majestically on the table. Then turning to Monsieur de Busigny, " Will you be so good," said he, " to set your watch by mine, or permit me to regulate mine by yours ? "

" Certainly, sir," said the light-horseman, drawing from his pocket a very handsome watch set with diamonds ; " half-past seven," said he.

" Thirty-five minutes after seven," said Athos ; " we shall know that I am five minutes faster than you, sir."

And bowing to all the astonished spectators, the young men started off for the bastion Saint-Gervais, followed by Grimaud carrying the basket.

Not a word was exchanged among the four friends as long as they were within the camp. But shortly

[1] A pistole—a gold coin worth about 18 shillings.

after they had passed the lines Porthos remarked to Athos,

"Surely for such an expedition as this we ought to have brought our muskets."

"You are stupid, friend Porthos," replied he; "why load ourselves with useless burdens?"

"I think a good musket, a dozen cartridges, and a powder-flask are not such useless things in face of an enemy."

"But," replied Athos, "didn't you hear what D'Artagnan said?"

"What did D'Artagnan say?"

"D'Artagnan said that in last night's attack eight or ten Frenchmen were killed and as many Rochellais."

"Well?"

"They had no time to plunder the bodies, had they?—they had something more urgent to do."

"Well, what of that?"

"Why, we shall find their muskets, their cartridges and their powder-flasks, and instead of four muskets and a dozen balls, we shall have fifteen guns and a hundred charges to fire."

"Oh! Athos," said Aramis, "truly you are a great man."

Porthos bowed in sign of assent.

When they reached the bastion, the four friends turned round. More than three hundred soldiers were assembled at the gate of the camp; and in a separate group they could distinguish Monsieur de Busigny, the dragoon, the Swiss and the fourth party to the wager. Athos took off his hat, put it on the end of his sword, and waved it in the air. All the spectators returned him his salute, accompanying the courtesy with a loud hurrah which

could be plainly heard. After which they all four disappeared into the bastion, whither Grimaud had already preceded them.

As Athos had foreseen, the bastion was occupied only by a dozen dead bodies, French and Rochellais.

" Gentlemen," said Athos, who had assumed command of the expedition, " while Grimaud is laying out breakfast, let us begin by getting together the guns and cartridges."

" We might throw the bodies into the ditch," said Porthos, " after making sure they have nothing in their pockets."

" That is Grimaud's business," said Athos.

" Well, then," said D'Artagnan, " let Grimaud search them, and throw them over the walls."

" By no means," said Athos, " they may be useful to us."

" These dead bodies useful to us ? " exclaimed Porthos. " Why, you are crazy, my dear friend."

" Do not judge rashly," replied Athos ; " how many guns, gentlemen ? "

" Twelve," replied Aramis.

" How many cartridges ? "

" A hundred."

" That is quite as many as we shall want : let us load the guns."

The four musketeers went to work. As they were loading the last musket, Grimaud announced that breakfast was ready.

Athos nodded and then made signs to Grimaud that he was to stand as sentinel. To alleviate the tedium of the duty he was permitted to take a loaf, two cutlets and a bottle of wine.

"And now to table," said Athos.

The four friends sat down on the ground, with their legs crossed, like tailors.

"I hope," said Athos, "to provide you with amusement and glory, gentlemen. I have taken you for a very pleasant walk: here is a most delicious breakfast; and five hundred people yonder, as you may see through the loop-holes, are taking us for either heroes or madmen."

The four friends continued to converse as they ate the landlord's breakfast, but ten minutes had hardly elapsed before they observed Grimaud making signs.

"What's the matter, Grimaud?" said Athos. "What do you see?"

"A troop."

"How many persons?"

"Twenty men."

"What sort of men?"

'Sixteen pioneers, four soldiers."

"How far distant?"

"Five hundred paces."

"Good! We have just time to finish this fowl, and to drink one glass of wine to your health, D'Artagnan!"

"To your health," repeated Porthos and Aramis.

Swallowing the contents of his glass, which he put down close to him, Athos arose carelessly, took the nearest musket, and went to one of the loop-holes.

Porthos, Aramis and D'Artagnan did the same. Grimaud was ordered to stand behind the four friends, to re-load their guns.

The troop soon came into view; they were advancing along a kind of branch-trench which communicated between the bastion and the city.

" Egad ! " said Athos, " it was hardly worth while to disturb ourselves for twenty fellows armed with pick-axes, matlocks and shovels ! If Grimaud had only made them a sign to go away, I am sure they would have left us alone."

" I doubt that," replied D'Artagnan ; " for they are advancing with great determination. Besides, they have with them a corporal and four soldiers armed with muskets."

" That's because they didn't see us," said Athos.

" Well, I must say," said Aramis, " it goes against the grain to fire on these poor rascals."

" Aramis is right," said Athos ; " I will warn them."

" What on earth are you going to do ? " cried D'Artagnan : " you will be shot, my dear fellow."

But Athos paid no heed to his advice ; and mounting the wall, with his musket in one hand and his hat in the other :

" Gentlemen," said he, bowing courteously and addressing the soldiers and pioneers, who, in their astonishment at seeing him had stopped at fifty paces from the bastion, " gentlemen, some friends and myself are engaged at breakfast in this bastion. Now, you know nothing is more disagreeable than being disturbed at one's breakfast. We beg you, therefore, if you really have business here, either to wait till we have finished our meal, or to return again later ; unless you are thinking of deserting the rebels and will come and drink to the health of the king of France with us."

" Take care, Athos ! " cried D'Artagnan ; " Look ! they are aiming at you."

" Yes, yes," said Athos, " but they are only rabble — very poor marksmen ; they will certainly miss me."

At that instant four shots rang out, and the bullets flattened themselves against the wall round Athos: not one hit him.

Four shots almost instantaneously replied to them, but much better aimed. Three soldiers fell dead and one of the pioneers was wounded.

"Grimaud," said Athos, still on the wall, "another musket!"

Grimaud obeyed instantly. The three others had re-loaded their arms; another discharge followed; the corporal and two pioneers fell dead; the rest of the troop took to flight.

"Now, gentlemen, for a sortie!" cried Athos.

And the four friends rushed out of the fort, gained the field of battle, picked up the muskets of the four soldiers and the corporal's bayonet, and turned again toward the bastion, bearing with them the trophies of their victory.

"Re-load the muskets, Grimaud," said Athos.

Grimaud obeyed without replying.

"And now," continued Athos, "take the corporal's bayonet, tie a napkin to it, and plant it at the top of our bastion, that these rebel Rochellais may see that they have to deal with brave and loyal soldiers of the king."

An instant later the white flag of France was floating over the heads of the four friends; a thunder of applause saluted its appearance: half the camp was now watching the exploit.

Part II.

The musketeers now sat down again to finish their breakfast. A considerable time passed without event. At length while the friends were deep in conversation,

concluding that the Rochellais were too amazed or too timid to dislodge them, they heard Grimaud suddenly shout "To arms."

The young men sprang up and seized their muskets.

A small troop, consisting of from twenty to twenty-five men, was advancing, but this time instead of pioneers they were soldiers from the garrison.

"Shall we return to the camp?" suggested Porthos; "I don't think the sides are equal."

"Impossible for two reasons," replied Athos; "the first is that we have not finished breakfast, the second that it yet lacks ten minutes before the hour will be over."

"Well, then," said Aramis, "we must think out a plan of battle."

"It's quite simple," replied Athos; "as soon as the enemy are within range we must fire on them; if they continue to advance, we must fire again; we must fire as long as we have loaded guns; then if the rest of the troop persist in the assault, we will allow them to reach the ditch, and then we will push down on their heads that strip of wall there which is already on the verge of tumbling."

"Bravo!" cried Porthos, "certainly, Athos, you were born to be a general."

"Gentlemen," said Athos, "pay strict attention, I beg: let each of you pick out his man."

"I cover mine," said D'Artagnan.

"And I mine," said Porthos.

"And I do likewise," replied Aramis.

"Then fire!" said Athos.

A single report came from the four muskets, but four men fell.

Immediately a drum beat, and the little troop advanced in double-quick time.

The musket shots were then repeated, independently, but always aimed with the same correctness. Nevertheless, as if aware of the weakness of the defenders, the Rochellais continued to advance at a run.

At every three shots at least two men fell; but those who remained did not slacken their advance. On reaching the foot of the bastion, there were still about fifteen of the enemy. A last discharge welcomed them, but did not stop them. They leaped into the ditch and prepared to scale the breach in the wall.

"Now, my friends," said Athos, "finish them at a blow; to the wall! to the wall!"

And the four friends, aided by Grimaud, pushed with the barrels of their muskets an enormous stretch of the wall, which bent over as if swayed by the wind, and giving way from its base fell with a horrible crash into the ditch. Then a fearful cry was heard, a cloud of dust mounted towards the sky,—and all was over.

"Can we have destroyed them all?" said Athos.

"Indeed, it seems so," said D'Artagnan.

"No," cried Porthos; "there are three or four, limping away."

Three or four poor wretches, covered with dirt and blood, were indeed espied escaping along the trench and making for the city. These were all that were left of the little troop.

Athos looked at his watch.

"Gentlemen," said he, "we have been here an hour, and our wager is won; but we will be fair players." And the musketeer, with his usual coolness, went and sat down again before the remains of the breakfast.

The meal was scarcely completed when Athos looked up suddenly.

"Aha!" cried he; "what's going on in the city."

"They are sounding the alarm."

The four friends listened, and all heard distinctly the sound of the drum.

"I believe they are going to send a whole regiment against us," said Athos.

"You are not thinking of holding out against a regiment, are you?" inquired Porthos.

"Why not?" said the musketeer. "I feel quite in the humour for it."

"Upon my word, that drum is getting nearer," said D'Artagnan.

"Let it come," said Athos. "It is a quarter of an hour's journey from here to the city, consequently a quarter of an hour's journey from the city here. I will give Grimaud one or two necessary orders." And he made a sign to his lackey to draw near.

"Grimaud," said he, pointing to the bodies which lay about in the bastion, "take these gentlemen, set them up against the wall, put their hats on their heads, and their guns in their hands."

"Oh, great man!" cried D'Artagnan; "I understand now."

"You understand?" said Porthos.

"And do you understand, Grimaud?" said Aramis.

Grimaud nodded.

"That's all that's necessary," said Athos.

"Quick!" cried D'Artagnan; "I see black and red specks moving yonder. You were talking about a regiment, Athos. It is a whole army!"

"Upon my word," said Athos; "yes, there they are.

Look, the sneaks are coming without drums or trumpets. Have you finished, Grimaud ? "

Grimaud made a sign in the affirmative, and pointed to a dozen bodies which he had set up in the most picturesque attitudes, some carrying arms, others appearing to aim, and the rest sword in hand.

" Bravo ! " said Athos ; " that does you credit."

" Very good," said Porthos : " I should like to know, however, what it all means."

" Let us get away first," said D'Artagnan.

" One moment, gentlemen, one moment ; 'give Grimaud time to clear away the things."

" Look ! " said Aramis : " the black and red specks are growing visibly larger ; I agree with D'Artagnan—I believe we have no time to lose if we are to regain our camp."

" Very well," said Athos, " I have nothing more to say against a retreat ; our wager called for an hour : we have stayed an hour and a half. Let us be off, gentlemen, let us be off ! "

Grimaud had already gone on with the basket. The four friends followed, and had gone about ten paces.

" Ah ! " cried Athos. " What in Heaven's name shall we do now, gentlemen ? "

" Has anything been forgotten ? " said Aramis.

" The flag ! We must not leave a flag in the enemy's hands, even though it is but a napkin."

And Athos ran back to the bastion, mounted the platform, and seized the flag ; but the Rochellais had now come within musket range, and imagining that he was exposing himself out of bravado they opened a terrible fire on him. But he seemed to bear a charmed life, for although the balls whistled all round him, not

one hit him. He waved his flag, turning his back on the enemy and saluting his comrades in the camp. On both sides loud shouts arose—on one side cries of anger, on the other shouts of acclamation.

A second discharge followed the first, and three balls passing through the napkin made it a real flag. Shouts were now heard from the camp: "Come down! come down!"

Athos soon rejoined his anxious friends.

"Come on, Athos, come on!" cried D'Artagnan; "it would be stupid to get killed now."

But Athos continued to march majestically in spite of all the advice his companions gave him; and they, finding their advice wasted, regulated their pace by his. Grimaud and his basket had gone on far in advance.

An instant later a furious firing was heard.

"What's that?" asked Porthos; "what are they firing at now? I hear no balls, and I can see no one!"

"They're firing on our dead men," replied Athos.

"But our dead men will not return their fire."

"No, but then they will think it is an ambush; they will hold a consultation, and by the time they find out the joke we shall be out of range. That's why it is useless to get over-heated by walking too fast."

"Oh, I understand now," said the astonished Porthos.

The French seeing the four friends returning leisurely raised shouts of applause. At length a fresh discharge was heard, and this time the balls came rattling among the stones round the musketeers. The Rochellais had just taken possession of the bastion.

"What bunglers!" said Athos; "how many of them have we killed—a dozen?"

"Or fifteen?"

"How many did we crush under the wall?"

"Eight or ten."

"And in exchange for all these, not a scratch."

The fusillade still continued; but the friends were out of range, and the Rochellais only fired to soothe their feelings.

As they neared the camp they observed a wild commotion. More than two thousand persons had been watching the fortunate escape of the four musketeers. Nothing was heard but cries of "Hurrah for the musketeers." Monsieur de Busigny was the first to come and shake Athos by the hand, and acknowledge that he had lost his wager. The dragoon and the Swiss followed him, and all their comrades followed the dragoon and the Swiss. There was no end to the congratulations, hand-shakings and embraces.

From *The Three Musketeers*, by A. DUMAS.

7. THE LIGHT OF TRUTH.

"DETESTABLE phantom!" cried the traveller, as his horse sank with him into the marsh, "to what a miserable end have you lured me by your treacherous light!"

"The same old story for ever!" muttered the Will-o'-the-Wisp[1] in reply. "Always throwing blame on others for troubles you have brought upon yourself. What more could have been done for you, unhappy man, than I have done? All the weary night through have I danced on the edge of this marsh, to save you and others from ruin. If you have rushed in further and further, like a headstrong fool, in spite of my warning, who is to blame but yourself?"

"I *am* an unhappy man, indeed," replied the traveller: "I took your light for a friendly lamp, but have been deceived to my destruction."

"Yet not by *me*," cried the Will-o'-the-Wisp, anxiously: "I work out my appointed business carefully and ceaselessly. My light is always a friendly lamp to the wise. It misleads none but the headstrong and ignorant."

"Headstrong! ignorant!" exclaimed the Statesman, for such the traveller was. "How little do you know

[1] The Will-o'-the-Wisp is a phosphorescent light sometimes seen on marshy ground. It is supposed to be due to the spontaneous combustion of a gas given off from decaying animal matter.

to whom you are speaking! Trusted by my King—honoured by my country—the leader of her councils—ah, my country, my poor country, who will take my place and guide you when I am gone?"

"A guide who cannot guide himself! Who will miss you, presumptuous man? You have mistaken the light that warned you of danger for the star that was to guide you to safety. Alas for your country, if no better leader than you can be found!"

The Statesman never spoke again, and the Will-o'-the-Wisp danced back to the edge of the black morass; and as he flickered up and down he mourned his unhappy fate—always trying to do good—so often abused and misjudged.

"Yet," said he to himself, as he sent out his beams through the cheerless night, "I will not cease to try; who knows but that I may save *somebody* yet! But what an ignorant world I live in!"

. . . . . .

"Cruel monster!" shrieked a beautiful girl in wild despair, as her feet plunged into the swamp, and she struggled in vain to find firmer ground. "You have betrayed me to my death!"

"Ay, ay, just as I said! It is always some one else who is to blame, and never yourself, when pretty fools like you deceive yourselves. You call me 'monster'—why did you follow a 'monster' into a swamp?" cried the Will-o'-the-Wisp angrily.

"I thought my betrothed had come out to meet me. I mistook your hateful light for his. But I know you now, cruel fiend! Must I die so young? Must I be torn from life and happiness and love? Ay, dance, dance on in your savage joy."

" Fool as you are, it is no joy to me to see you perish," answered the Will-o'-the-Wisp. " It is my appointed law to warn and save those who will be warned It is my appointed sorrow, I suppose, that the recklessness and ignorance of such as you, persist in disregarding that law and turning good into evil. I shone brighter and brighter before you as you advanced, entreating you, as it were, to be warned. But, in wilfulness, you pursued me to your ruin."

The girl spoke no more and then she ceased to struggle. The Will-o'-the-Wisp danced back yet another time to the edge of the black morass ; " for," said he, " I may save somebody yet. But what a foolish world I live in ! "

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" The old squire should mend these roads," observed Hobinoll the farmer to his son Colin, as they drove slowly home from market in a crazy old cart which shook about with such jerks, that little Colin tried in vain to keep curled up in a corner. It was hard to say whether the fault was most in the roads—though they were rather rutty, it must be owned—or in the stumbling old pony, who went from side to side ; but, through all these troubles it comforted the farmer's heart to lay all the blame on the squire for the bad roads that led across the boggy moor. Colin, however, took but little interest in the matter ; but, at length, when a more violent jerk than usual threw him almost sprawling on the bottom of the cart, he jumped up, laid hold of the side planks, and began to look around him with his half-sleepy eyes, trying to find out where they were.

At last he said, " She's coming, father."

" Who's coming ? " shouted Hobbinoll.

"Mother," answered Colin.

"What's she coming for, I wonder," said Hobbinoll.

"But you're going away from her, father," exclaimed Colin, half crying. "I see her with the lantern, and she'll light us home. You can't see, father, let me have the reins."

Hobbinoll refused to give up the reins, but in the struggle that ensued he caught sight of the light which Colin took for his mother's lantern.

"And is *that* the fool's errand you'd be going after?" cried he, pointing with his whip to the light. "It's lucky for you, young one, you have not had the driving of us home to-night, though you think you can do anything, I know. A precious home it would have been at the bottom of the sludgy pool yonder, for that's where you'd have got us to at last. Yonder light is the Will-o'-the-Wisp, that's always trying to mislead folks. Bad luck befall him! I got half-way to him once when I was young, but an old neighbour who'd once been in himself was going by just then, and called me back. He's a villain is that sham-faced Will-o'-the-Wisp."

With these words the farmer struck the pony so harshly with his heavy whip, that little Colin was thrown up and down like a ball, and the cart rolled forward in and out of the ruts at such a pace, that Hobbinoll got home to his wife sooner than she ever dared to hope for on market evenings.

"They are safe," observed the Will-o'-the-Wisp, as the cart moved on, "and that is a great point gained! Nevertheless, such wisdom is mere brute experience. In their ignorance they would have struck the hand that helped them. Still I will try again, for I may yet save

some one else. But what a rude and ungrateful world I live in ! "

. . . . . .

" I see a light at last, papa ! " shouted a little boy on a Shetland pony, as he rode by his father's side along the moor. " I am so glad ! There is either a cottage or a man with a lantern who will help us to find our way. Let me go after him : I can soon overtake him." And the little boy touched his pony with a whip, and in another minute would have been cantering along after the light, but his father laid a sudden and a heavy hand upon the bridle.

" Not a step further in *that* direction, my child."

" Oh, papa ! " exclaimed the boy, pointing with his hand to the light.

" I see, my son," cried the father, smiling ; " and well is it for you that I not only see, but know the meaning of what I see at the same time. That light is neither the gleam from a cottage, nor yet a man with a lantern, as you think, though for the matter of that, the light is friendly enough to those who understand it. It shines there to warn us from the dangerous part of the bog. Kind old Will-o'-the-Wisp ! " pursued the father, raising his voice, as if calling through the darkness into the distance—" kind old Will-o'-the-Wisp, we know what you mean : we will not come near your deadly swamps. The old naturalist knows you well—good-night, and thank you for the warning." So saying the naturalist turned the reins of his son's pony the other way, and they both trotted along, keeping the beaten road as well as they could by the imperfect light.

Meanwhile the Will-o'-the-Wisp had heard the kind good-night that greeted him as the travellers passed by

on that dark evening. And his light shone brighter than ever, as he said, "I am happy now. I have saved the life of one who not only is thankful for it, but knows the hand that saved him." With these words he cheerily danced back again to his appointed post.

From *Parables from Nature*, by Mrs. GATTY.

8. IN THE JUNGLE.

THE jungle, the Indian forest, is the home of many wild creatures. and the sportsman who goes into it in search of them often has to take his life in his hands. This is true, above all, if he is pursuing the tiger, the most ferocious beast that India knows, the king of the jungle. It is true, there are lions in India, but not many, and the Indian lion is of no importance : the tiger is the beast of beasts.

The tiger is a terrible scourge to the Indian herdsman : a big brute will often take up his quarters near a village, and levy a regular toll on the village herds, killing cow after cow, and buffalo after buffalo. He is often perfectly well known, and the villagers see him about the roads, or crossing their fields, or gliding through the jungle without a sound on his soft pads. If a dozen of them are together they do not fear him : they march right through his haunts, shouting and singing, rattling sticks on the bamboo trunks, and beating drums, and he gets out of the way and stops there. This is if he be an ordinary tiger, a cattle killer ; but if a man-eater haunts the neighbourhood, then the ryot's soul is filled with fear. He dares scarcely leave his house ; to leave the village is to face a terrible danger ; he knows not when the monster may steal upon him.

The man-eater goes about his work in dreadful silence.

The ordinary tiger will often make the jungle ring again with his hoarse, deep roar ; not so the man-eater. The latter glides without a sound, and under cover of a patch of bamboos or a clump of reeds, up to the wood-cutter felling a tree, or up to the peasant in his rice-field or up to a woman fetching water from the well. Silent as death, he bounds upon his victims, and fells them with a single stunning blow of that huge paw driven by muscles of steel. The great white fangs are buried for an instant in the throat, then the body is lifted in the mouth as a dog lifts a rat, and is carried away to the lair, where he makes his dreadful meal.

Most remarkable stories are told of the ferocity and daring of man-eating tigers. They have been known to venture boldly into a village by night and carry off sleepers who had sought a cool couch out of doors in the summer heats, and by day they have made fields and roads quite impossible places to venture into. Villages and whole tracts of country have at times been deserted by their inhabitants owing to the ravages of these ferocious creatures, and when a sportsman arrives to tackle the savage beast he is hailed as a deliverer.

There are two favourite ways of hunting a tiger. The first depends on the fact that he must drink. The sportsman, by means of shikaris, discovers the pool or water-hole where the tiger quenches his thirst. Then in a field near at hand is built a *machan*, a little platform where the hunter may watch and wait for his prey. He climbs into the machan at sunset, and waits till the tiger comes to drink at some time between the dark and the dawn, when a fortunate shot will put an end to the marauder.

The other way—a far more exciting and picturesque

fashion—is to pursue the tiger upon elephants. The sportsmen are in open howdahs, and the elephants crash their way through the long grass, the reeds, the young bamboos, in search of the tiger. At last the tiger is driven into the open, and bullet after bullet is poured into his body by the marksmen. He is rarely killed at once, and in his agony he will often turn upon his pursuers with terrible fury. This is the moment of danger. With the horrible coughing roar of a charging tiger, he hurls himself with tremendous bounds upon his foes. His eyes blaze like green emeralds, his great fangs glitter like ivory. At springing distance he leaves the ground and shoots through the air like a thunderbolt, full upon the nearest elephant. Now is the time to try the sportsman's nerve and steadiness of aim. Unless the tiger be struck down by the heavy bullet, he will land with teeth and claws upon the flank of the elephant, striking and tearing with terrible effect at his foes.

More lives have been lost, however, by sportsmen following up a wounded tiger on foot. The tiger lies apparently stiff and still, as if already dead. The hunter comes too near, and finds that there is a flicker of life left. Before he can retreat, the wounded beast puts forth its last strength to spring upon him and take a terrible revenge for its injuries.

