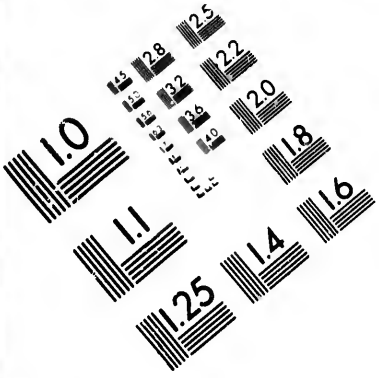

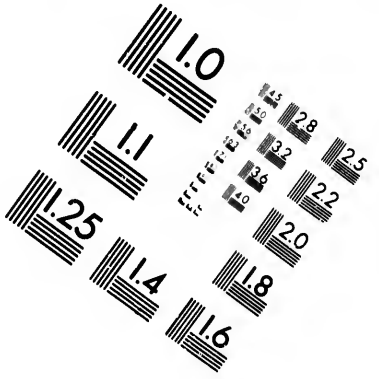

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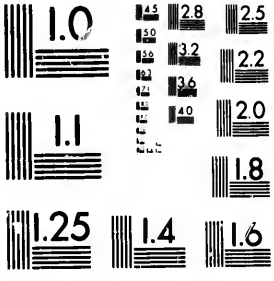

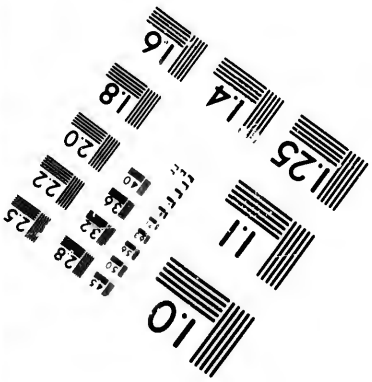

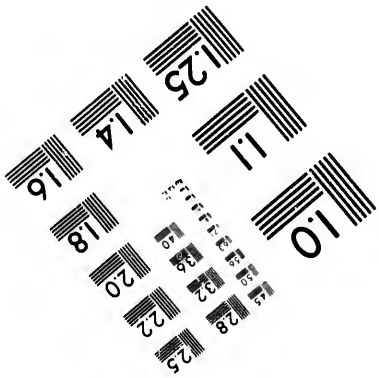

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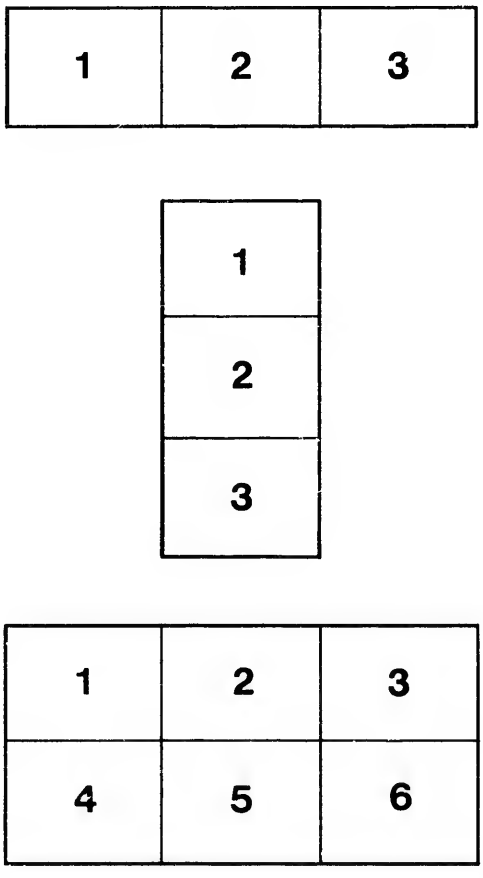

PERSEVERANCE WINS:

—THE—

Career of a Travelling Correspondent,

BY STEPHEN CURETON.

ENGLAND, CANADA, UNITED STATES, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS,
NEW ZEALAND, AUSTRALIA, EGYPT, ITALY.

TORONTO:
J. P. CLOUGHER, PUBLISHER. | R. G. MCLEAN, PRINTER.

CUNTONS S

R. G. McLEAN, PRINTER, TORONTO.

DEDICATION.

My Dear Mother,—It having been my lot to spend the past winter in a, to me, strange city, without books, friends or acquaintances, to relieve the monotonous tedium of the long winter evenings, I have endeavored to write in simple language a simple story.

In many of the characters you will no doubt recognize under fictitious names the friends of my youth.

The different idiosyncracies contained in my story have cost me many long stretches of memory and imagination, but in the delineation of the characteristics I have endeavored to portray in Mrs. Ethelbert, I had only to close my eyes and in the mind's eye see a living, breathing model—my mother.

The tale was written for your private perusal alone, in a moment of weakness, possibly of conceit. A friend was given the work to read, and at his solicitation it went from him into the hands of the publisher.

Kindly grant your indulgence for the language used therein, on the ground that it is a faithful representation of the common forms of speech used by the different classes of people in the various countries I have visited.

Do not think it is with affectation the statement is made, that during my erratic career, I have, no matter under what conditions I have been placed, never felt one moment's fear, for did I not know that twice a day on bended knee, my pure, sweet, sympathic Mother would pray, that He who watches over all would guide, guard and bless her absent son.

Your devoted, and, I trust, obedient son,

STEPHEN CURETON.

TO THE READER.

During a trip through that extensive range of country from the Red River to the Rocky Mountains, more familiarly known as Manitoba, and the Northwest Territory of Canada, the author made copious notes of his experiences, embracing facts of incidents, adventures, and observation.

Circumstances, which a perusal of this volume may suggest, made it advisable to destroy the bulky book of notes.

Any political or social opinions are simply the individual thoughts of the author obtruded as the occasion under illustration occurred.

At the end of this book will be found a glossary containing an interpretation of words and phrases not in common use; also the key to cipher despatch, and extract of log taken during the voyage from Australia to England.

The *Latest* letters are not overdrawn. The writer has seen a belt of valuable walnut timber in a section of the Northwest Territory, which the Government maps indicate to be a treeless region.

THE AUTHOR.

PERSEVERANCE WINS:

THE CAREER OF A TRAVELLING CORRESPONDENT.

CHAPTER I.

NORMAN AND SAXON—WAR AND PEACE—GENERAL AND SQUIRE.

STANDING on the banks of the River Severn are two gentlemen earnestly discussing politics. The one a tall, slim man with black hair, and moustache. His erect figure and half military dress betrays the soldier.

In the other gentleman, by his quiet country look and dress, with his light flaxen hair and beard, we at once recognize the country gentleman.

One is tall, dark and thin. The other short, fair and stout. Both have that undefinable appearance that at once tells of refinement, with education and gentle blood.

The tall man is General John Hillegard, owner of Abbey Towers and the adjacent Abbey estate.

The short man is Howard Ethelbert, Esq., known far and near as the Squire, and owner of Homeview

Hall and many hundred acres of fine agricultural land.

In view of both gentlemen can be seen the ancestral homes of Squire and General.

That noble pile of buildings, built of grey lime stones, quarried at and conveyed from the celebrated Wenlock quarries, many centuries ago, is still in a wonderful state of preservation. Abbey Towers may stand many centuries yet.

The square-built stone Hall, standing a short distance from the river bank on the opposite side of the clear limpid stream, is the Squire's home, famous for its successful carrying off at the annual flower show, held in the County of Salop, the first prize for roses.

But if the Squire's home wins the prize for roses the General's carries the coveted prize for fruits, especially for apricots.

The grand old River Severn, famous for its fishing, and the romantic scenery of the valley through which it winds its serpentine course, divides the estates of General and Squire.

The General was fond of boasting of his long line of Norman ancestry, their military glory and great possessions.

The Squire would quietly tell with pride of the Ethelberts descent from Saxon Kings, pure and unsullied without one drop of Norman blood.

Each possessed one child—the General a fourteen year old saucy girl.

The Squire one son, a boy of fifteen, and at the present time a pupil in Shrewsbury School.

The General was aggressive and loved war, believing it to be the only life fit for a man.

The Squire was peaceable, and loved peace, believing that man's first duties consisted in the advancement of his fellowmen.

The General was Conservative. His almost inseparable friend the Squire was a Liberal of the old school. Both gentlemen were in the prime of life. The owner of Abbey Towers was a widower with more time on his hands than was good for him.

The proprietor of Homeview Hall was married to the sweetest and most estimable lady of all Shropshire's fair daughters.

The General, like all the male Hillegards, had followed the career of a soldier, step by step. From a young Ensign in a crack cavalry regiment he had fairly carved his way by dash and success to the rank of General.

Having let the Squire defeat him in his argument, the General, to turn the subject, remarks:

"Look here, Squire, I am the only poltroon the Hillegards have ever produced; here I am in the prime of life, growing apricots, all because my poor

wife—rest her soul—would have a saucy impudent snip of a girl when I wanted a boy, instead of fighting for my Queen and Country. Here I am, ordered about by a saucy bit of a girl no bigger than my sword. God bless her little heart."

The Squire laughs; he hears those words nearly every day.

"Well, good day, General, if you won't come over to dinner."

"Good day, Squire, I will come to-morrow."

CHAPTER II.

HAPPY DAYS LONG PAST SPENT IN INDIA.

FOURTEEN years ago, in India, near the Bengal barracks, in a small Bungalow, seated at the breakfast table, were General Hillegard and his wife, or rather bride of four months.

A young "Ayah" swings the punkah to and fro, sending a current of air across the table.

The General remarks, "my dear, you look perfectly happy and content this miserably hot morning."

The lady replied, "yes, General, I am, so will you when you know."

He said, "I shall be very glad to learn of anything, my dear, that will make me content such a hot day as this."

The blushing lady informs her lord that he may possibly become a parent.

The delighted General jumps up, kisses his wife, upsets a chair, then rings the bell.

"Bring a bottle of sherry you black rascal," he tells the salaaming native servant that responded to the ringing of the bell.

Me Sahib.

The wine is brought, the General fills his own and wife's glass. Standing up, he said:

"Here's to the future heir of Abbey Towers—may he die a general."

"But, my dear General, the baby may be a girl."

"A what, my dear? What can you be thinking about? A girl, indeed! We won't have a girl."

"But, General, dear, we must accept what God chooses to send us."

"Yes, yes, my dear, that is all right; but you know the Hillegards never have girls—only boys."

"Well, General, for your sake I hope it will be a boy, but I have a presentiment it will be a girl."

"Nonsense, my dear, a girl! Why, I would put her in the guard room and marry her to the Corporal, then have her drummed out of the army to the tune of the "Rogue's March."

"Well, General, we must hope the child will be a boy for your sake."

"Don't I tell you, my dear, I won't have a child —the Hillegards never have a child a girl indeed."

"But, General, dear, is not a boy a child?"

"I suppose it is if it's not a girl, my dear, why— I know it's a boy, you know it's a boy, everybody knows it's a boy—fiddle-sticks and drum-sticks—a girl indeed."

"General, dear, no one else knows anything at all about it yet."

"They don't, hey, then it's time they did—the first man that says girl to me will go home on the sick list invalided for life."

"General, you will surely not tell yet, dear."

"Won't I, wait until I see the army surgeon. Our boy will be the Commander-in-Chief before he dies."

The General, observing his wife in tears, kisses her, and with a sly wink at the astonished "Ayah," he tells his spouse he does not want anything or anybody but her.

The warrior never dreamed even after that of the possibility of a boy.

In a few months' time the good lady presented to her husband a fine daughter.

The General was inconsolable, not on account of the sex of the child—of that he never gave a

thought—for the doctors had pronounced the fiat—the mother must die.

Another day passed and the General was a widower, with a baby on his hands.

Communicating with the war office, in due time the red tape papers arrived in India, stating that in consideration of the great services rendered to his Queen and Country, Her Majesty Queen Victoria was graciously pleased to retire from active service her loyal subject General John Hillegard, granting him the half pay of a General of division.

The almost heart-broken proprietor of Abbey Towers, having been fortunate to secure as wet nurse the service of the wife of one of his old regimental sergeants, he produced the sergeant's discharge from the army, promising to compensate the soldier for the loss of his pension.

In less than twelve months the General was with his infant daughter domiciled in his old home, with the sergeant as butler.

CHAPTER III.

FOURTEEN YEARS AFTER—HAROLD AND CLARA.

TO-DAY Miss Clara Hillegard thinks she is at least a woman, for is she not now fourteen years of age, and has not young Ethelbert solemnly

told her she shall some day be his very own wife; and has not Nurse Brown told her in confidence that the young Squire is the cleverest young gentleman in all Shropshire.

Does she not know that his father and mother, next to him, love her best on earth.

The General and Clara are almost daily visitors at Homeview Hall. Both love the Hall as they do their own home.

The Squire and Mrs. Ethelbert feel lost when their son is at school if the General or his daughter are not with them. The two families are one, no formality being given or expected. Come and go when you like is the rule—all I have is thine.

To-day being Saturday, the son and heir of Homeview Hall and estate is home from school to remain until Monday.

In consequence of it being Clara Hillegard's birthday the visitors from Abbey Towers have been at the Hall since noon.

Standing near the river walk gate, the General and the Squire see to them the fairest sight on earth.

The graceful form and queenly head of Mrs. Ethelbert, smiling at some earnest gesticulation made by her son.

The gentlemen also see the dark and oval face of Clara Hillegard, her black curly hair blown across

her face, while she intently listens to young Ethelbert's remarks.

Harold Ethelbert is very earnest in all he does. Studies, play, mischief, when done by him, are never half done.

Well, the Squire's son deserves the fond admiration and care bestowed on him by his father, mother, General, Clara, his school teachers, and companions at school.

Brave, manly, resolute, gentle, generous, bright and fearless, he is deservedly a pet with all who know him.

Young Ethelbert may be small for his fifteen years, but his figure indicates great muscular development. By one skilled in athletic contests he would be considered capable of displaying untiring staying powers, if occasion required.

Mrs. Ethelbert, leaving the boy and girl, joins the two gentlemen. Gathering a rose she pins it in the General's coat, and, laughing, enquires :

"What kind of rose is that, General ?"

