

a good set of features, but a pair of evil-looking eyes that never were at rest, but seemed to be continually playing at hide-and-seek with one another round his nose. Tom did not much like the look of either; but he sat still and thought in his corner, waiting till Doris should return, when he would wish her good-night and pursue his road home. They did not observe him, so he did not intrude himself upon them. The big man threw himself into a chair by the fire with a curse, and said,

"Well, since we are here we must make the best of it. It is an infernal nuisance to be stopped as we are; but never mind, I've weathered a campaign or two in my life, and won't be put out for a woman. Sit down, and let's talk over matters."

"Well," replied the younger man, "let's have something to drink. I'm so cussedly cold, that I don't know which are my fingers and which are my toes. Just ring, will you, Major?"

The Major rang, and Doris appeared. As she entered, Tom noticed that they both started, and looked at her. She did not see Tom in the corner, and he felt uncommonly like a spy, but something rooted him to his chair.

"Make us a good hot drink, my dear," said the Major; "we've travelled a long way, and Blackheath snow and wind are colder than anywhere else, I believe."

She disappeared, and the two strangers began to talk in an undertone. Tom did not wish to listen, but he heard the name Doris so frequently mentioned that he rose. As he rose he stumbled against the table, and the strangers started up.

"You don't mean to say that you've been in here all this time?" hissed the burly Major.

"Have you overheard what we were saying?"

"Not a word," stammered Tom, in a regular tremble. "I'm only a poor traveller, gentlemen. I didn't like to disturb you, so I didn't move; but I'll go now, and you need not fear further interruption."

He left the room, meeting Doris in the passage with a huge jug of steaming Kentish posset, gave her a kiss, and went out on his homeward road.

As he passed the Green Man the next morning Doris was leaning out of the bow-window, and she said,

"Tom, I have something to show you, so don't be later than you can help to-night."

Tom promised he would not, and wondered what Doris could have to show him; perhaps some little nicknack—her nimble fingers were always working him nicknacks. Then he thought of the law case, of the two gallants in the parlour, and their frequent mention of the name he loved best of all others, and in his simple mind had constructed a regular story, in which Doris figured as the long-hidden heiress, and he the poor suitor who afterwards tumbled into affluence and good fortune.

Doris met him at the door as he came home, and took him immediately into the parlor where he had been sitting the night before.

"Look here," said she, holding out a crumpled piece of paper; "after you had gone last night, the two travellers who came by the coach sat here till nearly two in the morning. As I was dusting out the place just before you passed I found this on the floor:—"

Tom took the paper and read:

"MAIDSTONE, Jan. 2, 1780.

"DEAR NEPHEW,—I hear that the law hounds are on the track of the heiress, and that we are suspected. We must make it our business to find her out, and if possible to get her away without noise and bother. I am going up to town by the mail on the 15th; so if you can leave Rumley in time, we might travel together.

Thine, PENDERTON."

"This is very important, Doris, and I must ask you to leave it with me. I rather think that it throws a light on our case," said Tom, after having read and reread the note three or four times. "Tell me, have the two men gone?"

"Yes," said Doris, "but not to town. They left here about five o'clock on foot, going in the direction of Shooter's Hill. As they have not settled up their bill, and have left their travelling-bags behind, I presume they sleep here to-night."

"Well, good-night, Doris," said Tom; "I'll go home and think over this."

Poor Tom always gave everything the fullest consideration, probably of his utter inability to grasp the matter at once. But in this case his wits seemed to have been unnaturally sharpened, and he was now fully persuaded that the solution of the Rumley estate problem lay with him, that the Doris of parlour conversation was his Doris—for to him there was but one Doris in the world—and that she must be the heiress referred to in the note. Full of these happy sanguine dreams he shouldered his bag, and actually ran along the road leading to home.

It was still snowing, but he knew his road well, and although he had once tripped up and fallen into a disused gravel-pit, he only stopped fairly to take breath at Jack Cade's Mound. This is a mound with some half-dozen trees upon it, from which the story-tellers, the famous popular agitator addressed his Kentish army in 1450.

Carpet-beaters monopolised the mound for the exercise of their craft until quite lately, when the Lewisham Board of Works stepped in, railed it in, and planted it with bushes; but it is still known as Jack Cade's Mound, and will be so known till the day when Blackheath is cut up for villa residences.