We said that the tiger is the king of the Indian jungle. There are some who dispute this: they award the palm to the elephant. Certainly there can be no more majestic sight than a herd of wild elephants in their native jungle. They move slowly along, staying now and again to crop the young shoots or to spout water over themselves at a pool or river. The huge grey bodies, on the round, pillar-like legs; the great flapping

ears; the swinging curling trunks; the rolling, lumbering walk, present a scene of great interest, heightened by the antics of the baby elephants, the calves, who trot along by their mothers and frisk around the herd.

The Indian elephant is rarely pursued and shot—it is far too valuable; but the capture and taming of these mighty creatures is very exciting and interesting work. In Central India, and especially in Mysore, their capture is usually carried out by means of a *kheddah*, a kind of pound. Two huge fences are built in the forest in the shape of a mighty V. The wide end of the V is often a mile or more across, and into this end a herd of elephants will be driven by a great number of beaters. The elephants are urged forward to a large enclosure, into which the narrow end of the V opens. Once they are in this, a great gate is dropped behind them, and they are imprisoned.

Now the work of taming them begins. Tame elephants take a great share in this, and show much cleverness in bringing their wild brethren into captivity. Two or three tame elephants, each with a driver on its back, will surround a wild one, and hustle and push it towards a strong tree. Now a man slips down from the back of a tame elephant, and slips a noose of strong rope round the leg of the wild one. This is dangerous work, and the man has to be very quick and skilful. The rope is now thrown round the tree and drawn tight. Other ropes are soon fastened, and the huge wild creature is made a prisoner.

The task of taming him at once begins. From the first the men move about the captive and talk to him, to accustom him to their sight and presence. They give him plenty of nice things to eat, and from the first he

does not refuse food, except in very rare cases. Very often within a couple of days the elephant is taking pieces of sugar-cane and fruit from the hands of his keepers. Now the friendship grows rapidly. The men begin to pat and caress the huge captive as they sing and talk to him, and within a couple of weeks his bonds are loosened, and he is led away between two tame companions to complete his education.

There is one elephant that no one tries, or dares to try, to capture. This is the "rogue," and he is pursued and shot at once, if possible. A rogue elephant is a savage, vicious brute, who has left the herd and taken to a solitary life. They are very dangerous, and many of them will attack either man or beast that may come in their way. Their great size and vast strength render them easy conquerors over all they meet, and a rogue elephant is the dread of the neighbourhood where he roams. To hunt him is a very dangerous sport. He is very wary, very cunning, and quite fearless. If fired upon he charges full upon his foes, and, unless a well-directed bullet brings him down, the death of the hunter is certain. The rogue hurls him down and tramples upon him, smashing the body beneath his huge feet.

From *Peeps at Many Lands*: *India*, by JOHN FINNEMORE. By permission of the publishers, Messrs. A. & C. Black, Ltd.

9. THE SIXTH VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR.

[Sindbad, a wealthy merchant living at Baghdad in the days of the Caliph Haroun al Rashid one day overheard a porter named Hindbad lamenting his unhappy lot and contrasting it with the enviable fortune of Sindbad. Sindbad thereupon sent for Hindbad, had him conducted into his spacious banqueting hall and placed him on his right hand at the table. After a splendid feast Sindbad explained to Hindbad that he was in error in supposing that all the great wealth Sindbad had amassed had come to him without labour and trouble; and upon that and the six succeeding days proceeded to relate the adventures he had encountered during his seven famous voyages. The following is his account of his sixth voyage.]

You are no doubt, gentlemen, surprised that I should be tempted again to expose myself to the caprice of fortune, after having undergone so many perils in my other voyages. I am astonished myself when I think of it. It was fate alone that dragged me, after a year had passed, to venture a sixth time on the unstable sea, notwithstanding the tears and entreaties of my relations and friends, who did all in their power to persuade me to stay.

Having started, I passed through some of the provinces of Persia and the Indies, and arrived at a seaport, where I embarked in a good ship, with a captain who was

determined on making a long voyage. Long indeed it proved, but at the same time so unfortunate, that the captain and the pilot lost their way, and did not know how to steer. They at length found the right direction, but we had no reason to rejoice on the occasion, for the captain astonished us all by suddenly quitting his post, and uttering the most lamentable cries. He threw his turban on the deck, tore his beard and beat his head, as if his senses were distracted. We asked what had occasioned these signs of affliction. "I am obliged to announce to you," said he, "that we are in the greatest peril. A rapid current is carrying away the ship, and we shall all perish in less than a quarter of an hour. Pray Heaven to deliver us from this imminent danger." He then gave orders for setting the sails, but the ropes broke in the attempt, and the ship was dashed by the current against the foot of a rock, where it split and went to pieces; we had, however, time to take precautions for our safety, and to disembark our provisions, as well as the most valuable part of the cargo. This being effected, the captain said, "Here we may dig our graves, and bid each other an eternal farewell: for we are in so desolate a place, that no one who was ever cast on this shore returned alive to his home."

The mountain, at the foot of which we were, formed one side of a large and long island. The shore was covered with the remains of vessels which had been wrecked on it.

In every other part of the world it is common for a number of small rivers to discharge themselves into the sea; but here, on the contrary, a large river of fresh water takes its course from the sea, and runs along the coast through a dark cave, the opening of which is

extremely high and wide. What is most remarkable in this island is, that the mountain is composed of rubies, crystals, and other precious stones. Here, too, a kind of pitch or bitumen, distils from the rock into the sea, and the fishes, eating it, return it again in the form of ambergris,[1] which the waves leave on the shore. The greatest part of the trees are aloes, which are equal in beauty to those of Comari.

To complete the description of this place, the sea that washes it may be termed a whirlpool, as nothing ever returns from thence: it is impossible that a ship can avoid being dragged thither, if it comes within a certain distance. If a sea-breeze blows, that assists the current, there is no remedy; and if the wind comes from land, the high mountain impedes its effect and causes a calm, which allows the current full force, and then it whirls the ship against the coast, and dashes it to pieces as it did ours. In addition to this, the mountain is so steep that it is impossible to reach the summit, or, in fact, to escape by any means.

We remained on the shore, quite distracted, expecting to die. We had divided our provisions equally, so that each individual lived a longer or shorter time according to the rate at which he consumed his portion.

They who died first were buried by the others. I had the duty of burying my last companion, and concluding that I must soon follow him, I dug a grave and resolved to throw myself into it, since no one remained to perform this last duty for me. But Heaven still had pity on me, and inspired me with the thought of going to the river, which lost itself in the hollow of the cave. I examined

[1] Ambergris is a wax-like substance found floating on tropical seas. It is used in the manufacture of perfumes.

it with great care, and it occurred to me that, as the river ran underground, it must somewhere in its course come out into the daylight again.

I determined, therefore, to construct a raft, which I made of thick logs of wood and stout ropes, of which there was an abundance. I tied them closely together, and thus formed a strong vessel. When it was completed I placed on it a cargo of rubies, emeralds, ambergris and crystal. Having fastened all these things to the planks carefully, I embarked on my raft with two little oars, with which I had provided myself, and trusting to the current, I resigned myself to the will of God. As soon as I was under the vault of the cavern I lost the light of day, and the current carried me on without my being able to discern its course. I rowed for some days in this obscurity without ever perceiving the least ray of light. At length I fell into a sweet sleep. I cannot tell whether I slept long, but when I awoke I was surprised to find myself in an open country, near a bank of the river, to which my raft was fastened, and in the midst of a great crowd of dark-skinned people. I rose as soon as I perceived them and saluted them, and one of them who spoke Arabic thus addressed me: "Brother," said he, "be not surprised at seeing us; we live in this country, and we came hither to-day to water our fields from this river, which flows from the neighbouring mountain, by cutting canals to admit a passage for the water.

"We observed something being carried along by the current, and we immediately ran to the bank to see what it was, and perceived this raft; one of us instantly swam to it, and conducted it to shore. We fastened it as you see, and were waiting for you to wake. We entreat you to relate to us your history, which must be very

extraordinary; tell us how you could venture on this river, and from whence you come."

I first requested him to give me some food, after which I promised to satisfy their curiosity.

They produced several kinds of meat, and when I had appeased my hunger, I related to them all that had happened to me, which they appeared to listen to with great astonishment. As soon as I had finished my history, their interpreter told me that I must go myself to the king to recount my adventures; for they were of too extraordinary a nature to be repeated by anyone but by him to whom they had happened. The dark-skinned people then sent for a horse, which arrived shortly after; they placed me on it, and whilst some walked by my side to show me the way, others of stronger physique hauled the raft out of the water and carried it on their shoulders, with the bales of rubies, and followed me.

We went together to the city of Serendib, for this was the name both of the city and of the island, and the dark-skinned people presented me to their king. I approached his throne, and prostrating myself at his feet, I kissed the earth. The prince made me rise, and receiving me with an affable air, he placed me by his side. He first asked me my name. I replied that I was called Sindbad, and surnamed "the sailor," from having made several voyages; and added that I was a citizen of Baghdad. "But," replied he, "how then came you into my dominions; from whence are you arrived?"

I concealed nothing from the king, and related to him what you have just heard. The raft was then produced, and the bales were opened in his presence. He admired the ambergris, but above all, the rubies and emeralds, as he had none in his treasury equal to them in value.

He ordered one of his officers to attend me, and gave me servants to wait upon me at his own expense. The officers faithfully fulfilled the charge they were entrusted with, and conveyed all the bales to the place destined for my lodging.

I went every day at certain hours to pay my court to the king, and employed the rest of my time in seeing the city, and whatever was most worthy of my attention.

In the island of Serendib, all kinds of rare and curious plants and trees, particularly the cedar and cocoa-tree, grow in great abundance, and there are pearl-fisheries on the coast, at the mouth of the rivers; some of its valleys also produce diamonds. I made a pilgrimage up a very high mountain where Adam was placed on his banishment from Paradise, and I had the curiosity to ascend to the summit.

When I came back to the city I entreated the king to grant me permission to return to my native country, which he did in the most obliging and honourable manner. He compelled me to receive a rich present, which was taken from his treasury, and when I went to take my leave he deposited in my care another still more considerable than the first, and at the same time gave me a letter for the Commander of the Faithful, our sovereign lord, saying, "I beg you to present from me this letter and this present to the Caliph Haroun al Rashid, and to assure him of my friendship." This I promised to do.

The letter of the King of Serendib was written on the skin of a certain animal, highly prized in that country on account of its rareness. The colour of it approaches to yellow. The letter itself was in characters of azure: and it contained the following words in the Indian language:

" *The King of the Indies, who is preceded by a thousand elephants: who lives in a palace, the roof of which glitters with the lustre of a hundred thousand rubies, and who possesses in his treasury twenty thousand crowns, enriched with diamonds, to the Caliph Haroun al Rashid.*"

" Although the present that we send you be inconsiderable yet receive it as a brother and a friend, in consideration of the friendship we bear you in our heart: and which we feel happy in having an opportunity of testifying to you. We ask the same share in your affections, as we hope we deserve it, being of a rank equal to that which you hold. We salute you as a brother. Farewell."

The present consisted, first of a vase, made of one single ruby, pierced and worked into a cup of half a foot in height, and an inch thick, filled with fine round pearls, each weighing half a drachm; secondly, the skin of a serpent, which had scales as large as a common piece of money, the peculiar property of which was to preserve those who lay on it from all disease; thirdly, fifty thousand drachms of the most exquisite aloe-wood, together with thirty grains of camphor as large as a pistachio-nut; and lastly, all this was accompanied by a female slave of the most enchanting beauty, whose garments were covered with jewels.

The ship set sail, and after a long though fortunate voyage, we landed at Basra, from whence I returned to Baghdad. The first thing I did after my arrival, was to execute the commission I had been entrusted with. I took the letter of the King of Serendib, and presented myself at the gate of the Commander of the Faithful with the presents, followed by the beautiful slave, and was immediately conducted before the throne of the

Caliph. I prostrated myself at his feet and gave him the letter and the present. When he had read the contents, he inquired of me, whether it was true that the King of Serendib was as rich and powerful as he reported himself to be in his letter. I prostrated myself a second time, and when I arose, "Commander of the Faithful," said I, "I can assure your majesty, that he does not exaggerate his riches and grandeur. I have been witness to it. Nothing can excite greater admiration, than the magnificence of his palace. While he is on the march, an officer, who sits before him on an elephant, from time to time, cries with a loud voice, 'This is the great monarch, the powerful and tremendous Sultan of the Indies, whose palace is covered with a hundred thousand rubies, and who possesses twenty thousand diamond crowns. This is the crowned monarch, greater than ever was Sulaiman, or the great Mihragé.'

"After he has pronounced these words, an officer, who, is behind the throne, cries in his turn: 'This monarch, who is so great and powerful, must die, must die, must die.' The first officer then replies, 'Hail to Him who lives and dies not.'

"The King of Serendib is so just, that there are no judges in his capital, nor in any other part of his dominions; his people do not want any. They know and observe with exactness the true principles of justice, and never deviate from their duty; therefore tribunals and magistrates would be useless amongst them."

Sindbad here finished his discourse.

From *The Arabian Nights Entertainments*, translated by the Hon. Mrs. SUGDEN.

10. BAGHDAD IN THE HOT WEATHER.

If, reader, you have ever had the good fortune to visit the far city of Baghdad, I pray you look upon these pages as containing matter wholly superfluous and void of interest to you, which you may, therefore, advantageously skip. But if you have never made that weary desert ride that has Damascus as a starting-point and Baghdad as a goal—if you have never won your way against the current of the Tigris, rolling its fast rushing waters over countless shifting sand banks—if you have never entered the city by any of its numerous gates—if, in fact, you have never seen Baghdad except in your childhood, peopled with genii and barbers, caliphs and calenders, I beg you will bear with me while I give you the very roughest sketch of the appearance of the town, as we remember it during one sunny month of May. The most beautiful first glimpse of Baghdad that you can get is when you enter the town from the south by the river. The Tigris, doubling and turning like a hunted hare, takes you for the last few miles through a country perfectly flat and level. But flat and level as the country is, the eye cannot wander far over it. As you approach Baghdad, dense orange groves, long dark sweeping lines of pomegranate and date trees, shut in the view. The whole country seems a rich cultivated garden. Cultivated as it is, and fertile beyond all telling,

yet what you see is merely a fringe of verdure to vast tracts of desert sterile wastes. Looking over this garden, you may observe at work, wells; in number more than you can easily count. Your boat passes in mid-stream little islands covered in such a way that you can make out nothing but a tall tangled mass of reeds and grass. Should the current swing your boat near to any one of these islands, you may hear a sudden rush and an angry grunt that will probably startle you. The reed canes rattle again, and you observe from the agitation among their slender points the course of a wild boar roused from his lair.

From the last bend of the river you gaze at once upon the very heart of the old city, as it lies divided before you by the waters of the noble stream; and at once you are aware that Baghdad has indeed fallen from her ancient splendour. A bridge of boats spans the current. You can distinguish, swarming across, a strange crowd of horsemen and foot passengers, and beasts of burden laden with fruit and vegetables of all kinds. If you watch attentively you will see the dark form of some Arab Sheik or Bedouin of the desert emerge for a few moments distinct from the crowd, and then disappear behind a camel, moving slowly along under bales of goods piled high on its back. To the right and to the left are the light-coloured sides of the houses, built, many of them, with bricks brought from the ruined Babylon. The domes of mosques and graceful tapering minarets—some ruined, some brilliant with gold-leaf and coloured tile-work—rise from the sea of flat-roofed houses around. Away to the left, appearing from behind the mud-bank of a canal, is a curious-shaped building, small, but in shape something between a pyramid and a

spire. It is too far to make anything of it, and as you are giving it up in despair, you are told it is the tomb of Zobeide, the wife of the great Caliph Haroun al Rashid.

Life at Baghdad during the summer months, if you are not living under canvas in some shady pleasant garden of the suburbs, leaves its impression on the mind as a game of hide-and-seek with the sun, kept up the livelong day, in which you find you have considerably the worst of it. In the morning if you go for a ride, and leave the town by one of the eastern gates, you see before you a desert stretching away to a distant horizon-line from the very spot on which you are standing immediately beneath the city walls. Your good horse breathes gladly at the fresh free air of the desert, and at that moment not the wealth of a kingdom would prevent you from doing what you have a mind to do. But by the time your gallop is over, and you are at home, and long before you have finished your bathing and dressing, the sun's rays, so pleasant in the early morning, are pouring into the house, and heating it as the flames of a furnace heat an oven. You fly with cracking skin and throbbing temples and hide yourself beneath the earth. Below every house are subterranean chambers, furnished as the rooms above—another house in fact—a range of furnished cellars called a " sirdaub." Here you breakfast: the morning's gallop has given you an appetite before which young green cucumbers and *pilau* disappear like magic.

During the day if you are a sensible man, you keep quiet, sheltered in those subterranean chambers from the fierce glow of noon. If you are foolish, you roam about seeking a cooler place, but finding none. You

are lured perhaps to the banks of the stream, where a room built of reeds, sprinkled constantly with water, holds out a tempting refuge. There is something pleasant in the sound of the rushing stream close beside you, and in the noise of the constant splashing of water on the reeds—the walls, as it were, of the room; but the thermometer stands considerably higher than in the house, and the flies, like those of the plague of Egypt, beset you, and give you not a moment's peace of body or mind. During those midday hours, should you be unfortunately abroad, wandering with restless spirit, you will find no sympathising Turk about. In the doorways and in the passages you will stumble across the prostrate bodies of servants by the score, but they give no signs of life, and indeed they might well be dead for all the assistance they are likely to give you in your distress. About five o'clock, while your enemy the sun is engaged in slanting his beams down the river, making its waters look one mass of molten gold, you prepare for a stroll through the crowded bazaars. There you will be jostled by every variety of picturesque Oriental. Albanians in richly embroidered jackets and loose baggy trousers, and girded round the waist by a sash bristling with silver-mounted pistols and murderous-looking "yatagans." [1] Wild Arabs straight from the desert, stalking along in their black and white striped "abbas," [2] and with gay coloured handkerchiefs fastened over the brows with a rope spun from their own camel's hair. Veiled women shuffling about awkwardly on their high-heeled yellow slippers. Grave, solemn Turks, seated on donkeys, who charge the crowd recklessly, never deigning to look either to the right or to the left. Half-naked,

[1] Swords. [2] Loose cloaks.

ragged beggars, who throw themselves at your feet and invoke the blessing of Allah on your head.

By the time you are home again from the bazaars, that part of the house which at noon was the coolest, is, now that the sun is down, simply unbearable. The atmosphere has become close and heavy, and clouds of mosquitoes hang about, filling the air with their monotonous everlasting hum. This hour of parting day, as the bullying sun is dipping behind the glowing horizon, is the hour at which all Baghdad flies to the housetop. There a gentle breeze coming down the river fans your cheek, and puts to utter confusion the adventurous mosquitoes who followed you like a pack of hounds as you fled through the yard and lower rooms. On looking about you, over the broad open terrace of the house, it would appear that some good kind genie had been at work, and had transported hither by a shake of his head everything necessary for your evening's comfort. A table is spread, and preparations evidently for dinner are being made by a crowd of servants. Other servants are standing about with arms folded, and with a resigned look on their faces, as if they had been waiting for your arrival ever since daybreak. A tiny cup of black coffee is presented to you, and with this and the soothing fumes of tobacco you beguile the half-hour till dinner.

If you are of an inquisitive turn of mind you need only take your seat on the parapet of the terrace, look over it, and note the various domestic arrangements that are being carried out on the roofs around you. Whole troops of veiled figures are flitting about like ghosts in the rapidly increasing gloom, and swarthy Nubian slaves, staggering under vast loads of blue-striped

bundles are emerging through a hole in the roof. These bundles are the beds of the family; and in the course of a few hours you will all be sleeping, young and old, men and women, Christians and Turks, with the same ceiling, the same roof, above your heads—the dark-blue, starlit vault of heaven.

From *Travel, Adventure, and Sport*, Blackwood's Magazine.

11. THE EARTH AND THE COMET.

Part I.

It is a very wonderful story that I am going to tell.

It stretches over hundreds of years, so that if any one of us had come into it, he would have been dead and buried long before it was over, yes, long before it had got well started.

It takes place out in *Space*, where all the stars swim and where it is so cold that the thickest overcoat would be no more good than a linen shirt.

And *Space* is so big that no one can say *how* big.

But that makes no difference.

For if there were anyone who could say, other people, at any rate, would not be able to understand him. Out there in Space the Earth was going its round, as it had done for many and many a year, and as it is still doing day after day. Round the Sun it went, ever round and round and round, so that anybody else would have turned giddy long ago.

But the Earth did not turn giddy, because it was accustomed to making this trip, though indeed the trip was not a mere matter of a moment. It took a whole year, and one trip was no sooner over, than the Earth began the next. And just as if it wished to lose its wits altogether, it was twisting round on itself the whole time, exactly like a puppy running after its own tail.

But it did not take more than a day over this, and it only did it so that the Sun might shine on all sides of it alike. For the side that is turned away from the Sun is always in black night. And if the Earth kept Europe, Asia and Africa facing the Sun the whole time, the people in America would never in all eternity get out of their beds.

It was no small matter that the Earth had to attend to. And it had still more than this.

It had the Moon!

Now the Moon might very well have looked after itself, if that had been the arrangement. For it had nothing else to do but twist round itself just like the Earth, and besides that go round the Earth, just as the Earth went round the Sun. It was much smaller than the Earth, and it was really of no consequence. That is why the Earth always spoke to it in a tone of command, and why the Moon in return was always jeering at the Earth.

One reason of this was that these two were so near one another, and all the other Stars were too far off for them to be able to talk to them. When people have to be together continually, they easily get cross with one another.

Once regularly in every month the Moon was full. Then it went on grinning with its round face and made the Earth quite furious.

"See how that miserable satellite shines," said the Earth. "It fancies it is a fixed star."

The Moon only grinned, as long as this lasted. But it never lasted very long. For every night that passed it got longer and longer in the face, and looked as if it had a bad headache after a merry evening. At last it

disappeared altogether, but very soon afterwards it came out again and got bigger and bigger till it was once more full.

"Are you there?" asked the Earth.

"Of course I am," answered the Moon.

"I hope you are up to time," said the Earth. "Every time I run round the Sun, you must run thirteen times round me, remember that. Else there will be mistakes in the almanac."

"I have been running here long enough to know what I have to do, you ill-tempered old planet!" said the Moon, for it was just full that day, and then it was always very uppish.

But it had also another way of teasing the Earth. At certain hours it drew as much of the water flowing upon the Earth as ever it could to one side of the Earth, so that it was high water there and low water on the other side. And so it came about that there would be a flood and accidents in one place, and that the ships would run aground at another. And the people this happened to cried out that it was an accursed Earth, and life upon it was not worth living. But this naturally annoyed the Earth, since it could do nothing to prevent it, and so it grew doubly angry with the Moon.

"Now the horrid creature is full again," it said. "I should really like to know what good it does, running there and giving itself airs."

That is how they wrangled as year after year passed by and they went on in their appointed courses. About them went the other stars with *their* cares and troubles. And in the midst the Sun beamed upon them all.

Part II.

One day in the middle of March a strange star came swimming in Space. Neither the Earth nor the Moon had ever seen it before, and you may well believe they opened their eyes when they saw it. It was not like the other stars either, for it had a long, flaming tail.

"Whatever sort of a fellow is that?" said the Earth.

"I never saw anything like it," said the Moon.

They were both so surprised that they all but stood still. The strange star came nearer, and the Earth began to be anxious lest it should run clean into her. When it had come within calling distance, the Earth cried, "Hallo! what are you doing here on my road? Who are you? Where do you come from? Where are you going to?"

"That's a good many questions all at one mouthful," said the strange star.

"Who are you?" asked the Earth again.

"I am only a little Comet," said the star. "But who are you?"

"I am the Earth. Now you know."