"I do not know, Mrs. Ethelbert, a Marshal Neil from a dog rose."

"For shame, General, and you live in Shropshire."

"Very sorry, Mrs. Ethelbert, if it was a sword or war horse I could tell you all about it."

Again she laughs, and said, "stay to dinner, General ; this is Clara's birthday, you know."

The General said, "not to-day, thanks, we will dine with you to-morrow. I have promised to meet my steward this evening —bother all business unless it's getting ready for a skirmish."

The lady, laughing, enters the house.

The boy and girl hand in hand come up to the two gentlemen. Without a blush the boy said:

"General, when I am old enough and Clara is old enough, if I write the prize essay, and win the boat race, will you let her be my wife before I go to Oxford?"

Laying his hand on the boy's head the General said, "Harold, my lad, we will think about it when you have won the double event you mention."

The boy then said, "and, General, you will not say no."

"I hope not, my lad."

Off go the boy and girl to tell his mother he is going to marry Clara some day, and live at Abbey Towers three days and with her four days in each week.

"Squire, our lad and girl may do worse."

"Yes, General, my boy may do worse than marry your girl."

"I tell you, Squire, they shall marry yet."

"And I hope so, General."

"Let me place him in the Royal Navy, Squire. He will be too small for the army. I will make an Admiral of him before he is thirty."

"Oh, no, General, our boy, we hope will choose some other profession than that of destroying his fellowmen."

"Pipe clay and spurs, do you want to ruin our lad? Let him fight for his Queen and Country. God save the Queen and my girl, Squire."

"God bless the Queen, and my wife and son, General."

It was always thus with those two loyal hearts. Let one say God bless, the other would say God save the Queen.

"Well, Squire, I must go now, to meet that old steward with his everlasting drain ditching schemes."

"Court martial him; where is that girl of mine?"

Then like a bugle blast rings through Hall and grounds."

"Clara, Clara, Clara!"

"Coming, papa," answers a sweet, fresh voice, and hand in hand Clara and Harold come running to the gentleman.

"Well, Harold, are you coming to the Towers?"

"May I, Father?" inquired the boy.

"I have no objection, my son. Ask your mother."

Away go boy and girl into the Hall. They soon return. In their smiling faces can be read the mother's answer.

But when did that fond mother refuse her consent to any reasonable request from that young couple.

CHAPTER IV.

SHREWSBURY SCHOOL—SHREWSBURY SHOW, AND THE D. C. L.

OF all England's educational institutions none are better known than Shrewsbury School. Its famous head masters, its celebrated scholars, its endowments, its athletic fetes.

We find eminent men in all the honorable walks of life; we see men who have received their early education at the far-famed Shrewsbury School.

England, America, India, Australia, New Zealand, the Continent of Europe, can all produce distinguished men who will tell you with pride they went to Shrewsbury School.

During the present administration of Shrewsbury School the boys have turned out wonderfully well.

Never since the founding and endowment has the school sent broadcast over the world such finished scholars.

The head master, Samuel Daws, Esq., D. C. L., or as the boys love to call him, the Doctor, himself an accomplished scholar, is known far and near for the scholastic attainments of himself, assistant masters, and pupils past and present, of the school.

The head master is very popular with the boys, first, because he was himself once a pupil in the school; secondly, for the reason that he never noticed a black eye, cut face or bruised fist. The Doctor knew that cricket, foot-ball and hockey, will cause such accidents.

Woe betide the tell-tale that draws the Doctor's attention to school boy disputes and combats. That tell-tale never ventures to do so twice.

The worthy Doctor, being a bachelor, has lavished his whole affections on the school, past, present and future. Once a boy has been under his charge, that boy's career through life is watched with paternal solicitude.

From far and near throughout the whole of Shropshire, the sons of the aristocracy, yeomanry and tradesmen, can be seen in a common blending for the acquirement of education in Shrewsbury School.

The parents and guardians of the boys feel assured that if the boy does not progress in the school that boy is deficient in natural abilities or parts.

The midsummer holidays are fast approaching. In a few weeks the great event of the school year will commence. It is doubtful which is most longed for by masters and scholars—the fetes or the vacation.

Such boys that look upon athletic sports as the chief end of their school term, no doubt think most of the coming fetes.

Boys of a studious and ambitious nature perhaps dread the long absence from their studies.

Again, boys of affectionate or home-sick disposition hail the coming visits home as a bright era in their young lives.

England will send some of the best and purest blood to witness the feats of power, of brain, muscle and skill, that will be displayed by those school boys the three last days of the present half year.

Patrician and Plebeian, noble, gentle and common, will mingle together for three days in a common sympathy, for are not all interested in some loved young contestant for honors, in the school or athletic contests in the annual school fetes?

Stout yoemen, honest farmers, shrewd tradesmen, skilled mechanics, titled aristocrats, lawyers, physicians and all the occupations of life will send their sons and daughters, old and young, to witness the feats of prowess of the different boys in their annual contests.

Tom, Dick and Harry may not be there. That is not their day; their holiday is Shrewsbury Show, or as they call it, Sowsberry Show. They have no visible interest in the Shrewsbury School, but in the show they claim every interest, and the licensed victuallers and other interested parties carefully watch that such interest does not fade or die for want of feeding and stimulant.

From Shrewsbury Show ignoramuses date all events of the year. It is the unfailing calendar of reference. Tom will tell how two months last Sowsberry Show he broke his leg. Dick will tell you four years comes next Sowsberry Show he listed in the militia.

Harry informs his listeners he has worked three years for farmer Brown last Sowsberry Show.

Molly, applying for a situation, says I hired with Missus Smith, mum, twelve months last Sowsberry Show—she will give me a character, mum.

Betty gives her mistress warning she is going to hire with Missus Jones next Sowsberry coming Show.

CHAPTER V.

ETHELBERT, BURTON, DEBB, AND THE SCHOOL CAPTAIN.

THE last Saturday before the commencement of the midsummer vacation has arrived. The boys who will contest in the athletic struggles for supremacy are taking the final practise after this day until the stern reality, to them, takes place there will be no more preparation or training.

Some are playing cricket, others archery and football,—others are boating, running, jumping, or else watching the various games in progress.

Here and there can be seen a boy or two with gaze intently placed on some educational work. These are the studious scholars of the school. To them all athletic sports are so much loss of time. These boys are past or hopeful competitors for the much coveted prize essay.

Many wagers are made amongst the boys as to which team will win the cricket match, or which side will win the foot-ball contest, or boat race, or the single-scull boat race. Boys have bet their cash, books, knives, hats, slates, and almost something of everything embraced in the multum-in-parvo of a school boy's possessions. Scarcely a boy

in the whole school has not some wager on one of the coming trials of strength, brains and skill.

The boys selected as competitors from the sixth form are undoubtedly the favorites for the prize essay contest.

But in the athletic contests the boys of the lower forms stand as good a chance as the upper or more advanced classes.

The favorites for the boat race this year are Burton, representing the fourth form, and Sinclair, the fifth, with Horton, of the second form, for third place. On these three young giants for their age, the bets are freely offered. These young gentlemen, with the exception of Burton, are now on the river practising starts.

Burton being goal in the light blue foot-ball team, his captain has summoned him for the last practice, before the match with the dark blues for supremacy.

No general, admiral or commander is so promptly obeyed as the captain of a foot-ball team. Let any boy disobey his captain's mandates and he will bring upon his devoted head the ire of the whole school. To-day the captain, like a young officer on his first battle-field, feels his importance. Clear, stern and precise, Debb, the captain of the light blues, issues his commands.

Pitch her, Robert! Pass her to Smith! Run

her, Davis! Look out, Burton! Bravo, Johnson! Well played, Green! Kick her, Forester!

But the other captain is not idle. His side has one or two fleet runners. Soon the ball comes dangerously near the light blue goal. The goal-keeper runs to kick it; his foot slips, down on the ball he falls just as a dark blue man kicks, and poor Burton receives the kick on his left arm. Still up he jumps; one push and his opponent is down, and the ball goes flying away towards the opposite goal.

The school captain, standing near, remarks, "bravo, Burton; are you hurt?"

"Captain, my arm is broken."

"I hope not, old fellow," said the school companion. Then over the ground there rings his voice:

"Ho, there, Debb! Stop your men. Burton is hurt."

The players look to see who dares issue such orders to their captain. But in the young gentleman kneeling by the sitting goal-keeper they see the one that all obey—their school captain.

The boys come running up with faces expressing consternation and dismay. Again the captain issues his commands:

"Percy, you go to the Doctor's study and tell him of Burton's misfortune."

Soon the boys see the head master coming, and Percy running towards the town for Dr. Hird.

Burton, with pale face, is taken to the Doctor's private residence. The surgeon arrives, and soon the boys know that a broken arm will prevent Burton from championing the fourth form next Wednesday.

Another goal-keeper can be found to take his place in the foot-ball match, but what boy can replace him in the boat race?

The fourth form boys are in despair. They had felt sure of carrying off the prize for the aquatic contest. Other boys can row, but none have had the requisite practice or training.

The boys gather around the school captain for advice. Like a young oracle he speaks.

"Boys of the fourth form, you must at once select another man to champion the fourth form next Wednesday. In Burton you had a man who would have kept his boat behind none. He was the best boatman in the school. You had better decide amongst yourselves who shall take his place. Let me know your decision in one hour. Perhaps you can choose a man who will not shame you on Wednesday." The fourth form boys at once enquire what man. They feel sure they have not a ghost of a chance of being even fourth in the coming race. Won't the captain tell them which man he thinks the best to represent them?

"Look here, fourth form, have you not a boy amongst you of untiring, staying powers, constantly passing up and down the river. He may be the smallest boy that ever contested the scull-race, but I tell you his knowledge of the river currents excels that of any boy in the school. His stamina and grit are well known. If any boy can row "The Mistletoe" to victory he can. If he don't win, I will bet he is amongst the leading boats. Who do I mean?"

The captain pauses, and looks enquiringly.

"A boy, we think, Debb calls out."

"Ethelbert."

"Yes, fourth form, Harold Ethelbert is your man; he will do his best to win."

"Three cheers for Harold Ethelbert."

"Hip, hip, hurrah!"

Six boys at once go to the master in charge for the day, and request permission to go to Homeview Hall.

"For what, boys?"

"Burton has broken his arm, sir, and we want Ethelbert to row the scull-race on Wednesday, sir."

"Very sorry, indeed, for Burton, but can that little Ethelbert stand any possible chance of winning the boat race, boys?"

"Oh, yes, sir; he is always on the water. He rows up and down when he goes home. He under-

stands the currents. The captain thinks he will be our best man."

"Yes, boys, you may go. Be back in time for prayers."

"Hurrah! Three cheers for the Latin professor. Hip, hip, hurrah."

The poor professor looked frightened. In all his career as a master he had never been cheered before. He had no sympathy with the boys. He knew he was not liked by them. The cheers given him by the six boys that day did him good, for during the coming fetes he requested as a favor the position of starter in the boat races, much to the astonishment of the whole school, and if he did say *ad-unum omnes* instead of get ready, before the word "go," the boys knew what he meant, and the next term no tricks were played on the Latin master.

After the six boys had departed for Homeview Hall, the rest went to the school boat-house to watch the oarsmen practice on the river.

The six little boats that will contest for the great form race, have all been newly painted, and re-named as the fancy of the owner for the time being suggested.

The fourth form boat had been christened by Burton "The Mistletoe." That, unless Ethelbert changed the name, would be the name for

the next year, each being allowed to name the boat after his own choice for the occasion.

The fifth form boat had retained her old name of "Norman," possibly because the young gentlemen who would row and steer, both claimed gentle Norman blood. The "Wrekin" was the sixth form boat, her oarsman one of the biggest and her coxswain one of the smallest boys in the school, both boys being the sons of farmers.

The second form boy had selected "The Queen" for the name of his boat.

The "Conqueror" represented the first form.

The "Speedsure" was intended to carry the flag of the third form. This boat had won the race the previous year under the name of "Severn."

Five of the boats are paddled up stream, but there is no danger of a race this day. The boys know too well the unwritten laws of the school. Not until Wednesday when they come to the scratch and receive the word "go" will it be known which will be the champion boat for the next year.

CHAPTER VI.

HOMEVIEW HALL—THE SAXON.

SIX boys stand at the chief entrance to Homeview Hall. A maid answers the impatient ring. She tells the boys Harold is with his mother in the flower garden.

Debb said, "all right, Hannah; we will find him. Come with me, boys; I have often been here, you know. If he won't row we shall be in a stew, and no mistake. Yonder he is."

A few moments suffices to make Harold aware of the great honor offered him.

The boys see their journey is not in vain. His first words are, "shall I, mother?"

"Yes, my boy; I do hope you will win."

"No, mother; the "Norman" will win, the "Wrekin" second, but I will not let the "Speedsure" beat me very much. Can I have a new boating suit, mother?"

"Certainly; two, my boy, if you wish."

"Come, boys, into the Hall and remain for dinner. The Squire is in the library—you will find him there."

Harold takes the boys to his father, and Debb tells the Squire of Burton's accident and the purport of their visit.

After expressing regret for the accident, he enquired, "what is the name of Burton's boat?"

"The 'Mistletoe,' sir."

"Call her 'The Saxon,' my son."

"Yes, father; mother has invited my friends to remain for dinner."

"Quite right; ring the bell for some fruit. It will not spoil your appetites. When I was a school boy I could always eat."

Dinner is announced, and no doubt the cook thought done justice to that day.

Harold returns to town with his school friends, so that he can order his boating suit. He tells the tailor he wants it sent to his home on Tuesday vening.

"Can we not send it to the school for you?" enquires the tailor.

"No; I want it at home. Shall we send here for it? I want my mother to see it, and—well, I want it at home."

Debb laughs; he knows who his school chum meant by "and—."

Leaving the shop, Debb said, "you want Clara Hillegard to see you in your new boat suit first, I know."

From the tailor's Debb and Harold went to the painter's to order a tin plate painted with the name of "The Saxon," so that it could be tacked over "The Mistletoe."

