

the people would sit forever in the black disfavour of the Commissioner, if the carriers and the bullock carts were not forthcoming.

Padre Hobbs always had his way, even in Phrang; so the Headman forced the frightened villagers out into the jungle; and there the Padre, who was large in self-reliance, explained that desertion would be a personal affront, and he would deal with it personally to the utter extermination of the misguided deserters.

Once fearing the blood-thirst of "Stripes" and his wife more than the Padre Sahib's anger, two carriers loitered behind looking for a chance to desert. The Padre Sahib put this little matter of delinquency right, in his promised way, and foolishly, so far as the Christian faith was concerned, struck one of the men with his walking-stick. Individually Padre Hobbs would have paid this debt of hate incurred quickly enough, but officially, he represented the British Raj, the Sircar, so all that happened in the way of retribution was the relating of this story in Mindak when they arrived. And because of the story the clergyman might as well have sat in Phrang, for the Talopins explained that the new religion of love, and soul, and other beautiful things had died with Craig Memsahib, and this was altogether a different affair. It was not religion at all—it was *zabbardasti*, which means force by men in power. Thus the Padre's arrogant personality subverted the true thing; and the Talopins saw to it that it did.

Moung Pyu, being an Oriental, had greater wisdom than a serpent, for, when it was all for the

best, he could preserve a silence that was of the most refined gold. So he said to his adherents: "The Padre Sahib is of low caste, for the men of high caste do not lose their tempers, except when the swords drink blood. But what he has done we have not seen, and what he has said we have not heard. If he departs in peace then there will be peace in Mindak; for one of his hands is the law, and one of his hands is the Sahib's way of faith, and these two things are greater than the Padre Sahib, or the people of Mindak."

IT was a crude jungle parable, which the villagers but half understood; but Moung Pyu had said it, therefore it stood as a saying of King Theebaw's had in the old days. And the English clergyman wallowed back to Phrang unctiousing his soul with the credit of martyrdom because of the sweltering jungle pilgrimage; and there he wrote in the records that three hundred converts had come into the fold of the Established Church.

The Deputy Commissioner groaned and administered the law with fierce relentlessness for days when he realized that the Padre's disturbing influence had extended out into the District; for now there would be endless complaints from the Talopins of illegal interference, and many other tribulations.

When the Padre had departed Moung Pyu sat down and wrote to the Commissioner for six months' leave of absence. And when the leave had come, he said to Mindak: "I am going across the big black water to the land of the Sovereign, to Bilatti

(England)."

Mindak was astonished, but it didn't say so. What it said was: "The Sovereign will be graciously pleased to see Moung Pyu, and when Moung Pyu returns he will be as wise as the great Commissioner Sahib in Rangoon."

Moung Pyu said a few words of wisdom to the Talopins, advising them to meditate deeply amongst themselves while he was gone; that their lacquer trays for receiving votive offerings of food would be well supplied if they preserved an intense holy seclusion. And to the village elders he said: "Till the rice fields diligently and keep out the opium, and guard against the dacoits, and when I come back again we will discuss this question of what is to be when we pass away, because now we have heard Craig Memsahib, and the Baptist Mission Sahib, and the great Church Sahib, who is Hobbs, and our own Talopins, and it is like a case in my court where there are many witnesses on both sides, and judgment cannot be given until the case is all clear. If there had been no one but the Talopins the case would have been simple, or if the others had been all like Craig Memsahib, we might have understood; but now we are like children, we do not know what is being taught us."

Moung Pyu left the two little girls with their grandmother, Mahthee, saying: "Let them read from this book that Craig Memsahib gave them, for it is a good book. And in it is written that even the elders must become as little children to understand this great secret."

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# When Sleeping Dogs Lie

Which Concerns Those Fugitive Accidents of Emotion That Sometimes Lead to Tragedy

By CAMERON N. WILSON

"THE only cure for you, Ross, is to fall in love with some nice girl and marry her at once." Mrs. Angstrom selected a skein of silk from her work-bag and snipped off the required length with white and very perfect teeth.

"How could I when I'm already in love—with you?"

"An impossible situation, my dear boy. In the first place, I have one of those necessary evils of modern life—a husband. In the second, I am at least eight years your senior."

"Piffles, Millicent. Neither the fact of your having a husband nor your advanced age can prevent a fact that has existed since—the day I met you for the first time. Anyway, I'm twenty-seven and ought to know my own mind."

"You don't, Ross. No man does—where a woman is concerned."

Ross Hilliard settled deeper into his basket chair and his gaze wandered to the long stretch of beach upon which the waves were piling in restless monotony. Save for himself and Mrs. Angstrom the hotel verandah was deserted, the entire establishment being given up to the post-prandial lethargy of a mid-August afternoon. Hilliard lighted a fresh cigarette before returning to the attack.

"I don't intend to marry anyone," he declared, with sudden warmth. "No one can make me."

"Some one can," replied Mrs. Angstrom, with a delicious, far-away laugh, that always set his pulses throbbing.

"Who?"

"The girl who is going to work the cure." Again his companion laughed, but there was a seriousness in her grey eyes that did not deceive him.

"Stevenson says that the ideal representatives of the race are the married woman and the bachelor. Therefore, Millicent, the ideal state must exist when these two are in a condition of harmony—which can only mean when they are in love with each other. N'est ce pas?"

