

Failure

and, with our backs to the left and I on the right "shikari" and one of the post the stops on either and finally joining the into line and the beat of the "stops" is rock of the tree on which a stick or stone to denote at that some one is there. of the beat was marked pandemonium of men, ratters and blowing of horns, ratters were three-quarters the noise they made was

life is aroused, pea fowl jackals come into view a hyena trots into sight, moves on again and then my eye is caught by a lowly towards the river course in the bottom of dead still, moves on again, steps to the beaters before 300 yards away and it taintly that one of us will by my eye off him for a he has gone. At that moment directed to a "stop" 250 nbles backwards from the at the same moment I hear beat is nearly finished and the beaters finish in good

A consultation is held, is solved. disappeared from my sight, e watercourse into the of the ravine, and hearing concluded it would be avine there than face the "stop" above him had ad was absently-minded, s, when suddenly he saw from his seat. This was he fell off his seat back- rick of terror at the carelessness of one d to be an absolute cer- into a mortifying failure. r camp for a few days in r returning, but the evi- of risking his skin again, ks no more.

and down of sport, with- lose all its charm, all its old hardy be worth cul-

CRUSOE.

matist

Tongking. He insists that impetuosity, and inconsis- erry, France would have China much sooner than day Macartney is entitled are he had in terminating Great Britain and China of Upper Burma. We Boulger, however, in his efence of Sir Halliday's illegal detention of the re- in the Chinese Legation question of the character of of the principles involved, lidity may have been well all clear why Mr. Boulger it necessary to sneer at Chinese Minister of more cartney's judgments upon on of the Chinese Empire and approval. He seems at China must "go to the to not accommodate herself the times and live; and he is no single instance of "a r declined from a high nations of the world and place among them." We d Salisbury's resolute ret- a race numbering four with the history and the e Chinese, could ever be is very doubtful whether ver seriously declined in essential to continued those qualities may have ant, but they have not recent developments have Admiral is likely to write "The Break-Up of China," at China were sometimes at the time of the Russian wrote to Macartney: "If eking for the centre of be an end of the Manchu exactly what happened in the Manchu dynasty still though Macartney was not his political perceptions, bt that he understood the r than most Europeans d the Chinese Government sometimes earned for him e when they wished to e him "they sent him s porcelain or Orders that ough their grotesque ap- y no European will in the place in the Chinese ar- dian of international whole, we do not think regrets on this account.

The Younger Ledbetter

By Mayne Lindsay, in The Storyteller

T EITHAM the fog was white and misty, at Lee thicket, and more yellow. New Cross it was a fine, full bodied satron. The men in the first-class carriage that had crawled up the North Kent loop began to knock out their pipes as they were joined past factories and houses, which loomed at them with blurred yellow lights struggling against the dense morning. The train jogged slower and slower, somebody stamped his numb feet and somebody emitted a fog-dispersing theory that was received with considerable paragon; and the conversation, punctuated by the bang-bang of explosive signals, became general. Alec Ledbetter, who had no lively anticipation of the day ahead of him, folded his Times and frowned at the surrounding gloom. He had done the journey, winter and summer, for three years now, and fog was no novelty.

He was a young man, perhaps abnormally sensitive to atmospheric drawbacks, and today he shrank from the stale smell of the carriage, the irksomeness of the delays, the uncongeniality of his fellow travellers. He wondered why Fortune had given him the cold shoulder. He was not aware of having done anything to deserve her neglect.

His brother Ralph, his chum, and his senior by a year, had been a soldier since his teens. They had loved the same things, cherished the same ideals, hearkened with the same enthusiasm to the maxims of the father who had been a soldier before them. Ralph had passed into Sandhurst without difficulty when the time came, and Alec, who went up the year after him, had been spun for a physical undeveloped since, by the irony of Fate, outgrown. And now Ralph was a brevet-major of Indian Cavalry, a V.C., and a popular hero known in England and the East for his exploits. Alec, on the other hand, was more than a struggling young solicitor, launched with difficulty and earning six-and-eightpences with an incident that on such mornings as this merged into a positive disaster.

It was not that he grudged his brother his honors; he was, on the contrary, almost proud of them; but he, too, had desired his chance, his fighting chance, and it had been denied him. It looked as if he might gain an quill-driving income by attaining the mediocre portion of success which is commonly allotted to the who whose heart is elsewhere than in his job.

So he mused, and the carriage talk drifted obscurely through his preoccupation. "A bad day for the French President's luncheon at the Guildhall."

"It generally is a bad day when these Continental fellows come over. They're very welcome, and we're glad to see them, but why do they persist in choosing November?"

"There's one visitor from the Continent who isn't to be exactly welcomed," said the man who sat next to him. "Who's that?"

"Perrot, the Anarchist, the man who escaped from New Caledonia. He says he's here, but he isn't. The chap who tried to blow up the Louvre—wasn't it the Louvre? I remember something—"

Ledbetter lost himself, and found an external interest. He turned his head to the other man, and spoke with some show of heat.

"I remember, Perrot, he was tried in Paris three years ago, and condemned to penal servitude for life. The French make a mistake in not reserving capital punishment for wild beasts such as he."