"Indeed I do not," answered the Comet. "I am quite a stranger in this part of the heavens. I have never been here before, and have not been introduced to a single star."

"Then you have come to the right quarter," said the Earth, in a tone of importance. "I am not used to boasting, but I don't mind saying that I am the most gifted of all of us."

"I have been very fortunate," said the Comet. "But

be quick about telling me your tale. I have not time to stay dawdling here very long."

"We are going at a very good pace," said the Earth in a friendly manner. "Come, take one turn with me round the Sun. Why not? It only lasts a year. Then we can have a nice talk together."

"Tut," answered the Comet scornfully. "Do you call *this* any pace? I assure you I am accustomed to bestir myself in a very different fashion. Hurry up a little and let me hear what sort of people are in this country."

"Promise me first that you will take care not to run into me," said the Earth.

The strange star laughed, so that its tail split in three.

"So you are afraid of getting a knock on the head?" it said. "Do not be alarmed, I am quite loosely made and airy, and if I collided with a solid lump like you, I should be shivered in a thousand pieces."

"Aha!" said the Earth in a tone of interest. "You are nothing but fire? That is what I was myself once upon a time."

"That must have been a long time ago," the Comet said incredulously. "I think you have a great cap of ice on the pole?"

"Yes, I have," said the Earth. "One on either pole for the matter of that. But I don't think it does one any harm to have the head and the feet cold, if one only keeps oneself comfortably warm in the body."

"No, but about the fire?" asked the Comet.

"I have that inside me," said the Earth. "I don't mind you seeing it if you like."

And at once she set some of her biggest volcanoes flaming away.

"Bless my soul," said the Comet. "There is really a little fire there."

"A *little*!" said the Earth, who was insulted by the remark. "My body is full of it, I can tell you. That is what makes me so extraordinarily interesting. See, I was once upon a time just such a loose-made, airy fellow as you. But I pulled myself together and became more compact. At last a thick crust spread itself over me, and now I cannot get up anything more than a sort of fire in the chimney, that is, in my volcanoes. But I have fire inside me."

"The crust must be rather a nuisance to you," said the Comet.

"We-ll," said the Earth, "one gets used to it after a time. And now there are Men on it."

"Men?" replied the Comet. "What's that?"

The Earth thoughtfully scratched its north pole, and so managed to give a push to its cap of ice, so that some six blocks were loosened, and drifted out to sea as icebergs.

"What shall I say?" it said. "They are really a sort of vermin."

"Faugh!" said the Comet.

The Earth turned rather silent, as if it was thinking over it. Then it said,

"At any rate they go creeping and crawling about, so that sometimes they nearly drive me silly. And as time goes on, and more of them come, they get worse and worse. They dig into me in all directions to find coal and metals and anything else that they can use. They lay rails on me, and ride round me by help of steam, blast holes in my greatest mountains, and throw bridges over my waters. They say themselves, they are my masters."

"I think it must be rather stupid for a star to let itself be domineered over by vermin of that kind," said the Comet. "Cannot you shake them off?"

"I have tried to," said the Earth, "and more than once, and in different ways. I have hurled a mass of fire and red-hot stones through my volcanoes and buried whole towns under it. I have brought about floods many and many a time and drowned them by thousands. When I think they are getting too much of a nuisance, I shake myself and make an earthquake."

"Well," said the Comet, "isn't it any good?"

"It makes things a little better," answered the Earth, "*that* I admit. But in the long run it is no good at all. They have become too many for me, I believe. I ought to have done it earlier, when there were fewer of them and they were not up to so many tricks. When I have drowned or overwhelmed some thousands of them and hope their families will die of hunger and grief, then the others make a collection for them and comfort them and help them, and a few years later I am full up again."

"I have never heard of anything like it," said the Comet. "I can't conceive how you stand it."

"No, but what am I to do?" said the Earth, "I am not a match for them now. They have ransacked me from pole to pole, so that I have scarcely a speck of ground left for myself. They have reckoned me up and measured me out, and described me from end to end; many of them have a globe standing on their tables which is supposed to represent me, and by which they can keep an eye on me in every nook and corner. They calculate beforehand where there will be storms and tempests and earthquakes and everything else; they

have instruments hanging on their walls which tell them all that. What am I to do with them ? "

" I don't know," said the Comet. " But I know that if it were me, I should not stand it."

The Earth laughed scornfully.

" Pooh ! " it said, " don't be too cock-sure. I can inform you that at this moment while we two are travelling and chatting together here, these Men of mine have already discovered you. They are staring at you through their spy-glasses, and reckoning you up, and giving you a name, and writing whole books about you. I mean, of course, the cleverest of them. The stupid ones are afraid of you and believe that you are come to announce the end of the world."

" Which are the stupid ones ? " asked the Comet.

The Earth pushed its cap of ice to one side, so that half the Atlantic Ocean was filled with icebergs, and the New Forest did not burst into leaf till Whitsuntide.

" I wish you had not asked me that question," it said seeming much embarrassed.

" I beg your pardon," said the Comet. " Perhaps it is a family secret."

" No," answered the Earth, " it is not *that*. But to this hour I have never been able to decide which of them really are the stupid ones. There *are* stupid ones—that I know. More than that, there are a good many of them. But one can't exactly make up one's mind which of them are stupid and which are not. One can certainly not go by what Men themselves say. For every single one of them thinks that he himself is clever, and all the others are stupid."

" No doubt they are *all* stupid," said the Comet.

But now the Earth felt itself insulted in the persons

of its Men. It struck it that it had certainly been too frank with such a strange star, which it really did not know in the least, and which had introduced itself besides as a loose and flighty character. So it replied in a very serious tone :

" Not altogether, my good Comet, not altogether. But it is of no use to talk any more about things that you know nothing about. I don't boast, but I will merely ask you to observe that of all the stars I am by far the most interesting. Look round the whole of Space as far as you can, and you will not find my match. Look at Venus, shining up there, and Jupiter and Mars, and whatever they are all called that go round the Sun as I do, and then look at me. Observe my deep fresh seas, my beech-woods and palm-groves."

" To tell the truth, I can't see anything," said the Comet. " But it may be quite true all the same. But it seems to me you have a mist all round you ? "

" Ye-es," said the Earth a little blankly, " I had quite forgotten it. That is my atmosphere."

" You are really terribly hampered—with a crust and Men and an atmosphere."

" Comet," said the Earth impressively, " it may be that I run round the Sun like the other stars I mentioned, and it may be that I am one of the very least of them ; but I am certain that I am really the Hub of the Universe."

" You are getting out of breath," said the Comet. " You are not used to boasting—you should sit down for a little, and then start again."

" Sit down ? " replied the Earth, much insulted. " Ah, if I did that, it would soon be all over with me. Everything depends upon my exact attention to my

trips round the Sun. And I can assure you I am not boasting. I am the most wonderful of all the stars, if only on account of my Men. There is not one of the other stars that can match me. Heigh! hallo! what is becoming of you? I believe you are running away from me."

"I am," said the Comet.

"Goodness," said the Earth sadly, "can't you remain here for a year or two? We get on so pleasantly together, it seems to me. And I tell you it is not so very amusing to be constantly travelling on the same road and having no one else to talk to but that stupid Moon."

"What is the Moon?" asked the Comet.

"That little chap you see there," answered the Earth, "who is running round me the whole time. It is a poor pensioner of a star which I took in when it was left to take care of itself in Space. It has quite lost its youthful fire and is utterly stupid—a poor creature whom one might just as well put into a workhouse. But in this country we are accustomed to go about with a Moon. Jupiter indeed has eight. But that seems to me a piece of silly snobbishness."

"Good-bye," said the Comet.

"Stay a little longer," the Earth pleaded.

"I cannot," said the Comet. "I have my own way to go and I must now put the pace on. Besides, I am sick of listening to your boasting."

"When are you coming back?" asked the Earth.

The Comet was making off with its three-cleft tail.

"In three hundred years' time," it cried.

It got smaller and smaller. At last it vanished entirely.

"That was a fellow with some go in him," said the Moon. "What a pace he went! and what a tail! He must lead a different sort of life to that of a poor *planet*!"

"Certainly," said the Earth sarcastically. "It must be nearly as fine a life as the life of a *Moon*!"

But the Moon was full, and only grinned.

Part III.

Three hundred years after, the Comet came back.

The Earth had waited for it anxiously, and had kept true count of its revolutions round the Sun. It had decked itself with violets and all the other flowers that it could muster up in March.

And all Earth's Men stood and peered after the Comet precisely to the day, for they had made an exact calculation of its orbit. The clever ones were delighted to see something beautiful and remarkable, and the stupid ones lay in bed and wept for fear, or ran round in their terror and drank as much as they could swallow and generally disgraced themselves.

"There is the Comet!" said one of the clever Men, who stood on the highest tower and had the best spy-glass and the greatest understanding of comets.

"There is the Comet!" said the Moon. "Hurrah! there *will* be a commotion in our region!"

"There is the Comet!" said the delighted Earth.

And so, when the Comet came sailing along so great and so glorious with its long three-cleft tail, the Earth raised its cap, and there was a tumbling of icebergs in all seas, and it got so cold that the stupid people were quite certain of the end of the world, and even the clever ones became a little anxious.

"Good-day, good-day, Comet!" cried the Earth. "Welcome back! I am glad to see you so well and so splendid."

But the Comet did not give a single mutter of reply. The Earth called "Good-day" again, but still got no answer.

"What in heaven's name is the matter with the Comet?" it said in astonishment. "Surely it won't turn up its nose and refuse to greet an old acquaintance?"

"It has not really seen you," the Moon said spitefully. "Remember how small you are."

"Hold your tongue and mind your own business," said the Earth, who was furious.

And so it called again:

"Comet! Comet! Comet!"

But the Comet sailed calmly away, and did not utter a sound. Now the Earth was vexed that the Comet should go past without its getting a talk with it. It could almost have cried. It is indeed no joke when one has been looking forward for three hundred years to the pleasure of talking with someone, and then that someone won't even say good-day.

"Hallo! Comet!" it called, in its most piteous tone. "You surely won't run past my door without saying how-do? I am your old friend, the Earth: don't you remember me? You have now travelled many millions of miles—hasn't it turned out as I prophesied, that you haven't found anything like me anywhere?"

"Pooh!" said the Comet.

"Well," said the Earth, hardly believing its own ears, "I should like to hear some more about that. But at any rate I am glad that you have not lost the power of speech. Well! tell me—would you have me believe

that you have found anywhere in Space such deep beautiful seas, such lovely beech-woods, such straight palm-groves ? "

" Ha ! ha ! ha ! " laughed the Comet.

" Or *Men*, eh ? " asked the Earth again.

" Ha ! ha ! ha ! Ha ! ha ! ha ! "

The Comet laughed so that both its head and its tail shook, and the Earth began to be seriously put out. It tried to think if it could not find something with which it might make a real impression on the Comet. So it asked with a sneer :

" Perhaps you have found idiots somewhere else, eh ? "

" Ha ! ha ! ha ! Ha ! ha ! ha ! Ha ! ha ! ha ! "

The Comet now laughed so much that one of its tails came off. The Earth got quite alarmed, and the clever Men on the Earth who saw what happened through their spy-glasses were utterly dumbfounded, for they had never seen anything like *that* before. But the Comet went on laughing and laughing without stopping. And now the second tail came off—and now the third—and now it split up in all directions. The whole of Space was filled with fragments flying right and left ; some of them fell down on the Earth as great stones—and one of them hit a clever Man on the head and knocked him and his spy-glass as flat as a pancake.[1]

When the huge firework display [2] was over, there was not a trace of the Comet to be discovered.

" It burst with conceit," said the Earth. " The

[1] A pancake—a flat kind of sweet-cake—in shape like a *chapatti*.

[2] *i.e.* the shower of meteors or falling stars.

annoying thing was that it died before it had told me what it had seen on its travels."

"Yes--just when you had a chance of getting to know something," said the Moon with a grin, for it was now full again.

"Quick march!" said the Earth in a fury. "Hold your tongue and mind your own business. Thirteen times round *me* for every time I go round the Sun. Else there will be mistakes in the almanac!"

From *The Old Post and Other Nature Stories*, by CARL EWALD. By permission of the publishers, Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.

12. THE BEAR-HUNT.

[The adventure here related is one that happened to Tolstoy himself in 1858. More than twenty years later he gave up hunting for humanitarian reasons.]

WE were out on a bear-hunting expedition. My comrade had shot at a bear, but only gave him a flesh-wound. There were traces of blood on the snow, but the bear had got away.

We all collected in a group in the forest, to decide whether we ought to go after the bear at once, or wait two or three days till he should settle down again. We asked the peasant bear-drivers whether it would be possible to get round the bear that day.

"No. It's impossible," said an old bear-driver. "You must let the bear quiet down. In five days' time it will be possible to surround him; but if you followed him now, you would only frighten him away, and he would not settle down."

But a young bear-driver, Damian by name, began disputing with the old man, saying that it was quite possible to get round the old bear now.

"On such snow as this," said he, "he won't go far, for he is a fat bear. He will settle down before evening: or, if not, I can overtake him on snow-shoes."

The comrade I was with was against following up the bear, and advised waiting. But I said:

" We need not argue. You do as you like, but I will follow up the track with Damian. If we get round the bear, all right. If not, we lose nothing. It is still early, and there is nothing else for us to do to-day."

So it was arranged.

The others went back to the sledges, and returned to the village. Damian and I took some bread, and remained behind in the forest.

When they had all left us, Damian and I examined our guns, and after tucking the skirts of our warm coats into our belts, we started off, following the bear's tracks. The weather was fine, frosty and calm ; but it was hard work snow-shoeing. The snow was deep and soft : it had not caked together at all in the forest, and fresh snow had fallen the day before, so that our snow-shoes sank six inches deep in the snow, and sometimes more. The bear's tracks were visible from a distance, and we could see how he had been going : sometimes sinking in up to his belly and ploughing up the snow as he went. At first, while under large trees, we kept in sight of his track ; but when the forest turned into a thicket of small firs, Damian stopped.

" We must leave the trail now," said he. " He has probably settled somewhere here. You can see by the snow that he has been squatting down. Let us leave the track and go round ; but we must go quickly. Don't shout or cough, or we shall frighten him away."

Leaving the track, therefore, we turned off to the left. But when we got about five hundred yards, there were the bear's traces again right before us. We followed them, and they brought us out on to the road. There we stopped, examining the road to see which way the bear had gone. Here and there in the snow were prints

of the bear's paw, claws and all, and here and there the marks of a peasant's bark shoes. The bear had evidently gone towards the village.

As we followed the road, Damian said :

" It's no use watching the road now. We shall see where he has turned off, to right or left, by the marks in the soft snow at the side. He must have turned off somewhere ; for he won't have gone on to the village."

We went along the road for nearly a mile, and then saw, ahead of us, the bear's track turning off the road. We examined it. How strange ! It was a bear's track right enough, only not going from the road into the forest, but from the forest on to the road ! The toes were pointing towards the road.

" This must be another bear," I said.

Damian looked at it, and considered a while.

" No," said he. " It's the same one. He's been playing tricks, and walked backwards when he left the road."

We followed the track, and found it really was so ! The bear had gone some ten steps backwards, and then, behind a fir-tree, had turned round and gone straight ahead.

Damian stopped and said :

" Now we are sure to get round him. There is a marsh ahead of us, and he must have settled down there. Let us go round it."

We began to make our way round, through a fir thicket. I was tired out by this time, and it had become still more difficult to get along. Now I glided on to juniper bushes and caught my snow-shoes on them, now a tiny fir tree appeared between my feet, or, from want of practice, my snow-shoes slipped off, and now I came

upon a stump or a log hidden by the snow. I was getting very tired, and was drenched with perspiration; and I took off my fur cloak. And there was Damian all the time, gliding along as if in a boat, his snow-shoes moving as if of their own accord, never catching against anything, nor slipping off. He even took my fur and slung it over his shoulder, and still kept urging me on.

We went on for two more miles, and came out on the other side of the marsh. I was lagging behind. My snow-shoes kept slipping off, and my feet stumbled. Suddenly Damian, who was ahead of me, stopped and waved his arm. When I came up to him, he bent down, pointing with his hand, and whispered:

"Do you see the magpie chattering above that undergrowth? It scents the bear from afar. That is where he must be."

We turned off and went on for more than another half-mile, and presently we came on to the old track again. We had, therefore, been right round the bear, who was now within the track we had left. We stopped, and I took off my cap and loosened all my clothes. I was as hot as if I had been in a steam bath, and as wet as a drowned rat. Damian too was flushed, and wiped his face with his sleeve.

"Well, Sir," he said, "we have done our job, and now we must have a rest."

The evening glow already showed red through the forest. We took off our snow-shoes and sat down on them, and got some bread and salt out of our bags. First I ate some snow, and then some bread; and the bread tasted so good, and I thought I had never in my life had any like it before. We sat there resting until it

began to grow dusk, and then I asked Damian if it was far to the village.

"Yes," he said. "It must be about eight miles. We will go on there to-night, but now we must rest. Put on your fur coat, sir, or you'll be catching cold."

Damian flattened down the snow, and breaking off some fir branches made a bed of them. We lay down side by side, resting our heads on our arms. Two hours later I woke up, hearing something crack.

I had slept so soundly that I did not know where I was. I looked around me. How wonderful! I was in some sort of a hall, all glittering and white with gleaming pillars, and when I looked up I saw, through delicate white tracery,[1] a vault, raven black and studded with coloured lights. After a good look, I remembered that we were in the forest, and that what I took for a hall and pillars, were trees covered with snow and hoar-frost, and the coloured lights were stars twinkling between the branches.

Hoar-frost had settled in the night; all the twigs were thick with it, Damian was covered with it, it was on my fur coat, and it dropped down from the trees. I woke Damian; and we put on our snow-shoes and started. It was very quiet in the forest. No sound was heard but that of our snow-shoes pushing through the soft snow; except when now and then a tree, cracked by the frost, made the forest resound. Only once we heard the sound of a living creature. Something rustled close to us, and then rushed away. I felt sure it was the bear, but when we went to the spot

[1] Tracery—delicate stone carving—here it refers to the branches covered with snow which appeared like a carved stone screen.

whence the sound had come, we found the footmarks of hares, and saw several young aspen trees with their bark gnawed. We had startled some hares while they were feeding.

We came out on the road and followed it, dragging our snow-shoes behind us. It was easy walking now. Our snow-shoes clattered as they slid behind us from side to side of the hard-trodden road. The snow creaked under our boots, and the cold hoar-frost settled on our faces like down. Seen through the branches, the stars seemed to be running to meet us, now twinkling, now vanishing, as if the whole sky were on the move. I found my comrade sleeping, but woke him up, and related how we had got round the bear. After telling our peasant host to collect beaters for the morning, we had supper and lay down to sleep.

I was so tired that I could have slept till mid-day, if my comrade had not roused me. I jumped up, and saw that he was already dressed, and busy doing something to the gun.

" Where is Damian ? " said I.

" In the forest, long ago. He has already been over the tracks you made, and been back here, and now he has gone to look after the beaters."

I washed and dressed, and loaded my guns ; and then we got into a sledge and started.

The sharp frost still continued. It was quiet and the sun could not be seen. There was a thick mist above us, and the hoar-frost still covered everything.

After driving about two miles along the road, as we came near the forest, we saw a cloud of smoke rising from a hollow, and presently reached a group of peasants, both men and women, armed with cudgels.

We got out and went up to them. The men sat roasting potatoes, and laughing and talking with the women. Damian was there too; and when we arrived the people got up, and Damian led them away to place them in the circle we had made the day before. They went along in single file, men and women, thirty in all. The snow was so deep that we could only see them from their waists upwards. They turned into the forest, and my friend and I followed in their track.

Though they had trodden a path, walking was difficult; but, on the other hand, it was impossible to fall; it was like walking between two walls of snow.

We went on in this way for nearly half a mile, when all at once we saw Damian coming from another direction —running towards us on his snow-shoes, and beckoning us to join him. We went towards him, and he showed us where to stand. I took my place, and looked around me.

To my left were tall fir trees, between the trunks of which I could see a good way, and, like a black patch just visible behind the trees, I could see a beater. In front of me was a thicket of young firs, about as high as a man, their branches weighed down and stuck together with snow. Through this copse ran a path thickly covered with snow, and leading straight up to where I stood. The thicket stretched away to the right of me, and ended in a small glade, where I could see Damian placing my comrade.

I examined both my guns, and considered where I had better stand. Three steps behind me was a tall fir.

"That's where I'll stand," thought I, "and then I can lean my second gun against the tree;" and I moved towards the tree, sinking up to my knees in the snow at

each step. I trod the snow down, and made a clearance about a yard square, to stand on. One gun I kept in my hand; the other, ready cocked, I placed against the tree. Then I unsheathed and replaced my dagger, to make sure that I could draw it easily in case of need.

Just as I had finished these preparations, I heard Damian shouting in the forest:

"He's up! He's up!"

And as soon as Damian shouted, the peasants round the circle all replied in their different voices:

"Up, up, up! Ou! Ou! Ou!" shouted the men.

"Ay! Ay! Ay!" screamed the women in high-pitched tones.

The bear was inside the circle, and as Damian drove him on, the people all round kept shouting. Only my friend and I stood silent and motionless, waiting for the bear to come towards us. As I stood gazing and listening, my heart beat violently. I trembled holding my gun fast.

"Now, now," I thought. "He will come suddenly, I shall aim, fire, and he will drop——"

Suddenly, to my left, but at a distance, I heard something falling on the snow. I looked between the tall fir trees, and, some fifty paces off, behind the trunks, saw something big and black. I took aim and waited, thinking:

"Won't he come any nearer?"

As I waited I saw him move his ears, turn, and go back; and then I caught a glimpse of the whole of him in profile. He was an immense brute. In my excitement, I fired, and heard my bullet go "flop" against a tree. Peering through the smoke, I saw my bear scampering back into the circle, and disappearing among the trees.

'Well," thought I. "My chance is lost. He won't come back to me. Either my comrade will shoot him, or he will escape through the line of beaters. In any case he won't give me another chance."

I reloaded my gun, however, and again stood listening. The peasants were shouting all round, but to the right, not far from where my comrade stood, I heard a woman screaming in a frenzied voice:

"Here he is! Here he is! Come here, come here! Oh! Oh! Ay! Ay!"

Evidently she could see the bear. I had given up expecting him, and was looking to the right at my comrade. All at once I saw Damian with a stick in his hand, and without his snow-shoes, running along a foot-path towards my friend. He crouched down beside him, pointing his stick as if aiming at something, and then I saw my friend raise his gun and aim in the same direction. Crack! He fired.

"There," thought I. "He has killed him."

But I saw that my comrade did not run towards the bear. Evidently he had missed him, or the shot had not taken full effect.

"The bear will get away," I thought. "He will go back, but he won't come a second time towards me. But what is that?"

Something was coming towards me like a whirlwind, snorting as it came; and I saw the snow flying up quite near me. I glanced straight before me, and there was the bear, rushing along the path through the thicket right at me, evidently beside himself with fear. He was hardly half a dozen paces off, and I could see the whole of him—his black chest and enormous head with a reddish patch There he was, blundering straight at

me, and scattering the snow about as he came. I could see by his eyes that he did not see me, but, mad with fear, was rushing blindly along; and his path led him straight to the tree under which I was standing. I raised my gun and fired. He was almost upon me now, and I saw that I had missed. My bullet had gone past him, and he did not even hear me fire, but still came headlong towards me. I lowered my gun and fired again, almost touching his head. Crack! I had hit but not killed him!

He raised his head, and laying his ears back, came at me, showing his teeth.

I snatched at my other gun, but almost before I had touched it, he had flown at me and, knocking me over into the snow, had passed right over me.

"Thank goodness, he has left me," thought I.

