

settle in the neighborhood. This condition successive generations of the Leslies continued to observe until the relaxation of the penal laws rendered it impossible to do so any longer.

Just as the Colonel had settled himself comfortably in a chair in the smoking-room, there came a knock at the door and a maid entered the room.

"A gentleman wishes to see you, sir."

"All right. Show him in."

A few moments later the visitor was ushered into the apartment.

"Colonel Leslie, I presume?" he said.

"Yes, I am Colonel Leslie," the other replied. "Well, what can I do for you, sir?"

"My name is Brayden, of the firm of Brayden & Mahoney, lawyers, O'Connell street, Dublin. I am acting for the Irish bishops who are seeking a site for a seminary in this neighborhood. It occurred to me that perhaps you might feel disposed to consider an offer for ten or more acres of Glenlee. We should not require prime pasture land, of course. That section around Corrig-na-thagart would suit us admirably. I do not think you could turn the land to better advantage."

"For what purpose is the seminary required, may I ask?"

"For the education and training of priests for the Chinese Mission."

The Colonel pursed his lips and wrinkled his brow.

"The suggestion does not commend itself to me, Mr. Brayden," he remarked after some deliberation.

"It would pay you to sell the land to us," the lawyer urged.

"The ground is crazy and not of much value. Still, we'd give you a good price for it, very much more than it's worth, in fact."

"No, no. You see, I'm not what you would call a religious man."

"Oh, this is a business transaction pure and simple."

"And of course I'm not a Catholic."

"Your religion is your concern, Colonel. You must give me a better reason than that."

"Well, sir, since you insist upon it, I will. I'm opposed to the whole thing.—Rome, missions, priests and all. China is well enough as it is. I have spent years in the Orient and I can assure you that the Yellow Peril is no mere bogey. Why should the Catholic Church seek to render the situation more acute? Good day, sir. You need not call again."

The Colonel waited until he heard the door close behind his visitor, then he went over to the phone and called up his lawyer.

"That you, Grahame?" he inquired. Colonel Leslie speaking.

"Got anything on tonight? Good. A fellow called here just now with one of the coolest proposals I have heard in years. I want you to dine with me tonight so that we can talk the matter over. I'll send the car for you, so don't disappoint me."

Colonel Leslie hung up the receiver and stretched himself full length on the settee. That there was some mischief afoot he felt convinced, and it was causing him no little uneasiness. Was Rome behind that cousin of his who had sought to rob him of his inheritance? At a moment did he believe the story the lawyer had told him about the ground being wanted for a Catholic seminary. Why, the country was dotted with seminaries already. What in the name of common sense did they want with another. The Leslies of old were notorious for their enmity toward the Catholic Church, but up to now he could have sworn that he was free from the virus of religious intolerance. Now he knew that he was exactly like his forbears in this respect, and instead of feeling ashamed he chuckled with suppressed glee over the discovery.

When the car drew up outside, the Colonel in immaculate evening dress stepped out on the terrace.

"Hello, Grahame," he called out.

"You're just in time. Well, what do you think of the car?"

"She's a hummer, Colonel," Grahame declared as he mounted the steps, "a regular hummer. You must be proud of her."

"You bet I am! But come right in. I'm as hungry as a hawk this minute."

"Shall you be wanting me again tonight, sir?" Malone inquired.

"Of course I shall," Colonel Leslie replied. "I'll want you to drive Mr. Grahame home. Why do you ask such a question?"

"Well, I want to go to confession, sir. Tomorrow is the first Friday of the month."

"Eh? First Friday! Well, what of it?"

"That's all right, Malone," Grahame remarked pleasantly. "You'll be back long before I'm ready. Give my regards to Father Tom."

The Colonel caught his guest by the arm and pulled him into the hall.

"Father Tom, Grahame!" he echoed in tones of evident disapproval. "From the way you speak one would think that you were on terms of the closest intimacy with the man."

"And so I am, Colonel," the lawyer declared.

What is Father Tom. You ask Malone about him."

"Oh, hang Malone! The fellow is too confoundedly wrapped up in his religion for my liking. I'll get an ex-soldier for the job. A Scotchman if possible. Scotchmen make good lackeys," Grahame. That—ha, ha—that's why I made you my lawyer."

"I'm glad you find my countrymen of some use, Colonel. Perhaps you will allow me to find you a chauffeur?"

"I'll see you hanged, first, Grahame. I know what you can do in the way of padding a bill of costs. Stick to the purely legal sides of your profession, Grahame, and avoid the employment agency business."

The Colonel spoke little during the progress of the meal. The burden of the conversation fell upon Grahame, who, after the fashion of his race, spoke cautiously, measuring his every word and observing its effect upon his host.

When the coffee and cigars were served the lawyer started to suggest some improvements in the management of the estate. But the Colonel cut him short with an imperious gesture.

"Now, Grahame, we'll cut the cackle and come to the horses, if you don't mind," he remarked with some show of impatience. "Shortly after lunch today I received a visit from a Dublin lawyer. Fellow named Brayden. Ever meet him?"