Next day, Sunday, Harold again went home, first promising to return before 9 a. m., Monday.

The General and his daughter felt great pride when they heard that Harold was going to contest for honors in the boat race.

"Be sure and win; you remember what papa said the other day," the young lady had whispered to her youthful admirer.

"I cannot win this year, Clara, although I am going to do my best to win both the prize essay and the boat race."

Well, mind you do your very best. I shall watch you and wear your colors.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BEGINNING OF TROUBLE—THE QUARREL—ENGLAND'S CURSE.

EARLY Monday morning Ethelbert returned to the school. The boys all received permission to leave the school boundaries. Most of them went into town.

Harold, taking his boat, let her drift down the stream. Every eddy and bend in the current was carefully noted. Returning, he went to see his friend Burton at the head master's residence.

Every hotel in the town was fast filling with guests; the stables were all filled with horses; the visitors came by rail, coach, and private vehicles; many of the private houses had already received their guests.

Abbey Towers, for the first time since the General's coming of age, threw open its doors to receive military guests, the General having invited the whole staff of officers stationed at Chester Castle barracks to pay him a visit.

The staff, having recently returned from foreign service, at once accepted their old commander's invitation to come to Salop.

The General gave a grand dinner party on the Monday evening, and many of the country gentry came to partake of the hospitality of Abbey Towers.

After dinner, all but the Squire, the head master of the school, and the military guests staying at the Towers, left for home.

The General, during the dinner having partaken of more than his usual allowance of wine, felt extremely hilarious and jovial, he ordered the table cleared and the punch bowl brought in.

Soon, too soon, the powerful stimulant takes effect upon its victims. Then men who are at other times patterns of the true gentleman, generous, kind, considerate, for their fellowmen become all that is base and mean. One writer has said intoxication shows our true character. To what crimes can we not trace to their true source inebriety?

One young officer calls out, "give us a toast, General."

In an instant the General was on his feet, glass in hand, hiccoughing, he said:

"Brothers in arms, comrades, I (hic) give you a toast, best, most appropriate (hic) toast in the world: The (hic) Queen."

The loyal toast was drank, all standing.

The Squire then proposed The Army, Navy and Volunteers.

Colonel Leeton responded and gave the Country Gentry, coupling the name of Squire Ethelbert.

The Squire, rising to respond, dwelt upon the hospitality of the Shire, its liberality and support to all deserving institutions, and concluded by paying a warm tribute to the many excellent qualities of General Hillegard.

A young lieutenant, seeing that the General was too far gone to make the customary response, rising, proposed the health of the Doctor—the worthy head master of Shrewsbury School. The officer said:

"Gentlemen, the toast I am about to propose will, I feel sure, meet with your warmest approbation. Doctor Daws and Shrewsbury School are known all over the English-speaking world. They have sent more developed talent to the Universities than any other school in this or adjoining counties, talent known throughout these Isles for its great scholastic attainments. In the science of war or the arts of peace we find many of Shropshire's sons who owe their position to the careful training they received from the head master of Shrewsbury School. I ask you, standing to drink a bumper to the health and long life of Doctor Dawes."

The toast was drank by all.

The doctor in returning thanks said, "gentlemen for the extreme honour you have conferred upon me in drinking my health, also in mentioning my name in connection with Shrewsbury School, of which I am the unworthy head master (no, no), accept my thanks. If the gallant young officer that gave the toast did indulge in metaphorical speech (no no) we will excuse him, knowing he meant his remarks upon myself in *bonne foie*. But we must not forget that not long since my young friend was himself *bel esforit* in Shrewsbury School, therefore we must accept his kind words in the same spirit in which they were meant, and overlook the partiality natural from a recent *elere* of Shrewsbury School. Gentlemen, again I thank you."

"A song; who will sing a song, gentlemen," enquires the ensign.

The old General striking the table with his fist, stands up and said, "I can't sing, comrades, but, make you (hic) speech."

"Here, here! order gentlemen, order please."

The General proceeds: "Order, (hic) order, or go put you all in (hic) guard room. We all mean to-day to celebrate the (hic) glorious victory of Shrewsbury School field-marshal (hic) doctor, defeat rebels brains (hic) Salop glorious vic—hic—tory for gentlemen is soldier no man (hic) not army, navy,

poltroon, no friend of (hic) mine coward, kick out of England, (hic) Ireland, everybody soldier, fight (hic) Queen, Shrewsbury School. My girl fight (hic) young scamp Harold navy coward, paltroon squire (hic) doctor Shrewsbury School. Vic—hic—tory."

The young lieutenant sprang to his feet with a distressed countenance. He said, "surely, General you forget our esteemed friends the Squire and Doctor are here."

"Sit down you young rebel," roared the tipsy General. "Mutiny (hic) put you in the (hic) guard room, don't care (hic) if Squire don't like (hic) soldier leave barracks like paltroon."

Squire and head master at once leave the room, with a simple good evening gentlemen. They return to Homeview Hall sadly grieved to see their old friend in such a state.

On the departure of the two gentlemen the General, sober enough to see something had gone wrong, became very angry. To vent his spleen on some one was now a necessity. Observing the again empty punch bowl, he roared:

"Sergeant, you (hic) rascal, where are you?"

"Here, sir," said the butler from his place behind the General's chair.

"Come here and (hic) salute officer."

The butler gives a military salute.

"See to (hic) commissariat punch bowl."

Taking the empty punch bowl, the butler, with an anxious look at the General, leaves the room. He soon returns, placing the replenished bowl before his master; he whispered:

"Don't drink any more, sir, please."

"What, you (hic) rascal, mutiny. Bring sword, arrest sergeant (hic) drunk. Insubordination in camp, (hic) go to guard room under (hic) arrest.

The poor butler, sobbing, goes to his wife's, the housekeeper's room.

That night the General was carried to bed drunk —stupidly drunk.

Old England it is ever thy proud boast that you are first in science, arts, commerce, domestic, social and foreign affairs, first to advance the welfare and protection of thy subjects at home and abroad. When will you arise, and in your mighty strength cast off the Leper that is eating away your very heart's core,—the Leprosy of intoxication—alcohol?

The General, who had unscathed on many a battle field, lead his men to death against solid ranks of steel, and unscathed cut his way through spear and ball, that night fell a conquered man, a victim to that foe that daily kills more than ever fell on any battle field—drink, licensed drink.

Next morning on enquiring what time the Squire and head master left the towers the General was in-

formed by the Staff Surgeon of the events of the past evening ; the Surgeon having been in the same condition as his host gave a somewhat coloured view to his listener, and concluded by observing "they will surely apologize to you for their conduct."

General Hilleguard, being a man of strict truth, at once concluded he was a very ill-used person, and that the Squire was in the wrong.

In the afternoon, in no amiable mood, the General, alone, walked down the river's bank nearly opposite Homeview. He observed his old friend, the Squire, fishing.

The General coughed to attract the Squire's attention. Looking up, that gentleman raised his hat.

The General returned a military salute and thought, sulky is he, let him go hang.

"Squire you keep that lad of yours out of my grounds. If I catch him here again stealing my apricots I will smash every bone in the young rascal's body."

The Squire was angry when he heard that threat. In his blood boiled the passions of his Saxon ancestry. He at once retorted :

"General, you send for that saucy girl of yours from my house. If I catch her there again plucking my roses I will throw her in the river."

The two old friends frowned at each other, then each went to his own home sad at heart.

General Hillegard this day you have wrecked for years perhaps for life a noble heart, severed long and tried friendship, laid the foundation for your own early death, and a train to spring a mine of disobedience, injustice and deceit, in which yourself and those you love the best on earth shall be the sufferers.

And what has been the cause of this. That which we in the hospitality of our hearts, give in kindness, give and take in custom, give knowing, receive knowing, its effects upon our mind and body.

Wine, Spirits, Beer.

CHAPTER VIII.

SHREWSBURY SCHOOL FETES—THE CONTESTS.

THE Shrewsbury School fetes are in full progress. Every contest, mental or physical, is perfectly fair. All win or loose as the case may be on their own individual merits.

No Shrewsbury School boy ever sold a contest. Each boy does his best to win, no discredit has ever been brought upon the fair fame of the school fetes or school competition for the prizes awarded for scholastic merit.

The four oared boat race is over—dark blue has won. The coracle race is now being witnessed by such as cannot gain admittance to the large school room.

The winding river is covered with boats near the race water course. A stranger entering Shrewsbury over the Welsh bridge following a straight road and leaving by the English bridge would certainly think the town was built upon an island, but such is not the case.

A straight sheet of water can be found near the quarry. This is the boats race course, where the school boys row their aquatic contests.

In the school-room on a raised platform are seated several gentlemen. One is the head master, the others are well-known literary gentlemen residing in the county of Salop.

A large blackboard is placed in front of the platform. On this will be written the theme or subject which the pupils will try to delineate in writing within one hour.

Thirty-six boys who have made the greatest progress during the past year in the different classes are seated at their desks.

Six boys represent each form, from the first to the sixth. No boy is allowed to speak or communicate in any way during the period of sixty minutes, one hour,—too long for some, too short for others.

A gentleman on the platform hands a paper to

the head master, he passes it to the writing master, who at once on the blackboard writes the theme.

Those thirty-six anxious boys read :

" Are works of fiction beneficial ?"

The head master speaks : " Can every scholar distinctly read the thesis ?" Receiving no answer the Doctor rings the bell.

Thirty-six boys dip thirty-six pens into the ink. Thirty-six pens are travelling over paper.

No not all, here and there can be seen a boy intently gazing on those crayon written words. One after another commences to write. At last only one boy with his head resting on his hand remains studying those five words.

Fifteen minutes are gone.

Thirty minutes. Has he given up, can the theme be beyond his comprehension ?

So think the visitors seated on each side of the room, so think many of his friends in the temporary erected gallery.

One lady there, the boy's mother, she alone knows that her darling boy will not give up without an effort.

Surely that compact little head, with its light flaxen hair can produce something from such a simple theme as that.

Forty minutes gone, he dips his pen into the ink, one quick glance he throws to his mother, then he

rapidly writes, folds his sheet of paper and places his essay within the numbered envelope. Then his friends know that Harold Ethelbert has won or lost the gold medal.

Sixty minutes, one hour has passed. The Doctor rings the little bell, down go the pens. Then the assistant writing master receives from each boy their written essays.

But not until the last hour of the present school term will it be known what boy has won the most coveted honor given in Shrewsbury School.

Three o'clock, the day after to-morrow, we shall all know, what boy, which form has won distinction.

The cricket match is next played, ending the contests of brain and muscle for the first day.

CHAPTER IX.

THE VISIT HOME.—THE BOAT RACE.

OUR bright eyed friend, Harold Ethelbert, that evening requested permission to go home from the master in charge.

"I will be back by ten o'clock, sir."

"Very well, Ethelbert, do not be later, here is your pass."

Thanking the master, Harold quickly walked to the boat house. There he found talking to the boatman one of his school companions.

"Evan, I have got a permit to go home, can I have a boat, mine is up the river, Debb said he would be back by six o'clock, but I cannot wait any longer."

"Yes, sir," replies the boatman, "you can have the Daisy."

"I say, old man, take me with you, Mrs. Ethelbert told me to-day she would always be pleased to see me at the hall."

"Not this time, Percy, I am going on a very secret mission."

Percy with a muttered wait until I ask you again sulkily walks away.

Turning to the boatman, Harold said:

"Make haste, Evan, I shall not be back much before ten o'clock. Put my waterproof in the boat house, I do not think it will rain to-night."

"Well, sir, my rumatics is very bad to-day. Look you, I was a thinking of a going to bed when the young gentlemen a comes down the river if you won't a tell on me, sir, I will put the keys under this here plank, then you can get your coat when you comes back, sir; you can drop the keys through the lodge window, you knows my room, sir."

"All right, Evan, no one need know. There's a shilling for you."

"Thanky, sir, look you, I does hope you will win the boat race to-morrow, sir."

"Don't you bet on me, Evan. The 'Norman' will win with the 'Wrekin' second."

"Look you, sir, I have bet a five pun note on the 'Wrekin' boat."

"Why, Evan, you must be rich, I never bet. My father does not like it. Good bye, don't forget the keys."

The Welsh boatman watches Ethelbert sending his boat spinning down the river.

Harold is thinking of what his father that day had said, and what he had promised to tell him.

The Squire had told his son not to speak to General Hillegard. He might strike you, my boy, "I will tell you to-night what he has said."

CHAPTER X.

OUT-GENERALING A GENERAL—NAUGHTY CLARA.

A YOUNG boatman dressed in a bran new suit enters his little boat, lying at the Homeview Hall landing.

Although it is just growing dark, he seems to be in no hurry. Possibly he intends to remain on the river to see the moon rise.

Slowly he paddles up the river. Opposite Abbey Towers he stands up in the boat, and sees a female form coming down the park towards the Towers' boat house.

Five minutes later Clara Hillegard is seated in young Ethelbert's boat which he rapidly propels up stream for about two miles, then shipping his oars he lets the boat drift down with the current.

The girl speaks first. "Harold, papa says the Squire will throw me in the river if I go to the Hall any more."

"Clara, father has told me never to come to the Towers any more, because the General said he would break every bone in my body if I did."

"Oh, dear, I wish I was with poor mamma in heaven. Papa said if I ever speak to you any more he will put me in a French convent."

"Never mind, Clara, you know the General said if I won the boat race and wrote the prize essay you should be my wife. I can't do that yet, but in two years I shall be in the sixth form and you know the sixth form boys always writes the prize essay."

"And will we have to wait two long whole years and you never come to the Towers, or me go to the Hall, will I never for two long years speak to Mrs. Ethelbert, only see her in church?"

"Two years will soon go, Clara, do not cry."

"What, two years soon go, why that's for ever now. I know you never loved me, no you shan't kiss me—take that."

Ethelbert laughs, but that is not the first smart box on the ear he had received from the young lady.

The young man assists his companion out of his boat, one other kiss and the saucy girl like a thief cautiously approaches her own home.