"Stevenson never said that, I'll wager."

"And you don't love your husband, I'll wager," retorted Hilliard, amiably, as he sent a cloud of smoke scudding through the heavy air.

"Ross—don't! You shouldn't say those things." Her cheeks crimsoned and she bent lower over her embroidery. In sudden compunction he drew his chair nearer and possessed himself of one of her hands.

"I'm awfully sorry, Millicent. I shouldn't have said it. I was a brute." His tone was so boyish, so penitential, that she smiled into his serious, brown face. His dark hair was rumpled and he looked unusually handsome as he leaned towards her.

"Supposing for the sake of argument that I'm not—not in love with my husband—even, that I

am in love with you. It doesn't change the situation any. I have my small son—I consider him in every contemplated move, and so divorce is out of the question. I do care a great deal for you—you know that, don't you?"

With quick impulsiveness he had raised her hand to his lips and Mrs. Angstrom glanced apprehensively along the verandah and at the open windows.

"If not wrong, it is at least indiscreet, Ross." Her voice trembled slightly and for a moment her hands lay idle in her lap.

"Indiscreet! I hate the word! It's the cover of those who are afraid to take full measure—and the consequences." Hilliard arose and impatiently paced up and down before Millicent Angstrom, whose fine brows were contracted thoughtfully. The sunlight touched into ruddy gold her luxuriant coils of hair, arranged carefully but with exquisite simplicity. Her hands sped deftly over a half-finished orchid. Neither noticed a brisk little figure clad immaculately in white serge who clambered easily down a flight of stone steps leading to the piazza. Her golf bag hung carelessly over her shoulder, and her face, flushed with exertion, held the wholesome freshness of out-door life. She ran lightly on to the verandah, deposited her clubs on the floor, and sank into a chair beside her bosom friend, Mrs. Angstrom.

"That Whitney woman's a cat," she snapped, belligerently, loosening the veil that failed to keep her wind-blown tresses in order. "A perfect cat."

"Why—did she beat you, Tiny?" drawled Hilliard, who delighted to tease the invincible Miss Ridgeway.

"My dear Ross! When will you learn to talk sense? She's failed to beat me in four tournaments and she'll fail to beat me in forty, if she lives out her nine lives. She's a cat and I hate her."

"O puss—puss—puss," softly called her tormentor, peeping under vacant chairs and over the verandah rail.

"AT any rate, she holds your future in the hollow of her paw." She eyed him demurely.

"Nice little paw, too. I noticed it when we were playing Auction last night. Well—out with your story. You're just dying to disgorge. Isn't she, Millicent?"

"Can't we have some tea, dear? I talk so much better over a tea-cup. It's a trifle early, I know, but golf gives one a frightful thirst. Let me ring. Now, sit down and I'll give you full and disgusting details, as the papers say." She adjusted the cushions, smoothed out her skirt with a pair of very tanned hands, and drew her chair into a social

nearness to the other two. A page appeared and Mrs. Angstrom ordered tea.

"To begin, that woman is dangerous." She paused for her introduction to take full effect. "She lost her temper early in the game and decided she'd rather sit out on the second hazard under that apple tree. We no sooner got seated than she started in on a tirade against you, Millicent—and you, too, Ross."

"Me? What did the puss say about me?" cheerfully enquired Mrs. Angstrom. "Not that I care a rap. I've said far worse about her, many a time."

"Me? What did the puss say about me?" echoed Hilliard, solemnly.

"Well, she said that you are both very indiscreet."

"Ye gods! What a retribution," droned the man in the case.

"WHAT a terrible accusation, Tiny. What on earth does she mean?" Mrs. Angstrom laid aside her work as the page appeared with a wicker tray and the tea-table requisites.

"She said that it is disgraceful for Ross Hilliard, a young, good-looking bachelor—this is what she said, Ross—to be tagging around after a pretty married woman with a mythical husband."

"Mythical, indeed," snorted Hilliard, quickly subsiding at Millicent's frightened glance.

"She said that she is positive that Ross is in love with you, dear, and that you shouldn't be allowed to stay in the hotel with respectable people."

"Tiny! Did she say that?" demanded Mrs. Angstrom, with rising colour.

"She did, but I soon put a spoke in her wheel." The conversation was momentarily interrupted by the appearance of tea, but as soon as the buttons had turned the corner, both principals in the drama uttered the same query. "How?"

"Pour my tea, Millicent, and then I'll tell you. I suppose I've got us all into a terrible mess. No, lemon please. Brown bread, Ross. Oh, I scarcely know how to go on. I'm really afraid of you both. You won't be angry, will you?"

"Not on your life, Tiny. Go ahead." Hilliard helped himself to bread.

"Well, I said in a very chilly tone, 'Mrs. Whitney, for once your wonderful intuition has failed you. You are barking up the wrong tree.'"

"Cats don't bark, Tiny," interrupted Hilliard, maliciously.

"Hush, Ross—till I finish. 'Mr. Hilliard happens to be engaged to me,' I said, 'but as we haven't announced our engagement for family reasons, we are using Mrs. Angstrom as a blind. However, as the fat seems to be in the fire, we'll announce it right away—to-night—and, if you want to break the pleasing intelligence, you have my permission to throw the bomb.' Then, I told her that we'd

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