I tried to rise, but something pressed me down, and prevented my getting up. The bear's rush had carried him past me, but he had turned back, and had fallen on me with the whole weight of his body. I felt something warm above my face, and I realized that he was drawing my whole face into his mouth. My nose was already in it, and I felt the heat of it, and smelt his blood. He was pressing my shoulders down with his paws so that I could not move; all I could do was to draw my head down towards my chest away from his mouth, trying to free my nose and eyes, while he tried to get his teeth into them. Then I felt he had seized my forehead just under the hair with the teeth of his lower jaw, and the flesh below my eyes with his upper jaw, and was closing his teeth. It felt as if my face were being cut with knives. I struggled to get away, while he tried hard to close his jaws, gnawing like a dog. I managed

to twist my face away, but he began drawing it into his mouth again.

"Now," thought I, "my end has come."

Then I felt the weight lifted, and looking up, I saw that he was no longer there. He had jumped off me and run away.

When my comrade and Damian had seen the bear knock me down and begin worrying me, they rushed to the rescue. My comrade, in his haste, blundered, and instead of following the trodden path, ran into the deep snow and fell down. While he was struggling out of the snow, the bear was gnawing at me. But Damian just as he was, without a gun, and with only a stick in his hand, rushed along the path shouting:

"He's eating the master! He's eating the master!"

And, as he ran, he called to the bear:

"Oh, you idiot! What are you doing? Leave off! Leave off!"

The bear obeyed him, and leaving me ran away. When I rose, there was as much blood on the snow as if a sheep had been killed, and the flesh hung in rags above my eyes, though in my excitement I felt no pain.

My comrade had come up by this time, and the other people collected round: they looked at my wound, and put snow on it. But I, forgetting about my wounds, only asked:

"Where's the bear? Which way has he gone?"

Suddenly I heard:

"Here he is! Here he is!"

And we saw the bear again running at us. We seized our guns, but before anyone had time to fire, he had run past. He had grown ferocious, and wanted to gnaw me again, but seeing so many people, he took fright.

We saw by his track that his head was bleeding, and we wanted to follow him up; but, as my wounds had become very painful, we went, instead, to the town to find a doctor.

The doctor stitched up my wounds with silk, and they soon began to heal.

A month later we went to hunt that bear again, but I did not get a chance of finishing him. He would not come out of the circle, but went round and round, growling in a terrible voice.

Damian killed him. The bear's lower jaw had been broken, and one of his teeth knocked out by my bullet.

He was a huge creature, and had splendid black fur.

I had him stuffed, and he now lies in my room. The wounds in my forehead healed up, so that the scars can scarcely be seen.

From *Tales for Children*, by LEO TOLSTOY. By permission of the translator, Mr. Aylmer Maude, and the publisher, Mr. Humphrey Milford.

13. A MAD TEA-PARTY.

THERE was a table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it: a Dormouse was sitting between them, fast asleep, and the other two were resting their elbows on it, and talking over its head. "Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse," thought Alice; "only, as it's asleep, I suppose it doesn't mind."

The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it. "No room! No room!" they cried out when they saw Alice coming. "There's *plenty* of room!" said Alice indignantly, and she sat down in a large arm-chair at one end of the table.

"Have some wine," the March Hare said in an encouraging tone.

Alice looked all round the table, but there was nothing on it but tea. "I don't see any wine," she remarked.

"There isn't any," said the March Hare.

"Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it," said Alice angrily.

"It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited," said the March Hare.

"I didn't know it was *your* table," said Alice; "it's laid for a great many more than three."

"Your hair wants cutting," said the Hatter. He had

been looking at Alice for some time with great curiosity, and this was his first speech.

"You shouldn't make personal remarks," Alice said with some severity; "it's very rude."

The Hatter opened his eyes very wide on hearing this, but all he said was, "Why is a raven like a writing-desk?"

"Come, we shall have some fun now!" thought Alice. "I'm glad they've begun asking riddles—I believe I can guess that," she added aloud.

"Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?" said the March Hare.

"Exactly so," said Alice.

"Then you should say what you mean," the March Hare went on.

"I do," Alice hastily replied; "at least—at least I mean what I say—that's the same thing you know."

"Not the same thing a bit!" said the Hatter. "You might just as well say that 'I see what I eat' is the same thing as 'I eat what I see!'"

"You might just as well say," added the March Hare, "that 'I like what I get' is the same thing as 'I get what I like!'"

"You might just as well say," added the Dormouse, who seemed to be talking in his sleep, "that 'I breathe when I sleep' is the same thing as 'I sleep when I breathe!'"

"It *is* the same thing with you," said the Hatter, and here the conversation dropped, and the party sat silent for a minute, while Alice thought over all she could remember about ravens and writing-desks, which wasn't much.

The Hatter was the first to break the silence. "What

day of the month is it ? " he said, turning to Alice : he had taken his watch out of his pocket, and was looking at it uneasily, shaking it every now and then, and holding it to his ear.

Alice considered a little, and then said " The fourth."

" Two days wrong ! " sighed the Hatter. " I told you butter wouldn't suit the works ! " he added, looking angrily at the March Hare.

" It was the *best* butter," the March Hare meekly replied.

" Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well," the Hatter grumbled : " you shouldn't have put it in with the bread-knife."

The March Hare took the watch and looked at it gloomily : then he dipped it into his cup of tea, and looked at it again : but he could think of nothing better to say than his first remark, " It was the *best* butter, you know."

Alice had been looking over his shoulder with some curiosity. " What a funny watch ! " she remarked. " It tells the day of the month, and doesn't tell what o'clock it is ! "

" Why should it ? " muttered the Hatter. " Does *your* watch tell what year it is ? "

" Of course not," Alice replied very readily : " but that's because it stays the same year for such a long time together."

" Which is just the case with *mine*," said the Hatter.

Alice felt dreadfully puzzled. The Hatter's remark seemed to have no meaning in it, and yet it was certainly English.

" I don't quite understand," she said, as politely as she could.

" The Dormouse is asleep again," said the Hatter, and he poured a little hot tea upon its nose.

The Dormouse shook its head impatiently, and said, without opening its eyes, " Of course, of course: just what I was going to remark myself."

" Have you guessed the riddle yet ? " the Hatter said, turning to Alice again.

" No, I give it up," Alice replied: " what's the answer ? "

" I haven't the slightest idea," said the Hatter.

" Nor I," said the March Hare.

Alice sighed wearily. " I think you might do something better with the time," she said, " than waste it asking riddles with no answers."

" If you knew Time as well as I do," said the Hatter, " you wouldn't talk about wasting *it*. It's *him*."

" I don't know what you mean," said Alice.

" Of course you don't ! " the Hatter said, tossing his head contemptuously. " I daresay you never even spoke to Time ! "

" Perhaps not," Alice cautiously replied: " but I know I have to beat time when I learn music."

" Ah ! that accounts for it," said the Hatter. " He won't stand beating. Now if you only kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons: you'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling ! Half-past one, time for dinner ! "

(" I only wish it was," the March Hare said to itself in a whisper.")

" That would be grand, certainly," said Alice thought-

fully: "but then—I shouldn't be hungry for it, you know."

"Not at first, perhaps," said the Hatter: "but you could keep it to half-past one as long as you liked."

"Is that the way *you* manage?" Alice asked.

The Hatter shook his head mournfully. "Not I!" he replied. "We quarrelled last March—just before *he* went mad, you know"—(pointing with his teaspoon at the March Hare)—"it was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing

'Twinkle, twinkle little bat!
How I wonder what you're at!'

You know the song, perhaps?"

"I've heard something like it," said Alice.

"It goes on, you know," the Hatter continued, "in this way:

'Up above the world you fly,
Like a tea-tray in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle—'"

Here the Dormouse shook itself, and began singing in its sleep "Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle——" and went on so long that they had to pinch it to make it stop.

"Well, I'd hardly finished the first verse," said the Hatter, "when the Queen jumped up and bawled out 'He's murdering the time! Off with his head!'"

"How dreadfully savage!" exclaimed Alice.

"And ever since that," the Hatter went on in a mournful tone, "he won't do a thing I ask! It's always six o'clock now."

A bright idea came into Alice's head. "Is that the reason so many tea-things are put out here?" she asked.

"Yes, that's it," said the Hatter with a sigh: "it's always tea-time, and we've no time to wash the things between whiles."

"Then you keep moving round, I suppose?" said Alice.

"Exactly so," said the Hatter: "as the things get used up."

"But what happens when you come to the beginning again?" Alice ventured to ask.

"Suppose we change the subject," the March Hare interrupted, yawning. "I'm getting tired of this. I vote the young lady tells us a story."

"I'm afraid I don't know one," said Alice, rather alarmed at the proposal.

"Then the Dormouse shall!" they both cried. "Wake up, Dormouse!" And they pinched it on both sides at once.

The Dormouse slowly opened his eyes. "I wasn't asleep," he said in a hoarse, feeble voice: "I heard every word you fellows were saying."

"Tell us a story!" said the March Hare.

"Yes, please do!" pleaded Alice.

"And be quick about it," added the Hatter, "or you'll be asleep again before it's done."

"Once upon a time there were three little sisters," the Dormouse began in a great hurry; "and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie; and they lived at the bottom of a well—"

"What did they live on?" said Alice, who always took a great interest in questions of eating and drinking.

"They lived on treacle," said the Dormouse, after thinking a minute or two.

"They couldn't have done that, you know," Alice gently remarked; "they'd have been ill."

'So they were," said the Dormouse; "*very* ill."

Alice tried to fancy to herself what such an extraordinary way of living would be like, but it puzzled her too much, so she went on: "But why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

"Take some more tea," the March Hare said to Alice, very earnestly.

"I've had nothing yet," Alice replied in an offended tone, "so I can't take more."

"You mean you can't take *less*," said the Hatter: "it's very easy to take *more* than nothing."

"Nobody asked *your* opinion," said Alice.

"Who's making personal remarks now?" the Hatter asked triumphantly.

Alice did not quite know what to say to this: so she helped herself to some tea and bread-and-butter, and then turned to the Dormouse, and repeated her question, "Why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

The Dormouse again took a minute or two to think about it, and then said "It was a treacle well."

"There's no such thing!" Alice was beginning very angrily, but the Hatter and the March Hare said "Sh! sh! and the Dormouse sulkily remarked "If you can't be civil, you'd better finish the story for yourself."

"No, please go on!" Alice said. "I won't interrupt again. I dare say there may be *one*."

"One, indeed!" said the Dormouse indignantly. However, he consented to go on. "And so these three little sisters—they were learning to draw, you know."

"What did they draw?" said Alice, quite forgetting her promise.

"Treacle," said the Dormouse, without considering at all this time.

"I want a clean cup," interrupted the Hatter. "Let's all move one place on."

He moved on as he spoke, and the Dormouse followed him: the March Hare moved into the Dormouse's place, and Alice rather unwillingly took the place of the March Hare. The Hatter was the only one who got any advantage from the change; and Alice was a good deal worse off, as the March Hare had just upset the milk-jug into his plate.

Alice did not wish to offend the Dormouse again, so she began very cautiously: "But I don't understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?"

"You can draw water out of a water-well," said the Hatter; "so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle-well—eh, stupid?"

"But they were *in* the well," Alice said to the Dormouse, not choosing to notice this last remark.

"Of course they were," said the Dormouse; "—— well in."

This answer so confused poor Alice, that she let the Dormouse go on for some time without interrupting it.

"They were learning to draw," the Dormouse went on, yawning and rubbing its eyes, for it was getting very sleepy: "and they drew all manner of things—everything that begins with an M——."

"Why with an M?" said Alice.

"Why not?" said the March Hare.

Alice was silent.

The Dormouse had closed its eyes by this time, and was going off into a doze; but, on being pinched by the Hatter, it woke up again with a little shriek, and went on: "—— that begins with an M, such as mousetraps, and the moon, and memory, and muchness—you know

you say things are much of a muchness—did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness ? "

" Really, now you ask me," said Alice, very much confused, " I don't think——"

" Then you shouldn't talk," said the Hatter.

This piece of rudeness was more than Alice could bear : she got up in great disgust, and walked off ; the Dormouse fell asleep instantly, and neither of the others took the least notice of her going, though she looked back once or twice, half hoping that they would call after her : the last time she saw them, they were trying to put the Dormouse into the teapot.

" At any rate I'll never go *there* again ! " said Alice as she picked her way through the wood. " It's the stupidest tea-party I ever was at in all my life ! "

From *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland,* by LEWIS CARROLL.

14. THE CANDLE FLAME.

We will light one or two candles, and set them to work in the performance of their proper functions. You observe a candle is a very different thing from a lamp. With a lamp you take a little oil, fill your vessel, put in some cotton prepared by artificial means, and then light the top of the wick. When the flame runs down the cotton to the oil, it gets extinguished, but it goes on burning in the part above. Now, I have no doubt you will ask, how is it that the oil, which will not burn of itself, gets up to the top of the cotton, where it will burn? We shall presently examine that; but there is a much more wonderful thing about the burning of a candle than this. You have here a solid substance with no vessel to contain it; and how is it that this solid substance can get up to the place where the flame is? How is it that this solid gets there, it not being a fluid? or, when it is made a fluid, then how is it that it keeps together? This is a wonderful thing about a candle. Notice a candle which has been burning a little while.

Observe that a beautiful cup is formed just under the flame. As the air comes to the candle it moves upward by the force of the current which the heat of the candle produces, and it so cools all the sides of the wax, tallow, or fuel, as to keep the edge much cooler than the part within; the part within melts by the flame that runs

down the wick as far as it can go before it is extinguished, but the part on the outside does not melt. If I made a current of air in one direction, my cup would be lopsided, and the fluid would consequently run over, for the same force of gravity which holds worlds together holds this fluid, in a horizontal position, and if the cup be not horizontal, of course the fluid will run over the edge. You see, therefore, that the cup is formed by this beautifully regular ascending current of air playing upon all sides, which keeps the outside of the candle cool. No fuel would serve for a candle which has not the property of giving this cup. You readily see, therefore, that you would have a bad result if you were to burn candles, however beautiful in themselves, which are irregular in their shape, and cannot therefore have that nicely formed edge to the cup which is the great beauty in a candle. I hope you will now see that the perfection of a process—that is its usefulness—is the better point of beauty about it. It is not the best looking thing, but the best acting thing, which is the most advantageous to us. A good-looking candle is often a bad burning one. There will be a guttering round about it because of the irregularity of the stream of air and the badness of the cup which is formed thereby.

You may see some pretty examples (and I trust you will notice these instances) of the action of the ascending current when you have a little gutter running down the side of a candle making it thicker there than it is elsewhere. As the candle goes on burning this keeps its place and forms a little pillar sticking up by the side, because, as it rises higher above the rest of the wax or fuel, the air gets round it better, and it is more cooled and better able to resist the action of the heat at a little

distance. Now the greatest mistakes and faults with regard to candles, as in many other things, often bring with them instruction, which we should not receive if they had not occurred. We thus come to be philosophers: and I hope you will always remember that whenever a result happens, especially if it be new, you should say, "What is the cause? Why does it occur?" and you will in course of time find out the reason.

Next observe how the fluid in the cup rises up the wick and into the place of combustion. You know that the candle flame does not run down to the wax, and melt it all away, but keeps to its own right place. It is fenced off from the fluid below, and does not encroach on the cup at the sides. I cannot imagine anything more beautiful than the way in which a candle makes one part serve the purpose of the other to the very end of its action. A combustible thing like that, burning away gradually, never being touched by the flame is a very beautiful sight; especially when you come to learn what a vigorous thing flame is—what power it has of destroying the wax itself when it gets hold of it, and of disturbing its proper form if it comes too near.

But how does the flame get hold of the fuel? There is a beautiful point about that—by *capillary attraction.*

"Capillary attraction!" you say, well, never mind the name. It is by what is called capillary attraction that the fuel is conveyed to the part where combustion goes on, and is deposited there, not in a careless way, but very beautifully in the very midst of the centre of action which takes place around it. Now, I am going to give you a familiar instance of capillary attraction in order that you may understand its nature.

When you wash your hands, you take a towel to wipe off the water; and it is by that kind of wetting, or that kind of attraction which makes the towel become wet with water, that the wick is made wet with the wax. I have known some careless boys and girls (indeed, I have known it happen to careful people as well) who, having washed their hands and wiped them with a towel, have thrown the towel over the side of the basin, and before long it has drawn all the water out of the basin and conveyed it to the floor. This creeping of the water up the towel is again owing to capillary attraction.

In like manner the particles of melted wax ascend the cotton of the wick and get to the top; other particles then follow by their mutual attraction for each other, and as they reach the flame they are gradually burned.

From *The Chemical History of a Candle*, by MICHAEL FARADAY.

15. THE CABULIWALLAH.

PART I.

MY five-year-old daughter Mini cannot live without chattering. I really believe that in all her life she has not wasted a minute in silence. Her mother is often vexed at this, and would stop her prattle, but I would not. To see Mini quiet is unnatural, and I cannot bear it long. And so my own talk with her is always lively.

One morning, for instance, when I was in the midst of the seventeenth chapter of my new novel, my little Mini stole into the room, and putting her hand into mine, said: "Father! Ramdayal the door-keeper calls a crow a krow! He doesn't know anything, does he?"

Before I could explain to her the differences of languages in this world, she was embarked on the full tide of another subject. "What do you think, Father? Bhola says there is an elephant in the clouds, blowing water out of his trunk, and that is why it rains!"

And then, darting off anew, while I sat still, making ready some reply to this last saying: "Father! what relation is Mother to you?"

With a grave face I contrived to say: "Go and play with Bhola, Mini! I am busy!"

The window of my room overlooks the road. The child had seated herself at my feet near the table, and was playing softly, drumming on her knees. I was hard

at work on my seventeenth chapter, where Pratap Singh, the hero, had just caught Kanchanlata, the heroine, in his arms, and was about to escape with her by the third-storey window of the castle, when all of a sudden Mini left the play, and ran to the window, crying: "A Cabuliwallah! a Cabuliwallah!" Sure enough in the street below was a Cabuliwallah, passing slowly along. He wore the loose, soiled clothing of his people, with a tall turban; there was a bag on his back, and he carried boxes of grapes in his hand.

I cannot tell what were my daughter's feelings at the sight of this man, but she began to call him loudly.

"Ah!" I thought, "he will come in, and my seventeenth chapter will never be finished!" At which exact moment the Cabuliwallah turned, and looked up at the child. When she saw this, overcome by terror, she fled to her mother's protection and disappeared. She had a blind belief that inside the bag, which the big man carried, there were perhaps two or three other children like herself. The pedlar meanwhile entered my doorway and greeted me with a smiling face.

So precarious was the position of my hero and my heroine, that my first impulse was to stop and buy something, since the man had been called. I made some small purchases, and a conversation began about Abdurrahman,[1] the Russians, the English, and the Frontier Policy.

As he was about to leave, he asked: "And where is the little girl, sir?"

And I, thinking that Mini must get rid of her false fear, had her brought out.

[1] The Amir of Afghanistan at the time when this story was written.

She stood by my chair, and looked at the Cabuliwallah and his bag. He offered her nuts and raisins, but she would not be tempted, and only clung closer to me, with all her doubts increased.

This was their first meeting.

One morning, however, not many days later, as I was leaving the house, I was startled to find Mini, seated on a bench near the door, laughing and talking, with the great Cabuliwallah at her feet. In all her life, it appeared, my small daughter had never found so patient a listener, save her father. And already the corner of her little *sari* was stuffed with almonds and raisins, the gift of her visitor. " Why did you give her those ? " I said, and taking out an eight-anna bit, I handed it to him. The man accepted the money without demur, and slipped it into his pocket.

Alas, on my return an hour later, I found the unfortunate coin had made twice its own worth of trouble ! For the Cabuliwallah had given it to Mini ; and her mother, catching sight of the bright round object, had pounced on the child with : " Where did you get that eight-anna bit ? "

" The Cabuliwallah gave it to me," said Mini cheerfully.

" The Cabuliwallah gave it to you ! " cried her mother, much shocked. " O Mini ! how could you take it from him ? "

I, entering at the moment, saved her from impending disaster, and proceeded to make my own inquiries. It was not the first or second time, I found, that the two had met. The Cabuliwallah had overcome the child's first terror by a judicious bribery with nuts and almonds, and the two were now great friends. They had many

quaint jokes, which afforded them much amusement. Seated in front of him, looking down on his gigantic frame. in all her tiny dignity, Mini would ripple her face with laughter and begin: "O Cabuliwallah! Cabuliwallah! what have you got in your bag?"

And he would reply: "An elephant!" Not much cause for merriment, perhaps; but how they both enjoyed the fun! and for me, this child's talk with a grown-up man had always in it something strangely fascinating.

Then the Cabuliwallah, not to be behindhand, would take his turn: "Well, little one, and when are you going to the father-in-law's house?"

Now most small Bengali maidens have heard long ago about the father-in-law's house; but we, being a little new-fangled, had kept these things from our child, and Mini at this question must have been a trifle bewildered. But she would not show it, and with ready tact replied: "Are *you* going there?"

Amongst men of the Cabuliwallah's class, however, as is well known, the words *father-in-law's house* have a double meaning. It is a polite expression for *jail*, the place where we are well cared for, at no expense to ourselves. In this sense would the sturdy pedlar take my daughter's question. "Ah," he would say, shaking his fist at an invisible policeman, "I will thrash my father-in-law!" Hearing this and picturing to herself the unfortunate relative, Mini would go off into peals of laughter, in which her formidable friend would join.

. . . . . .

Mini's mother is unfortunately a very timid lady. Whenever she hears a noise in the street, or sees people coming towards the house, she always jumps to the conclusion that they are either thieves or drunkards, or

snakes or tigers, or malaria, or cockroaches or caterpillars. Even after all these years of experience she is not able to overcome her terror. So she was full of doubts about the Cabuliwallah, and used to beg me to keep a watchful eye on him.

I tried to laugh her fear gently away, but then she would turn round on me seriously, and ask me solemn questions: Were children never kidnapped?

Was it, then, not true that there was slavery in Cabul?

Was it so very absurd that this big man should be able to carry off a tiny child?

I urged that, though not impossible, it was highly improbable. But this was not enough, and her dread persisted. It did not, however, seem right to forbid the man the house, and the friendship went on unchecked.

Once a year in the middle of January Rahman, the Cabuliwallah, was in the habit of returning to his country, and as the time approached he would be very busy, going from house to house collecting his debts. This year, however, he could always find time to come and see Mini. It would have seemed to an outsider that there was some conspiracy between the two, for when he could not come in the morning, he would appear in the evening. Even to me it was a little startling now and then, in the corner of a dark room, suddenly to surprise this tall, loose-garmented man; but when Mini would run in smiling, with her "O Cabuliwallah! Cabuliwallah!" and the two friends, so far apart in age, would subside into their old laughter and their old jokes, I felt reassured.

One morning, a few days before he made up his mind to go, I was correcting my proof-sheets in my study. It was chilly weather. Through the window

the rays of the sun touched my feet, and the slight warmth was very welcome. It was almost eight o'clock, and the early pedestrians were returning home with their heads covered. All at once I heard an uproar in the street, and, looking out, saw Rahman being led away bound between two policemen, and behind them a crowd of curious boys. There were bloodstains on the clothes of the Cabuliwallah, and one of the policemen carried a knife. Hurrying out, I stopped them, and inquired what it all meant. Partly from one, partly from another, I gathered that a certain neighbour had owed the pedlar something for a Rampuri shawl, but had falsely denied having bought it, and that in the course of the quarrel Rahman had struck him. Now, in the heat of his excitement, the prisoner began calling his enemy all sorts of names, when suddenly in a verandah of my house appeared my little Mini, with her usual expression: "O Cabuliwallah! Cabuliwallah!" Rahman's face lighted up as he turned to her. He had no bag under his arm to-day, so she could not discuss the elephant with him. She at once therefore proceeded to the next question: "Are you going to the father-in-law's house?"