That noble boy had not told his little sweetheart the trouble was all caused by her father having for once in his life been drunk.

Youth is buoyant, young hearts hopeful. In ten minutes the school boy is whistling an accompaniment to the splash of the water caused by his fast-moving oars.

Years will pass before that boy again whistles "The girl I left behind me."

Arriving at the school boat house Harold secures the Daisy, finds the keys. At that moment he hears the clock in the old Abbeyforgate church chime ten. Without waiting to enter the boat house on a run he starts for the school.

At the lodge he quietly lifts the window, drops within the room the keys, then enters the school, but when will he again sleep like he sleeps to-night the happy sleep of happy boyhood.

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CHAPTER XI.

THE BOAT RACE—THE DISASTER—NORMAN VERSUS SAXON.

WEDNESDAY, the day which to those who think the development of muscle before brains of the most important, arrives at last.

At 2 p. m. the banks of the Severn near the school boat house present to the observer an interesting scene.

Boys wearing school caps are proudly introducing their fellow scholars to parents, brothers, sisters and friends.

Here we see some mischievous young rogue who has prevailed upon his sister to try her skill at throwing sticks at Aunt Sallys.

There we watch some timid boy shooting with both eyes shut down the long dark tubes of the rifle galleries.

Then we notice some young rogue pleading for money from fond parents to spend in brandyballs, gingerbread, nuts, oranges or Everton toffee.

A medley of sounds salute the visitors. Now young gentlemen try a shot, only one penny a shot, who makes the next bull's-eye.

Try your luck at old Aunt Sally, three throws a penny, who takes the next cocoanut.

Pity a poor blind man ; have a feeling heart for a poor unfortunate collier.

Two to one on the Norman, even money on the Wrekin, five to one against the Saxon, who wants to bet on the Swiftsure ?

Fine gingerbread, brandyballs, nuts, oranges. Hurrah, here they come, three cheers for the fifth form.

The young Norman descendants who will row and steer the boat named after their own blood take their seats in the little racing skiff. The small boy proudly designated the coxswain looks around and kisses his hand to the lady seated in the coroneted carriage, the claret colour, liveried coachman and footman look as though they are conscious. Every one there knows that's our young master. The titled lady smiles and throws back a kiss to her only son.

Young hopeful shouts, "bet on us, mother, we shall win, we are the strongest."

The fond mother bends her head and laughs.

Here comes the Wrekins men. Three cheers for the sixth and highest form.

Young giant lifts his coxswain into his seat amidst the yells of the sixth form boys.

The Conqueror, Swiftsure and Queen next receive their human freight.

Here he comes, three cheers for Harold Ethel-

bert. Hip, hip, hurrah. Bring out the Saxon, hurrah for the fourth form.

One moment the young athletic speaks to the Squire. He said, "Father I cannot win, but will do my best. Gallop your horse alongside. If I see you I shall do better."

"Keep cool, my boy, Saxon blood will tell; choose your water and do your best."

Down to the starting place the six boats go. The race will be rowed up stream, one quarter of a mile round the bend, then three quarters up the straight course called the home-stretch. To one not accustomed to the river it appears that up or down made but little difference in that sluggish stream, but nevertheless the current is there quite sufficient to handicap a boatman not aware of the different undertows if he once gets his boat into them.

In this knowledge lay the hopes of the fourth form boys. They knew Ethelbert had a greater experience over the race course than any other contestant in that day's race.

Down at the starting place the starter enquires is every boy satisfied with the draw for places.

Twelve boys answer—Yes.

Ad unum, omens. Go.

Like one six pairs of sculls dip into the water, six little coxswains swing their bodies forward, six boats leap through the water, accompanied by a

fussy little steamer containing the umpire and engineer.

Then bedlam begins. Lift her Norman! Spurt Wrekin! Bravo, Swiftsure! Push her Queen! Let her rip, Conqueror! Well done, Saxon! Well pulled, Norman, bravo for the sixth form.

The grand struggle is always in that annual race to get round the bend to select still water for the home-stretch. Every coxswain in the race to-day watches with jealous eye the movements of the Saxon boat. They have all received instructions from their principal to cut off if possible the course selected by the Saxon, and take his chosen water.

Here they come into the straight course at last. The Norman leads by two clear lengths, the Wrekin next, the Saxon third, the other three boats have abandoned the contest. That great effort for place has exhausted them.

Soon those upon the river banks, mounted or afoot, see a sight they never forgot.

"Well done, Norman," shouts General Hillegard, "give it to her, charge, Norman, blood will tell."

The Squire keeping his horse alongside of his son's boat overheard that cry. At once he shouts:

"Keep cool, my son, Saxon blood forever."

The little oarsman in the Saxon is seen to give a signal, then like a thing of life obedient to her helmsman into the bank rushes the boat, another

signal, nearer yet she goes, then straight she heads up stream.

Look out Saxon you will be aground. Bravo, fourth form, well done, Saxon. Two to one on Saxon for second place. Five to one on Norman.

Another signal and amidst shouts of take care you will foul, Norman, the young athletic, spurts his boat to reach the Saxon's chosen water.

Neck and neck Norman, Saxon and Wrekin contest every inch of water. The Norman seeing he cannot crowd the Saxon out of her chosen course spurts ahead again. He has almost got his way clear when snap and the Norman is capsized, the Saxon's prow strikes the coxswain of the upset boat and passes ever his body.

Don't stop, Saxon, all right, no foul, go on, go on. One mighty effort brings the Saxon again neck and neck with the Wrekin.

The roaring becomes deafening as the two boats side by side struggle for victory.

"Pull cool, my son, Saxon blood forever."

Lift her Wrekin, you are in the current, spurt her Wrekin, don't let the forth form win.

Fifty yards more, twenty five. A lady standing on the bank waves her pocket handkerchief. The almost fainting boy in the Saxon sees that handkerchief in the lady's hand, a grand, loving look comes over his face, then with a mighty effort he spurts

his boat, and wins by one foot, amidst the uproarious joy of the fourth form boys.

They hoist out of the boat the exhausted lad, they carry him to his mother. That proud mother would not have exchanged that fond kiss he gave her for all this world contains.

What is that what can be the matter. A gentleman gallops his horse, the crowd scatter right and left. At the coroneted carriage the gentleman leaps from his horse. He enters the open carriage which is driven rapidly away.

One piercing, agonised scream, and then a widowed mother's heart is broken.

In five minutes more all that gay, happy crowd know that the little coxswain of the Norman is in the river, and that in the death of the Hon. Frank Chandry, one of England's oldest titles will eventually become extinct.

The fetes are revoked, all sports are cancelled for the present year. Where all was joy now all is grief, many leave for home taking boys with them.

Two hours later the body of the Hon. Frank Chandry is recovered and conveyed to the Raven Hotel, to await the Coroner's inquest next day.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SHREWSBURY CURRENT EVENTS.

THURSDAY comes, but instead of sports and pleasure we have only sorrow, an inquest on one of the most beloved boys in Shrewsbury School.

The prize essay will be read in the afternoon, and the medalion awarded. This also would have been postponed, but for the reason that several boys who have competed for it are leaving the school. Some to go to Eton, Rugby, or as freshmen at the Universities.

The principal paper published in Shropshire, called the Shrewsbury *Current Events*, had that morning issued—unprecedently for them—two hundred copies. All had found a ready sale. The article commenting upon the disaster of the previous day, said :

It is with deep regret we announce a fatal and distressing accident which has plunged one of the county's noblest and most estimable families in mourning. Yesterday afternoon, during the boat race annually competed for, by the scholars of Shrewsbury School, the boat called the Norman capsized in consequence of the breaking of the row-

lock, her occupants being precipitated into the river. The deceased, known as the Hon. Frank Chandry, heir to the Fosiltaire title and estate, was struck beneath the ear by one of the competing boats called the Saxon, and immediately sunk. Two hours afterwards the mortal remains were found about two hundred yards further down the river. All known means were used to resuscitate deceased without avail. It is with extreme indignation we announce that investigation has shown that the boat called Norman had been tampered with. We hope that at the coroner's inquest, to be held this morning, a thorough investigation will take place. The inquest will be held at the Raven Hotel, where the body of the deceased young gentleman has been conveyed. Our hearty sympathy is tendered to the bereaved friends of this promising young pupil. The full account of the school fetes will be found in our sporting columns.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE INQUEST—HAROLD IN CUSTODY.

AT ten a. m. the coroner arrived at the Raven Hotel, the jury were sworn, then taken up stairs to view the mortal remains of the Hon. Frank

Chandry. Returning to the coffee room the enquiry began.

Dr. Hird, deposed ; I am a physican and surgeon. I recognize the body as that of the Hon. Frank Chandry. I witnessed the boat race, during which deceased came to his death. Possibly two hours elapsed before the body was recovered. I with Drs. Smith and Ellis used all known means to resuscitate the body, without success. I consider deceased met his death by drowning. We found a contuse wound beneath the right ear, sufficient in my opinion to stun deceased, in which case the body would immediately sink.

Albert Sinclair, sworn ; I identify the body of deceased as that of Frank Chandry, a student in the first form of Shrewsbury School. I was a contestant in the single scull boat race yesterday. My boat was called the Norman, I selected deceased for my coxswain on account of his light weight and skill as a coxswain. Yes, but for the disaster I believe we should have won the race I gave deceased instructions to take the course selected by the boat called the Saxon, up the home-stretch. I did this feeling sure the Saxon would choose the calmest water. The young gentleman who propelled the Saxon, we consider him to have a greater knowledge of the river's currents than any other boy in school. Yes, his name is Harold Ethelbert. No,

sir, there was no danger of collision. I can outrow Ethelbert. I gave deceased instructions to give the signal when I was to spurt to reach the water chosen by the Saxon. The signal was now, the deceased gave the signal twice each time. I responded. Finding we could not cut out the Saxon I spurted to get ahead and then give the Saxon my back water. We were both capsized into the river. Knowing deceased could not swim I repeatedly dived to find him. I found a very strong undercurrent beneath the surface. Another boy, Matthew Debb, dived several times in the endeavor to find deceased. Possibly twenty boats were immediately on the spot.

Evan Evans, sworn; I am a pensioner of the Royal Navy and the school boatman. I witnessed the accident, and secured the capsized boat. The rowlock had been cut by fileing. The boats were inspected by order of the head master the evening previous to the race. The school captain, the boat builder and myself carefully examined the boats. Yes, sir, the captain ordered me to lock the boats up until they were brought out for the race. The boats were locked up. I had the keys. Yes, I did let young Ethelbert have the keys of the boat house so that he could obtain his coat when he returned from his home. No, sir, he left his coat there. It is in the boat house yet. Yes, I knew I had no

right to let the keys out of my possession. I found the keys inside my room yesterday morning. I swear no one but Ethelbert could have been inside the boat house without my certain knowledge. Yes, sir, the boats were all right when inspected, that I positively swear.

Harold Ethelbert, sworn; I am fifteen years of age, I know the nature of an oath. I obtained permission to go home night before last. It does not take me long to row to Homeview Hall landing. I was at home not more than one hour. I returned to the boat house at 10 p. m. I did not enter the boat house that night or since. No, sir, I have not been in the boat house for fully one month. Yes, this I swear. I decline to say where I spent the time between leaving home and returning to the school house. Yes, I did say this morning if I was accused of this I would go to sea by running away. No, I will not tell any one where I was. I never touched the boat. The last witness has told the truth in all he has said. Yes, I heard every word. I pointed out the place where the body was found, I knew it would be there. My mother had driven me some distance home before I knew deceased had not been saved. Matthew Debb, at my request dived and found the body on my return to the grounds where the disaster occurred. My father overtook us on horseback and told us of the

accident. I at once ran back. My mother took me away because I felt exhausted after the race. Yes, I won the race, because the Wrekin was handicapped by the current. No, sir, I will never tell where I was, better for me to be punished for it than, than, I won't tell you any more.

Matthew Debb, sworn; I am a pupil in Shrewsbury School. I was standing near the bend and saw the accident, I dived in immediately the Saxon boat moved on. Ethelbert stopped rowing, thinking he had fouled the Norman, the umpire or referee told him to go on. He went. A long time after, when drags were being used, Ethelbert came. He begged of the men to drag lower down the river. To please him I undressed and dived near the elm tree, the body was there lodged against a large stone. There is a very deep hole there. Ethelbert said if he had known before deceased might have been saved.

This witness told the coroner, who had done most of the questioning, nobody but a fool would ever think Ethelbert had touched the boat.

A short consultation is held between the coroner and foreman of the jury. Then the coroner said to Harold: "Young gentleman, the inquest is adjourned for one week. I do not wish to issue a warrant for your arrest out of consideration to your parents, but I do request the governor of Shrews-

bury jail to take you into his charge as his guest until this day week. You having said you will run away makes it my painful duty to do this. I sincerely hope at the next meeting of the now adjourned inquest some evidence will be forthcoming to entirely exonerate you from all blame."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SCHOOL CAPTAIN ON ENGLISH JURORS AND LAW—SCHOOL BOY LOYALTY—WAIT UNTIL I ENTER PARLIAMENT.

THE boys that had been summoned as witnesses on their return to the school at once called an indignation meeting. The school captain addressing them had said: "Look at me boys, and mark what I am going to say. Did ever any boy in Shrewsbury School ever buy or sell fair sport? (No, no, no.) Did any boy, let alone Harold Ethelbert, ever touch that boat? (No, no, no.) I tell you, boys, some outside scoundrel saw Evan place the keys and cut the boat perhaps because he had made a bet as most of us did on Burton and against the Norman. Look here, that old coroner

is not fit to hold an inquest on our old tom-cat, the old donkey cannot see through a barrel of tar, his old cabbage head has got no sense at all, that jury are nothing but a set of cabbage stalks with about as much brains as a turnip. Wait until I get into parliament, I will make that old coroner clear out mighty quick. The jury too, they are nothing but a lot of counter jumpers. The law says a man shall be tried by his peers. Where can we find one man the peer of Ethelbert or any other Shrewsbury School boy. I tell you the British constitution is trampled upon, this day Shrewsbury School is insulted, but you just wait until I enter parliament. Then the laws of this land shall get their rights. No longer shall a thick-headed curmudgeon cabbage-headed old coroner trample on the laws of England. The old muff don't know enough to break stones. Now, boys, I want it understood once for all, that the first boy who ever lets Ethelbert see that this scrape makes any difference in our usual intercourse with him, why let that boy look out, he will be a disgrace to Shrewsbury School so long as I am captain. Now then, three such cheers for Harold Ethelbert that will make the Welkin ring."

