

THE WILD GEESE

BY Stanley J. Weyman.

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Synopsis of Previous Chapters

Colonel John Sullivan, an Irish soldier, who has served abroad for many years, returns to his native Kerry on the sloop, Cormorant, a French smuggling vessel, laden with Bordeaux wines. The cargo of the sloop is seized by the natives of Skull, against the futile protests of Captain Augustin, who realizes that he has no law on his side. Colonel Sullivan is coldly received by Flavia and her brother, The McMurrough, because of his alien faith and his undesirable position as their legal guardian. When Captain Augustin returns with Luke Asgill, the nearest justice, and demands the return of the confiscated cargo, Flavia and her guardian are in favor of returning the cargo on the Captain's payment of the dues. The McMurrough objects to this, but finally agrees to it, on Colonel Sullivan's offer to get back Flavia's favorite mare, which was seized by British soldiers. The Colonel and his servant, Bale, set out and find the mare at the barracks of Tralee. The Colonel is invited into the messroom by the English officers, and one of them, named Payton, seizes the mare and strikes Flavia in the face. The Colonel refuses to fight, because his right arm is permanently disabled. He wins a left-handed fencing bout with the maitre d'armes, at the same time winning the mare on a wager. At dinner, upon his return to Morristown, he is amazed when Flavia drinks a toast "to the King across the water," and fears that a rising is contemplated. His fears are realized next morning, when his kinsman, Ulrick, warns him that the place and time are ripe for a rising. The Colonel refuses and next morning after breakfast, is invited to join in a family council of war. He refuses to join the proposed uprising, knowing his futility. Fearing that the McMurrough and his friends imprison him.

open their eyes or raise their heads from the pillow they'd be seeing themselves driven into the salt ocean! So, while the house walls gave back the ruddy glare of the torches, and the barbed, bareheaded, laughing coltsens damped the thatch, and men confessed in one corner and kissed their girls in another, and the smiths in a third wrought hard at the pike heads—so the struggle depicted itself to more than one!

And all the time Cammock and the Bishop walked in the dark in the garden, a little apart from the turmoil, and, wrapped in their cloaks, talked in low voices, debating much of Sicily and Naples and the Cardinal and the Mediterranean fleet, and at times laughing at some court story. But they said, strange to tell, no word of Tralee, or of Kenmare, or of Dublin Castle, or even of Connaught. They were no visionaries. They had to do with greater things than these, and in doing them knew that they must spend to gain. The lives of a few score peasants, the ruin of half a dozen hamlets, what were these beside the diversion of a single squadron from the great pitched fight, already foreseen, where the excess of one battle might ruin an empire and its absence might ruin nations?

And one other man, and one only, because his life had been passed on their wider plane, and he could judge of the relative value of Connaught and Kent, divined the trend of their thoughts, and understood the deliberate wish which they prepared to sacrifice their pawns.

Colonel Sullivan sat in the upper room of one of the two towers that flanked the entrance to the fore-courtyard. He was with him, and the two, with the door doubly locked upon them and

check, was he one to put it from him? Colonel John's face grew long as he pondered the question; he had seen enough of James to feel considerable doubt about the answer. The fire on the height above the lake had died down, the one on the strand was a bed of red ashes. The lake lay buried in darkness, from which at intervals the cry of an owl as it moused along the shore rose mournfully.

But Colonel John was not one to give way to fears that might be baseless. "Let us sleep," he said, shrugging his shoulders. He lay down where he was, pillowing his head on a fishing net. Bale said nothing, but examined the door before he stretched himself across the threshold.

Half an hour after dawn they were roused. It was a heavy tramping on the stairs that awakened them. The door was quickly unlocked, it was thrown open, and the hairy face of O'Sullivan Og, who held it wide, looked in. Behind him were two of the boys with pikes—frowsy, savage, repellent figures, with drugged coats, tied by the sleeves about their necks.

"You'll be coming with us, Colonel, no less," Og said.