"Phil Brayden of Brayden & Mahoney? Yes, I've met him. Likable young chap, easy-going, but keen as mustard. What brought him here?"

"He came to make me an offer for ten or fifteen acres of Glenlee. What do you think of it?"

"Some nerve. What did he want the ground for?"

"For a seminary. Just imagine! Thought he could fool me with a bluff like that. Why, man, if I let them have that much now, in a week's time they'd be pestering me for the remainder of the place. And they'd maneuver me into giving it to them, too."

"How, in the name of all that's wonderful?"

"Why—er—it's like—Oh, hang it, man, at your time of life you don't need to be told what Rome is and what it can do."

Grahame shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"I'm afraid, Colonel, you've got Rome on the brain," he remarked. "But go on."

"They want the land up there in the neighborhood of that old rock—what's the name of it? It figures in their old legends and things. You know what I mean."

"Oh, Corrig-na-thagart?"

"Yes, that's it. Now that rock annoys me more than I can say. It's an eyesore for one thing. For another, it seems to stand as a sort of link between Glenlee and Rome."

"Well?" Grahame urged.

"Well, I've made up my mind to get rid of it. I'll blow it up and cart it away."

The lawyer rose and stood with his back to the fire.

"Don't," he advised after a short silence. "Don't do that, I beg of you. It would be an act of vandalism which the people around here would certainly resent. Long before the monks came to Glenlee that old rock figured prominently in the history of the neighborhood. The chief of the clan, shortly after his elevation to that office, used to address the people from that stone. Historians have mentioned it in their writings. Don't touch it, Colonel, whatever you do."

"On my word, Grahame, I'm beginning to think that you're as bad as any of them. I shouldn't be at all surprised after this outburst. I mean that you, too, like my precious cousin, had gone over to Rome. From what you say I gather that you do not attach much importance to this old legend which says that the moment the stone falls the rightful owner will come into possession of Glenlee?"

"No, I don't attach much importance to that. Years ago I looked this matter up and I found many of the old people had never even heard of the legend. Further investigations revealed that it was your predecessor who concocted it. I tried several times to get him to explain why he had done so, but he never would give me a satisfactory answer. He was, as you know, a most peculiar man in many ways. But the historical associations of the stone are well authenticated."

"By whom? By a pack of ignorant peasants, Grahame, and you know it."

Leslie finished his coffee at a draught.

"At all events," he continued, "my mind is made up. That old stone will be blown to smithereens tomorrow. I've told McGregor to lay the charge and I'll fire it myself."

"Well, there's no more to be said, I suppose. I wonder if Malone has come home yet? It's high time I was getting home."

About noon the following day Malone was in the garage when the car was ordered. An hour later Colonel Leslie and he were walking up the hill together toward Corrig-na-thagart. Several of the Scotch laborers on the estate were standing about, evidently awaiting the arrival of the Colonel.

"Everything ready, McGregor?" Leslie called out to the foreman approached.

"Yes sir," the man replied.

"Good. Here, get back out of harm's way, all of you."

Malone withdrew with the others, but stood a little apart from them. He watched the Colonel light a match and apply it to the fuse. A hissing sound reached his ears as the Colonel started to run back. After what seemed to be an age a puff of smoke rose from the ground. A loud report followed, and fragments of stone were hurled high into the heavens.

The Colonel led the way back to the spot where Corrig-na-thagart had stood. The chauffeur followed close at his heels, his face pale, a look of grave concern in his eyes.

"I'm glad that job is over," Leslie remarked. "The thing was an eye—here, what's this?"

A dead-box was buried in the ground near where the base of the old landmark rested. The Colonel stooped to extract it from the earth that partly covered it, but as he did so Malone caught him by the collar and pushed him roughly aside.

"Confound you!" the Colonel roared. "What do you mean? That box is mine. It was buried here in my property. Hand it over at once!"

The chauffeur ignored the command. From the box he extracted some sheets of parchment over which he hurriedly ran his eyes.

"No, it is not yours, Colonel," he declared. "According to this document Glenlee and everything it contains belongs to my father."

"To your father?" the Colonel gasped.

"Yes, to my father, Kevin Leslie. I took the name of Malone shortly before I entered your service, which I did in order that I might be the better able to follow up a clue we had from an old retainer of the family. It will not be necessary to pursue my investigations further, however. I thank you, Colonel, for having brought this document to light. I should never have dreamed of looking for it here."—The Magnificat.

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MOUNT EVEREST

NOTED SWEDISH EXPLORER SAYS JESUITS DISCOVERED AND MAPPED HIGHEST PEAK

By Dr. Frederick Funder

Sven Hedin, the noted Swedish author and explorer, has just brought out a new book, "Mount Everest," in which he gives credit to Catholic missionaries for the first explorations in Tibet and for the discovery of the peak now known as Mount Everest. Hedin, who is a Protestant, points out several errors which, he asserts, have crept into the book, "Mount Everest, the Reconnaissance 1921," by the English Colonel C. K. Howard-Bury which gives the history of the Mount Everest expedition of 1921-22.