Tom stopped at the mound, threw his bag on the ground, and was about to peruse the letter again by the light of his small lantern, when he saw two figures approach him. His knees trembled, and his heart jumped into his mouth, for he was well versed in endless stories about the utter ruthlessness of Blackheath highwaymen; and although he had never met one before, inasmuch at his homeward path lay away from the main road, he was now full convinced that his hour had come, and accordingly made preparation to surrender all he had.

"I've only this bag, gentlemen," he whimpered, containing a few worthless papers, and to it you are welcome."

"O, curse your bag," said one of the figures; "we don't want that. We are not footpads yet are we, Ned?"

"Ned!" thought Tom; "that's the name in the letter." And as they came up he recognized his two companions of the parlour.

"Why, hang me, Penderton," said the other, "if it isn't our friend of the parlour!"

They whispered together for a few minutes, and then came up to Tom face to face.

"Now look here, my man," said the burly one; "you look as if a good job wouldn't make you miserable, but you musn't ask any questions about it. If you'll do what we want this shall be yours;" and he shook a bag of coin in Tom's face.

"But—but," stammered Tom, "there isn't to be any shooting or killing or murder, is there?"

"Pshaw!" laughed the Major. "Not a bit of it. All we want to do is to have a carriage and four horses at this spot to-morrow night at nine o'clock. Your friends at the Green Man will let you have them. Mind, they must be good horses, for we must be in Maidstone by to-morrow at noon."

Delighted at getting off so cheaply, Tom promised. The two gentlemen disappeared in the snow, and he went on his road. "I see it all," said he to himself gleefully, as he plodded on. "Fool as I am, my conjectures have been correct. Two men don't want a carriage and four horses at night for themselves. The men are mixed up in the Rumley estate case, and if my darling Doris is not the heiress referred to in the letter, my name is not Tom Archer."

The next morning Tom was earlier than usual on his road to Greenwich, for he had not slept a wink all night, and was burning to arrange matters so as to trap the adventurers, as he concluded his friends of Jack Cade's Mound to be. Instead of bidding Doris good-morning simply, as was his wont, he beckoned to her to come down. She came to the door, looking prettier than he had ever seen her before, as the keen morning air tinged her cheeks with healthy red, and made her eyes sparkle with two-fold brilliancy. Tom took her aside and told her his adventure of the previous evening. She was beside herself with joy, and promised to do all that Tom should direct her; so he said:

"Doris, if these men should find a pretext to-night for sending you out, go at once; let there be a carriage and four horses waiting at Jack Cade's Mound at nine o'clock. Don't tell any one of the affair, and be quite sure that no harm shall happen to you."

Doris promised, they embraced, and Tom ran on his road to Greenwich. Arrived at the office, he acquainted his employers with all the circumstances of the case, and showed in support of his story the letter found in the parlour. At first they poo-pooled the idea that a poor simple drudge like Tom should be able to throw any light on a matter they had been attempting to sift for months; but he was so earnest in his entreaties that they should act upon his information that they consented to take four well-armed men, and go with him to the rendezvous. Accordingly at nine o'clock that night Tom, with his two masters and the four Bow-street runners, were at Jack Cade's Mound on wild Blackheath. It blew a regular tempest, and the snow drove through the air in sharp cutting blasts, forming huge drifts as it fell. Not a light was visible, and the whole surroundings of the spot were as bleak and desolate as possible. A distant clock tolled the hour of nine; the runners looked to their pistols, Tom with his employers stood behind the trees of the Mound, and all strained their eyes in the direction of the Green Man. A quarter of an hour elapsed, but yet not a sound. The runners cursed the cold, and the lawyers told Tom that he was playing them false. Tom himself was in an agony of doubts and fears. Suddenly in the dense blackness two lights flashed. Tom ran forward, and saw a carriage and four stumbling along the snow-buried road. He waved his lantern, and the postillions pulled up their horses; he knew them both; told them the reason of his being at the Mound; then went back to his hiding-place, and waited for the next and final act. Nor had he to wait long, for in a very few minutes two horsemen came up, spurring their horses through the thick snow. Every one held his breath; one of the horsemen alighted, tied his horse to a tree on the Mound, spoke a word to the postillions, and went to his friend, who remained on horseback. Tom watched every movement with the eyes of a tiger; he saw the second horseman erect on his steed, and he saw his love Doris seated behind him. The first horseman in whom Tom recognized by his burly form the Major, lifted Doris off the horse, placed her in carriage, and then with his friend jumped in. Scarcely had the door slammed when the ambush jumped out, Tom foremost. There was a flash, the report of a pistol and a sound of shattered glass. Tom fell heavily on the road. But

the prey were captured; they were two to six armed men, and although they cursed at the postillions for not driving ahead, yielded. Poor Doris shrieked as she saw Tom's inanimate form in the snow; but they lifted him into the carriage, upon examination found that fright had done more to hurt him than anything else, for there was but a bullet graze on the left temple.