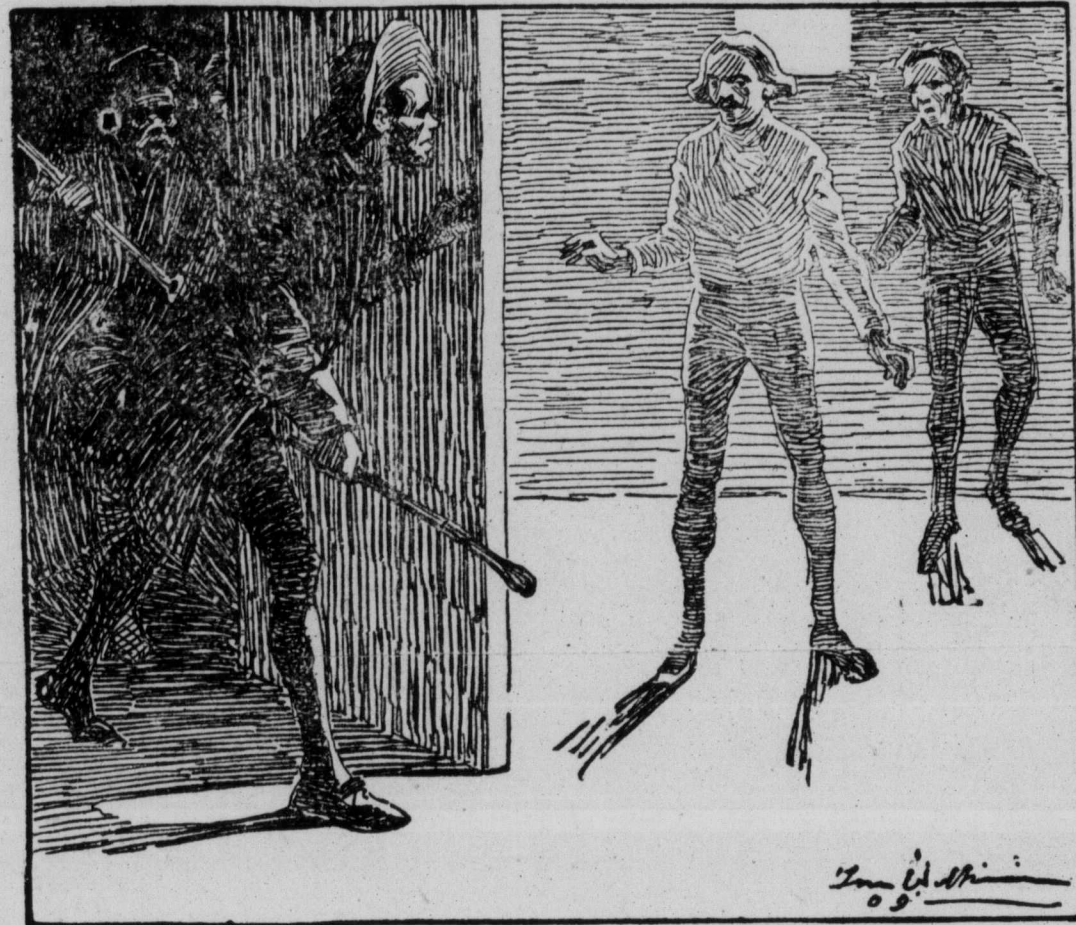
Colonel John looked at him. "Whither, my man?" he asked coolly. He and Bale had got to their feet at the first alarm.

"Och, sure, where it will be best for you," Og replied, with a leer.

"Both of us?" the Colonel asked, in the same hard tone.

"Faith, and why'd we be separating you, I'd be asking?"

Colonel John liked neither the man's tone nor his looks. But he was far above starting at shadows, and he guessed that resistance would be useless. "Very good," he said. "Lead on."



It Was a Heavy Tramping on the Stairs That Awakened Them

CHAPTER X.—(Continued)

A Council of War

Ay, silent's the word," Cammock growled.

"There could be no better place than one of the towers," The McMurrough asserted, "for keeping them safe, head!"

"And why'll they be safer there than in the house?" Uncle Ulrick asked suspiciously. He looked from one speaker to another with a boded frown, trying to read their minds. He was sure that they meant more than they said.

"Oh, for the good reason!" the young man returned contemptuously. "Isn't all the world passing the door upstairs? And what more easy than to open it?"

Cammock's eyes met the Bishop's. "The tower'll be best," he said.

"Draw off the people, and let them be taken there and a general set. We've matters of more importance to discuss now. This gathering tomorrow, to raise the country—what's the time fixed for it?"

But Flavia, who had listened with a face of perplexity, interposed. "Still, is my prisoner to be not stirred?" she said wistfully. "And if I answer for him?"

"By your leave, ma'am," Cammock replied, with decision, "one word. Women to women's work! I'll let no woman weave a halter for me!"

The room echoed low applause. And Flavia was silent.

CHAPTER XI.