Hip, hip, hurrah.

Our friend, the captain, knew how to touch the sympathies of his hearers. Loyal captain when you left the school your career through life was watched

with interest and affection by those once boys. Students and masters in after life used to think with pride they had once been your constant associate in Shrewsbury School.

CHAPTER XV.

THE DOCTOR VISITS HOMEVIEW HALL.

THE head master, on leaving the Raven Hotel, had accompanied Harold and the governor of the jail to that gentleman's residence. As a personal favor, he requested the governor to bring Harold to hear the prize essay read.

The kind-hearted governor had at once consented.

The Doctor drove at once to Homeview Hall to inform his friends of their son's misfortunes. He found them at lunch, already dressed to return to the school to hear the essay read, and see the award to the lucky winner. After the Doctor had partaken of lunch they all drove into town.

Dick, the coachman, followed with the head master's gig.

During the drive the Doctor told his friends

of the events of the morning, comforting the distressed parents by telling them the remanding of their son was merely a matter of form, because Harold had threatened to run away.

The doctor also said, "I did not offer bail, because I think the governor will prevail upon him to tell where he spent his time that evening."

"Oh, doctor, our boy never cut the boat."

"We all know that, my dear Mrs. Ethelbert, but he must tell where he was that evening."

"Doctor," said the squire, "if he said he would not tell me he never will do so."

"But, squire, he must. Such contumacy will ruin his reputation for life. He must, he shall tell after the school breaks up. We will all go and make him tell."

"He never will, doctor, he never breaks his word."

"Well, here we are, the boys are going in. Squire, you will have to find a seat where you can. Harold will be there, Mrs. Ethelbert will sit in the gallery provided for the lady visitors. Keep your courage up, all will yet be well."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PRIZE ESSAY—ENTHUSIASM—GALLANT DEBB. WELL DONE, SCHOOL CAPTAIN—THE PRISONER.

THE hall is fairly packed with boys, teachers and visitors. On the ground floor none but the school boys are seated.

The events of the past two days have caused great excitement, the whole county aristocracy having applied for tickets of admittance, to hear the doctor's address.

The little gallery groans beneath its weight of fair ladies, old and young.

A gentleman holding a boy by the hand enters the hall, and stands behind the last bench on which are seated the first form boys.

A boy looks up, he sees who stands near, a quick nudge to his next companion, then by one impulse the two boys leave their seats and offer them to the governor and his little charge.

The boy seated next to Harold nudges his companion. Like an electric flash the intelligence of Ethelbert's presence is known to every boy in the room, but not a boy looks around. The captain's words that morning have sunk too deep to allow sly or inquisitive glances back.

True, a gentle murmur travels through the crowded room, but where all are whispering there is nothing in that to touch the sensibilities of the prisoner, for such he really is.

Hush, here they come, the head master, the chaplain and the gentlemen who gave the theme.

A slight cheer is raised by the boys, but the ushers at once suppress it.

The head master, looking pale and agitated, advances to the front of the platform, he holds up his hand, then every sound except the quick breathing of the boys is hushed.

Many young hearts beat with hope or despair in that trying moment of suspense.

The doctor said: "Ladies and gentlemen, upon this our annual assembling to read and award the prize for the best essay of the school year, it has been customary during my administrations as head master of Shrewsbury School for me to deliver a short address upon the general progress made by the different forms in the school. To mark our sense of the great calamity which has occurred during our usual festive season, to one of our beloved pupils, we will dispense with the usual remarks and expressions of approval customary. On this occasion we wish on behalf of the school to express our heartfelt sympathy for the loss sustained by the mother and friends in the death of one who

during the time he was a student in the school had endeared himself to the hearts of all.

"You are all aware that the prize essay is competed for by six boys from each form, thirty-six in all, no scholar who has won the medal before being eligible or allowed to compete.

"It is customary and expected that the sixth form, being the most advanced, will win the highest annual honor awarded in the school.

"I need not remark, I do not myself know what the thesis will be until it is written by the writing master in the presence of the boys assembled to compete for the prize.

"The prize, a gold medal, engraved thereon Shrewsbury School, the date and number of the medal awarded.

"Twice only in the history of the school has the prize been won by the fifth form, the lower forms never.

"We wish it to be distinctly understood that the award this year meets with our warmest approval. The prize essay of the present year is brief, to the point, and meets the subject to our satisfaction.

"The fourth form has won the prize."

"Hip, hip, hurrah. Hip, hip, hurrah."

The fourth form boys are wild with joy. They stand upon their seats, yell, whistle, and scream themselves hoarse.

The third, second and first boys are delighted and help to make a noise.

The sixth and fifth forms are silent, they feel disgraced.

Again the doctor holds up his hand. Again silence reigns in the crowded room.

"Yes, boys, the fourth form, for the first time has won the distinction, but alas I fear—"

The doctor stops. What means that agitation. Those words alas and fear.

Name, name, name, is now the cry.

A low, sweet, clear voice is heard from the gallery. It says :

"My boy, my boy."

Every eye in that crowded room is quickly raised to the gallery. They see a lady fainting in her companion's arms.

Another, a boy's voice is heard from the rear. It said :

"Mother, mother."

No need for the doctor to tell which boy has written the prize essay.

A mother's instinct, a mother's heart, a mother's love, has already done that.

Then occurs what never happened in that school before. With one bound the school captain leaps upon the platform alongside the astonished head

master, and shouts as only a boy can shout with love and loyalty in his heart.

"The double event, three cheers for Harold Ethelbert."

"Hip, hip, hurrah."

In that edifice there resounds the cheers that express love, joy and pride. Such cheers were never before heard in Shrewsbury School.

Gone is all petty jealousy; forgotten are the doctor's words to dispense with cheering. Those boys can only see the pet of the school has won the boat race and wrote the prize essay.

"Will they never stop? No use doctor to hold up your hand, let the boys exhaust themselves."

At last all is still, the captain, like a young Nestor, with the look of a conqueror in his eye, turns, bows and said:

"I beg your pardon, doctor, I could not help it."

The doctor speaks: "Yes, Harold Ethelbert has won the gold medal. In consideration of the circumstances in which our young friend is now placed, we will request the boy who is his greatest school friend to come upon the platform and read the essay. Matthew Debb, you will come forward and represent for the time being your school mate."

Debb leaves his seat and ascends the platform, looking somewhat perplexed.

Handing Debb the prize essay, the doctor gives the theme.

"Are works of fiction beneficial?"

Debb reads, in a clear, distinct voice:

"He who writes a work of fiction must be endowed with the powers of imagination, and did the great Creator ever endow any being with any gift that was not given to use, and ultimately be beneficial to mankind."

That was all, not much for an essay, but bear in mind, remember, the writer was a boy fifteen years of age.

Passing the blue ribbon round Debb's neck, the doctor places the medal on his breast, and said:

"At the end of the vacation I shall present this medal to the boy you now represent, in the presence of the whole school."

Debb, looking confused and distressed, catches the eye of the school captain steadily fixed upon his own.

Eye speaks to eye, soul speaks to soul. Then again the good doctor is astonished.

Debb, with a quick movement, passes the ribbon over his head, flings the essay at the doctor's feet, then, with head erect and sturdy stride, he marches down the centre aisle, stops in front of the governor of the jail, giving th gentleman an indignant look, he passes the blue ribbon over

Harold's neck, places the medal upon his breast, wedges himself between the governor and his prisoner, and flings his arm around Harold's neck.

Then and only then does the heart of that falsely accused boy soften. He said in choking words:

"Mat, mat. Mother, mother."

No need for the school captain to give the signal to cheer, more need to give one to stop.

The old head master waves his handkerchief. Ladies, gentlemen and boys are all carried away by that gallant act.

A boy's heart, a boy's justice has won a common sympathy.

It is ever thus—let heart speak to heart, with a common joy or a common sorrow, and the whole human race responds with a common sympathy.

Gallant, brave, fearless Debb, this day you have shown you possess a heart to do and dare. Those deeds, which in your manhood days made the whole world ring with thy name for feats of endurance, power, and strength of mind and body.

I most heartily approve of that boy's conduct. I-I-and the doctor was in tears.

Three cheers for the doctor.

Hip, hip, hurrah.

Three for Debb.

Hip, hip, hurrah.

The head master in school boy praise is done up; he beckons to the chaplain.

The benediction is asked, the national anthem is sung, and Shrewsbury School is over for the term.

Vacated are those old rooms by teachers and pupils. Painters, calcominers and charwomen will obtain and hold possession for the long vacation—the holidays.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ADJOURNED INQUEST—ANY FOOL DOES FOR A JUROR—THE VERDICT.

THE coroner and jury again met in the Raven Hotel. One fresh and fatal witness to Ethelbert is alone examined.

A prying policeman, burning for promotion and increased pay, swears he found the small file and lump of putty produced in the forgotten coat of Ethelbert, left in the boat house the night before the fatal evidence.

That settled it, no other witnesses are examined. Verdict: "We find that the Hon. Frank Chandry came to his death by the capsizing of the boat, called the Norman, the accident being caused

by the deliberate act of Harold Ethelbert cutting the rowlock of the said boat, for the purpose of causing the disablement by breaking of the rowlock, and thereby preventing the Norman boat from winning.

Harold is at once arrested on the charge of manslaughter.

During the day a local justice of the peace, after a patient examination of the witnesses, committed the boy to the county jail to await his trial at the winter assizes, for manslaughter,

The coroner's jury had, as they no doubt conscientiously believed, returned a verdict and presentiment in accordance with the submitted evidence before them. But if they had again cross-questioned the prisoner, or examined his parents, possibly some new light may have been thrown upon the evidence. The boatman, Evan Evans, might under the inquiries of a shrewd man, have said words and exonerated the boy from blame. No questions or research to find the previous owner of the file and putty, no thought that some other person may have placed those articles in the coat unfortunately left in the boat house.

The intelligence of that jury can be seen in the wording of their verdict. No doubt after the inquest they spent the rest of the day drinking beer, and congratulating each other on their own individual shrewdness and farseeing presentiment.

Any fool does for a juror. The bigger the fool the better in the opinion of the legal fraternity, especially when the lawyer has a doubtful case in hand. We see this daily. Does not he constantly tell his credulous listeners sitting in the jury box, they are the most intelligent men he ever has seen or addressed, that he can safely leave his client's case in their hands, knowing they will render an impartial verdict, especially after the insinuating pleading he has just delivered to them.

In illustration we quote a recent case in which a prisoner was tried for manslaughter, for having by violent assault inflicted fatal injuries upon his fellow workman. The evidence was clearly and explicitly given, proving the crime. The jury—not a man of them was under forty years of age—were addressed by a young lawyer, his first case in that or any other court. So efficacious were the arguments and pleadings of the twenty-six years old advocate, that the jury returned a verdict that deceased came to his death by natural causes.

We may add, one of the jurors himself afterwards told the writer that he had witnessed the assault, but not being desirous of giving testimony he had kept the information quiet, until he mentioned the fact to his brother jurors during their deliberations in the jurors' room.

Harold Ethelbert, after his committal was taken back to the governor's residence.

The gentleman who had him in charge felt keenly the refusal by the J. P. to accept bail. During the past week the governor and his wife had studied the boy. This had ended in both becoming very fond of Harold.

From his great experience with criminals, the head jailor had the faculty of reading character closely. He at once came to the conclusion that the lad was innocent. On their return to his home he said :

" Harold, you will remain with me until your trial, use my house as your home, you can go where you like in the house and grounds. All I ask you is not to pass through the gates, if you do I shall suffer for it."

He said no more. Well he knew that single trust and confidence would not be betrayed. Those unlocked gates were far more binding on that boy than stone walls and iron shackles.

Thus one noble nature reads another. A noble mind a kindred spirit.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I WILL NOT TELL—THE GENERAL'S VISIT—APRICOTS.

GENERAL HILLEGARD was unconsolable over Harold's misfortune. He became cross, morose and dictatorial with all he came in contact with. Every time he met the coroner or J. P. he abused them.

But pride, false sensitiveness, prevented him from reconciliation with the Squire. He had sent Clara to a young lady's seminary, near Brighton, because he had told the weeping girl she had raised mutiny in the barracks. If she had been a boy this bother would not have occurred between that stuck-up Saxon Squire and himself.

This he had told her, but the real reason was he knew she required a finishing education before she would take her proper place as the mistress of Abbey Towers. Possibly her tearful face since Harold's troubles began had hastened her departure.

One day when the boy was walking in the governor's garden, he heard the General's voice call him to the gate.

"Hey, young rascal, you are there are you? In

the guard-room, hey? Serves the Squire right, threatening to throw my girl in the river."

The boy indignantly said, with flushed face and flashing eyes :

" General Hillegard, my father is too much the gentleman to throw any woman or girl in the river. You know that, you can say what you like to me, but you shall not speak of my father with disrespect."

" Insubordination, hey, in the regiment. Well, good day, my lad," and the General departed, blowing his nose in a very suspicious manner.

Next day the butler came with a basket of apricots. He tells Harold the General had gathered them himself, but he told me not to tell you, sir. He knew I brought them.

From the butler Harold had learned of Clara being sent to complete her education. This seemed to grieve him more than all his troubles.

The governor one day found his charge weeding an onion bed. He at once protested. The boy said : " Let me work, sir, or I shall go mad."

Writing a note to the head master of the school the governor explained what the boy had said and required. In a short time the old doctor arrived bringing books and lessons to be learned, tasks to be mastered, and thus the kind doctor gave the boy much needed employment of mind.

Father, mother, doctor, governor, had all tried to get Harold to tell where he spent his time that evening before the fatal race, but it was of no use, the boy fearing Clara would be punished did not tell.