"Did you see him?" said the stockbroker in the opposite corner, struck by the personal note in the utterance.

"Yes; that's why he made such an impression on me. I was in Paris at the time, and by way of getting experience, I went to see him. He was a fine fellow, his trial at the Palais de Justice. I shan't forget his defiance of civilized humanity after the President had sentenced him to death."

"He was a fine fellow," said the stockbroker, "but his mission unfinished; he will return and shake your cowardly little world to its foundation. Well, I am amenable, and they had splendid example in the strike at the heart! Then the policeman whisked him away, and everybody recovered themselves and wiped their faces."

"The dickens!" the stockbroker said uncomfortably. "Nice sort of animal to have loose in London."

"I say," piped the stockbroker, "I have a queer, exuberant appreciation of his suggestion, 'supposing he was out on the war path after the President of the Republic today.' He'd be jolly well able to score off humanity if he dropped a bomb at him in Cheap-side. The crowd's bound to be packed like herrings in a barrel. What?"

"There's a nice soothing companion. My office is not a stone's throw from the Guildhall. I should probably find myself in a front seat for the demonstration. Thanks."

"Pooh!" another man said peevishly. "When the newspapers blather about a mysterious criminal being in London you may be pretty sure it's the last place to look for him in. The police circulate these fairy tales purposely—"

"It's just there," Ledbetter said, rubbing the moisture-laden pane and peering out for a couple of minutes. "The platform by Jolly Three-quarters is an hour late."

"It might have been more with a fair show of reason this morning," the stockbroker said, as the men prepared to leave the carriage. "I remember once in 1903."

But no one was inclined to linger over the ancient history of fogs. The brake threw them against each other, a porter flung open the door, and the darkness took them to its bosom. Ledbetter jumped out, struggled with the rest past the rain and wind, and found himself in the street, drifting towards the bridge. The befogged air smote at his eyes and throat as the current above the river, shepherded by the wind, bore him along. He was away with a hundred other impatient, hurrying riders, dodging the clattering 'busses, the hansoms that slid in and out of inviolable, the great drays lumbering down to the Borough.

The stream set in full flood for King William Street over the water, and the street, in spite of the yellow twilight by the raw smell of a Thames morning. He was advancing with the stream, and the water, as he stepped out briskly, traced, in spite of the yellow twilight by the raw smell of a Thames morning.

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tion had for a perceptible fraction of time disorder his pulses and dried the roof of his mouth. Now he was quite calm again, and his senses alert, and his brain working with a clearness it had never certainly bestowed upon any of his legal problems.

So, in supposition, finding time to think, the little pocket of thought as he used his elbows on his fellow-citizens, Ralph must have felt when he went forward alone, up a rock-strewn gorge where the bullets piped and men lay thick to quicken a remorse to history. The idea, Alec reflected, with a serious note of satisfaction, was quite as great against him as they had been to Ralph, who had set his teeth and worried through, and won.

"Look out," said one who was shoving, of a young man, an indignant voice said in his ear, "breaking up the flying thought."

Somebody, he realized, pushing ahead cheerfully and with energy.

He emerged at last on the smoother pavement before the Fishmongers' Hall, and the fog, with the capricious flicker of a melting mood, lifted to let him see the street in front of him. He was looking just as all the rest were looking, for the white hair and the benign countenance of the first Republican in Europe—for that, and the pomp of monarchy which was sweeping to the city today in compliment to him. There was to be a royal prince in the second carriage, if not in the first.

Alec felt the squeeze of the crowd tighten upon him. He was soon well in, working grimly and surely towards Ferrol's right hand from the back. A fat clerk, wheezing and grunting, impeded him by sheer weight of flesh, and he was not too far back to make hard, steady throw impracticable. He kept his eyes steady and ahead, and with a lifetime's mastery and hatred straining out of them. He was looking just as all the rest were looking, for the white hair and the benign countenance of the first Republican in Europe—for that, and the pomp of monarchy which was sweeping to the city today in compliment to him. There was to be a royal prince in the second carriage, if not in the first.

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the latest arrivals should insist so strenuously on getting to the front.

"Another! Kip back, can't yer, and let a pore man have a chance!" "Fair play, mate!" "Ere's a bloke who wants to get into the stalls!" They echoed the protests of the stream of the bridge, where the chase had first begun.

"I'm awfully sorry," Alec said again. "I've got a message to give a friend of mine in front. It's pressing; it's business. Do, like good fellows, let me through!" And, being tolerant enough, most of them packed yet a little closer and made a way for him. Those that did not he rammed aside. He was not in a case to stand upon ceremony.

Ferrol, meanwhile, had succeeded in planting himself in a position favorable to his object. He was not far enough forward to let his burden, which a policeman's eye and he was not too far back to make hard, steady throw impracticable. He kept his eyes steady and ahead, and with a lifetime's mastery and hatred straining out of them. He was looking just as all the rest were looking, for the white hair and the benign countenance of the first Republican in Europe—for that, and the pomp of monarchy which was sweeping to the city today in compliment to him. There was to be a royal prince in the second carriage, if not in the first.

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