

erents, know more about you. You can't make more, you say. Anything more, in the whole range of things, that you can't do?"

"I can't drink—at least, I don't."  
"We shan't quarrel about that, unless you prove a hypocrite, and do get drunk. Any more 'can'ts'?"

"Yes one more—I can't talk politics. It muddles my brain."

"Well, that, too, we shall agree about. Your English politics are not likely to interest me."

"Indeed!" was the reply, and the youth gave one bold, piercing, inquisitive glance into the turbaned face, and that look did not escape observation. The turbaned traveller became thoughtful, and pursued the conversation more slowly, more warily.

"I must own," he said, after a prolonged pause, "it is something, even to a judged traveller like me, who has seen, as he fancies, everything, and got tired of everything, to come back for a brief visit to his own country—"

"Oh, your excellency is an Englishman! I thought so," was the youth's rapid comment.

"And then find a youth of such brilliant promise among my own people—one who can do everything, except make love, drink, or talk politics. What! I suppose you could paint a picture, mould a statue, or write a poem, on occasion?"

"Try me, your excellency—say with a poem!"  
"Very well. Let's have a specimen of a new 'Paradise Lost.'"

"No, your excellency, thank you. My notion of a poet is more lofty—he writes only what he likes!"

"You very properly correct me. Now, then, what is it you like?"

"Impromptus, your excellency, are not like formal, well-considered compositions. You mustn't be exacting."

"Clearly not; only make haste."

The youth took an elegant little set of ivory tablets with a gold pencil-case from his pocket, sat down at the table with his face averted from the smoking gentleman on the couch, pushed up his hair, spent a minute or two in hard study, got up as if unconscious of anybody's presence, walked to the window in a stately, meditative sort of way, stopped there another minute, then slapped his brow in an ecstasy, and cried, but still as if to himself—

"I've got it! Oh, if it would but stay for a minute! But I know what'll happen! The wine will disappear, and I shall have only the lees behind! Always my fate when I write poetry: plenty of inspiration, but so delicate—so evanescent—woe's me!"

He sat down, and in a very brief space of time showed to the turbaned traveller the following lines, written on the ivory tablet:—

"Beware! the pitfall's at your feet!  
Beware! the scaffold's o'er your head!  
Beware! pursuing steps are fleet!  
Beware! the living and the dead!"

"What means this rigmorole?" demanded the turbaned traveller's stern and startled voice.

"Pray go on," said the youth, with a smile of almost benevolent condescension, and then the following verse was read:—

"Push on! the golden tide is flowing!  
Push on! all great things wait for thee!  
Push on! the fruit so long a growing  
Is ripening fast for thee and me!"

Then:—

"Oh, mighty master! I, thy slave—  
Oh, make me thine, and I will be  
Thy guide unto a hapless grave;  
Or also thy guide to victory!"

"You know me!" exclaimed the turbaned traveller, still preserving his equanimity, as shown by the steady smoke that continued to issue from his pipe.

"Lord Langton!"

"Hush!" was the instantaneous comment to the youth. "Who are you?"

"One who has it in his power to render you a great service."

"How?"

"If, as I believe, you are now seeking to open communications with the Jacobites, I happen to be better able to help you than any other man in England, one man alone excepted."

"Who is that man?"

"The chief of the Secret Service Department of the English Government."

"Oh, he could render even greater service than you, could he?"

The youth noticed the sinister tone in which this was said, but did not in the least falter or hesitate in the reply—

"He could, because he knows, or rather did, till of late, know all I knew, as well as that which many other spies like me could tell him, but he could shoot you down like a mad dog if he had the chance this instant."

"And you would not help him in that process?"

"I am here, my lord."

This was said with such calm dignity, and such a bright kind of confidence visible in the face, that Lord Langton (for of course the turbaned traveller has already become known to the shrewd reader) rose from the couch, came to the youth, took him by the hand, and looked him steadily in the face.

"How did you come to know anything about me, or to interest yourself in my movements?"

"Through being set to watch for you. That made me think about you, admire you, and wish to serve you."

"Have I ever seen you before?"

"Never."

The looks met, and the youth's look remained steadfast, quiet, and assured.

"But why do you wish to serve me?" asked Lord Langton.

"Must I tell you the whole truth however unpleasant?"

"Yes, if you wish to convince me."

"Then it is because I have been leading an infamous life—that of a spy: infamous because I did it for money, infamous because I was equally ready to serve both sides; infamous because I had my own secret faith and liking all the while."

"And that was?"

The youth looked at the earl archly for a moment, then said—

"Can you, my lord, stand another verse of my execrable poetry, provided I sing it to you?"