Rahman laughed and said: "Just where I am going, little one!" Then, seeing that the reply did not amuse the child, he held up his fettered hands. "Ah!" he said, "I would have thrashed that old father-in-law, but my hands are bound!"

On a charge of murderous assault, Rahman was sentenced to some years' imprisonment.

Time passed away, and he was not remembered. Our accustomed work in the accustomed place went on, and the thought of the once free mountaineer spending

his years in prison seldom or never occurred to us. Even my light-hearted Mini, I am ashamed to say, forgot her old friend.

Part II.

Years passed away. It was once more autumn and we had made arrangements for Mini's marriage. It was to take place during the Puja Holidays. With Durga returning to Kailas, the light of our home also was to depart to her husband's house, and leave her father's in the shadow.

The morning was bright. Since early dawn that day the wedding-pipes had been sounding, and at each burst of sound my own heart throbbed. The wail of the tune, Bhairavi, seemed to intensify my pain at the approaching separation. My Mini was to be married that night.

From early morning noise and bustle had pervaded the house. In the courtyard the canopy had to be slung on its bamboo poles; the chandeliers with their tinkling sound must be hung in each room and verandah. There was no end of hurry and excitement. I was sitting in my study, looking through the accounts, when someone entered, saluting respectfully, and stood before me. It was Rahman the Cabuliwallah. At first I did not recognise him. He had no bag, nor the long hair, nor the same vigour that he used to have. But he smiled, and I knew him again.

"When did you come, Rahman?" I asked him.

"Last evening," he said, "I was released from jail."

The words struck harsh upon my ears. I had never before talked with one who had wounded his fellow, and my heart shrank within itself when I realised this; for

I felt that the day would have been better omened had he not turned up.

"There are ceremonies going on," I said, "and I am busy. Could you perhaps come another day?"

At once he turned to go; but as he reached the door he hesitated, and said: "May I not see the little one, sir, for a moment?" It was his belief that Mini was still the same. He had pictured her running to him as she used, calling "O Cabuliwallah! Cabuliwallah!" He had imagined too that they would laugh and talk together, just as of old. In fact, in memory of former days, he had brought, carefully wrapped up in paper, a few almonds and raisins and grapes, obtained somehow from a countryman, for his own little fund was dispersed.

I said again: "There is a ceremony in the house and you will not be able to see anyone to-day."

The man's face fell. He looked wistfully at me for a moment, then said "Good morning," and went out. I felt a little sorry, and would have called him back, but I found he was returning of his own accord. He came close up to me holding out his offerings with the words: "I brought these few things, sir, for the little one. Will you give them to her?"

I took them and was going to pay him, but he caught my hand and said: "You are very kind, sir! Keep me in your recollection. Do not offer me money! You have a little girl: I too have one like her in my own home, I think of her, and bring these fruits to your child—not to make a profit for myself."

Saying this, he put his hand inside his big loose robe, and brought out a small and dirty piece of paper. With great care he unfolded this, and smoothed it out with

both hands on my table. It bore the impression of a little hand. Not a photograph. Not a drawing. The impression of an ink-smeared hand laid flat on the paper. This touch of his own little daughter had been always on his heart, as he had come year after year to Calcutta to sell his wares in the streets.

Tears came to my eyes. I forgot that he was a poor Cabuli fruit-seller, while I was——. But no, what was I more than he ? He also was a father.

That impression of his little Parvati in her distant mountain home reminded me of my own little Mini.

I sent for Mini immediately from the inner apartment. Many difficulties were raised, but I would not listen. Clad in the red silk of her wedding-day, with the sandal paste on her forehead, and adorned as a young bride, Mini came and stood bashfully before me.

The Cabuliwallah looked a little staggered at the apparition. He could not revive their old friendship. At last he smiled and said : " Little one, are you going to your father-in-law's house ? "

But Mini now understood the meaning of the word " father-in-law," and she could not reply to him as of old. She flushed up at the question, and stood before him with her bride-like face turned down.

I remembered the day when the Cabuliwallah and my Mini had first met, and I felt sad. When she had gone, Rahman heaved a deep sigh, and sat down on the floor. The idea had suddenly come to him that his daughter too must have grown in this long time, and that he would have to make friends with her anew. Assuredly he would not find her as he used to know her. And besides, what might not have happened to her in these eight years ?

The marriage pipes sounded, and the mild autumn sun streamed round us. But Rahman sat in the little Calcutta lane, and saw before him the barren mountains of Afghanistan.

I took out a bank note and gave it to him, saying: "Go back to your own daughter, Rahman, in your own country, and may the happiness of your meeting bring good fortune to my child!"

Having made this present, I had to curtail some of the festivities. I could not have the electric lights I had intended, nor the military band, and the ladies of the house were despondent about it. But to me the wedding-feast was all the brighter for the thought that in a distant land a long-lost father met again with his only child.

From *Hungry Stones*, by RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

16. HOW STANLEY FOUND LIVINGSTONE.

[David Livingstone was born in Blantyre near Glasgow, in 1813; he went to South Africa as a missionary in 1840, where he worked hard to get the slave-trade abolished. He discovered the Victoria Falls in 1855, and Lake Nyassa in 1859. In 1866 he started across Africa for Lake Tanganyika: he was deserted by most of his servants and reported as dead. He reached the lake and then stayed in Central Africa year after year, making Ujiji his headquarters, looking for the sources of the Nile. No news of him reached the outside world during all this time. He had been reduced by sickness and lack of supplies to almost desperate straits when Stanley started in search of him.]

Part I.

Henry Stanley was a young journalist, who in October 1870 happened to be in Madrid. He was on the staff of the great newspaper, the *New York Herald*, which was owned by the wealthy Gordon Bennett. One morning Stanley was awakened by his servant with a telegram containing only the words: "Come to Paris on important business." Stanley travelled to Paris by the first train, and at once went to Bennett's hotel. Bennett asked him, "Where do you think Livingstone is?"

"I really do not know, sir."

"Do you think he is alive?"

"He may be, and he may not be."

"Well, I think he is alive," said Bennett, "and I am going to send you to find him."

"What!" cried Stanley. "Do you mean me to go to Central Africa?"

"Yes: I mean that you shall go and find him. The old man may be in want; take enough with you to help him, should he require it. Do what you think best—*but find Livingstone.*"

In great surprise Stanley suggested that such a journey would be very expensive, but Bennett answered, "Draw a thousand pounds now; and when you have gone through that, draw another thousand, and when that is spent draw another thousand, and when you have finished that draw another thousand, and so on; *but find Livingstone.*"

"Well," thought Stanley, "I will do my best, God helping me." And so he went off to Africa.

He had, however, been charged by his employer to fulfil other missions on the way. He made a journey up the Nile, visited Jerusalem, travelled to Trebizond and Teheran and right through Persia to Bushire, and consequently did not arrive at Zanzibar until the beginning of January 1871.

Here he made thorough preparations. He had never been before in the Africa of the negroes, but he was a clever, energetic man, with a genius for organisation. He bought cloth enough for a hundred men for two years, glass beads, brass wire and other goods in request among the natives. He bought saddles and tents, guns and cartridges, boats, medicine, tools, provisions and asses. Two English sailors volunteered for the expedition, and he took them into his service, but both died in the fever country. Negro porters were engaged, and twenty men

he called his soldiers carried guns. After he had crossed over from Zanzibar to the African mainland, the equipment of the expedition was completed at Bagamoyo, and Stanley made haste to get away before the rainy season commenced.

The great and well-furnished caravan of 192 men in all trooped westwards in five detachments. Stanley himself led the last detachment, and before them lay the wilderness, the interior of Africa with its dark recesses. At the first camping ground tall maize was growing and manioc plants were cultivated in extensive fields. The latter is a plant with large root bulbs chiefly composed of starch, but also containing a poisonous milky juice which is deadly if the roots be eaten without preparation. When the sap has been removed by proper treatment, however, the roots are crushed into flour, from which a kind of bread is made. Round a swamp in the neighbourhood grew low fan-palms and acacias among luxuriant grass and reeds.

Next day they marched under ebony and calabash trees, from the shells of which the natives make vessels of various shapes, for while they are growing the fruits can be forced by outward pressure into almost any desired form. Pheasants and quails, water-hens and pigeons flew up screaming when the negro porters tramped along the path, winding in single file through the grass as high as a man. Hippopotami lay snorting unconcernedly in a stream that was crossed. Then came the forerunners of the rainy season, splashing and pelting over the country, and pouring showers pattered on the grass. Both the horses of the caravan succumbed, one or two men who found Bagamoyo more comfortable ran away, and a dozen porters fell ill of fever Stanley was

still full of energy, and himself gave the signal for rising in the morning with an iron ladle on an empty tin. On they went through dense jungle. Now they met a gang of slaves toiling along, their chains clanking at every weary step. Here again was a river, and there the road ran up a hill. Here the country was barren, but soon after were villages surrounded with crops. Maize fields in a valley were agitated like the swell of the sea, and gentle breezes rustled through rain-bedewed sugar-cane. Bananas hung down like golden cucumbers, and in barren places tamarisks and mimosas perfumed the air. Sometimes a halt was made in villages of well-built grass huts.

Over swampy grasslands soaked by the continuous rains Stanley led his troop deeper and deeper into Africa. After having lasted forty days, the rainy season came to an end on the last day of April. The men marched through a forest of fine Palmyra palms, a tree which grows over almost all tropical Africa, in India, and on the Sunda islands, and which is extolled in an old Indian poem because its fruits, leaves, and wood can be applied to eight hundred and one various uses. Afterwards the country became more hilly, and to the west one ridge and crest rose behind another. The porters and soldiers were glad to leave the damp coast-land behind and get into dryer country, but the ridges made travelling harder. They encamped in villages of bee-hive shaped huts covered with bamboos and surrounded by mud walls. Some tracts were so barren that only cactus, thistles, and thorny bushes could find support in the dry soil, and near a small lake were seen the tracks of wild animals, buffaloes, zebras, giraffes, wild boars, and antelopes, which came there to drink. Then the route ran through thickets of

tamarisk, and under a canopy of monkey bread-fruit trees, till eventually at a village Stanley fell in with a large Arab caravan, with which he travelled through the dreaded warlike land of Ugogo. When they set out together the whole party numbered 400 men, who marched in Indian file along the narrow paths.

"How are you, White Man?" called out a man at Ugogo in a thundering voice when Stanley arrived; and when he had set up his quarters in the chief's village the villagers flocked around to gaze at the first white man they had ever seen. They were friendly and offered milk, honey, beans, maize, nuts, and water-melons in exchange for cloth and glass beads, but also demanded a heavy toll from the caravan for the privilege of passing through their country.

Part II.

The caravan proceeded through the avenues of the jungle, from time immemorial frequented by elephants and rhinoceroses. In one district the huts were of the same form as Kirghiz [1] tents, and in another rocks rose up in the forest like ruins of a fairy palace. The porters were not always easy to manage, and on some occasions were refractory. But if they were given a young ox to feast on, they quickly calmed down and sat round the fire while strips of fresh meat frizzled over the embers.

Now it was only one day's march to Tabora, the principal village in Unyamwezi, the chief settlement of the Arabs in East Africa. The caravan set out with loud blasts of trumpets and horns, and on arrival discharged a salvo of guns, and Arabs in white dresses and turbans

[1] The Kirghiz are a nomadic tribe inhabiting Central Asia.

came out to welcome the explorer. Here Stanley found all his detachments, and the Arabs showed him every attention. They regaled him with wheaten loaves, chickens and rice, and presented him with five fat oxen, eight sheep, and ten goats. Round about they had cultivated ground and large herds, and it was difficult to believe that the stately well grown men were base slave-traders.

Just at this time the country of Unyamwezi was disturbed by a war which was raging with Mirambo, a great chief in the north-west, and consequently when Stanley left Tabora, now with only fifty-four men, he had to make a detour to the south to avoid the seat of war. At every step he took his excitement and uncertainty increased. Where was this wonderful Livingstone, whom all the world talked about? Was he dead long ago, or was he still wandering about the forests as he had done for nearly thirty years?

A bale or two of cloth had frequently to be left with a chief as toll. In return one chief sent provisions to last the whole caravan for four days, and came himself to Stanley's tent with a troop of negro warriors. Here they were invited to sit down, and they remained silent for a while, closely examining the white man; then they touched his clothes, said something to one another, and burst out into unrestrained laughter. Then they must see the rifles and medicine chest. Stanley took out a bottle of ammonia, and told them that it was good for headaches and snake-bites. His dusky majesty at once complained of head-ache and wanted to try the bottle. Stanley held it under the chief's nose, and of course it was so strong that he fell backwards, pulling a face. His warriors roared with laughter, clapped their hands, snapped their fingers, pinched one another, and behaved

like clowns. When the king had recovered, he said, as the tears ran from his eyes, that he was quite cured and needed no more of the strong remedy.

Then they came upon a river which ran among hills, through a magnificent country abounding in game, and lotus leaves floated on the smooth water. The sun sank and the moon rose above the mimosa trees, the river shone like a silver mirror, antelopes were on the watch for the dangers of the night. Within the enclosure of the camp the negroes sat gnawing at the bones of a newly-shot zebra. But when it was time to set out again from the comfortable camp, the porters wanted to remain where they were and enjoy themselves, and when the horn sounded they went sullenly and slowly to their loads, and began to whisper in threatening groups. Two insubordinate ruffians lay in wait with their rifles aimed at Stanley, who at once raised his gun and threatened to shoot them on the spot if they did not immediately drop their rifles. The mutiny ended without bloodshed, and the men promised again to go on steadily to Lake Tanganyika, according to their agreement.

So on they marched ; and now Stanley was in a forest tract where cattle of all kinds were pestered by the tsetse fly, and where the small honey-bird flew busily about among the trees. It is like the common grey sparrow, but somewhat larger, and has a yellow spot on each shoulder. It receives its name from its habit of flying in short flights just in front of the natives to guide them to the nests of wild bees, in order to get its share of the honey.

Stanley now turned northwards to a river which flows into Lake Tanganyika. The caravan was carried over in small frail boats, and the asses which still survived had to swim. When the foremost of them came to the

middle of the river he was seen to stop a moment, apparently struggling, and then he went down, a whirlpool forming above his head. He had been seized by a crocodile.

A caravan which came from Ujiji reported that there was a white man in that country. "Hurrah, it is Livingstone! It must be Livingstone!" thought Stanley. His eagerness and zeal were stimulated to the uttermost, and he offered his porters extra pay to induce them to make longer marches. Eventually the last camp before Tanganyika was reached in safety, and here Stanley took out a new suit of clothes, had his helmet whitened, and made himself neat, for the reports of a white man's presence at the lake became more definite.

The 28th October, 1871, was a beautiful day, and Stanley and his men marched for six hours south-westwards. The path ran through dense beds of bamboo, the glittering silvery surface of Tanganyika was seen from a height, and blue, hazy mountains appeared afar off on the western shore. The whole caravan raised shouts of delight. At the last ridge the village of Ujiji came into sight with its huts and palms and large canoes on the beach. Stanley gazed at it with eager eyes. Where was the white man's hut? Was Livingstone still alive, or was he a mere dream figure which vanished when approached?

The villagers came streaming out to meet the caravan, and there was a deafening noise of greeting, enquiries, and shouts. From the midst of the crowd a negro in a white shirt and a turban called out, "Good morning, sir!"

"Who on earth are you?" asked Stanley.

"I am Susi, Dr. Livingstone's servant," replied the man.

"What! Is Dr. Livingstone here?"

"Yes, sir."

"In this village? Run at once and tell the Doctor I am coming."

When Livingstone heard the news he came out from his verandah and went into the courtyard, where all the Arabs of Ujiji had collected. Stanley made his way through the crush, and saw a small man before him, grey and pale, dressed in a bluish cap with a faded gold band round it, a red-sleeved waistcoat, and grey trousers. Stanley would have run up to embrace him, but he felt ashamed in the presence of the crowd, so he simply took off his hat and said, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

"Yes," said he, with a kind smile, lifting his cap slightly.

"I thank God, Doctor, I have been permitted to see you."

"I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you."

. . . . . .

They sat down on the verandah, and all the astonished natives stood round, looking on. The missionary related his experiences in the heart of Africa, and then Stanley gave him the general news of the world, for of course he knew nothing of what had taken place for years past.

Evening drew on and still they sat talking. The shades of night spread their curtain over the palms, and darkness fell over the mountains where Stanley had marched, still in uncertainty, on this remarkable day. A heavy surf beat on the shore of Lake Tanganyika. The night had travelled far over Africa before at last they went to rest.

From *From Pole to Pole*, by SVEN HEDIN.

17. THE PRAYING MANTIS.

THERE is an insect of the south of France that is quite as interesting as the Cicada, but much less famous, because it makes no noise. Had it been provided with cymbals, its renown would have been greater than that celebrated musician's, for it is most unusual both in shape and habits.

A long time ago, in the days of ancient Greece, this insect was named Mantis, or the Prophet. The peasant saw her on the sun-scorched grass, standing half-erect in a very imposing and majestic manner, with her broad green gossamer wings trailing like long veils, and her fore-legs, like arms, raised to the sky as though in prayer. To the peasant's ignorance the insect seemed like a priestess or a nun, and so she came to be called the Praying Mantis.

There never was a greater mistake! Those pious airs are a fraud; those arms raised in prayer are really the most horrible weapons, which slay whatever passes within reach. The Mantis is fierce as a tigress, cruel as an ogress. She feeds only on living creatures.

There is nothing in her appearance to inspire dread. She is not without a certain beauty, with her slender, graceful figure, her pale-green colouring, and her long gauze wings. Having a flexible neck, she can move her head freely in all directions. She is the only insect that

can direct her gaze wherever she will. She almost has a face.

Great is the contrast between this peaceful-looking body and the murderous machinery of the fore-legs. These consist of three joints, the haunch, the thigh, and the leg proper. The haunch is very long and powerful, while the thigh is even longer, and carries on its lower surface two rows of sharp spikes or teeth. Behind these teeth are three spurs. In short, the thigh is a saw with two blades, between which the leg lies when folded back. The leg itself is also a double-edged saw, provided with a greater number of teeth than the thigh. It ends in a strong hook with a point as sharp as a needle, and a double blade like a curved pruning-knife. I have many painful memories of this hook. Many a time, when Mantis-hunting, I have been clawed by the insect and forced to ask somebody else to release me. No insect in this part of the world is so troublesome to handle. The Mantis claws you with her pruning-hooks, pricks you with her spikes, seizes you in her vice, and makes self-defence impossible if you wish to keep your captive alive.

When at rest, the trap is folded back against the chest and looks quite harmless. There you have the insect praying. But if a victim passes by, the appearance of prayer is quickly dropped. The three long divisions of the trap are suddenly unfolded, and the prey is caught with the sharp hook at the end of them, and drawn back between the two saws. Then the vice closes, and all is over. Locusts, grasshoppers, and even stronger insects are helpless against the four rows of teeth.

It is impossible to make a complete study of the habits of the Mantis in the open fields, so I am obliged to take

her indoors. She can live quite happily in a pan filled with sand and covered with a gauze dish-cover, if only she be supplied with plenty of fresh food. In order to find out what can be done by the strength and daring of the Mantis, I provide her not only with Locusts and Grasshoppers, but also with the largest Spiders of the neighbourhood. This is what I see.

A grey Locust, heedless of danger, walks towards the Mantis. The latter gives a convulsive shiver, and suddenly, in the most surprising way, strikes an attitude that fills the Locust with terror, and is quite enough to startle anyone. You see before you unexpectedly a sort of bogy-man or jack-in-the-box.[1] The wing-covers open; the wings spread to their full extent and stand erect like sails, towering over the insect's back; the tip of the body curls up like a crook, rising and falling with short jerks. Standing in a defiant attitude on its four hind legs, the Mantis holds the front part of its body almost upright. The murderous legs open wide, and show a pattern of black-and-white spots beneath them.

In this strange attitude the Mantis stands motionless, with eyes fixed on her prey. If the Locust moves the Mantis turns her head. The object of this performance is plain. It is intended to strike terror into the heart of the victim, to paralyse it, with fright before attacking it. The Mantis is pretending to be a ghost!

The plan is quite successful. The Locust sees a spectre before him, and gazes at it without moving. He to whom leaping is so easy makes no attempt to escape. He stays stupidly where he is, or even draws nearer with a leisurely step. As soon as he is within

[1] A jack-in-the-box is a toy figure which springs suddenly out of a box when the lid is raised.

reach of the Mantis she strikes with her claws; her double saws close and clutch; the poor wretch protests in vain; the cruel ogress begins her meal.

The Mantis attacks the Locust first at the back of the neck, to destroy its power of movement. This enables her to kill and eat an insect as big as herself, or even bigger. It is amazing that the greedy creature can contain so much food.

The various Digger-wasps receive visits from her pretty frequently. Posted near their burrows on a bramble, she waits her chance to bring near her a double prize, the Wasp and the prey she is bringing home. For a long time she waits in vain; for the Wasp is suspicious and on her guard; still, now and then a rash one is caught. With a sudden rustle of wings the Mantis terrifies the new-comer, who hesitates for a moment in her fright. Then, with the sharpness of a spring, the Wasp is fixed as in a trap between the blades of the double saw—the toothed fore-arm and toothed upper-arm of the Mantis. The victim is then gnawed in small mouthfuls.

I once saw a Bee-eating Wasp, while carrying a Bee to her storehouse, attacked and caught by a Mantis. The Wasp was in the act of eating the honey she had found in the Bee's crop. The double saw of the Mantis closed suddenly on the feasting Wasp; but neither terror nor torture could persuade that greedy creature to leave off eating. Even while she herself was being actually devoured she continued to lick the honey from her Bee!

I regret to say that the meals of this savage ogress are not confined to other kinds of insects. For all her pious airs she is a cannibal. She will eat her sister as

calmly as though she were a Grasshopper; and those around her will make no protest, being quite ready to do the same on the first opportunity. Indeed, she even makes a habit of devouring her mate, whom she seizes by the neck and then swallows by little mouthfuls, leaving only the wings.

She is worse than the Wolf: for it is said that even Wolves never eat each other.

From *The Book of Insects*, by J. H. FABRE. By permission of the publishers, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd.

18. DAVID COPPERFIELD ARRIVES AT HIS AUNT'S HOUSE.

[David Copperfield was employed in a London warehouse. Not liking his work he ran away and travelled on foot to his aunt Miss Betsey Trotwood's house at Dover.]

My shoes were by this time in a woeful condition. The soles had shed themselves bit by bit, and the upper leathers had broken and burst until the very shape and form of shoes had departed from them. My hat (which had served me for a night-cap too) was crushed and torn. My shirt and trousers, stained with heat, dew, grass, and the Kentish soil on which I had slept—and torn besides—might have frightened the birds from my aunt's garden, as I stood at the gate. My hair had known no comb or brush since I left London. My face, neck and hands, from unaccustomed exposure to the sun and air, were burnt to a berry-brown. From head to foot I was powdered almost as white with chalk and dust, as if I had come out of a lime-kiln. In this plight I waited to introduce myself to my formidable aunt.

The unbroken stillness of the parlour window, as I gazed into it, leading me to believe, after a while, that she was not there, I lifted up my eyes to the window above it, where I saw a red-faced, pleasant-looking gentleman, with a grey head, who shut up one eye in a

grotesque manner, nodded his head at me several times, shook it at me as often, laughed, and went away.

I had been discomposed enough before; but I was so much the more discomposed by this unexpected behaviour, that I was on the point of slinking off, when there came out of the house a lady with her handkerchief tied over her cap, and a pair of gardening gloves on her hands, and carrying a great knife. I knew her immediately to be Miss Betsey, for she came stalking out of the house exactly as my poor mother had so often described her stalking up our garden at Blunderstone Rookery.

"Go away!" said Miss Betsey, shaking her head and making a distant chop in the air with her knife. "Go along! No boys here!"