An old college chum of the Squire's had been engaged to conduct the boy's defence. The special pleader had made a special journey from London to himself question the lad, but for once the acute cross-examiner was baffled, the great legal light had told the Squire the boy was innocent but screening some one else. He had said, Ethelbert you have got the finest lad in England, he will shine yet.

To his mother Harold had said in response to her prayers and entreaties :

" My mother will never believe I touched the boat, I care for nothing else. My mother will not expect her boy to do a mean act."

And that was all they could get from him. True the Squire had asked him if he had been in the Abbey grounds that night.

" No, father, I was not. You told me to go there no more. I have not put my foot on those grounds since."

CHAPTER XIX.

NOTHING BUT PEACE—WHY DON'T WE GO TO WAR. GENERAL AND EX-SERGEANT.

OF all young Ethelbert's friends the poor butler of Abbey Towers no doubt suffered the most annoyance from Harold's troubles. It was no use for him to try and avoid the General. If he did the bell would be rang and the order given to send that rascal here.

Once let the butler enter the General's sttting-room and the abuse began.

"Sergeant, you fat, lazy rascal, sit there. You are like all the rest, getting fat at the Queen's expense, eating up Her Majesty's rations, here we are doing nothing. What in the name of the division are all the ambassadors about. Not one of them consols or the foreign office has got pluck enough to kick up a shindy anywhere. Peace, peace, nothing but peace. My girl at school, God bless her, and my boy in the guard-room. Do you hear me, sir. The country is going to the dogs, the artillery getting rusty, the ships rotting in harbor, sir. Before we know where we are Macaulay's Maori will be at London bridge, nothing but insubordination in the country, labor, agitation, compulsory educa-

tion and ruination, Turks, Russians and French are saucy, sir. Here we are too fat to ride a charger. Get out of my sight you fat, lazy thing."

Then the butler would leave the room to find consolation from his wife, and tell her, since the General had quarreled with the Squire and Master Harold, there was no living peace.

CHAPTER XX.

THE SCHOOL BOYS—THE NEW CAPTAIN—THE BOYS AND LAW.

THE holidays are over, again the school resounds to boyish voices, the old borough town of Shrewsbury once more wakens up from its quiet sleep.

Several new boys are fast being innoculated into the mysteries of school life. One little fellow firmly believes he has got to thrash the Latin professor before he can expect to advance from the first form.

Another boy has written home to request his papa to write to the doctor not to make him swallow one quart of brimstone and treacle every Saturday night.

Of all the old scholars the two most prominent boys, during the last term, have left for good. These are the school captain and Ethelbert. The captain has gone to India, his father having received a government appointment in the Bombay presidency.

Saturday at last, then a most important ceremony takes place, the election of a new school captain.

Debb, Philips and Doughty are the candidates for the captaincy. Debb retires, telling the boys that was his last half at school.

Philips and Doughty are then requested to take a walk for one hour. The two sixth form boys walk away until such time as the school require to decide who shall be the new captain.

Both boys are eligible. Each boy has won the prize essay. Both are popular with the school.

Philips is the captain of the cricket club, and the best all-round athletic in the school. Firm, just and conscientious, he has many partizans.

Doughty is captain of football, and the best boxer in the school. Perhaps his somewhat hasty temperament this day influences his defeat for the captaincy.

The show of hands is nearly two to one in favor of Philips.

A ringing cheer is heard by the two young men

walking on the banks of the river. They know then that the boys have elected the school captain.

Philips at once holds out his hand and said: "Well, old man, which ever it is we are friends."

"Yes," said Doughty, "always friends, and I hope you are the man the boys have chosen."

"Thanks, old fellow, I hope you are the man," responded his rival.

Entering the grounds they are at once surrounded by the boys. Three cheers for Doughty, three for the new captain. Hip, hip, hurrah.

Standing on an inverted cheese box, which some playful boy had rolled into the grounds, Philips delivered his inaugural address as the captain of Shrewsbury School. He said:

"Boys, you do me proud. First let me tell you I candidly confess that to be your captain has long been my desire, but no captain in this school can ever be so popular as our last one. We shall all miss him. As to myself it will ever be my aim to preserve the traditions of the school. It will give my friends at home much pleasure to hear of the honor you have done me to-day. I shall remain a scholar of this school for two years longer. After that I go to Oxford. The next captain you elect will be, I hope, Ethelbert. You must excuse me making you a long speech to-day. Doughty and I have been talking over Ethelbert's affairs. We have got a proposition to make to you all."

" Spit it out, cap," said a new boy.

" Young man, when you have been as long in this school as we have you will know better than to interrupt a sixth form boy. This being your first absence from your nurse or home you are this time excused."

The new boy, on receiving this rebuke from his captain, retired with a very red face.

The captain proceeds : " Boys, what I was going to say when the youngster interrupted me, was this : The school to show its sense of the great insult placed upon it, and upon one of its scholars, ought to undertake the defence of Ethelbert."

" Bravo, cap, we will, we will."

" We will let people see it is dangerous to insult any boy in Shrewsbury School, let alone such a boy as Harold Ethelbert. You have all heard of Edwards, of Hope Hall. He was once the school captain. Well he has just been called to the bar. You have heard the doctor say he was the cleverest boy he had in the school those days. Let us all make a collection, go to him. Just you let him pitch into the judge and jury. He will tell them what a Shrewsbury School boy is, and no mistake. Let every boy give to Debb and Burton what money he likes, then we will go to the lawyer and tell him to get Ethelbert clear of this scrape. You see boys this being lawyer Edwards' first case he is

sure to make a big fight for Ethelbert. Every boy will give what money he thinks fit. Here, Debb, is one sovereign to start the subscription."

"Now, boys, three cheers for Ethelbert."

Hip, hip, hurrah.

Then ensues a funny scene. Bats, balls, wickets, cricket caps, knives, books, writing desks, etc., are sold, auctioned, exchanged and sold—anything for cash. Money is borrowed at interest, and the outcome of it all is a canvas bag containing about a peck of coins of silver and copper. Three sovereigns were exchanged by the cunning boys into copper, to make the bag look the larger, and the more tempt the lawyer.

On the following Monday morning after prayers, the captain, Burton and Debb, requested permission from the doctor to leave the school so that they could visit the lawyer at Hope Hall.

"What for, boys?" enquired the head master.

They told him of the collection of money and their wish for a Shrewsbury School boy to defend their fellow pupil.

"Good, boys, well done, but my dear pupils what will the Squire say. You know he is a wealthy man. A very old friend has been retained to plead for Ethelbert, poor boy. The Squire's solicitor was here last week in reference to the defence. Yes, you can go, you have a day's holiday, good boys."

CHAPTER XXI.

A LAWYER REFUSES HIS FIRST BRIEF— CASH DOWN.

THREE boys stand at the chief entrance of Hope Hall. A groom has taken charge of their horse and dog-cart.

One of the boys holds a canvas bag of money. Debb is a very strong boy, but he has got his load this day.

A footman is told to tell the lawyer the captain of Shrewsbury School desires an interview.

The servant soon returns and leads the way to the library. The boys find the newly-fledged barrister in the room, dressed in morning costume. He cordially receives them, smiling at the canvas bag.

"Well, young gentlemen, I am pleased to see you. What can I have the pleasure of doing for you?"

The captain soon lets him know the purport of their visit to Hope Hall.

Debb, at the conclusion of the captain's statement, in a matter-of-fact way, places the heavy bag on the lawyer's knees.

"My dear boy," said the surprised lawyer, "what is that?"

"Money, sir," he is told.

"Oh, dear, you boys will kill me; excuse me laughing; it is certainly not every briefless barrister that is offered such a heavy retainer as that. Oh, dear me."

The footman in the adjoining room wondered what caused his young master's cachinnation.

It takes the briefless barrister sometime to exp'ain to the disappointed boys the difference between a solicitor and barrister. Carefully he points out the usual red-tape course to be observed before he can entertain the brief. He tells them unless he is approached by the squire's attorney, and the brief chalked by that gentleman it is impossible for him to defend their friend. He somewhat assuages their vexation by telling them that the barrister retained for Ethelbert's defense is one of England's most powerful cross-examiners and special pleaders.

"Will you take some refreshments, boys?" he kindly asked.

"No, sir, thank you."

"Well, come into the green-house and eat some grapes."

"Look here, lawyer," said Burton, "that old London fogy had better not muddle things at the trial."

Again the barrister laughs; he thinks what a splendid joke to tell his legal brothers at the fraternal club.

When the boys drive away the lawyer goes into the house to tell his relatives he has just refused his first brief.

On the return to town, Burton, who is sitting behind on account of his broken arm, suddenly says, "Boys, stop." The horse is pulled up with a jerk. "Well, Burton, what is it?"

"Cap, suppose we go to Homeview Hall and see the squire."

"Bully for you, Burton, here we go."

Flying through the town goes the hired horse and rig, over the Welsh bridge, up Pridehill, down Abbeyforegate, through the toll-gate.

A shilling is flung to the old toll-gate keeper from the fast moving dog-cart. Homeview Hall is reached.

CHAPTER XXII.

DOUBLY DISAPPOINTED BOYS -- A MOTHER'S GRIEF—THE DETECTIVE.

THE Squire is making his daily inspection of the stables. Dick, the coachman, with a solemn face follows respectfully behind. They both hear a voice call :

" Hey, Dick, come and open the gates."

Then the Squire hears : " Hello, Dick, take our horse, is the Squire at home ?"

" Yes, sir, he is here."

" That's bully, where is he ? Beg pardon, Squire, we have come on purpose to see you."

" Quite right, boys, glad to see you at all times. Is your arm getting well, Burton ? How are you, Debb ? Very glad to hear of your election as school captain, Philips. My boy is also pleased to hear of it. Come into the house, boys. Dick put the horse in the stable, please."

In the library the boys tell the Squire the reason of their visit.

Squire Ethelbert was deeply moved. He could not speak far agitation. He motioned for Debb to ring the bell.

" Request your mistress to come here at once,"

he manages to tell the maid who answered the bell.

Mrs. Ethelbert enters the room. On her pure, sweet face can be seen the trace of recent tears. Debb thinks she has aged ten years since the last fetes.

The moment she sees Debb she bursts into tears. She knew he was her boy's chosen friend, she also knew, woe to the boy that molested her son, if Harold could not thrash him Debb would try. If he could not the two would do so.

For some time she was overcome with grief, then she gave her hand to Debb first. A few words from the Squire and she knows the history of the last three days. In gentle, sympathic words the almost heart-broken mother takes the sting from the refusal of her boy's well-meant would-be defenders.

During dinner the boys are told that a clever London detective had been sent by the London Q. C., engaged to defend Harold, to endeavor to find out where Harold had spent his time that evening previous to the boat race.

Burton receives and declines an invitation to remain at the Hall until his arm is again strong. The Squire knows his parents are in Italy at present, and feels sorry for the boy.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ONE LAW FOR THE RICH ANOTHER FOR THE POOR.

THE coming winter assizes are the all-absorbing topic of conversation in the county. Men nightly assemble at the hotels, taverns, public houses, inns, or by what other name licensed houses for the sale of drink may be designated, to discuss with the assistance of beer or ardent spirits and tobacco the coming trial of Harold Ethelbert.

We will pass without comment the vile slander so often repeated that women are inveterate gossips, and the statement that men are not so.

It has been written, what one man looses another man gains. Certainly, in the present case the loss of liberty to young Ethelbert was a great gain to the country's revenue, landlords of public houses, brewers and maltsters.

In the rural districts hob-nailed, smock-frocked ploughmen, carters, teamsters and general farm hands met at the village inns to talk about the coming trial of one of the county's oldest sons by birth and pedigree.

At the Royal Oak Inn, near the cross roads, many of the so-called hayseeds have met to chat

with mine host and hear the last bit of scandal from town.

"I eared say, Villum, that a big Lunnon chap be a-coomin' to talk the judge and jurey."

"I tell thee, Thumas, thee niver fear they ull git him off; he's one a the hairystocky, thee knowst."

"Villum, if our lad or lass ud a-doone it, he ud be sent to the gallows, sure thee be born."

"Thumas, I tell thee there's a law for rich folks an' a law for us poor folks."

"An' I tell thee, Villum, if them big bugs a-do give him a good karackter, the coort ull let he go; thee see wat I be sayin'."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE ASSIZES—A TRUE BILL—THE TRIAL—GUILTY. THE SENTENCE—A MOTHER'S HEART.

AT last the long looked for trial begins. The grand jury have returned a true bill against Harold Ethelbert.

Judge, jury, councillors, solicitors, prisoner, witnesses, friends, are all there in that crowded court room.

The prisoner is allowed to seat himself on a tall three-legged stool. Close behind are his father and mother. The prisoner occasionally glances at his parents with a fond, anxious look.

The trial begins. We simplify and condense the evidence of witnesses and speech of judge and lawyers.

To the usual question of guilty or not guilty, the little prisoner, in a distinct voice said: "I never touched the boat."

The plea of not guilty is recorded by the clerk. In opening the case for the crown the learned Q.C. said it was his painful duty to bring forth witnesses to prove no one but the prisoner and the school boatman could possibly have had access to the boat which caused the disaster. He repeated the evidence sworn at the inquest, and took his seat with a face that plainly said, I wish I was not in this case.

Dr. Hird, in his evidence stated the means used to resuscitate deceased, the length of time it was possible for a body to remain in water with hope of life.

Percy, the boy who had requested permission to accompany Harold home becoming confused, seriously damaged his friend's cause.

Evan Evans, the boatman, was badgered, bullied and cross-examined without shaking his former evidence.

The tailor who made the prisoner's boating suit threw no new light upon the case.

Unknown to the Squire, General Hillegard had been summoned for the defence. The head master gave the boy a noble character.

Debb indignantly denied that the prisoner could be guilty of such an act.

General Hillegard's evidence caused the stern face of the judge to relax more than once, especially when he said the prisoner ought to be tried by court martial.

"How long have you known prisoner at the bar?" the General was asked by the crown counsel.

"Why, I knew the lad before he was born," was the General's answer.