A Message for the Young Master

James McMurrough cared little for his country and nothing for his faith. He cared only for himself, and but for the resentment which the provisions of his grandfather's will had bred in him, he would have seen the Irish race in Purgatory, and the Roman faith in a worse place, before he would have risked a finger to right the one or restore the other.

Once embarked, however, on the enterprise, vanity swept him onward. The night which followed Colonel Sullivan's arrest was a night long remembered at Morristown—a night to uplift the sagging and to kindle the faded spirits of the chief—as he strode among his admiring tenants, his presence greeted with Irish acclamations and his skirts kissed by devoted kernes—sniffed the pleasing incense and trod the ground to the measure of imagined music. The triumph that was never to be intoxicated him.

His people had kindled a huge bonfire in the middle of the forecourt, and beside this he extended a proclamation of countrymen, who, led by his priest, came to a second fire, for the comfort of the bated sword, had been kindled outside the gates, and was the centre of meriment less restrained, while a third, which served as a beacon to the valley and a proclamation of what was to come, glowed on the platform before the ruined tower at the head of the lake. From this last the red flames streamed far across the water, and now revealed a belated boat shooting from the shadow, now a troop of countrymen, who, led by their priest, came limping along the lake-side, ostensibly to join in the services of the morrow, but in reality to hear something and to do something toward freeing Old Ireland and shaking off the grip of the cursed Saxon.

In the more settled parts of the land such a summons had brought them from their rude shielings among the hills would have passed for a dark jest. But in this remote spot the notion of overthrowing the hated power by means of a few score pikes did not seem preposterous, either to these poor folk or their betters. Cammock, of course, knew the truth, and the Bishop, everthrowing the hated notion of hopelessness in the plan. That plan was first to fall upon Tralee in combination with a couple of sloops said to be lying in Galway Bay, and afterward to surprise Kenmare. Masters of these old standards, they proposed to raise the old standard, to call Connaught to their aid, to cry a crusade. And faith, as Sir Donny said, before the Castle tyrants could

guarded by a sentry whose crooning they could hear, shared such comfort as a pitcher of water and a gloomy outlook afforded. The darkness hid the medley of odds and ends which littered their prison; but the inner of the two slanting windows that lighted the room admitted a thin shaft of firelight that, dancing among the uncovered rafters, told of the fire below. Bale, starting morosely at the crowd about the fire, crouched in the play of the window, while the Colonel, in the same posture at the other window, gazed with feelings not more cheerful on the dark lake. He was concerned for himself and his companion. But he was more gravely concerned for those whose advocate he had made himself—for the ignorant coters in their lowly hovels, for the women and the children, upon whom the inevitable punishment would fall. He doubted, now that it was too late, the wisdom of the course he had taken; and, blaming himself for precipitation, he fancied that if he had acted with a little more guile, a little less haste, his remonstrance might have had greater weight.

William Bale, as was natural, thought more of his own position. "May the fire burn them!" he muttered, his ire excited by some prank of the party below. "The Turks were polite beside these barefoot devils!"

"You'd have said the other thing at Bender," the Colonel answered, turning his head.

"Ay, your honor," Bale returned; "a man never knows when he is well off."

His master laughed. "I'd have you apply that now," he said.

"So I would if it weren't that I've a kind of a seener at those black bog holes," Bale said. "To be planted head first's no proper end of a man, to my thinking, and if there's not something of the kind in those ragamuffin's minds I'm precious mistaken."

"Pook, man, you're frightening yourself," the Colonel answered. "But the room was dank and chill, the lake without lay lonely, and the picture which Bale's words called up was not pleasant to the bravest. "It's a civilized land, and they'd not think of it!"

"There's one, and that's the young lady's brother," Bale answered darkly. "would not pull us out by the feet! I'll swear to that. Your honor's too much in his way, if what they say in the house is true."

"Pook!" the Colonel answered again.

"We're of one blood," Bale said.

"Cain and Abel," Bale said.

"There's example for it," Bale added and he chuckled.

The Colonel scolded him anew. But having done so he could not shake off the impression which the man's words had made on him. While he lived he was a constant and an irritating check upon James McMurrough. If the young man saw a chance of getting rid of that

The old man began to shake—he had an Irishman's superstition. "I do, your honor. But the saints be between us and harm," he continued, with the same gesture of distress. "Who's speaking of will?"

"Only tell him that in his bed," Colonel John repeated, with an urgent look. "That is all."

"And by your leave, it is now we'll be going," Og interposed sharply. "We are late already for what we've to do."

"There are some things," the Colonel replied with a steady look, "which it is well to be late about."