I watched her, with my heart at my lips, as she marched to a corner of her garden, and stooped to dig up some little root there. Then, without a scrap of courage, but with a great deal of desperation, I went softly in and stood beside her, touching her with my finger. "If you please, ma'am," I began.

She started and looked up.

"If you please, aunt."

"Eh?" exclaimed Miss Betsey, in a tone of amazement I have never heard approached.

"If you please, aunt, I am your nephew."

"Oh, Lord!" said my aunt. And sat flat down in the garden path.

"I am David Copperfield, of Blunderstone, in Suffolk —where you came, on the night when I was born, and saw my dear mama. I have been very unhappy since she died. I have been slighted, and taught nothing, and thrown upon myself, and put to work not fit for me.

It made me run away to you. I was robbed at first setting out, and have walked all the way, and have never slept in a bed since I began the journey." Here my self-control gave way all at once; and with a movement of my hands, intended to show her my ragged state, I broke into a passion of crying, which I suppose had been pent up within me all the week.

My aunt sat on the gravel staring at me, until I began to cry; when she got up in a great hurry, collared me and took me into the parlour. Her first proceeding there was to unlock a tall cupboard, bring out several bottles, and pour some of the contents of each into my mouth. I think they must have been taken out at random, for I am sure I tasted aniseed water, anchovy sauce, and salad oil. When she had administered these restoratives, as I was still quite hysterical, and unable to control my sobs, she put me on the sofa, with a shawl under my head, and the handkerchief from her own head under my feet, lest I should soil the cover; and then, sitting herself down behind a screen, so that I could not see her face, ejaculated at intervals, "Mercy on us!" letting these exclamations off like minute guns. After a time she rang the bell. "Janet," said my aunt, when her servant came in, "Go upstairs, give my compliments to Mr. Dick, and say I wish to speak to him."

Janet looked a little surprised to see me lying stiffly on the sofa (I was afraid to move lest it should be displeasing to my aunt), but went on her errand. My aunt, with her hands behind her, walked up and down the room, until the gentleman who had squinted at me from the upper window came in laughing.

"Mr. Dick," said my aunt, "don't be a fool, because nobody can be more discreet than you can, when you

choose. We all know that. So don't be a fool, whatever you are." The gentleman was serious immediately, and looked at me, I thought, as if he would entreat me to say nothing about the window.

"Mr. Dick," said my aunt, "you have heard me mention David Copperfield? Now don't pretend not to have a memory, because you and I know better."

"David Copperfield?" said Mr. Dick, who did not appear to me to remember much about it. "*David* Copperfield? Oh yes, to be sure. David, certainly."

"Well," said my aunt, "this is his boy, his son. He would be as like his father as it's possible to be, if he was not so like his mother too."

"His son?" said Mr. Dick. "David's son. Indeed!"

"Yes," pursued my aunt, "and he has done a pretty piece of business. He has run away. Ah! His sister, Betsey Trotwood, never would have run away." My aunt shook her head firmly, confident in the character and behaviour of the girl who never was born.[1]

"Oh! you think she wouldn't have run away?" said Mr. Dick.

"Bless and save the man," exclaimed my aunt, sharply, "how he talks! Don't I know she wouldn't! She would have lived with her aunt, and we should have been devoted to one another. Where, in the name of wonder, should his sister, Betsey Trotwood, have run from, or to?"

"Nowhere," said Mr. Dick.

"Well, then," returned my aunt, softened by the

[1] Miss Betsey Trotwood always regretted that a girl had not been born instead of David Copperfield, since the girl would have borne her name

reply, "how can you pretend to be wool-gathering, Dick, when you are as sharp as a surgeon's lancet? Now, here you see young David Copperfield, and the question I put to you is, what shall I do with him?"

"What will you do with him?" said Mr. Dick, feebly, scratching his head. "Oh! do with him?"

"Yes," said my aunt, with a grave look, and her forefinger held up. "Come! I want some very sound advice."

"Why, if I was you," said Mr. Dick, considering and looking vacantly at me, "I should—" The contemplation of me seemed to put a sudden idea into his head, and he added briskly, "I should wash him!"

"Janet," said my aunt, turning round with a quiet triumph which I did not then understand, "Mr. Dick sets us all right. Heat the bath!"

Janet had scarcely gone to get the bath ready, when my aunt, to my great alarm, became in one moment rigid with indignation, and had hardly voice to cry out, "Janet! Donkeys!"

Upon which, Janet came running up the stairs as if the house were in flames, darted out on a little piece of green in front, and warned off two saddle donkeys, ridden by ladies, that had presumed to set hoof upon it; while my aunt, rushing out of the house seized the bridle of a third animal which carried a child, turned him, led him forth from those sacred precincts, and boxed the ears of the unfortunate boy in attendance who had dared to profane that hallowed ground.

To this hour I don't know whether my aunt had any lawful right of way over that patch of green; but she had settled it in her own mind that she had, and it was

all the same to her. The one great outrage of her life, demanding to be constantly avenged, was the passage of a donkey over that sacred spot. In whatever occupation she was engaged, however interesting to her the conversation in which she was taking part, a donkey drew her attention at once, and she was upon him straight. Jugs of water were kept in secret places ready to be discharged on the offending boys; sticks were laid in ambush behind the door; sallies were made at all hours; and incessant war prevailed. Perhaps this was an agreeable excitement to the donkey-boys; or perhaps the more sagacious donkeys, understanding how the case stood, delighted with their natural obstinacy in coming that way. I only know that there were three alarms before the bath was ready; and that on the occasion of the last and most desperate of all, I saw my aunt engage, single-handed, with a sandy-headed lad, of fifteen, and bump his sandy head against her own gate, before he seemed to comprehend what was the matter.

These interruptions were the more ridiculous to me, because she was giving me broth out of a table-spoon at the time (having firmly persuaded herself that I was actually starving, and must receive nourishment at first in very small quantities), and, while my mouth was yet open to receive the spoon, she would put it back into the basin, cry "Janet! Donkeys!" and go out to the assault.

The bath was a great comfort. For I began to feel acute pains in my limbs from lying out in the fields, and was now so tired and low that I could hardly keep myself awake for five minutes together. When I had bathed, they (I mean my aunt and Janet) clothed me in a shirt and a pair of trousers belonging

to Mr. Dick, and tied me up in two or three great shawls. What sort of bundle I looked like I don't know, but I felt a very hot one. Feeling also very faint and drowsy, I soon lay down on the sofa again and fell asleep.

From *David Copperfield*, by CHARLES DICKENS.

19. LIFE ON THE NILE.

(1) A Crocodile Hunt.

The first time a man fires at a crocodile is an epoch in his life. We had only now arrived in the waters where they abound, for it is a curious fact that none are ever seen below Mineyeh. A prize had been offered for the first man who detected a crocodile, and the crew had been for two days on the alert in search for them. In the expectation of such game, we had latterly reserved our fire for them exclusively; and the wild duck and turtle had passed us in security.

At length the cry of "Timseach, timseach!" was heard from half-a-dozen claimants of the offered prize, and half-a-dozen fingers were eagerly pointed to a spit of sand, on which were strewn apparently some logs of trees. It was a party of crocodiles! Hastily and silently the boat was run in shore, and I anxiously clambered up the steep bank that commanded the gigantic game.

As I approached my intended victims, there seemed to be a sneer on their ghastly mouths and winking eyes. Slowly they rose, one after the other, and waddled to the water, all but one—the most gallant or the most gorged of the party. He lay still until I was within a hundred yards of him; then, slowly rising on his fin-like legs, he lumbered towards the river, looking askance at me with an expression of countenance that seemed to

say: "He can do me no harm; but we may as well have a swim."

I took aim at the throat of the brute, and, as soon as my hand steadied, my finger automatically pulled the trigger. Forth flew the bullet; and my excited ear could hear the *thud* with which it plunged into the scaly leather of his neck: his waddle became a plunge, the waves closed over him, and the sun shone upon calm water as I reached the bank of the shore that still showed the marks indented by the waving of his gigantic tail.

But there is blood upon the water, and he rises for a moment to the surface: "A hundred piastres for him!" shouted I, and half-a-dozen Arabs plunged into the stream. There! he rises again, and the Arabs dash at him as if he hadn't a tooth in his head—now he is gone, the waters close over him, and I never saw him since.

From that time we saw hundreds of crocodiles of all sizes, and fired hundreds of shots at them; but we never could get possession of any, even if we hit them, which to this day remains uncertain. I believe, most travellers, who are honest enough, will make nearly the same confession.

Crocodiles stuffed were often brought to us to buy; but the Arabs take a great deal of trouble to get them, making an ambush in the sands where they resort, and taking aim when within a few yards of their foe; for as such they regard these monsters, though they seldom suffer from them. Above the Cataracts, a Greek officer in the Pasha's service told me they were very fierce, and the troops at Sennaar lost numbers of men by them and the hippopotamus, when bathing; but I heard of only one death occurring below the Cataracts this year.

This was an old woman, who was drawing water; a

crocodile encircled her with his tail, crushed her into the water, and then, seizing her by the waist, held her under the water as long as she continued to move. When lifeless, he swam with the corpse across the river to the opposite bank; and the villagers saw him quietly feeding upon their old friend. The Egyptian, who narrated the story, told us with a grin that the woman was his grandmother; that he had shot the assassin three days afterwards and sold him to a traveller for seven and sixpence.

(2) Life on the River.

We are now in Upper Egypt, the country of the Doum-palm: it is very quaint in appearance, but not to be compared in beauty to the common palm or date-tree. This noble tree (the palm) is a native of Egypt, and seems at home in the desert. Its produce, when cultivated, is very great, and forms the principal article of food to the poor Egyptians. Every palm in the country is registered, and pays a tax of from twopence to fourpence each. The fruit is not the only useful part, however; of its fibres ropes are manufactured; of its leaves, baskets; of its lighter wood, hencoops and light bedsteads; of its timber, with the addition of some mud, houses and boats; and even the kernels of its fruit are crushed for the food of camels.

At each village where we halted for supplies, a little market was set up round about us. The old men sat in a circle in the front places, smoking their pipes and discussing us coolly and gravely. The men offered spears, or crocodiles or antiquities for sale; the women, butter, eggs, milk and poultry.

On arriving at Keneh, we gave the crew a feast, consisting of an old ram, which was preferred to the younger

mutton, because it took more chewing. The creature was alive, killed, skinned, cut up, boiled and devoured within an hour: his very feet, eyes and, I do believe, his horns were swallowed; nothing remained but his skin. Sometimes we met a raft, formed of earthen vessels manufactured at Keneh, and tied together on a slight raft of palm wood; mugs, jugs, pitchers and pots, formed into a floating island, on which lived its navigators with their wives and children; sometimes a number of bees passed us, taking a cruise for change of air, seeking new pastures.

Sometimes, again, we met a boat crowded with slaves from Abyssinia and Darfur, on their way to the slave-markets at Siout and Cairo. Numbers, both boys and girls, are said to drown themselves on every passage, to avoid the brutality of their owners; once arrived at their place of destination and sold, however, their lot is happier. While our boat passed by with song and music, as if its progress were all one festival, these poor exiled creatures would turn round to gaze after us, and grin till their faces seemed all teeth.

When we anchored for the night near a town, the Turkish governor generally came on board to visit us, accompanied by his janissary [1] and pipe-bearer. We rose as he entered, and made room for him on the divan: then he would lay his hand on his heart, and pray that peace might be upon us: the pipe from our lips was then passed to his, of which he took one whiff; then he returned it with a salute, and his own pipe was brought by a submissive slave.

From *The Crescent and the Cross*, by ELIOT WARBURTON.

[1] Turkish soldier.

20. TOM TULLIVER MAKES A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

[Tom Tulliver has just returned to Mr. Stelling, his tutor's house. He is introduced to a new pupil, Philip Wakem, the hunchback son of a lawyer, whom Tom's father particularly dislikes and considers a rascal.]

"HERE is a new companion for you to shake hands with, Tulliver," said Mr. Stelling on entering the study, "Master Philip Wakem. I shall leave you to make acquaintance by yourselves. You already know something of each other, I imagine: for you are neighbours at home."

Tom looked confused and awkward, while Philip rose and glanced at him timidly. Tom did not like to go up and put out his hand, and he was not prepared to say "How do you do?" on so short a notice.

Mr. Stelling wisely turned away, and closed the door behind him: boys' shyness only wears off in the absence of their elders.

Philip was at once too proud and too timid to walk towards Tom. He thought, or rather felt, that Tom had an aversion to looking at him: everyone, almost, disliked looking at him; and his deformity was more conspicuous when he walked. So they remained without shaking hands or even speaking, while Tom went to the fire and warmed himself, every now and then casting

glances at Philip, who seemed to be drawing absently first one object then another on a piece of paper he had before him. He had seated himself again, and as he drew, was thinking what he could say to Tom, and trying to overcome his own dislike by making the first advances.

Tom began to look oftener and longer at Philip's face, for he could see it without noticing the hump, and it was really not a disagreeable face—very old-looking, Tom thought. He wondered how much older Philip was than himself. He had a vague notion that the deformity of Wakem's son had some relation to the lawyer's rascality, of which he had so often heard his father talk; and he felt, too, half afraid of him as probably a spiteful fellow, who, not being able to fight you, had cunning ways of doing you a mischief on the sly. This Wakem was a pale, puny fellow; and it was quite clear, Tom thought, he would not be able to play at anything worth speaking of; but he handled his pencil in an enviable manner, and was apparently making one thing after another without any trouble. What was he drawing? Tom was quite warm now, and wanted something new to be going forward. It was certainly more agreeable to have an ill-natured hunch-back as a companion than to stand looking out of the study window at the rain; something would happen every day—"a quarrel or something;" and Tom thought he should rather like to show Philip that he had better not try his spiteful tricks on *him*. He suddenly walked across the hearth, and looked over Philip's paper.

"Why, that's a donkey—and a spaniel, and partridges in the corn!" he exclaimed, his tongue being completely loosed by surprise and admiration. "Oh!

I wish I could draw like that. I'm to learn drawing this half—I wonder if I shall learn to make dogs and donkeys!"

"Oh, you can do them without learning," said Philip; "I never learned drawing."

"Never learned?" said Tom in amazement. "Why, when I make dogs and horses, and those things, the heads and the legs won't come right; though I can see how they ought to be very well. I can make houses, and all sorts of chimneys, and windows in the roof and all that. But I dare say I could do dogs and horses if I were to try more," he added, reflecting that Philip might falsely suppose that he was going to "knock under," if he were too frank about the imperfection of his accomplishments.

"Oh yes," said Philip, "it's very easy. You've only to look well at things, and draw them over and over again. What you do wrong once, you can alter the next time."

"But haven't you been taught *anything*?" said Tom, beginning to have a puzzled suspicion that Philip's crooked back might be the source of remarkable faculties. "I thought you'd been to school a long while."

"Yes," said Philip, smiling, "I've been taught Latin, and Greek, and mathematics—and writing, and such things."

"Oh, but I say, you don't like Latin, though, do you?" said Tom, lowering his voice confidently.

"Pretty well; I don't care much about it," said Philip; "but I've done with the grammar; I don't learn that any more."

"Then you won't have the same lessons as I shall?" said Tom, with a sense of disappointment.

"No; but I dare say I can help you. I shall be very glad to help you if I can."

Tom did not say "Thank you," for he was quite absorbed in the thought that Wakem's son did not seem so spiteful a fellow as might have been expected.

"I say," he said presently, "do you love your father?"

"Yes," said Philip, colouring deeply; "don't you love yours?"

"Oh yes. . . . I only wanted to know," said Tom, rather ashamed of himself, now he saw Philip colouring, and looking uncomfortable. He found some difficulty in understanding this son of Lawyer Wakem, and it had occurred to him that if Philip disliked his father, that fact might go some way towards clearing up his perplexity. "Shall you learn drawing now?" he said by way of changing the subject.

"No," said Philip. "My father wishes me to give all my time to other things now."

"What! Latin and Euclid, and those things?" said Tom.

"Yes," said Philip, who had left off using his pencil, and was resting his head on one hand, while Tom was leaning forward on both elbows, and looking with increasing admiration at the dog and the donkey.

"And you don't mind that?" said Tom with strong curiosity.

"No; I like to know what everybody else knows. I can study what I like by and by."

"I can't think why anybody should learn Latin," said Tom. "It's no good."

"It's part of the education of a gentleman," said Philip. "All gentlemen learn the same things."

"What! do you think Sir John Crake, the master of the harriers, knows Latin?" said Tom, who had often thought he should like to resemble Sir John Crake.

"He learnt it when he was a boy, of course," said Philip. "But I daresay he's forgotten it."

"Oh, well, I can do that, then," said Tom, with great satisfaction at the idea, that as far as Latin was concerned, there was no hindrance to his resembling Sir John Crake. "Only you're obliged to remember it while you're at school, else you've got to learn ever so many lines. Mr. Stelling's very particular—did you know? He won't let you go a letter wrong *I* can tell you."

"Oh, I don't mind," said Philip, unable to choke a laugh, "I can remember things easily. And there are some lessons I'm very fond of. I'm very fond of Greek history, and everything about the Greeks. I should like to have been a Greek and fought the Persians."

"Why, were the Greeks great fighters?" said Tom. "Is there anything like David, and Goliath, and Samson, in the Greek history? Those are the only bits I like in the history of the Jews?"

"Oh, there are very fine stories of that sort about the Greeks—about the heroes of early times who killed the wild beasts, as Samson did. And in the 'Odyssey'—that's a beautiful poem—there's a more wonderful giant than Goliath—Polyphemus, who had only one eye in the middle of his forehead: and Ulysses, a little fellow, but very wise and cunning, got a red-hot pine tree and stuck it into this one eye and made him roar like a thousand bulls."

"Oh, what fun!" said Tom, jumping away from the table, and stamping first with one leg and then the other.

"I say, can you tell me all about those stories? Because I shan't learn Greek you know. . . . Shall I?" he added, pausing in his stamping with a sudden alarm, lest the contrary might be possible. "Does every gentleman learn Greek? . . . Will Mr. Stelling make me begin it, do you think?"

"No, I should think not—very likely not," said Philip. "But you may read those stories without knowing Greek. I've got them in English."

"Oh, but I don't like reading: I'd sooner have you tell them me. But only the fighting ones, you know. My sister Maggie is always wanting to tell me stories—but they're stupid things. Girls' stories always are. Can you tell a good many fighting stories?"

"Oh yes," said Philip; "lots of them besides the Greek stories. I can tell you about Richard Coeur-de-Lion and Saladin, and about William Wallace, and Robert Bruce—I know no end."

"You're older than I am, aren't you?" said Tom.

"Why, how old are *you*? I'm fifteen."

"I'm nearly fourteen," said Tom. "But I thrashed all the fellows at Jacob's—that's where I was before I came here. And I beat 'em all at bandy and climbing. And I wish Mr. Stelling would let us go fishing. *I* could show you how to fish. You *could* fish, couldn't you? It's only standing and sitting still you know?"

Philip winced at this allusion to his unfitness for active sports, and he answered almost peevishly—

"I can't bear fishing. I think people look like fools sitting watching a line hour after hour—or else throwing and throwing, and catching nothing."

"Ah, but you wouldn't say they looked like fools when they landed a big pike, I can tell you," said Tom,

who had never caught anything that was "big" in his life, but whose indignation was roused for the honour of sport. Wakem's son, it was plain, had his disagreeable points, and must be kept in proper check. Happily for the harmony of this first interview, they were now called to dinner, and Philip was unable to express further his unsound views on the subject of fishing. But Tom said to himself, that was just what he should have expected from a hunchback.

From *The Mill on the Floss*, by GEORGE ELIOT.

21. OLD POZ.

CHARACTERS.

LUCY, daughter of Justice Headstrong.
Mrs. BUSTLE, landlady of the "Saracen's Head."
JUSTICE HEADSTRONG.
OLD MAN.
WILLIAM, a servant.

SCENE I.

The House of Justice Headstrong. A Hall.

Lucy watering some Myrtles.

William (*behind the Scenes*). I tell you my master is not up. You can't see him, so go about your business, I say.

Lucy. To whom are you speaking, William? Who's that?

William. Only an old man, miss, with a complaint for my master.

Lucy. Oh, then, don't send him away—don't send him away.

William. But master has not had his chocolate, ma'am. He won't ever see anybody before he drinks his chocolate, you know, ma'am.

Lucy. Then let the old man come in here. Perhaps he can wait a little while. Call him.

[*Exit* WILLIAM.

[LUCY *goes on watering 'er myrtles, singing*: WILLIAM *shows in the old man.*

William. You can't see my master at this hour; but miss will let you stay here.

Lucy (*aside*). Poor old man! how he trembles as he walks. (*Aloud*) Sit down, sit down. My father will see you soon: pray, sit down.

[*He hesitates: she pushes a chair towards him. He sits down.*

Lucy. Pray sit down.

Old Man. You are very good, miss, very good.

[LUCY *goes to her myrtles again.*

Lucy. Ah! I'm afraid this poor myrtle is quite dead, quite dead.

[*The* OLD MAN *sighs, and she turns round.*

Lucy (*aside*). I wonder what can make him sigh so. (*Aloud*) My father won't keep you waiting long.

Old Man. Oh, ma'am, as long as he pleases, I'm in no haste. It's only a small matter.

Lucy. But does a small matter make you sigh so?

Old Man. Ah, miss: because, though it is a small matter in itself, it is not a small matter to me (*sighing again*); it was my all and I've lost it.

Lucy. What do you mean? What have you lost?

Old Man. Why, miss—but I won't trouble you about it.

Lucy. But it won't trouble me at all—I mean, I wish to hear it: so tell it to me.

Old Man. Why, miss, I slept last night at the inn here in town—the "Saracen's Head."

Lucy (*interrupts him*). Hark! there is my father

coming downstairs ; follow me. You may tell me your story as we go along.

Old Man. I slept at the "Saracen's Head," miss, and——

[*Exit talking.*

SCENE II.

Justice Headstrong's Study.

(*He appears in his dressing-gown and cap, with his gouty foot upon a stool—a table and chocolate beside him—Lucy is leaning on the arm of his chair.*)

Justice. Well, well, my darling, presently: I'll see him presently.

Lucy. While you are drinking your chocolate, papa ?

Justice. No, no, no—I never see anybody till I have finished my chocolate, darling. (*He tastes his chocolate.*) There's no sugar in this, child.

Lucy. Yes, indeed, papa.

Justice. No, child—there's *no* sugar, I tell you ; that's poz !

Lucy. Oh, but, papa, I assure you I put in two lumps myself.

Justice. There's *no* sugar, I say ; why will you always contradict me, child ? There's no sugar, I say.

[*Lucy leans over him playfully, and with his tea-spoon pulls out two lumps of sugar.*

Lucy. What's this, papa ?

Justice. Pshaw ! pshaw ! pshaw !—it is not melted, child—it is the same as no sugar. Oh, my foot, girl, my foot !—you kill me. Go, go, I'm busy. I've business to do. Go and send William to me ; do you hear, love ?

Lucy. And the old man, papa ?

Justice. What old man? Now listen! I've been plagued ever since I was awake, and before I was awake, about that old man. If he can't wait, let him go about his business. Don't you know, child, I never see anybody till I've drunk my chocolate; and I never will, if it were a duke—that's poz! Why it has but just struck twelve; if he can't wait, he can go about his business, can't he?

Lucy. Oh, sir, he *can* wait. It was not he who was impatient. (*She comes back playfully.*) It was only I, papa; don't be angry.

Justice. Well, well, well (*finishing his cup of chocolate, and pushing it away*); and at any rate there was not enough sugar. Send William, child; and I'll finish my own business, and then——

[*Exit* LUCY, *dancing,* "*And then! and then!*"

Enter WILLIAM.

Justice. William—oh! ay! hey! what answer, pray, did you bring from the "Saracen's Head?" Did you see Mrs. Bustle herself, as I told you?

William. Yes, sir, I saw the landlady herself; she said she would come up immediately, sir.