Back to the Green Man went the procession. They found that the whole establishment had turned out with blunderbusses, swords, and lanterns, on hearing the sounds of firing on the heath, and a hearty cheer greeted the party as it drew up. The two prisoners were first taken out, then Tom, then Doris. The prisoners were pale as death; Tom was conscious, but talking wildly; and Doris was crying like a child.

On the prisoners were found the whole of the papers relating to the whole of the Rumley estates, together with the forged leases and the will leaving the property to Doris Coombe when she should come of age. The proofs were overwhelming, and Tom became the hero of the hour. The partners now servilely turned round and congratulated him on his good fortune; but Doris made them go about their business, reminding them that their share in the discovery was very small. She then related how the two adventurers had asked her to point them out the nearest way to Shooter's Hill; how when they had got beyond the houses they had seized her, lifted her on horseback, and brought her to Cade's Mound. They had nothing to say, they admitted all. The 'Major,' who had dropped every bit of swagger, and who now appeared the most abject of creatures, told how Doris when a little girl had been hidden away at the death of her parents, forced to change her surname, and trained up to menial occupations, whilst he, a distant relation, obtained possession of the family papers, and with his youngest friend enjoyed the estate.

So ends the tale that hung round the old Green Man for many years. Doris Coombe of course married Tom Archer, and the family still hold the Rumley estates; the Major and his friend were hung at Maidstone for forgery and abduction before an immense concourse of people; and the landlord of the Green Man drove a roaring trade by letting out the carriage in which the plotters were captured at extra charge till it fell to pieces, and by showing the identical bag which Tom dropped, and which Doris patched up.

GARIBALDI.

Caprera is a small, narrow island—a green rock, in fact, with a few patches of soil here and there—of about twenty-two miles in circuit and three to four in width, separated from the northernmost point of Sardinia by a strip of sea two and a half miles across. The only habitations are a few shepherds' huts and Garibaldi's house situated on the western side about three quarters of a mile on the higher ground. It is a one-storied building, i. e., a ground floor only, divided into seven plain, unadorned rooms; a kitchen, with appliances any small farmer's wife in England would consider very insufficient; a dining-room, with a plain deal table, large enough, however, to accommodate a party of twenty-five; a little store-room; three bed-rooms for his children and any friends who may land upon the island; and his own bed-chamber and study combined—a good-sized room with two windows, a carpet less boarded floor like the deck of a ship, and whitewashed walls. Its chief articles of furniture are a plain roomy, iron bedstead, four common chairs, a simple writing-table, an old-fashioned chest of drawers, and a shower-bath.

On the bed is a splendid counterpane of white cashmere, most exquisitely embroidered for him in silk by the ladies of Milan; and standing in one corner, as carelessly as if they were a bundle of sticks are several swords of honor, with Damascus blades and hilts of gold set with gems, presented to him by his fellow-countrymen of Nice, Rome, and other cities; but what he prizes far more is a box of tools for cultivating and engraving vines sent him by some friend in England. Flung over the back of one of the chairs is a handsome poncho of a rich white material lined with red, the gift of a distinguished Milanese lady. Hung against the wall are a telescope and a binocular, both presents from England. These were used by him in the campaign of 1860; and on his writing table, together with a volume of Plutarch and some works on mathematics, lies a book of harbor plans given to him years ago at a moment of need by the Captain of an English ship in the port of Canton. On the floor by his bedside there is a tiger skin to step upon; above the head of the bed hangs his mother's portrait, and at the side is a stand on which lie a revolver and a dagger.

The dagger is another record of his wife. She always wore it hanging from her waist; and after her death, during the retreat from Rome in 1849, Garibaldi continued to carry it in remembrance of her until he lost it from his side during the fight at Caserta, on the first of October, 1860. It was found, however, by a Calabrese, who restored it to the General, and since then its place has been by his bedside. Unless the General rings his bell, no one is permitted to enter his room with the exception only of his son Menotti. On the walls of the dining room hang some water-colors representing episodes in the Montevideo war of independence, a photograph of an incident in the siege of Venice in 1849, and in one corner a Brazilian lance carried by one of his favorite troopers in South America. Outside of the door of his room is a Mexican saddle, with stirrups of silver made in the form of

reversed crowns. This was a present from a Mexican friend and is a record of the battle at Melazzo. It was when he used it there that part of one of the stirrups was shot away by a cannon ball.