Then, without further remonstrance, he and Bale, with their guard, marched out through the gate and took the road along the lake—that same road by which the Colonel had come some days before from the French sloop. The men with the firelocks walked beside them, one on either flank, while the pikemen guarded them behind, and O'Sullivan Og brought up the rear.

They had not taken twenty paces before the fog swallowed up the party, and henceforth they walked in a sea of mist, like men moving in a nightmare from which they cannot awake. The clammy vapor chilled them to the bone, while the unceasing wailing of sea-gulls, borne off the lough, the whistle of an unseen wind on the hillsides, the sobbing of waves on some ghastly bird swept over them—these were sounds to depress men who had reason to suspect that they were being led to a treacherous end.

The Colonel, though he masked his apprehension under an impenetrable firmness, began to fear no less than that—and with cause. He observed that O'Sullivan's followers were of the lowest type of kerne, islanders in all probability, such as those whom he had never seen before from the skenes, and whose one orderly instinct consisted in a blind obedience to their chief. O'Sullivan Og himself he believed to be a lawless business; a fierce, unscrupulous man, prospering on his lack of scruple. The Colonel could swear nothing but ill from the hands to which he had been entrusted, and worse from the manner in which he had behaved. The man's sure, shambling stride, stole from time to time a glance at him, as if he fancied they saw the winding-sheet high on his breast.

Some, so placed, and feeling themselves wholly isolated by the fog, and entirely at these men's mercy, might have lost their firmness. But he did not; nor did Bale, though the servant's face betrayed the keenness of his anxiety. They weighed, indeed, the chances of escape; such chances as a headlong rush into the fog might afford to unarmed men, uncertain where they were. But the Colonel reflected that it was possible that that was the very course upon which O'Sullivan Og counted for his escape; and for a second objection, the two could not, so closely were they guarded, communicate with each other.

After all, the McMurrough's plan might amount to no more than their detention in some secret place among the hills. Colonel John hoped so, at least, and he could not but think all of things; of O'Sullivan Og's silence, of the men's stealthy glances, of the uncanny hour. And when they came presently to a point where a faintly marked track left the road, the party, at a word from their leader, turned into it, he thought was of the matter. Was it his fancy—or was he far from nervous—or were the men beginning to look impatiently at one another? Was it his fancy, or were they beginning to press more closely on their prisoners, as if they sought a quarrel? He imagined that he read in one man's eyes the question "When?" and in another's the question "Now?"

And a third, he thought, handled his weapon in an ominous fashion.

Colonel John was a brave man, inured to danger, one who had faced death in many forms. But the lack of arms shakes the bravest, and it needed even his nerve to confront without a quiver the fate that, if his fears were justified, lay before them: the sure and violent death, and the black bog-water which would swallow all traces of the crime. But he did not lose his firmness or lower his crest for a moment.

By and by the track, which for a time had ascended, began to run downward. The path grew less sound. The mist, which was thicker than before, shut them in on the spot where they walked, as in a world desolate and from but now again a ragged thorn tree or a furze bush, dripping with moisture, showed ghostlike to right or left. There was nothing to indicate the point they were approaching, or how far they were likely to travel, until his Colonel, peering keenly before them, caught the gleam of water. It was gone as soon as seen, the mist falling again like a curtain; but he had seen it, and he looked back to see what Og was doing. He caught him also in the act of looking over his shoulder. Was he making sure that they were beyond the chance of interruption?

It might be so; and Colonel John wheeled about quickly, thinking that while O'Sullivan Og's attention was directed elsewhere he might take one of the other men by surprise, seize his weapon and make a fight for his and his servant's life. But he met only sinister looks, eyes that watched his smallest movement with suspicion, and ready to pounce to strike him if he budged. And then, out of the mist before them, loomed the gaunt figure of a man walking space toward them.

The meeting appeared to be as little expected by the stranger as by Og's party. For not only did he spring aside and leave the track to give them a wide berth, but he went warily, with his feet in the bog. Some word was cried to him in the Erse; he answered, for a moment he appeared to be going to stop. Then he passed on and was lost in the mist.

But he left a change behind him. One of the firelock men broke into hasty speech, glancing, the Colonel noticed, at him and Bale, as if they were the subjects of his words. O'Sullivan Og answered the man curtly and harshly; but before the reply was off his lips a second man broke in vehemently in support of the other. They all halted; for a few seconds all spoke at once. Then, as Colonel John was beginning to hope that they would quarrel, O'Sullivan Og gave way with sullen reluctance, and a man ran back the way they had come, shouting a name. Before the prisoners could decide whether his absence afforded a chance of escape he was back again, and with him the man

who had passed in the bog. Colonel John looked at the stranger and recognized him; and, a man of quick wit, he knew on the instant that he had to face the worst. His face set more hard, more firm—if it turned also a shade paler. He addressed his companion. "They've called him back to confess us," he muttered in Bale's ear.

