he came to London and McMillan published the
" Plain Tales." But the book did not attract the
reviewers and failed to sell, and the silence closed
upon it " as the ram on the head of a cotton-bale."
Until a friend, how often it is a friend! remarked
one night at dinner to Edmund Yates of the
" World,"—" why not discover Rudyard Kipling?"
" Who in thunder is Rudyard Kipling?" asked
Yates, and, the Gods be thanked, he saw fit to
answer the question by a two-column interview in
his paper. " The Times" followed with a review of
" Plain Tales," the reading world had got its cue,
and Kipling, in hackneyed phrase, woke to find
himself famous. His age, be it not forgotten, was
twenty-five. " In Black and White,' " The Story
of the Gadsbys," " Soldiers Three," "Departmental
Ditties "—now a sizable child in a shift,—cascaded
upon the wholly appreciative but somewhat bewil-
dered Anglo-Saxon; while the author had mean-
while quietly slipped away from it all, " on the old
trail; he was sagging South on the long trail " to the
Cape, Australia and home.

For a day he sat in the old office-chair at
Lahore, for old sake's sake, correcting for " Mian
Rukhu-ud-din " the same old proofs on the same
old yellow paper. But he returned almost imme-
diately to London and there met the great friends
of his life, the two Balestiers—Wolcott Balestier,
the young American author, and his sister, Caroline.
Kipling never does things by halves, so before the
year was out he had collaborated with the brother
a story, " The Naulakha," and had married the
sister in "All Souls Church." It is to this brother,