"Try me."

"Mad, I know it's only doggerel, but if it amuses you—"

The youth then sang in a rich voice, that reminded the earl rather of a woman's beautiful contralto than of a man's tenor, the following:—

"Oh, the rose of all the world!—  
So pure, so fragrant, and so white:  
Yet touch it—mark the leaves so curled:  
There lurks the worm that kills delight.  
Oh, root it out, my Jacobite!"

The air of loving fondness the singer introduced into the last line was quite extraordinary, and did much to convince Lord Langton that his strange companion was really earnest in the faith.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Clarence Harvey."

"Can you tell me no more about yourself?"

"Not at this moment. You must trust me, master, thoroughly, or not at all."

"But, seriously, have you contemplated the risks attending your proposals?"

"Risks? I can fight!" said the youth, gallantly.

"Are you sure?" demanded Lord Langton, with a sort of persistent look of doubt.

"Sure, my lord—"

"Hush! No name, no title!"

"Yes; it was imprudent. I beg pardon. It shall not happen again, under any circumstances."

"That's right. Call me henceforth Baba Effendi, my Turkish title; but don't conceal the fact of my being an Englishman, who has spent the greater part of his time abroad, and who means to go back; hence my retention of the Turkish garb. Well, now as to your skill in fighting?"

"Oh, I have been learning to fence under our most approved master of the art. Three times a day for a month I've been at it. Look, my lord," and the youth put himself into an attitude of extreme grace and fitness, and began to lunge and parry, make salutes, and so on, finish-

ing off with a lunge at the earl's breast so rapid, so deadly in manner, that the earl's face changed, though he did not move an inch, as he felt a little touched—but touched with such practised skill in measuring distances, that not the slightest real danger was after all involved.

That was a master stroke. Clarence Harvey was engaged—was to be his excellency's body and confidential servant. And then master and servant remained together late into the night, engaged in conversation of the greatest possible importance in connection with the earl's secret mission.

We shall here only give the concluding portion of their talk. Clarence Harvey rose, about an hour after midnight, to go away.

"Where are you going?" demanded his master. "I thought you were about to stay with me?"

"I have one visit—a very important one—to make first."

"Indeed! May I ask its nature?"

"Oh, yes, your excellency. I am going to wake up my chief of the Secret Service Department, tell him I have made a great discovery, and so win his confidence, and keep him quiet while we proceed."

"What! are you mad?"

"Oh dear, no, your excellency. I know my man, and I know beyond all question what he wants, and what he'll do. I warned him some time since of Jacobite movements in Loudon."

"What, before I came?"

"Certainly. And he then told me that, if I could discover Lord Langton, I was to be very guarded in keeping the knowledge secret, for he wanted now to be able to pursue the ramifications of the Jacobite conspirators."

"Ah! I understand. He wants to kill a good many birds with one stone. But not the less, Master Clarence Harvey, must I decline your obliging offer to go and inform against me?"

"You think, then, you are as yet unknown to my chief?"

"Undoubtedly I do."

"Pardon my smile. It was he who informed me where to find you, after I had exhausted every chance I could think of, to discover you without going to him."

Lord Langton was a brave man, but even he could not bear this without some emotion.

"Prove to me the truth of this, and I will implicitly trust you."

The youth went to look out of the window, then returned and said, in a low voice—

"It's almost too dark for the experiment, but, if you will venture forth just now, either in your own dress, or, if that be too conspicuous, in a long cloak and with an English hat, I guarantee to you you will meet, in the course of a quarter of a mile walk, at least two of the chief's satellites watching you, perhaps more."

"Is that true?"

"Try it. You will meet them singly, and in quite different kinds of dresses. Perhaps as a gentleman, perhaps as a tradesman, perhaps as a labourer, but, if you note carefully, you will see a white handkerchief displayed in the hand."

"What's that for?"

"That spy may recognize spy, and not mistake his brother for a rebel or a Jacobite, and also as a lure to Jacobites; for it is one of their secret signals—so I have heard."

Lord Langton determined to try the experiment, and having partially disguised himself with a cloak and hat, borrowed from some inmate of the house, professedly to enable the foreign gentleman to take a walk unmolested, he took his sword in his hand and went forth, leaving Clarence Harvey behind, to watch his progress from the window.

The experimenter quickly returned, and he was in some visible agitation.

"Was I right, your excellency?" demanded Clarence Harvey.

"I have seen no less than three of them; evidently all meeting me to look in my face, or dogging my steps to see whither I was going."

"And will your excellency now trust me?"

"It is a terrible thing you ask from me, young man—you, a stranger! Think of it. You say you are in personal connection with the