"What kind of a disposition have you observed in him during your long acquaintance with his family?"

Thinking, perhaps, of his own misery and imaginary wrongs, the General brought his fist down on the witness-box with a blow that made all start, and said, "Why, he's a young scamp, stealing my apricots."

A low, sweet voice is heard by all, it said, "General!"

All look and see standing behind the prisoner a lady. In her tearless, quivering, pleading face can be read a mother's prayer, "Spare my boy."

One look the General gives at that mother, then, in a voice like that he used when giving the word to charge, amidst the roaring cannon, he said, "God bless you, Mrs. Ethelbert."

Gone is the General's pride, forgotten are his wrongs. He sees alone, will ever see that pleading face, a mother's appeal for her boy.

Conquered is the old conqueror, defeated is his anger, won to her boy's cause, ready to fight her boy's battles, won by one look in which spake a mother's heart, a mother's love, a mother's influence.

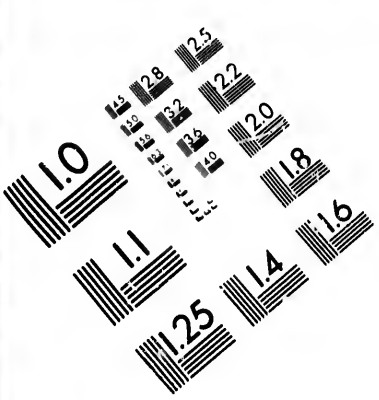
The counsel for the defence at once rises to take advantage of this incident.

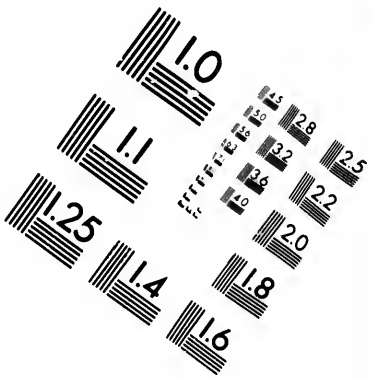
"Witness—having known the prisoner at the bar all his life, you have had every opportunity to study his habits and disposition, have you ever known him to do a mean act?"

"Never, he is the best lad in the world and I love him as my own. He never cut the boat."

"Thank you, General, you can retire."

In addressing the jury the eminent counsel for the defence claimed nothing was proven, that all the evidence was purely circumstantial. He dwelt upon the fact of the prisoner not having one single bet upon the race. He told the jury a collision would have taken place if the Norman had not capsized, intimated the accident was an act of





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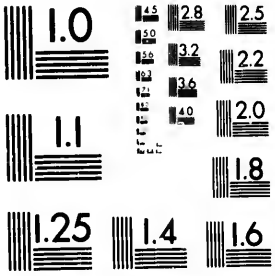

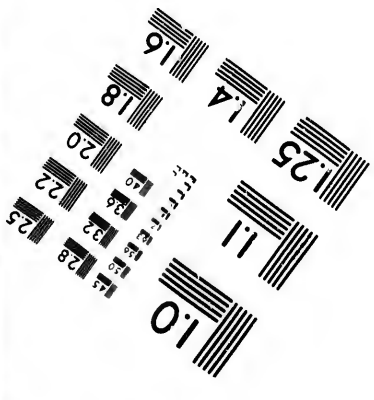

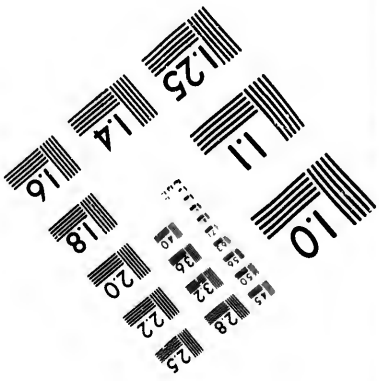

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God, expressed his firm belief that the prisoner was shielding some one else. He told the jury to look at the prisoner and ask their consciences if that boy looked like a scoundrel. He told of the prisoner's long line of unsullied descent, drew their attention to the incident between the General and his mother, asking them if they wanted to break that mother's heart. He read the prize essay, claimed it was no essay at all, nothing in it whatever, and finished with a prerοration that set one-half of them crying.

The judge impartially weighed the evidence for and against the prisoner in his charge to the jury, telling them to retire and consider their verdict without malice or prejudice.

One hour passes. Will they never come. Two hours. Hush, here they come.

"Gentlemen of the jury, are you all agreed upon your verdict?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Do you find prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty," my Lord, "but we strongly recommend him to mercy."

One long, agonized cry breaks the stillness of that crowded court, then a mother's heart is oblivious of her son's disgrace. They carry her out into the fresh air, and that loving mother revives to fall into hysteria. A carriage is procured, she is rapidly

driven to the Raven Hotel, screaming: "My boy, my boy."

"Prisoner at the bar, you have heard the verdict, have you anything to say why judgment should not be passed upon you?"

Mother, mother, mother, one single minute of agony, then with head erect and steady eye the little prisoner stood up to receive his sentence.

"Prisoner at the bar, you have been found guilty of manslaughter in the second degree. In consideration of your youth, and the strong recommendation to mercy by the jury, you are receiving the lightest sentence allowed by law. You will be taken to the common jail of the county in which you are tried, and be confined according to the rules made and provided for your safe keeping for a period of twelve calendar months."

The jury are discharged, those twelve men, without malice or preconceived opinion, have condemned an innocent boy to must it be lasting disgrace.

Where, in this age, can be found a man who has not already formed, before he takes his place as a juror a preconceived opinion of the case he is called upon to adjudge. The man may not know it, he may think it not, but nevertheless it is there the biased opinion.

In these days of cheap press, new agencies and rapid transit for the expansion of information and

knowledge of current events and opinions, we are aware almost simultaneously with the act of occurrence, not only of events, but the different views expressed thereon.

We blame not the system of the juridical, we do not even condemn the jurors, but we censure the indiscriminate summoning to serve as jurors men of inferior intellect.

CHAPTER XXV.

INDIGNATION.

THREE almost breathless boys rush into the dining room of Shrewsbury School; the scholars are partaking their evening meal.

"Oh, captain, Ethelbert has got twelve months."

Then many a boy who would scorn to be seen with moist eyes on other occasions now does not think it unmanly to weep.

The school captain stands up and with fiery eye and burning cheek indignantly denounces judge, jury, lawyers, witnesses.

"I tell you boys that old judge must be in his dotage. That set of jurymen are a lot of old

mangel-wurtzel, know-nothing mules. That old bobby of a policeman had better look out for himself. Ethelbert's lawyer was not fit to defend anybody. Debb was right when he said he was an old fogy. We ought to have had a Shrewsbury Schoolboy to defend Ethelbert. Twelve months—it's a burning shame. Don't think, boys, I have no sympathy for poor Frank Chandry, or his mother and friends. Some one cut the row-lock, but Ethelbert never did. Hang the jury."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE GENERAL ASKS FORGIVENESS—CLARA'S LETTER.

THE day following Harold's trial and sentence General Hillegard had gone to Homeview Hall and said: "Squire, drum me out of the army for an old fool. I am the biggest imbecile in Shropshire. Forgive me, Squire."

"God bless you, General, we have sadly missed you in our great affliction."

Mrs. Ethelbert had said: "Oh, General, my poor boy—twelve months—will you go and see him, it will comfort him."

"Squire," bursts out the irascible old soldier, "all this bother has broke my heart, my girl away, my lad in the guard-room under arrest. If I only had that jury in India, if I did not march them against bamboo spears, why, I am no soldier that's all. Why brand me for a deserter, but of all the fools I ever met, they must be crazy to order my lad into barracks under arrest. My poor, poor lad. My girl will break her little heart."

"Have you written to Clara, General?"

"No, Mrs. Ethelbert, I had not the courage to do so. I sent her to-day's paper, *Current Events*, containing the full account of the trial. I shall go and see her next week."

"I will write to her some day next week if you like, General."

"Thank you, kindly. Do so, I cannot write to her now."

Four days after the General sent the paper to Clara he was with the Squire at Homeview, when the butler was observed coming up the river walk.

The maid that answered the door when the butler rang, had already received her instructions to admit him. Entering the library he was saluted with: "Hey, you lazy rascal, so you have deserted, have you?"

The Squire said, "take a seat Mr. Brown, will you take a glass of ale after your walk?"

"No thank you, Squire," replied the butler, I have brought a letter from Miss Clara. General, it has just come, I thought you would wish me to bring it."

"Very good, sergeant, give me the despatch. You are a faithful soldier after all."

"Is she well, sir?" the butler enquired before the General had time to open it.

"Wait and see, sergeant. Mrs. Brown will wish to know," replied the master.

Reading his letter, the General breaks out: Mutiny, by my spurs, the young scamp, God bless my girl. Then he flings the letter on the floor, pulls the Squire out of his seat and whirling him round upset the butler, and the three men lay on the carpet.

Mrs. Ethelbert came quickly into the room saying: "Whatever can be the matter, Squire?"

"I don't know, my dear, the General has evidently received good news."

"Oh, General, is it my boy?" was all the mother could say.

"Yes, our lad, the young scamp, bless my girl," and the General pointed to the floor.

Mrs. Ethelbert at once picked up the letter. Reading it, she fainted. She had seen in the letter her boy's honor cleared.

The Squire afterwards reads:

BRIGHTON SEMINARY.

DEAREST PAPA.—Do not be angry with me, but until I received your paper I did not know my Harold was punished because he would not tell about me. The night before the boat race when you were with those horrid officers, Harold took me for a boat ride on the river. We were on the water a long, long time. Won't you tell the Squire and get my Harold out of that horrid, horrid jail. The Squire would never throw me in the river, your little girl. CLARA.

P. S.—Darling papa, won't you go and see dear Mrs. Ethelbert and get my Harold out of that horrid jail. CLARA.

The Squire could see it all now, his first words were: "My noble son, God bless him."

The General had that day come to Homeview to condole with his friends, but he alone now required consolation, his distress was extreme, he blamed himself for all their troubles. To pacify his extreme grief the Squire drove him into town to see Harold.

But not until the boy had read the letter would he admit or give any explanation of his movements the evening before the boat race.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LONDON LAWYER AND RED TAPE.

ELEVEN o'clock, a. m. next day two gentlemen arrive and enter a cab at the Euston Station, London. They are rapidly driven to Temple-bar.

Half an hour afterwards the great legal luminary who had fought so hard for his old college chum's boy, was being told of Harold's noble conduct. He merely remarked: "I thought so, that detective was a muff."

The General said: "You see, lawyer, my lad thought I would punish my girl. He said he might have told if I had not sent her away. That fat, lazy sergeant of mine who pretends to be my butler had told my lad I sent my girl away to school because she cried about him."

The lawyer said: "No, General, the boy would never have told so long as he thought you would be angry with your daughter, but we will have him released within two weeks."

"Must my son remain two weeks in jail?"

"Yes, I fear so, Squire, red tape is slow, but no doubt when I lay the facts before the home secretary he will recommend Her Majesty's pardon at

once, but the detail will have to take the usual course."

The General stormed and threatened to go to the horse guards about it. If that did no good he promised the war office should attend to such a scandalous shame.

Squire and General afterwards went to the Langham Hotel for breakfast.

The General that evening went to Brighton to visit Clara.

The Squire returned to Homeview Hall that day for the first time since the school fetes. The maids were heard to sing, and honest Dick, the coachman, whistled while cleaning his horses, "there's a good time coming boys."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PARDON AND RELEASE FROM JAIL.

THREE weeks later and then a mounted messenger comes to Homeview Hall bringing a telegraph despatch telling the parents of Harold Ethelbert. The order for his release will be forwarded next day.

In the Governor's private residence next day the Squire and Mrs. Ethelbert are anxiously awaiting the special messenger's arrival from London, bringing the papers containing Her Majesty's gracious pardon for her son.

The Governor's wife exclaims here he is, and hurridly leaves the reception room. The lady soon returned with a large sealed package in her hand. The Governor opening it reads that Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, has graciously been pleased to pardon Harold Ethelbert now confined in Shrewsbury jail. The important document had of course the usual formula of routine wording highly necessary to all official papers.

Ten minutes more Harold is free, but will never be free from the stain of dishonor or the thought of imprisonment, disgrace, suspicion.

On the way home honest Dick repeatedly during the drive calls his horse a slow brute, and by whistling, singing and beg pardon, sir, testifies his delight at the release of his young master.

At the Hall door stands General Hillegard. Behind him the crying maids, to welcome home once more the son and heir.

The heir to that old Hall and estate is no longer the glad, joyous, light-hearted boy he formerly was. Gone is the sweet music of his youth, and in its place has come the ever constant thought I have

been in prison, I am disgraced. No longer does his mother hear the laughter of her female domestics when the boy meets them in the different rooms, no longer does the fresh young voice make the old hall ring to the tune of—wait until the holidays come—the General can debate without contradiction now on the glories of a soldier's career, no longer does he hear his young friend saucely retort *Homo sum humani nihil a me alienum puto.* His friends see with sad hearts his imprisonment has sank deep and killed the joyous impulse of his youth.

CHAPTER XXIX.

FAREWELL TO SHREWSBURY SCHOOL.

HAROLD was released from jail on Tuesday. On the following Saturday a delegation, representing boys in each form, came from the school to Homeview Hall to visit their friend and school companion, enquiring for him at the chief entrance. On his appearance they once more raised the old ringing cry of three cheers for Harold Ethelbert.

General Hillegard, crossing the river on his way to Homeview, dropped the basket of apricots he was carrying into the river. With his forage cap in his hand the brave old soldier joined in the cheers. Then he said :

"Hey, boatman, what have you done with my apricots, you rascal. I want them for my young scamp—he always liked apricots."

The school boys leave the Hall with solemn faces, for they have heard that Harold will return no more to Shrewsbury School.

Yes, Harold had said good-bye, a long good-bye, to Shrewsbury School. Broken was his education, broken were his hopes, spirits, heart.

Four weeks passed; the Squire one day sent for his son to the library, and after a time said :

"My son, you are losing valuable time, you must not neglect your studies any longer. We intend next term to send you to Eaton or Rugby. In the meantime I will superintend your studies myself."