(To be Continued)

WHERE THE LION IS LORD

SCRIBNER'S Magazine for November publishes a second instalment of President Roosevelt's adventures in Central Africa in the Lion's Land. It is even more interesting than the first chapter. Mr. Roosevelt writes much more picturesquely in Africa than he used to write at the White House. His narrative is literally stuffed with hunting yarns, told at first and second hand. Here is the story of how Mr. Roosevelt shot his first lion.

Mr. Roosevelt mounted on Old Tranquo, the stout and quiet sorrel, and accompanied by Sir Alfred Pease, Lady and Miss Pease, with other friends and beaters, located two lions in a patch of tall thick brush.

"We rode up to it and shouted loudly. The response was immediate in the shape of loud grunting and crashing through the thick brush. We were off our horses in an instant. I sprang one side, and then, even though I was afraid, uncertain whether we should see the lions charging out ten yards distant, or running away. Fortunately, they adopted the latter course. Right in front of me, thirty yards off, there appeared a fine head of a lion which had first screened him from my eyes, the tawny, galling form of a big maneless lion. Crack! The Winchester spoke; and as the soft-nosed bullet ploughed forward through his flank the lion swayed to that I missed him with the second shot; but my third bullet went through the spine and forward into his chest. Down he came, sixty yards off, his hind-quarters dragging, his head up, his ears back, his jaws open, and his lips drawn up in a prodigious snarl, as he endeavored to turn to face us. His back was broken; but of this we could not at the moment be sure, and if it had merely been grazed, he might have recovered, and then, even though dying, his charge might have done mischief. So Kermit, Sir Alfred, and I fired, almost together, into his chest. His head sank, and he died."

THE INFLUENZA SEASON

THE simple fact that the "cold season" falls at the same time as the "influenza season" is the cause of the loss of a great many lives and of measureless unnecessary suffering each year. "I thought it was an ordinary cold, and so I took no particular precautions." This is the sort of answer the doctor almost invariably gets when he asks an influenza patient who ought to have been in bed for the past week, why he is struggling to keep up and about.

The trouble is that it is no easy matter during the earlier stages of influenza to tell whether it is merely severe cold coming on or whether one is really in the grip of what is undoubtedly the deadliest of the winter diseases. The safest rule is to look with suspicion during the influenza season on any cold which is accompanied by any appreciable prostration or more than a degree or two of fever.

The ordinary cold commencing with chilly feelings, a sneeze or two, and a stuffed-up feeling in the nose, with perhaps a ticklish, dry feeling at the back of the mouth, is rarely accompanied by the intense prostration which is one of the earliest symptoms of influenza.

If, together with the cold-in-the-head symptoms, most of your bones, particularly those of the legs, ache, and you feel unaccountably tired and mentally depressed, suspect influenza. The profoundness of the prostration, which is so much greater than one would expect from such trifling local symptoms, is one of the most striking characteristics of the disease.

The importance of an early differential diagnosis between a common catarrhal cold and an influenza attack lies in the fact that influenza is curable, properly speaking, only within the first few days after its onset.

If allowed to pass this stage uncurred, medicines are of little use, and the patient only returns to normal health gradually, after the germs which have become implanted in his system gradually lose their virulence and die off of their own accord.

It is also generally believed that the influenza victim is infectious (that is, liable to hand his disease directly on to his neighbors) only during the first few days of his attack. Hence, if he fails to recognize his disease until the period is passed he may unsuspectingly infect his whole family.

Besides the cold-in-the-head type there are three other varieties of influenza attacks.

In the nervous type the symptoms are a splitting headache, and profound general prostration, with pain in the limbs and back. Any of the nerves in the body may be singled out for the attentions of the germ, different forms of neuritis resulting. Melancholia and other brain symptoms may exist for months after these attacks.

In this form there may be absolutely no cold in the head or other catarrhal symptoms noticeable, but it should not be forgotten that in this, as in all other varieties, influenza is very catching, and the patient should be isolated as much as possible.

In the gastro-intestinal form the chief symptoms, very similar to those resulting from food poisoning, are an uneasy, intense abdominal pains, and collapse. Often there are two or three degrees of fever.