Justice. Ah, that's well—immediately.

William. Yes, sir, and I hear her voice below now.

Justice. Oh, show her up; show Mrs. Bustle in.

Enter MRS. BUSTLE, *landlady of the* "*Saracen's Head.*"

Landlady. Good-morrow to your worship. I'm glad to see your worship look so well. I came up as quick as I could (*taking breath*). The pie is in the oven: that was what you sent for me about, I take it.

Justice. True, true: sit down, good Mrs. Bustle, I pray.

Landlady. Oh, your worship's always very good (*settling her apron*). I came up just as I was—only threw my shawl over me. I thought your worship would excuse—I'm quite, as it were, rejoiced to see your worship look so well, and to find you up and so hearty—

Justice. Oh, I'm very hearty (*coughing*), always hearty, and thankful for it. I hope to see many Christmases yet, Mrs. Bustle. And so the pie is in the oven, I think you say ?

Landlady. In the oven it is. I put it in with my own hands ; and if we have but good luck in the baking, it will be as fine a goose-pie—though I say it that should not say it—as fine a goose-pie as ever your worship set your eyes upon.

Justice. Pray, is it luncheon time ? (*pulls out his watch*). Why, it's past one, I declare ; and I thought I was up in remarkably good time too.

Landlady. Well, and to be sure and so it was, remarkably good time for *your worship* ; but folks like us must be up early, you know. I've been up and about these seven hours.

Justice (*stretching*). Seven hours !

Landlady. Yes, indeed—eight, I might say, for I am an early body ; though I say it that should not say it—I *am* an early body.

Justice. An early body, as you say, Mrs. Bustle—so I shall have my goose-pie for dinner, hey ?

Landlady. For dinner, as sure as the clock strikes four—but I musn't stay talking, for it may be spoiled if I'm away. So I must wish your worship a good morning.

[*She curtsies.*

Justice. No ceremony—no ceremony ! good Mrs. Bustle, I pray.

Enter WILLIAM, *to take away the chocolate.*
The Landlady is putting on her shawl.

Justice. You may let that man know, William, that I have despatched my own business, and am at leisure for his now (*taking a pinch of snuff*). Hum! pray, William (JUSTICE *leans back gravely*), what sort of a looking fellow is he, pray?

William. Most like a sort of travelling man, in my opinion, sir—or something of that kind, I take it.

[*At these words the* LANDLADY *turns round inquisitively, and delays that she may listen, while she is putting on and pinning her shawl.*

Justice. Hum! a sort of travelling man. Hum! lay my books open at the title Vagrant: and, William, tell the cook that Mrs. Bustle promises me the goose-pie for dinner. Four o'clock do you hear? And show the old man in now.

[*The* LANDLADY *looks eagerly towards the door as it opens, and exclaims:*

Landlady. My old gentleman, as I hope to breathe!

Enter the OLD MAN.

(LUCY *follows the* OLD MAN *on tiptoe. The Justice leans back and looks important. The* LANDLADY *folds her arms. The* OLD MAN *starts as he sees her.*)

Justice. What stops you friend? Come forward if you please.

Landlady (*advancing*). So, sir, is it you, sir? Ay, you little thought, I warrant ye, to meet me here with his worship: but there you reckoned without your host. Out of the frying-pan into the fire.

Justice. What is all this ? What is this ?

Landlady. None of your nonsense will go down with his worship no more than with me, I give you warning : so you may go further and fare worse, and spare your breath to cool your porridge.

Justice (*waves his hand with dignity*). Mrs. Bustle, good Mrs. Bustle, remember where you are. Silence ! silence ! Come forward, sir, and let me hear what you have to say.

[*The* OLD MAN *comes forward.*

Justice. Who and what may you be, friend, and what is your business with me ?

Landlady. Sir, if your worship will give me leave—

[JUSTICE *makes a sign to her to be silent.*

Old Man. Please your worship, I am an old soldier.

Landlady (*interrupting*). An old hypocrite !

Justice. Mrs. Bustle, pray let the man speak.

Old Man. For these two years past, please your worship, I wasn't able to work : for in my youth I did work as well as the best of them—

Landlady (*eager to interrupt*). You work—you—

Justice. Let him finish his story, I say.

Lucy. Yes, do, do, papa, speak for him. Pray, Mrs. Bustle—

Landlady (*turning suddenly round to Lucy*). Miss, a good morrow to you, ma'am. I humbly beg your apologies for not seeing you sooner, Miss Lucy.

[JUSTICE *nods to the* OLD MAN, *who goes on.*

Old Man. But, please your worship, it pleased God to take away the use of my left arm ; and since that I have never been able to work.

Landlady. Rubbish ! rubbish !

Justice (*angrily*). I have desired silence, and I will have it, that's poz ! You shall have your turn presently.

Old Man. For these two years past (for why should I be ashamed to tell the truth ?) I have lived upon charity, and I scraped together a guinea and a half or more, and I was travelling with it to my grandson in the north, to end my days with him—but (*sighing*)—

Justice. But what ? Proceed, pray, to the point.

Old Man. But last night I slept here in town, please your worship, at the " Saracen's Head."

Landlady (*in a rage*). At the " Saracen's Head ! " Yes, of course ! no one ever slept at the " Saracen's Head " before, or ever shall afterwards, as long as my name's Bustle and the " Saracen's Head " is the " Saracen's Head."

Justice. Again ! again ! Mrs. Landlady, this is downright—I have said you should speak presently. He *shall* speak first, since I've said it—that's poz ! Speak on, friend. You slept last night at the " Saracen's Head."

Old Man. Yes, please your worship, and I accuse nobody ; but at night I had my little money safe, and in the morning it was gone.

Landlady. Gone !—gone, indeed, in my house ! and this is the way I'm to be treated ! Is it so ? I couldn't but speak, your worship, to such an inhuman, scandalous charge, if King George [1] and all the Royal Family were sitting in your worship's chair, beside you, to silence me. (*Turning to the Old Man.*) And this is your gratitude, forsooth ! Didn't you tell me that any hole in my house was good enough for you ? And the thanks I receive is to call me and mine a pack of thieves.

[1] This refers to George III., in whose reign this was written.

Old Man. Oh, no, no, no! a pack of thieves, by no means.

Landlady. Ay, I thought when I came to speak we should—

Justice (*imperiously*). Silence! Five times have I commanded silence, and five times in vain: and I won't command anything five times in vain—that's poz!

Landlady (*in a pet, aside*). Old Poz! (*Aloud*) Then, your worship, I don't see any business I have to be waiting here; the folks want me at home, (*returning and whispering*) shall I send the goose-pie up, your worship, if it's ready?

Justice. I care not for the goose-pie, Mrs. Bustle. Do not talk to me of goose-pies: this is no place to talk of pies.

Landlady. Oh, for that matter, your worship knows best, to be sure.

[*Exit* LANDLADY *angry.*

SCENE III.

Justice Headstrong, Old Man, and Lucy.

Lucy. Ah, now I'm glad he can speak. Now tell papa; and you need not be afraid to speak to him, for he is very good-natured. Don't contradict him, though, because he told *me* not to.

Justice. Oh, darling, *you* shall contradict me as often as you please—only not before I've drunk my chocolate, child—hey? Go on, my good friend; you see what it is to live in Old England, where, thank Heaven! the poorest of his Majesty's subjects may have justice and speak his mind before the first in the land. Now, speak

on: and you hear she tells you that you need not be afraid of me. Speak on.

Old Man. I thank your worship, I'm sure.

Justice. Thank me! for what, sir? I won't be thanked for doing justice, sir; so—but explain this matter. You lost your money, hey, at the "Saracen's Head"? You had it safe last night, hey?—and you missed it this morning? Are you sure you had it safe at night?

Old Man. Oh, please your worship, quite sure; for I took it out and looked at it just before I went to bed.

Justice. You did—did you so?—hum! Pray, my good friend, where did you put your money when you went to bed?

Old Man. Please your worship, where I always put it—always—in my tobacco-box.

Justice. Your tobacco-box! I never heard of such a thing—to make a strong-box of a tobacco-box. Ha! ha! ha! hum!—and you say the box and all were gone in the morning?

Old Man. No, please your worship, no; not the box—the box was never moved from the place where I put it. They left me the box.

Justice. Tut, tut, tut, man!—took the money and left the box. I'll never believe *that*! I'll never believe that anyone could be such a fool. Tut, tut! the thing's impossible! It's well you are not upon oath.

Old Man. If I were, please your worship, I should say the same: for it is the truth.

Justice. Don't tell me, don't tell me: I say the thing is impossible.

Old Man. Please your worship, here's the box.

Justice (*goes on without looking at it*). Nonsense! nonsense! it's no such thing: it's no such thing, I say —no man would take the money and leave the tobacco-box. I won't believe it. Nothing shall make me believe it ever—that's poz.

Lucy (*takes the box and holds it up before her father's eyes*). You did not see the box, did you, papa?

Justice. Yes, yes, yes, child—nonsense! it's all nonsense from beginning to end. A man who tells one lie will tell a hundred—all a lie!—all a lie!

Old Man. If your worship would give me leave—

Justice. Sir, it does not signify—it does not signify! I've said it, and that's enough to convince me, and I'll tell you more: if my Lord Chief Justice of England told it to me, I would not believe it—that's poz!

Lucy (*still playing with the box*). But how comes the box here, I wonder?

Justice. Pshaw! darling. Go to your dolls, darling, and don't be positive—go to your dolls, and don't talk of what you don't understand. What can you understand, I want to know, of the law?

Lucy. No, papa, I didn't mean about the law, but about the box; because if the man had taken it, how could it be here, you know, papa?

Justice. Hey, hey, what? Why, what I say is this, that I don't dispute that that box you hold in your hand is a box; nay, for aught I know, it may be a tobacco-box—but it's clear to me that if they left that box they did not take the money: and how do you dare, sir, to come before Justice Headstrong with a lie in your mouth? Recollect yourself, I'll give you time to recollect yourself.

[*A pause.*

Justice. Well, sir, and what do y 'u say now about the box ?

Old Man. Please your worship, with submission, I can say nothing but what I said before.

Justice. What, contradict me agai.ı after I gave you time to recollect yourself ! I've done with you. Contradict me as often as you please, but you cannot impose upon me ; I defy you to impose upon me !

Old Man. Impose !

Justice. I know the law ! and I'll make you know it too. One hour I'll give you to recollect yourself, and if you don't give up this idle story, I'll—I'll commit you as a vagrant—that's poz ! Go, go for the present. William, take him into the servant's hall, do you hear ? What, take the money and leave the box ? I'll never believe it—that's poz !

[LUCY *speaks to the* OLD MAN *as he is going off.*

Lucy. Don't be frightened ! I mean if you tell the truth, never be frightened.

Old Man. If I tell the truth—

[OLD MAN *is still held back by Lucy.*

Lucy. One moment—answer me one question—because of something that has just come into my head. Was the box shut fast when you left it ?

Old Man. No, miss, no !—open—it was open ; for I couldn't find the lid in the dark—my candle went out. *If* I tell the truth—oh !

SCENE IV.

Justice's Study. The Justice is Writing.

Old Man. Well !—I shall have but a few days' more misery in this world !

Justice (*looks up*). Why will you be so positive then to persist in a lie? Take the money and leave the box! Obstinate fellow! Here, William (*showing the warrant*), and take this old gentleman to Holdfast, the constable, give him this warrant.

Enter LUCY, *running, out of breath.*

Lucy. I've found it! I've found it. Here, old man, here's your money—here it all is—a guinea and a half, and a shilling and a sixpence, just as he said, papa.

Enter LANDLADY.

Landlady. Oh Lord! your worship, did you ever hear the like?

Justice. I've heard nothing yet that I can understand. First, have you secured the thief, I say?

Lucy (*makes signs to the* LANDLADY *to be silent*). Yes, yes, yes! We have him safe—we have him prisoner. Shall he come in, papa?

Justice. Yes, child, by all means: and now I shall hear what possessed him to leave the box. I don't understand—there's something deep in all this: I don't understand it. Now, I do desire, Mrs. Landlady, nobody may speak a single word while I am cross-examining the thief.

[LANDLADY *puts her finger upon her lips. Everybody looks eagerly towards the door.*

Re-enter LUCY, *with a huge wicker cage in her hand, containing a magpie. The* JUSTICE *drops the warrant out of his hand.*

Justice. Hey!—what, Mrs. Landlady—the old magpie? hey?

Landlady. Ay, your worship, my old magpie. Who'd have thought it? Miss was very clever—it was she who caught the thief.

Old Man. Very good! very good!

Justice. Ay, darling, her father's own child! How was it child? Caught the thief, hey? Tell us all! I will hear all—that's poz.

Lucy. Oh! then first I must tell you how I came to suspect Mr. Magpie. Do you remember, papa, that day last summer when I went with you to the bowling-green at the "Saracen's Head"?

Landlady. Oh, of all days in the year!—but I ask pardon, miss.

Lucy. Well, that day I heard my uncle and another gentleman telling stories of magpies hiding money: and they laid a wager about this old magpie and they tried him—they put a shilling on the table, and he ran away with it and hid it; so I thought that he might do so again, you know, this time.

Justice. Right. It's a pity, child, you are not upon the bench—ha! ha! ha!

Lucy. And when I went to his old hiding place there it was: but you see, papa, he did not take the box.

Justice. No, no, no! because the thief was a magpie. No *man* would have taken the money and left the box. You see I was right. No *man* would have left the box, hey?

Lucy. Certainly not, I suppose; but I'm so very glad, old man, that you have got back your money.

Justice. Well, then, child, here—take my purse, and add that to it. We were a little hasty with the warrant —hey?

Landlady. Yes, and I fear I was, too; but when one is touched about the credit of one's house, one's apt to speak warmly.

Old Man. Oh, I'm the happiest man alive! You are all convinced that I told you no lies. I am the happiest man! Miss, you have made me the happiest man alive! Bless you for it!

Landlady. Well, now, I'll tell you what. I know what I think—you must keep that magpie, and make a show of him, and I'm sure he'll bring you many an honest penny: for it's a true story, and folks will like to hear it.

Justice (*eagerly*). And, friend, do you hear? You'll dine here to-day. We have some excellent ale. I will have you drink my health—that's poz! hey? you'll drink my health, won't you—hey?

Old Man (*bows*). Oh! and the young lady's too, if you please.

Justice. Ay, ay, drink her health, she deserves it—ay, drink my darling's health.

Landlady. And please your worship, it's the right time, I believe, to speak of the goose-pie now: and a charming pie it is, and it's on the table.

William. And Mr. Smack, the curate, and Squire Solid, and the doctor, sir, are come, and dinner is upon the table.

Justice. Then let us say no more, but do justice immediately to the goose-pie: and, darling, put me in mind to tell this story after dinner.

[*After they go out the* JUSTICE *stops.*

"Tell this story"—I don't know whether it tells well for me; but I'll never be positive any more—that's poz!

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

22. THE CONQUEST OF THE AIR.

It is twenty-one years since two quiet, patient young Americans, whose names will echo through all time, Wilbur and Orville Wright, rose from the earth and flew. Theirs was the first heavier-than-air machine to prove itself capable of a controlled passage through the air.

That first aeroplane flight, lasting less than a minute, was the result of years of self-sacrificing toil. It is a marvel still to those who have known and talked to these two history-making men that they should have won their way to so glorious a triumph. Of money they had little, of encouragement they had none. They succeeded because for the first time since the ambition to fly had stirred men's minds they went about the business in precisely the right way. Above all, they refused to be hurried: they refused to take anything for granted: they refused to make one step or carry out one experiment, until they were satisfied that they were on the right lines, and in the end they got to the very heart of the problem of human flight.

What they said to themselves was this: *Before a man can hope to control an air-machine driven by a motor he must first learn to balance himself in the air.* This hit the right nail on the head. If you push a man off on a bicycle who has never ridden such a machine before, he must

wobble and fall; and so wobbled and fell many misguided people who launched themselves too hurriedly into the air, thinking they could copy the birds, but forgetting that even a bird must learn to use its wings before it can fly. What the Wrights did for years before they dreamed of fitting a motor to an aeroplane was to build a series of light frameworks of wings, fitted with balancing surfaces. With these they performed a long series of glides through the air down the sides of hills keeping so close to the ground, that even if they lost control of their machines, the fall did them no harm, though it might break their apparatus.

In this way, by ceaseless practice, they learned the art of balancing in the air, and when at last they did fit an engine to one of their improved gliders they made a successful flight the first time they tried. It was a great and never-to-be-forgotten lesson of the extreme importance of going about a difficult business in the right way; of not trying to take short cuts; of paying minute attention to details.

So much for the first great conquest. And now where has it led us? Where is it now leading us? What is it going to do for the world?

Let us see what happened after the first great conquest. The engine which was the heart of the aeroplane was improved and made reliable. Its extreme lightness, necessary for flying, was obtained at first at the expense of reliability. It was Henry Farman, a great pioneer, who said of those early engines that a man was lucky if he got them to run for five minutes without breaking down. Wings and propellers were being improved; the strength of the framework was increased; control over the machine was being made more certain; the landing

gear was becoming slowly more efficient; pilots were becoming more accustomed to the air, and, relying more and more on their machines, were flying in higher and higher winds.

So much for the progress made before the Great War. The machines which flew across to France with the British Expeditionary Force in 1914 were tiny, frail, low-powered things. Contrast them, with their 50 horse-power engines, with that huge plane, driven by four motors developing 1500 horse-power, in which, at the end of the war, a man could fly a mile high within a few minutes of its leaving its shed. Somebody has said that the Great War did as much for flying in a few years as fifty years of peace would have done.

There is some truth in that, certainly, for in peace we do not use our brains, our energies, our wealth, as we do in war. Yet it is true also that when peace came we had rather to begin to undo what war had done. In the rush to get faster and faster warplanes, which would fly higher and farther, the engine power was increased until machines were being dragged through the air by sheer brute force. That was right when things had to be done quickly and cost did not matter; but when peace came, and we had to try and carry as many passengers as we could on commercial airways, with the least possible expenditure of petrol, we found that these warplanes were ruinously expensive to work as peace-time craft.

One of the chief things we have been doing, in fact, during the five years in which we have been developing air-lines is to increase the load carried by an engine of any given horse-power. Great progress has been made in this respect. In 1919 two passengers only were being carried by air with an engine of 360 horse-power. In

1920 four passengers, with a small quantity of luggage, were being carried with an engine of the same power. To-day (1926) eight travellers, with a considerable amount of baggage, are carried through the air with an engine of 450 horse-power, while there is now being made a new type of aeroplane " express " which will carry fourteen passengers and their luggage at a hundred miles an hour with the power of one 650 horse-power motor.

This is progress, and in all sorts of other ways, very patiently, we have been laying the foundation of that coming Age of the Air in which flying will be universal. Winds are no longer dreaded enemies. Our new aeroplanes, powerful and with great stability, can outride gales. Even the dangers of mist and fog, the airman's worst foes, are being conquered.

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REVISIONAL EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

1. The First Railway.

1. Find out the meanings of the following words: *sarcastic, momentous, enthusiastic, dumbfounded, jubilant*; and use them in sentences of your own.

2. "On the tiptoe of excitement." Explain the meaning of this phrase, and write down four or five similar phrases such as "on the verge of ruin."

3. Find four relative clauses in this passage and explain how they are related (grammatically) to the sentences in which they occur.

4. Write a notice giving full details of the programme to be followed at the opening of the Darlington-Stockton Railway, beginning "It is hereby notified that . . ."

5. Imagine yourself William Hart and give an account of your adventures on September 27th, 1825.

6. Answer each of the following questions in a paragraph of four or five sentences:

(*a*) Why was September 27th, 1825, a wonderful day in the history of the world?

(*b*) In what respects did the "Experiment" differ from a modern railway carriage?

(*c*) What story did the trembling of the iron rails tell?

2. A Grain as Big as a Hen's Egg.

1. "I do not know *where corn like this grew.*" The words in italics form a clause. What kind of a clause is it?

What is its position in the sentence to which it belongs? Find others of the same kind in this piece.

2. Make sentences of your own, using "corr" and "grain of corn." Do you know another meaning of "corn"?

3. "You had better ask him." Explain the meaning of this phrase by writing it in another form, using the verb "to be" instead of "to have."

4. This story is a parable. Explain in a sentence what is meant by a parable. Mention any other parable that you have read.

5. Explain in your own words what the grandfather means by his field being God's earth, and men living according to God's law.

6. Re-tell the story as one of the king's courtiers, who had been present throughout, might relate it to a friend.

3. The Story of Rama.

I. *Rama Bends the Brazen Bow of Rudra.*

1. Turn the paragraph, "O saintly adviser, if thou consentest . . . thy blessing on the enterprise" into indirect speech.

2. Form adjectives from the following nouns: *skill, labour, terror, ancestor, wonder, prince, history, might.*

3. Analyse the following sentences:

(*a*) To draw that eight-wheeled chariot was no easy task.

(*b*) So Rama put his hand upon the bow.

(*c*) Pronounce to them the solemn promise I have made.

4. Write a description of a great feat of strength which you have either seen or read about.

5. The language of this piece is largely poetical. Try to write Janaka's speech "In my old age . . . his faithful wife" in ordinary narrative prose; *i.e.* as if Janaka were alive to-day and making a similar speech.

6. Write a few sentences on King Dasaratha—Visvamitra—the wonderful bow.

II. *The Meeting of Dasaratha and Janaka.*

1. Look up the meaning of the following words and phrases in the piece : *with a low obeisance, in a manner becoming to, abashed, from henceforward, fleetest,* and write down the words and phrases you would use instead of them in modern English prose.

2. " The Brahmans assented *with one voice.*" The words *in italics* form a phrase. What kind of a phrase is it ? What work does it do in the sentence to which it belongs ? Find four or five other similar phrases in this piece.

3. Combine the following sentences in a single paragraph :

(1) Rāma took the brazen bow in his hands.
(2) He bent it.
(3) He exerted the whole of his mighty strength.
(4) He forced it backward.
(5) The bow snapped.

Then look up the passage and compare your paragraph with the original.

4. Draw a little diagram to illustrate the procession of King Dasaratha.

5. " The princes Rama and Lakshman then came forward and greeted their father." Write in dramatic form the conversation you imagine might have followed, giving three speeches to each of these three persons.

6. Write a description (from your imagination) of either the city of Mithila or the palace of King Janaka.

4. In the Amazon Forest.

1. Answer each of the following questions in a single paragraph :

(*a*) How is malarial fever caused ?
(*b*) How can it be prevented ?
(*c*) Who are the Indians mentioned and how did they get their name ?

2. Describe as accurately as you can each of the following in a single sentence: *a calabash, fire-ant, dug-out canoe, jaguar, macaw, bat.*

3. Find Para and Manaos in your atlas and describe their geographical position as clearly as you can.

4. What kind of clauses are the following ?

(*a*) unless he happens to be an Indian ;
(*b*) if he has to live in a hot wet land ;
(*c*) when they stab you with their needle-like trunks ;
(*d*) for they did not wish to spend the night in the forest.

Look them up ; explain the work they do in the sentences to which they belong. Find some similar clauses in this piece.

5. Write the letter you might suppose Manuel to have written to a friend describing his trip.

6. Write a short essay on " The production of rubber."

5. Our Unseen Friends and Foes.

1. What is the meaning of the words " element " and " compound " ? Name two elements and two compounds. These two words are called " scientific terms," because they are used by scientists with a special meaning. See if you can find some other such terms in this piece.

2. Answer the following questions as clearly and briefly as you can :

(*a*) Why does the farmer grow a rotation of crops ?
(*b*) Why should the dairyman take a special interest in microbes ?
(*c*) Of what special use are milk microbes ?
(*d*) How did microbes probably come to attack human bodies ?

3. Find out and write down *three* phases in this piece which do the work of adjectives and *three* which do the work of adverbs.