A little to the north of the cottage stands one of those portable iron imitations for colonial use sent to Garibaldi from England. Its four little rooms and kitchen are occupied by Bassi, his secretary, and opposite to it is the mill where the flour for the General's family and household is ground. The household numbers but three persons—an old soldier, a Venetian emigrant, who acts as the General's orderly, and serves for love, not for money; another man who cooks, and a woman to do the tidying up. The guests at Caprera are required to make their own beds.

The first on foot in the morning is the General himself. He rises at four o'clock, and, without taking anything to eat, goes off to look after some pets who inhabit the border and surface of a small pond not far from the house—a flock of geese. On the alert for his coming, they waddle, cackling and clapping their wings, to meet him. He feeds them, and then, having gone back to the house for a few moments to get his cup of black coffee, he sets to work in his fields until about an hour before midday, when he returns home, looks over and signs letters Bassi, his secretary, has written according to his instructions, and attends to other matters until dinner time at noon. Some twelve or thirteen years ago he used to employ this hour in teaching a little shepherd boy named Luca Spano. The boy was little more than a certain; but by dint of steady, quiet perseverance and kindness Garibaldi succeeded in making something of him. He had learned to read well, write a good hand, and was progressing well, when, on the 24th of July, 1866, he fell by the General's side, fighting like a hero at Monte Suello, in the Tyrol.

Dinner at Caprera is always a very simple meal; minestra, i. e. soup with Italian paste or vegetables in it, followed by two dishes at the most, and no wine on the table. At the end of about an hour the General leaves the table, and, going to his room, throws himself dressed upon the bed, sleeps for a while, and then reads the papers or any book he is interested in. At four o'clock he goes back to his work in the fields until 6 or 6½, when he returns home again to soup. After supper he returns to his rooms, never neglects to write a page in his journal, and note the meteorological changes of the day, and is generally in bed at the time when a great part of the world are beginning to turn night into day.

After clothes were paid for, Garibaldi's means would not, until very recently, go far toward providing food for even so simple a table as his; fish must be caught and game snared or shot. When fish are wanted the whole of the little population of Caprera rise at midnight. The signal is given by trumpet call blown by the General's orderly; the boats are launched, and the party, going well out to sea, cast the nets for a haul, and return soon after daybreak with sufficient to feed the few inhabitants of the island for a couple of days and leave a quantity to be smoked or dried for future provision.

For game, there are excursions over to Sardinia, where it abounds; and according to the season good bags of pheasant, partridge, wild duck, quail, and woodcock are made. From time to time a wild boar is shot, but that is as chance offers; for, being a sport involving expense, Garibaldi's party have not generally preserved it.

Once a week, every Sunday morning, one of the Rubattino line of steamers touches at the Maddalena, and lands the Caprera mail bag. It generally contains some six hundred letters and as many newspapers from all parts of the world. Of these at least sixty will be from England, Australia, and other parts of the British dominions, containing advice of presents sent to him, or expressions of admiration for what he has done for liberty and his country; while he complains that too many of those from Italy are filled with perulant complaints of the Government.

It not unfrequently happened that the mail brought registered letters from anonymous correspondents containing five and ten pound Bank of England notes; but now Garibaldi has no need of this. And it must not be forgotten that, during the time when it was known that he would take no money recognition from Italy for the services he had rendered her, while at the same time his needs were great and often pressing, his friends and admirers in the United States were behind no others in sending him material aid.

The next Sunday when the steamer calls again, the answers are sent off, always with the postage unpaid; and together with them, from time to time, trenchant, pithy letters, written by the General to one or other of his intimate friends, in condemnation or approval of some policy expressing sympathy or admiration with events his correspondents or the newspapers have made him acquainted with; or some individual or cause. Immediately he received the news of the abolition of capital punishment in Italy, he wrote this note to the Minister of Grace and Justice:

To the Minister Mancini, Rome:

To you, Colossus of law, I augur, after the abolition of the executioner, the abolition of the butchery of war.

My family remember you with affection.

G. GARIBALDI.