In the febrile type the chief symptom is fever, which may persist for several weeks as in typhoid, or may be remittent with chills somewhat resembling malaria.

THE COMPLACENCY OF A. J. BALFOUR

ARTHUR J. BALFOUR, the leader of the British Opposition, whose speech last week was an important prelude to the coming election campaign, is a man quite different from the ordinary conception of what a popular leader should be. In this campaign he has demonstrated for the second time that he thinks for himself and cannot be bullied.

Years ago, long before the silver had fringed his hair, Mr. Balfour conclusively demonstrated this fact when he was Chief Secretary for Ireland. Those were the Penian times, and Mr. Balfour, harassed by the interecine strife that raged so wildly in the country which was his duty to administer, found himself faced in the House of Commons by a solid Irish party, weighty in numbers, forceful in intellect, and unwavering in hostility. There has never been such an Irish party since. They were led and inspired by a genius in political warfare; and they were exhilarated by a succession of political victories. They had broken the hearts of two Chief Secretaries—men of leading and reputation.

From such successes it may well be imagined that they turned half contemptuous to the task of demolishing Mr. Balfour—a politician so frail in external parts and so delicate in his habits of thought. What resulted is common history. Mr. Balfour stamped out disorder and outrage in Ireland; and he showed the Irish party that he was a person whom they could not hector or enjole from the path of action he had marked for himself.

In politics short memories are as general as they frequently are useful, but it is difficult to understand how such a lesson as this could be forgotten in a generation. That it was forgotten, however, is certain. No sooner had Mr. Chamberlain entered upon his Tariff Reform campaign, that hosts of friends and foes rose up with the intention of forcing Mr. Balfour out of his individual methods of procedure. Words were to be thrust into his throat. Opinions were to be extracted from him if necessary by the aid of a corkscrew. Again the result of all these endeavors is a matter of common knowledge. The Irish lesson was retaught. For the second time the political world learnt that Mr. Balfour could not be bullied or driven.

So the host of friends and foes who had risen up with the common purpose of forcing Mr. Balfour into a certain House of Opinion, which they had very thoughtfully established and furnished for his intellectual habitation, once into line behind Mr. Balfour and followed his leadership; the foes, in their discomfort had recourse to the dictionary and discovered four words which they have never since tired of attaching to Mr. Balfour and his methods. The four symbols of magic are well known to all; they are—"Equivocalness," "Obscurity," "Sophistry," and "Ambiguity."

CHAPTER XII.

A Message for the Young Master

James McMurrough cared little for his country and nothing for his faith. He cared only for himself, and but for the resentment which the provisions of his grandfather's will had bred in him, he would have seen the Irish race in Purgatory, and the Roman faith in a worse place, before he would have risked a finger to right the one or restore the other.

Once embarked, however, on the enterprise, vanity swept him onward. The night which followed Colonel Sullivan's arrest was a night long remembered at Morristown—a night to uplift the sagging and to kindle the faded spirits of the chief—as he strode among his admiring tenants, his presence greeted with Irish acclamations and his skirts kissed by devoted kernes—sniffed the pleasing incense and trod the ground to the measure of imagined music. The triumph that was never to be intoxicated him.

His people had kindled a huge bonfire in the middle of the forecourt, and beside this he extended a proclamation of countrymen, who, led by his priest, came to a second fire, for the comfort of the bated sword, had been kindled outside the gates, and was the centre of meriment less restrained, while a third, which served as a beacon to the valley and a proclamation of what was to come, glowed on the platform before the ruined tower at the head of the lake. From this last the red flames streamed far across the water, and now revealed a belated boat shooting from the shadow, now a troop of countrymen, who, led by their priest, came limping along the lake-side, ostensibly to join in the services of the morrow, but in reality to hear something and to do something toward freeing Old Ireland and shaking off the grip of the cursed Saxon.

In the more settled parts of the land such a summons had brought them from their rude shielings among the hills would have passed for a dark jest. But in this remote spot the notion of overthrowing the hated power by means of a few score pikes did not seem preposterous, either to these poor folk or their betters. Cammock, of course, knew the truth, and the Bishop, everthrowing the hated notion of hopelessness in the plan. That plan was first to fall upon Tralee in combination with a couple of sloops said to be lying in Galway Bay, and afterward to surprise Kenmare. Masters of these old standards, they proposed to raise the old standard, to call Connaught to their aid, to cry a crusade. And faith, as Sir Donny said, before the Castle tyrants could

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