4. Form nouns from the following verbs: *multiply, enter, deal, destroy, nourish, grow, attack, know*; and use them in sentences of your own.

5. After reading this piece carefully write out *three* rules which everyone should observe if he wishes to avoid consumption.

6. Make an outline for an essay on "The Work of Microbes," taking your facts from this piece.

6. The Wager.

Part I.

1. "The Rochellais" means the people of Rochelle. Write down the words used in English for the people of Greece, Denmark, Holland, Asia, America, Switzerland, London, Paris, Spain, Portugal.

2. "To set your watch by mine," "set with diamonds." Here are two different uses of the word *set*. Write down four or five other special uses of the word *set*, such as "the ship set sail."

3. (1) To alleviate the tedium of the duty.
(2) Ten minutes had hardly elapsed.
(3) It goes against the grain to fire.
(4) A thunder of applause saluted its appearance.

Re-write the above sentences and phrases in simple words of your own such as make the meaning of each quite clear.

4. Punctuate the following passage: Upon my word gentlemen said Porthos turning round upon his chair and twirling his moustache that's a fine offer I consider I take it said Monsieur de Busigny now let us fix the stake why you are four gentlemen said Athos and we are four a dinner for eight will that do capitally replied Monsieur de Busigny.

5. Turn Athos' speech "Gentlemen, some friends and myself . . . the King of France with us" into indirect speech as reported by the leader of the troop to the commander of Rochelle.

6. Imagine and write down a short conversation between the Swiss and one of his comrades in the camp as they watch the four musketeers setting out for the bastion.

PART II.

1. "I cover *mine*." "Now, *my* friends." What kinds of words are *mine* and *my*? Find others of each kind in this piece.

2. "A drum *beat*." The sound produced by a drum is called the *beat* or *beating*. What words are used for the sounds made by a trumpet, a bell, a cannon, a horse, a cat, an elephant, a donkey, a tiger, a frog, the wind?

3. Athos made use of a napkin as a flag because the royal standard of France was white. Do you know any other kind of white flag? For what purpose is it used?

4. Make a list of all the military words used in this piece, with their meanings.

5. Write down a few lines describing the character of Athos—and, if possible, compare him with the hero of any other story you have read.

6. Tell the story of the Wager, in the words of Grimaud —*or* the story of the musketeers' defence of the bastion as related by one of the Rochellais who finally captured it.

7. THE LIGHT OF TRUTH.

1. Analyse the following sentences:
   (*a*) What more could have been done for you, unhappy man, than I have done?
   (*b*) My light is always a friendly lamp to the wise.
   (*c*) In their ignorance they would have struck the hand that helped them.

2. From what nouns are the following adjectives derived: *boggy, sleepy, sludgy*? Make three lists of adjectives ending in "y," (i) of those which double the last consonant of the noun from which they are derived; (ii) of those which drop the final "e" of the noun; (iii) of those formed by simply adding "y" to the noun.

3. When are abbreviated forms of words used? Write out the following abbreviated forms in full—*can't, she'll, who'd, what's, you'd*. [Look them up in the piece first.]

4. In the following sentences the verbs are omitted: (*a*) "Yet not by me." (*b*) 'Headstrong! Ignorant!" (*c*) "Not a step further in that direction!" Write them out, supplying the omitted verbs.

5. Explain in a paragraph why the Will-o'-the-Wisp was not satisfied after the farmer and his son had escaped destruction.

6. Do you know any creatures which produce a phosphorescent light? If you do, write a short description of one of them.

8. In the Jungle

1. What is a simile? Find three in this passage and write them out.

2. Notice the expression "Silent as death." Complete the following phrases: swift as——, black as——, white as——, wise as——, strong as——.

3. What does the expression "cow after cow" mean? Notice it is used only with *singular* nouns. "Cows after cows" is incorrect. Make sentences, using the following: "man after man," city after city," "battle after battle." Also make similar phrases and use them in sentences.

4. "The Indian lion is *of no importance.*" What kind of phrase is formed by the words *in italics*? What is its position in the sentence? Find others of the same kind in this piece.

5. There is an excellent description of an elephant in this piece. Read it carefully—then write a description of a camel or any other large animal you have actually seen.

6. Which do you consider the more worthy of the title, "the king of the jungle," the tiger or the elephant? State your reasons in a paragraph. Write a short composition on the capture of a wild elephant.

9. The Sixth Voyage of Sindbad the Sailor.

1. Look up the meanings of the following words: *caprice, unstable, imminent, vault, obscurity, appeased, physique,*

affable, deposited, deviate; use them in sentences of your own.

2. From the details given in this piece draw a map of the island of Serendib.

3. Combine the following sentences into a single paragraph: (*a*) I started. (*b*) I passed through some of the provinces of Persia and the Indies. (*c*) I arrived at a seaport. (*d*) I embarked on a good ship. (*e*) The captain was determined on making a good voyage. Then look up the passage and compare the original with your paragraph.

4. Do you know another noun besides *rareness* formed from the adjective *rare?* Form nouns from the following adjectives: *good, poor, equal, grand, true, wise, broad, innocent.*

5. Write the answer you imagine the Caliph might have sent to the letter from the king of the Indies. It should be in the first person plural and might begin in this way, "The Commander of the Faithful, the Caliph Haroun al Rashid sends greeting to the king of the Indies. We have received your royal present . . ."

6. Write a short story with the title, "An adventure on a desert island."

10. Baghdad in the Hot Weather.

1. Write down all the different pronouns you can find in the first paragraph, and after each write either R (Relative) or P (Personal) or Pos (Possessive) or D (Demonstrative).

2. Look up the following clauses in the piece:

(*a*) If you have never seen Baghdad except in your childhood;
(*b*) when you enter the town from the south of the river;
(*c*) by the time your gallop is over;
(*d*) at which all Baghdad flies to the housetop.

What kinds of clauses are they? And what is the position of each in the sentence to which it belongs?

3. Explain clearly the meaning of the following phrases: (*a*) to win your way, (*b*) the very roughest sketch, (*c*) doubling like a hunted hare, (*d*) desert sterile wastes, (*e*) the very

heart of the city, (*f*) the livelong day, (*g*) disappear like magic, (*h*) jostled, (*i*) the bullying sun.

4. Describe in a paragraph or two : (1) The approach to a city as seen by yourself. (2) An Indian city as seen from a roof-top in the evening.

5. Do you know in what parts of the world the principal deserts are to be found ? Name three important deserts. Give a short account of the inhabitants of the desert and their manner of life.

6. Write a short essay with the title, " Life in the Hot Weather."

11. The Earth and the Comet.

Part I.

[The teacher should explain to the class the movements of the earth, moon, and a comet before this piece is read.]

1. Explain in a paragraph :
   (1) How the earth turning on its own axis affects the countries of the world.
   (2) The difference between a planet and a fixed star.
   (3) What the writer means when he says " the moon got longer and longer until it disappeared."

2. How long exactly does the moon take to go round the earth ? " Month " means " moon." Why are there not thirteen months in the year ?

3. " Exactly like a puppy running after its own tail," " on all sides of it alike." What kind of phrases are these ? Find others in this piece.

4. Give the names of the other planets which go round the sun ? Have they also moons which move round them ?

Part II.

1. The following are colloquial phrases, that is, phrases used only in familiar speech and not in serious prose ; explain carefully the meaning of each :

(*a*) It was not like other stars *either*, (*b*) lest it should run *clean* into her, (*c*) one on either pole *for the matter of that*,

(*d*) *in the long run* it is no good, (*e*) they were not *up to* so many tricks, (*f*) I cannot conceive how you *stand* it, (*g*) they can *keep an eye on* her, (*h*) don't be too *cocksure*, (*i*) a fellow with some *go* in him, (*j*) a *piece of silly snobbishness*, (*k*) they have become *too many* for me, (*l*) I *pulled myself together*.

The last two phrases have a double meaning in this passage. Give both meanings.

2. Write a short composition on "How man has become master of the earth."

3. "Tut!" "Faugh!" are interjections expressing certain feelings of the speaker. Explain if you can what these feelings are. Mention other similar interjections in English, *e.g.* Hi!

4. Write paragraphs describing each of the following: a comet, an earthquake, volcanoes, the earth's crust, atmosphere.

5. Imagine and write down a short conversation between a "stupid" and a wise man on the appearance of the comet.

6. Whitsuntide is a Christian festival occurring in the late Spring (May). Can you explain exactly how icebergs in the Atlantic would prevent the trees bursting into bud in southern England?

Part III.

1. "They made an exact calculation of its orbit." What is the name given to the science dealing with the stars. Give the names of the sciences dealing with (1) rocks; (2) plants; (3) germs; (4) the surface of the earth; (5) animals.

2. Make a list of all the facts given in this piece about the earth, the moon, comets.

3. Write a short essay on "Superstitions."

4. Analyse the following sentences:

(*a*) The comet now laughed so much that one of its tails came off.

(*b*) You surely won't run past my door without saying how-do?

(*c*) I am glad that you have not lost the power of speech.

(*d*) It tried to think if it could not find something with which it might make a real impression on the comet.

(*e*) The clever men on the Earth who saw what had happened through their spy-glasses were utterly dumbfounded.

12. The Bear-Hunt.

1. Answer the following questions each in a paragraph:
   (*a*) What trick had the bear played to put the hunters off the scent ?
   (*b*) How did Tolstoy miss killing the bear ?
   (*c*) How did Damian rescue his master ?

2. Distinguish the words *in italics* in the following sentences :

   (i) (*a*) The hoar frost settled on our faces like *down*. (*b*) He knocked the man *down*. (*c*) The dog ran *down* the road.

   (ii) (*a*) We had got *round* the bear. (*b*) The world is *round*. (*c*) It was the first *round* of the tournament.

   (iii) (*a*) *That* is the man. (*b*) Whose is *that* book ? (*c*) I was so tired *that* I could have slept.

3. Write a short description of a Russian forest, taking your facts from this piece.

4. The Infinitive form of the verb is usually prefixed by "to." The "to" is dropped after *verbs* denoting *hearing, seeing, knowing and feeling*, also after *auxiliary verbs*, and after *can, must, let, need, bid, dare, make*. See how many examples of such infinitives you can find in this piece.

5. In what parts of the world are bears found ? In what kind of place do they live ? How many different kinds of bear have you heard of ? What is their food ?

6. "Beater" means "one who beats." Form similar nouns from the following verbs : *conquer, execute, begin, travel, saw, swim, examine.*

13. A Mad Tea-Party.

Note.—This piece is full of idiomatic phrases used in conversational English. They should be carefully noted. One or two may need explanation.

The March Hare. There is an expression "As mad as a March Hare." Hares in the mating season (March) exhibit great liveliness, frisking and rushing madly about the fields: hence this saying.

Twinkle, twinkle, little Bat, a parody on the well-known poem "Twinkle, twinkle, little Star."

He's murdering Time—he is singing utterly regardless of the time, *i.e.* the beat or measure of the tune.

Things are "much of a muchness"—the things are very similar; an idiomatic phrase.

1. Look up the following sentences in the piece and explain their exact meaning in their contexts:

(*a*) "It *is* the same thing with you."
(*b*) "Which is just the case with mine."
(*c*) "You mean you can't take less."
(*d*) "Of course they were—well in."

2. Re-write the following, in sentences which make the meaning perfectly clear (*e.g.* putting in the proper subject for "it" and changing words where necessary).

(*a*) "It's laid for a great many more than three." (*b*) "Not the same thing a bit." (*c*) "Ah! that accounts for it." (*d*) "As the things get used up." (*e*) "Let's all move one place on." (*f*) "Alice was a good deal worse off."

3. Try and explain as clearly as you can why "I mean what I say" is not the same thing as "I say what I mean."

4. Make a list of all the abbreviated forms of words (*e.g. they've*) you can find in this piece, and beside each write the full form.

5. Imagine a short conversation to take place between the Hatter and the March Hare after Alice's departure. Write this conversation. (Let the Dormouse interrupt it occasionally.)

6. Write the story of "How the Hatter's watch got out of order:" taking all the facts you can find in this piece and adding others of your own.

14. The Candle Flame.

1. Re-write the passage "Now, I have no doubt . . . where the flame is" in indirect speech.

2. The past tense of "to rise" is "rose" and the past participle "risen." Write down six other verbs whose past tense is different from their past participle.

3. Explain (*a*) How the "cup" in a candle is formed. (*b*) How the wax ascends the wick of the candle. Illustrate your answers by little drawings.

4. Use the following words in sentences of your own: *conveyed, attraction, vigorous, encroach, process, irregular, horizontal, function, lopsided.*

5. Can you explain what the writer means when he says that "the perfection of a process—that is its usefulness—is the better point of beauty about it." Better than what? Mention instances of other things which seem to you beautiful because of the perfect manner in which they work or act.

6. Write a composition entitled "How man has turned night into day," showing how man has gradually improved his methods of illuminating houses and streets.

15. The Cabuliwallah.

Part I.

1. Look up the meaning of the following words: *new-fangled, judicious, fascinating, tact, kidnapped, reassured, pedestrians,* and use them in sentences of your own.

2. Substitute other words for those *in italics* in the following sentences: (*a*) She had a *blind* belief. . . (*b*) So *precarious* was the position of my hero. (*c*) I saved her from *impending* disaster. (*d*) Mini must have been a *trifle bewildered.* (*e*) She always *jumps to the conclusion.* (*f*) The two friends would *subside into* their old laughter.

3. "She was embarked on the full tide of another subject." This expression is a *metaphor*. Explain what a metaphor is and why this sentence is one. See if you can find other metaphors in this piece.

4. Read the short description of the Cabuliwallah's appearance, in the beginning of the story. Write a similar description of any foreigner you may have seen.

5. Imagine and write the seventeenth chapter of the author's novel.

6. "My five-year-old daughter," "third-storey window," "eight-anna bit." Write down some other phrases formed in this way with numerals or numeral adjectives.

Part II.

1. What are compound nouns? Find some examples in this piece and also some compound adjectives.

2. "The words struck harsh"—what part of speech is "harsh?" Write down some other English expressions in which the adverb has the form of the adjective (*e.g.* "the coin rang true").

3. Do you know another word in English which has the same meaning as "fruit-seller." Give the name for a person who sells (1) meat; (2) iron goods; (3) eatables such as sugar, tea, rice, etc., also the name of a man who makes (1) clothes; (2) wooden furniture; (3) tin vessels; (4) bread.

4. Analyse the following sentences:

(*a*) This touch of his own little daughter had been always on his heart, as he had come year after year to Calcutta to sell his wares in the streets.

(*b*) He had imagined that they would laugh and play together, just as of old.

(*c*) To me the wedding feast was all the brighter for the thought that in a distant land a long-lost father met again with his only child.

5. Write the letter which you might suppose Rahman to have written to the author on his return to Cabul describing his meeting with his daughter.

6. Write a short essay on "Pedlars."

16. How Stanley Found Livingstone.

Part I.

1. Substitute either other words or phrases for the words *in italics* in the following passages, so as to make the meaning clear:

(*a*) He had been *charged* to *fulfil* other missions.
(*b*) Hippopotami lay snorting *unconcernedly* in a stream.
(*c*) Then came the *forerunners* of the rainy season.
(*d*) Both the horses *succumbed.*

2. "A dozen" means twelve. Give the English words for 20, 144. Also write as many words as you can think of meaning "two" and "three."

3. Hippopotami is the plural of hippopotamus. Can you explain this unusual form. Give the plural of rhinoceros, hero, penny (2 forms), deer, goose, ox, father-in-law, fish.

4. The outside part of a nut is called its "shell." What name do we give to the covering of an orange, a tree trunk, a book, a cat, an elephant?

5. Can you explain why the rainy season in Zanzibar is in March and April, while in India it is in July and August?

6. Write a short composition entitled "The Opening of the Rainy Season" or "The first day of the Rains," taking the facts from your own observation.

Part II.

1. Look up the meanings of the following words in the dictionary and use them in sentences of your own: *refractory, frizzle, salvo, regale, detour, insubordinate, pestered, stimulate.*

2. Make a list of all the plants, birds and animals mentioned in this piece, underlining those you have yourself seen.

3. Describe in your own words the meeting between Stanley and Livingstone.

4. Write an essay on "Explorers."

5. Describe the different kinds of country through which Stanley marched from the coast to Lake Tanganyika.

6. Look up in your atlas the places mentioned in the piece and draw a map of Stanley's march to illustrate Question 5.

17. The Praying Mantis.

1. Find examples of the present and past participles of verbs in this piece. Notice that participles do the work of both noun and adjective. Make three columns. Head them (1) verb; (2) present participle; (3) past participle. In these columns write down the participles of the following verbs: *sing, hear, swim, think, make, feed, move, draw, see, hold.*

2. *Ogress* is the feminine of *ogre.* Give the feminine of *giant, protector, abbot, duke, horse, fox, drake, youth, sultan.*

3. Explain clearly the meaning of the following phrases: (*a*) She almost has a face; (*b*) to the peasant's ignorance; (*c*) with the sharpness of a spring; (*d*) the poor wretch protests in vain.

4. Answer the following questions in a paragraph each:

(1) How did the Mantis get its name?

(2) How does the Mantis attract and catch its prey?

5. Make a list of the various instruments, tools, etc., which the writer uses to describe the "murderous machinery of the Mantis," and mention the work for which each is intended.

6. Write a short composition on "How spiders catch their prey" (from your own observation).

18. David Copperfield arrives at his Aunt's House.

Note the meaning of the following:

My shirt and trousers . . . might have frightened the birds from my aunt's garden. Dummy figures (scarecrows) made of old clothes are used to frighten away birds in England.

I was powdered . . . white with chalk and dust. The soil of Kent through which David Copperfield had journeyed is largely chalk.

parlour is a " living room " or " sitting room."

Blunderstone Rookery, the name of the house in which David was born and lived as a child.

making a distant chop in the air, making a chopping stroke with the knife in the air, at a distance, but as if she intended it for him.

with my heart at my lips, with all my feelings ready to burst out in language.

anchovy sauce, salad oil, both used for giving a flavour to dishes.

minute guns, guns fired at intervals of a minute.

wool-gathering, to go wool-gathering—to go off into a fit of absent-mindedness.

sacred precincts. Miss Trotwood considered that the ground around her house was sacred, *i.e.* that no one ought to cross it without her leave. This is the sense in which *lawful right of way* is used here. Usually, however, it has an opposite meaning, *i.e.* that the public has a right to cross a piece of ground.

1. Re-write the following sentences in such a way as to make the meaning clear: (*a*) My shoes were in a woeful condition. (*b*) My face, neck and hands were burnt to a berry brown. (*c*) I was on the point of slinking off. (*d*) She came stalking out of the house. (*e*) They must have been taken out at random. (*f*) He has done a pretty piece of business.

2. Look up the following words and use them in sentences of your own: *formidable, grotesque, discomposed, pent-up, restorative, squinted, ejaculated, vacantly.*

3. " From head to foot." Write down two or three other phrases of the same kind and use them in sentences.

4. Describe the characters of Miss Trotwood and Mr. Dick each in a paragraph.

5. Write a short story of your own about a boy who ran away from home or from school.

6. Pick out two or three sentences in this piece which seem to you to be humorous.

19. Life on the Nile.

1. The word "thud" like "splash" is a word of which the sound resembles the action which it names. Write down six other such words.

2. "Hen-coops" are baskets or sometimes wooden structures in which hens are kept. Give the words used for the places in which (1) sheep, (2) cattle, (3) pigs, (4) horses, (5) dogs are kept.

3. "*We* may as well have a swim." *We* is used half humorously here. By whom and on what occasion is the first person plural of the personal pronoun used instead of the first person singular.

4. "Their faces seemed *all* teeth;" "as if its progress were *all* one festival."

Give the meaning of these phrases; also of the following: (1) It is *all* one to me. (2) He was *all* ears. (3) It is *all* very well for you to say that.

5. Write a paragraph on the Date Palm and its uses.

6. Write an account in the form of a diary of a trip down a great river.

20. Tom Tulliver Makes a New Acquaintance.

Note the following:

this half—"this term."

knock under—"to own yourself one's inferior."

harriers—a pack of hounds kept for hunting hares.

bandy—an old form of hockey.

Greeks and Persians. The Persians were the hereditary enemies of the Greeks, and there were constant wars between them. The battle of Marathon (480 B.C.) is perhaps the most famous battle between them.

David, Goliath, Samson—the names of heroes of the Jews: their stories are to be found in the Bible in the Books of Samuel and Judges.

Odyssey, a poem written by the Greek poet Homer. In it occurs the adventure of Ulysses and the one-eyed giant Polyphemus.

Richard Coeur de Lion. Richard I. of England, "the Lion-heart," who fought against the Turkish Sultan Saladin (Salah-ud-din) in Palestine.

William Wallace and *Robert Bruce.* Scottish heroes who fought against Edward I. of England (1272-1307).

pike, a large fresh-water fish.

1. *Aversion*—literally "a turning away from," *hence*—"dislike." Give the meaning of *adverse, converse, inverse, adversity, conversion.*

2. "Not being able to fight *you.*" This is the indefinite use of "you." Make other sentences in which *you* is used in this indefinite sense. ["You" means "anyone."]

3. "Tom began to look oftener and *longer* at Philip's face." Here "longer" is an adverb. Give examples of other adjectives in the comparative degree which have the same form as the corresponding comparative adverbs, and use them in sentences.

4. Explain clearly the meaning of the following: (1) to play at anything worth speaking of; (2) he was drawing absently; (3) to make the first advances; (4) "I'd sooner have you tell them me."

5. Suppose that you had been present at the interview between Tom Tulliver and Philip Wakem. Write a letter to a friend describing the character of each of these boys.

6. Explain clearly in a paragraph how the fact of Philip's disliking his father might help to clear up Tom's perplexity.

21. Old Poz.

Note.—As will be obvious after reading this piece Justice Headstrong got his nickname from his favourite expression "that's poz," which means "that is positive or certain."

1. Answer each of these questions in a paragraph:
   (*a*) What was the Justice's business, which he had to do before seeing the old man?
   (*b*) Why does the Justice order his book to be opened at the word Vagrant? What kind of book was it?

(*c*) How was the landlady touched about the credit of her house ?

2. Mrs. Bustle uses four proverbs. Write out these four with their meanings. Make a list of all the English proverbs you know.

3. Write out the following in full: *ma'am, I'm, who's, I've, I'll, don't.*

4. Explain clearly the meaning of the following: (*a*) I'll tell you what; (*b*) I've been up and about; (*c*) I did work as well as the best of them; (*d*) a sort of travelling man; (*e*) it is a pity, child, you are not upon the bench; (*f*) in a pet.

5. Describe the character of: (1) Justice Headstrong. (2) Mrs. Bustle.

6. Write the story of this play in narrative prose.

7. What is the value of a guinea ? Give the names of coins used in France, Germany, the United States, Russia.

8. Write in dialogue form the scene at Justice Headstrong's dinner. Make the following characters take part in the dialogue: the Justice, Squire Solid, the Reverend Mr. Smack, the Doctor, and Lucy.

22. The Conquest of the Air.

1. Look up the meaning of the following words and use them in sentences of your own: *to glide, to wobble, gear, efficient, sheer, craft, to outride.*

2. Note the following compound adjectives: *heavier-than-air, history-making, self-sacrificing, never-to-be-forgotten, low-power.* Of what *kinds* of words is each compounded ? Write down six other compound adjectives which you know.

3. What does "to win one's way" mean ? Write down also the meaning of "to make one's way," "to make way for," "to stand in the way of," "to clear the way," "an out of the way place."

4. Explain the metaphors in the following: to be on the right lines, to get to the heart of a thing, to hit the right nail on the head, to take short cuts.

5. In a short composition contrast the chief difficulties which had to be overcome by the inventors of the locomotive engine, with those encountered by the pioneers in aeroplane construction.

6. If you have seen an aeroplane, write a description of it. If you have not look at a picture of one, and describe it from what you see in the picture.

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