Col. Howard-Bury's book attracted attention from those interested in scientific knowledge and exploration not equaled since the publication of Stanley's book on his African explorations.

JESUITS FIRST DISCOVERED EVEREST

Referring to the English explorer's statement in his account of the journey to Tingri, that the people of that part of the country had never seen a European before, Hedin remarks, "he might just as well have mentioned the many Jesuits and Capuchin Fathers who repeatedly made this journey to and fro as long as two hundred years ago."

Hedin recalls how, in 1738, the Capuchin Orazio della Penna started from Rome with a party of eleven monks. They reached Lhasa in 1741 and an account of their journey, on which they passed through Tingri and Schikar, was written by another Capuchin, Fra Cassiano Belligatti. As to the discovery of Mount Everest, Hedin writes:

"It was absolutely incorrect to say that Mount Everest was the discovery of the English Colonel Everest, who, in 1865, was the leader of a surveying party sent out from India, and from whom the mountain has received its name. It is not my intention to injure the honor of the English topographer as a discoverer or to deprive him of it. But I cannot help bringing truth from the obscurity of oblivion to light, by pointing out that Mount Everest, with only slight inaccuracies, is found under its true Tibetan name 'Tschomo-Lungma' on maps made from native materials by French Jesuits in Peking in the year 1717. These maps were later engraved in Paris and published in 1733."

In Sven Hedin's book a special chapter "Jesuits and Capuchins in the Region of Mount Everest" is devoted to an historical account of the journeys to the Himalaya and Tibetan highlands by Catholic missionaries as early as the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Referring to the British expedition of 1921, he writes:

"Since, in London, people have attributed to this expedition such great importance for all mankind, it is but fair to remember the men who wandered the same way 260 and 200 years ago, not, it is true, to make geographical discoveries and much less to climb as high as possible on the mountains, but with the pious intention of preaching Christianity to the Tibetans."

With possible irony he refers to the statement of Sir Francis Younghusband, President of the British Royal Geographical Society which aided in the 1921 expedition. In his introduction to Col. Howard-Bury's book, Sir Francis wrote:

"From the very beginning, we decided that the chief purpose of the expedition was to ascend the mountain and that everything else should be subordinate to the lofty aim of reaching the summit."

PRaises ACCOUNTS OF MISSIONARIES

Hedin suggests that it might have been an exhibition of greater wisdom and foresight to emphasize the object of scientific and historical research as an important part of southern Tibet and to have included the sportsmanlike exploit of ascending the mountain in second place. He adds that the sporting instinct of achievement was not what animated the Catholic monks of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, that they were urged on by the love of Christ. He praises the written accounts of these journeys left by some of the early missionaries, descriptions of the country, the mode of life and manners of the people, means of travel and communication, customs and usages and the native religion.

"Others," he writes, "undertook journeys which can be compared in daring only with that of Marco Polo, and which were repeated by other Europeans only centuries later."

Hedin recalls how the two Jesuits Grueber and Albert D'Orville left Peking in 1661 and made their way through Tibet visiting Lhasa. They carried scientific instruments with them. Accounts of their trip, probably the first European expedition to Tibet, have been preserved in the book by Athanasius Kirchner, "China Illustrata."


POPE CLEMENT'S MISSION

In 1709 Pope Clement XI sent a missionary band of six Capuchins to Tibet. They arrived there safely in 1707 and were later reinforced by other missionaries. In 1745 they were driven out by the Chinese who were then masters of Lhasa. Soon after the arrival of the Capuchins, two Jesuits, Ippolito Desideri and Manuel Freyre reached the town of Dalai Lama. Father Desideri's account of their journey is preserved. It was found two decades ago and published in 1904 by the Geographical Society in Rome. Hedin refers to this account in a complimentary manner.

The Capuchin Orazio della Penna in his famous "Alphabetum Tibetanicum" also gives an account of his exploration in Tibet. He is entitled to the honor of having been the first to devote himself to the scientific studies of the Tibetan language. Besides the books already mentioned the accounts of Tibetan journeys written by the Capuchins Tranquillo de Appecchio and Beligatti are worthy of mention.

Sven Hedin writes of the latter: "Beligatti as well as Desideri is a master of the art of depicting travels. In one respect he differs from the travellers of our own time; he rarely speaks of himself. When he journeyed to Lhasa through the valley of Bhutiakosi, across the Thang-la, he experienced, no doubt, many other adventures as well as the mountain sickness, but he kept them all to himself. They did not interest him. It was the knowledge of new countries and new men, their culture, their customs, and the journey to Tingri, their religious ideas and festivals, which Beligatti wished to preserve for the Western world. With keen eyes he observed everything and furnishes us a description of his travels, so exact and reliable that innumerable travellers of our own days might be happy if they had been able to fill their own volumes with material equally valuable. One who has travelled himself and who once had an opportunity to verify the amounts of the early Jesuits and Capuchins takes off his hat and willingly accords them admiration."

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