"Father, it will be no use, I cannot now remember what I study. I cannot write or think any more. Let me go to some business at once or I shall go mad. People must think me a murderer, disgraced and ruined as I am."

The Squire was deeply moved, then he said :

"Oh no, my son, disgraced you will never be. To-day I will go to town and consult the doctor in

reference to your future. Go to your mother now."

During the day the wise father drove to Shrewsbury to consult his friend the head master. He returned late in the evening. Next morning he went to Ironbridge to see Mr. Staghorn, the druggist, the doctor having informed him that that gentleman was desirous of obtaining an apprentice.

Mr. Staghorn and the squire soon came to an agreement. The clever chemist and druggist offered to take Harold under articles of indenture for five years, the boy to live with him and be treated as one of the family, the squire paying fifty pounds as a premium for his son to learn the arts and keep the secrets of the pharmaceutic.

When told of this arrangement Harold expressed his approval, and remarked, "Do not tell the General until I am gone."

One week more at home, then the dog-cart was brought to the door to convey the Squire and his son to Ironbridge. As Harold left his room, ready for the journey, his mother met him. She took him by the hand and led him to her own chamber. Kneeling down with her boy beside her she prayed that he who watches over all would guide, guard and bless her boy. One long silent pressure and Harold was gone.

The squire drove, but not until the town of Ironbridge was in sight did either speak. At last the squire said:

"My son, it has been my cherished hope that you should have gone to Oxford and received a University education. Your school master, the doctor, has often said you would distinguish yourself at college, but now, alas, you yourself have chosen to follow a different course. You are aware, being our only child, there is not the slightest reason why you should follow any commercial pursuit or study, still you may never regret the profession you are going to enter into to-day. In the science of chemistry there is ever a source for brilliant research. The field is broad and yet in its infancy. You can, if you like, make a great name in that career. You will in this, as in all occupations, have much to learn and unpleasant duties to perform at first, but I do not fear for your faithful fulfilment of all even disagreeable tasks. A certain amount of drudgery is essential in all pursuits of this life. You will come home every Sunday morning. We will send for you. I have also arranged with Mr. Jackstone for private tuition. That gentlemen will give you lessons to learn in the evenings. Under such a talented preceptor your education will not be neglected or suffer, at least such is the opinion of the worthy head master of Shrewsbury School.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE GENERAL'S WRATH.

THE moment the Squire reached his own home on his return from Ironbridge, the old General opened fire upon him, Mrs. Ethelbert having informed the irritable soldier of the purport of the absence from home of her husband and son. The General was too much of a gentleman to vent his anger on a lady, but the instant he met the Squire his bottled-up wrath exploded.

"Hey, Squire, what's this Mrs. Ethelbert tells me? Been and put my lad in a nasty, stinking, pill box, poisoning drug shop, to learn to mix pipe-clay, blue pills, paregoric and castor oil into poison to kill Her Majesty's faithful subjects. Squire, I am ashamed of you. Lost all your senses, hey. If any man had told me what you had gone to Ironbridge for I would have run my sword through him. Confound everybody, I am going to fetch my lad away. If I don't, why choke that fat, lazy, old sergeant of mine who calls himself my butler. Squire, when Mrs. Ethelbert, God bless her, told me about it I nearly had an apoplectic fit. Brimstone and mustard plasters."

"Why, General," said Mrs. Ethelbert, who,

laughing came to her husband's rescue, "what has the Squire been doing to you ?"

"Doing, has he not put my lad into a nasty, snuffy, pill poisoning, pipe clay, worm powder shop, when he ought to be learning to fight his country's battles. Excuse me, madam, I feel sick and will go home. If my poor wife had given me a son instead of that saucy little rebel of a girl of mine this disgrace would never have happened to us all."

Away marched the irate old General to Abbey Towers. The butler observing his coming went to meet him, thinking he was unwell from his agitated look. But the long suffering ex-sergeant caught a tartar.

"You fat, lazy old borax, cod-liver oil, poisoning emetic, ipecacuanha, blue pills and thunder, get into your quarters, sir, hang you."

On the General's departure from Homeview Hall Mrs. Ethelbert remarked: "Squire, our dear friend seems sadly put about over our boy."

"Yes, my dear, I expected that. We must prevent him from going to Ironbridge, he would abuse Mr. Staghorn unmercifully, and possibly make our son discontented."

So Harold Ethelbert, the boy who had won the double event of his last school year, was apprenticed to learn the business of a chemist and druggist, putting up and pulling down shutters, sweeping

floors, dusting counters and the endless sundries usually found within such shops. Washing bottles, mixing and rolling pills, folding powders, and trying hard to manfully fulfil his to him abhorrent duties.

The boy who had gloried in athletic sports; and knew the best fishing grounds for the leaping salmon, the dace, the trout, perch and gudgeon, knew where to find the first primrose, snowdrops and violets for his mother, or could point out to Clara Hillegard the exact spot where the robin, the bullfinch and thrush were sure to build their coming nests, was now from eight o'clock in the morning until seven in the evening struggling hard to please his master and learn the business.

But did his thoughts never wonder to the delights of a free country life, the triumph he obtained over frisky horses belonging to his father or General Hillegard, or the grand contests of brain and muscle so dear to the hearts of boys at school.

Mr. Jackstone, the proprietor of the academy, adjacent to Ironbridge, taught a few pupils, principally the sons of tradesmen in the more advanced rudiments of a business education, being a ripe scholar and a very clever man. Harold's evening lessons received from this learned gentleman were wisely selected, the boy made great progress in his studies.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WAR—FAREWELL GENERAL HILLEGARD—POLITICAL SUPPORTERS.

ONE of those dark clouds periodically ascending the horizon of our Eastern possessions was fast gathering, before it suddenly bursts and deluges the hot sands of India with blood.

The hill tribes had long chafed beneath what they considered the British yoke, fierce, warlike and bloodthirsty, but still kept in check by the influence of one man. They only desired an excuse to revolt, that excuse soon occurred.

A change of administration in England entailed a change in the Viceroy of India. True to the traditions of all civilized countries the inevitable consequence was a change in the administration of the internal affairs of the interior. An able man speaking the language of his restless charges, thoroughly understanding the wiles and intrigue of our dusky subjects. This man is withdrawn, recalled to make room for another. The man who takes his place was ignorant of the common language, ignorant of the necessary experience to hold and keep in peace the fierce tribes he had undertaken to govern.

This erroneously appointed official awakes one

morning to find a savage in his presence, a bamboo spear at his throat.

It is thus we ever reward our political supporters, no matter what their fitness for the position may be. What care we if a better man is shelved, it's no matter if the country does suffer, the taxpayer is inexhaustible, blood is cheap, our staunch partizan must be found a place, or he may possibly kick over the political trace and bring disaster upon his party.

Blood was shed, and before mother earth has absorded that she shall be fed with more.

England awakes to the danger and says, the rebellion shall be stopped, we will crush this revolt with British steel.

All is hurry, bustle and excitement at the war office. The admiralty have received orders to have two transport troop ships in readiness within ten days. No time must be lost. British soldiers are impatient to sheath their swords in the blood of their fellow men.

At the war office hundreds of applications pour in soliciting commissions. The commander-in-chief carefully notes each one. One in particular arrests his attention. Next day General Hillegard receives a telegraph despatch.

The General receives and opens it, then turning to the butler he said :

"Sergeant pack my campaign kit and send at once for the head groom."

That night the groom with three horses, bred, reared and trained at Abbey Towers, leaves for Portsmouth.

A quiet dinner at Homeview Hall, then a long farewell is said by the old friends, and General Hillegard has again left his home for the far distant land that was the field of his early triumph.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE BATTLE—PARTY SUPPORT—MILITARY PRESTAGE.

FIVE long, anxious months have passed, Clara Hillegard and her aunt were paying a visit to Homeview Hall. One morning Clara rushed into the library and said :

"Oh, Squire, come quick, the doctor is coming, he saw me and waved a newspaper over his head, he has got some news of my papa."

"I hope so, my dear," said the Squire, "which doctor do you mean ?"

"Our doctor, Squire, the head master, to be sure, come and meet him, do please."

"Yes, yes, my dear, where is my hat?"

"Bravo, Squire, our dear friend the General has won a great victory. I brought you the paper myself, knowing you only send to town once a day for your mails. Read this."

The Squire read in *Current Events* the latest war news. It appears, said that paper, the commander of the British army in India had give orders for the cavalry under the command of General Hillegard te remain in camp while the foot regiments and artillery endeavored to dislodge the enemy from the heights in which they had taken refuge. Finding the enemy too strongly fortified in the hills the order was given to retreat. The enemy at once charged down upon the native contingent, and a fearful slaughter began, our dusky allies becoming panic stricken bolted and threw our troops into confusion. A disgraceful rout began, when General Hillegard appeared on the scene. With one glance of the eye he surveyed the massacre of our troops. Drawing his sword he said to his division: "One blow for God and country and England's noble Queen. Cavalry, follow me."

Like a whirlwind the mounted division dashed into the melee. In twenty minutes a disorderly panic had become a glorious victory.

If the despatches are correct it is to General Hillegard we owe the salvation of our army.

Need we say the reading of this gave the Squire and all at his home great pleasure.

Clara and Mrs. Harecourt returned to Brighton next day, happy in the thought that the General was unharmed.

The next despatches brought word that so completely had the General's victory demoralized the hill tribes that they were now suing for pardon and peace.

But by the time the news was received in England the war was not over. The commander-in-chief on the battle field declined to treat for peace with the beaten and now submissive enemy. In his despatches to the war office he said the enemy wants to gain time to reorganize, and it will be the height of indiscretion to retire now. We must completely subdue them first.

The war office swallowed this pill, for was not the General in command of the forces engaged in the war, a personal friend of the premier. The commander had lost an officer under him, had gained military prestage, honor and renown. General Hillegard had distinguished himself, but his chief had nearly extinguished his military career. So until such times as the titled commander-in-chief had recovered his prestage the war must be prolonged, of course unless the country demands his being recalled.

So the fight is kept up until there no longer remains an enemy to fight.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

GENERAL AND COLONEL.

FAR in the interior of India, near the boundary of the Bombay presidency the returning victorious army have pitched their camp on the banks of a small stream.

Two officers are seated on camp stools beneath a small tent, the heat has caused both to throw off their military coats and accoutrements of military display.

The one speaking is General Hillegard, the other Colonel Antine. "I tell you, Colonel, there is nothing like giving the black rascals a good thrashing. Serve them the same as a school boy who won't learn his lessons, give him a good thrashing, and tell him you will give him another if he don't learn. He will not tell you again he forgot his lessons. I used to think Colonel I should like to die in uniform, but now I hope to die in bed with the Squire and Mrs. Ethelbert on one side of me, my girl and lad on the other."

Colonel Antine remarked : " Why, General, I was not aware you had a son before."

" No," said the Squire with a sigh " he is not my son, but my lad. The young scamp instead of being here fighting for his queen and country is now poisoning Her Majesty's subjects."

The Colonel laughed, and knew he was sure of some fun. Well he knew that his gallant brave General was an Achilles in war, but simple as a child in all matters of civil life, so he remarked : " Studying medicine, General, going to be a doctor I suppose."

" No, Colonel, if he was I should not mind so much, but the young scamp is learning to sell blisters, Turkey rhubarb and blue pills."

" Learning the drug business, General," said the Colonel.

" Yes, if I don't make that fat, lazy, faithful, honest old sergeant of mine suffer when I get to Abbey Towers for it, why reduce me to the ranks that's all."

" Why, General, our sergeants are all thin men. No wonder, on salt horse and hard tack in this hot sun."

" Colonel, I mean my fat, lazy butler at home, eating up all the commissariat, but I always get mad when I think about my lad. Colonel, when we get to Bombay I shall go home at once. I can take a

coasting steamer to Calcutta and catch the P. and O. mail boat for England, I want to see my girl and lad and the dear friends at Homeview Hall."

"Won't you wait for us, General, we shall surely get leave of absence now."

"No, Colonel, I want to reach home per *Saltam* if I can. This is my last trip from home I hope."

A few weeks later General Hillegard embarked on board the peninsular and oriental steam ship Ayah, at Calcutta, bound for London, England.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SAD NEWS—FAREWALL GENERAL HILLEGARD—THE WILL.

SQUIRE ETHELBERT one day returned from Shrewsbury with a distressed countenance. He tells his wife he had seen posted on the bulletin board in front of the office of *Current Events*, the *Daily News*, containing the account of the finding in the Mediterranean sea of burnt fragments of the Ayah, the ship in which General Hillegard had taken passage home.

Long the Squire and Mrs. Ethelbert mourned

for their old friend. Harold was greatly distressed to hear of Clara's loss.

Two months afterwards, when all hope had been abandoned, the Squire received a polite letter from the General's lawyer requesting the presence of himself and son that day week to attend the reading of the General's will.

Clara and Mrs. Harecourt came to Homeview Hall to remain until the sad ceremony was over.

At the reading of the will all the General's relatives assembled, some looking hopeful, other absorbed in grief.

After sundry ahems the pompous old lawyer made a self laudatory speech in which he stated that his late lamented and dear friend General John Hillegard had called upon him the day he had last left Abbey Towers on his way to London, previous to embarking for India. His respected client and dear friend had himself written his will, and wished his old friend and legal adviser to then and there procure reliable witnesses. The head master of Shrewsbury School and Dr. Hird had witnessed the signature.

The General had bequeathed all he possessed to his daughter Clara, excepting a few legacies to friends and servants. The executors were named, the trustees and all legal forms necessary complied with.

To the Squire he had bequeathed his library, that not being entailed on the next male heir. Mrs. Ethelbert was to receive fifty pounds to purchase a memorial ring. Harold was to have one thousand pounds.

The butler, five hundred pounds and the General's gold-headed cane. Mrs. Brown was to receive a legacy of one hundred pounds. All the servants at Abbey Towers and Homeview Hall were remembered.

One only felt dissatisfaction at the will, but Mrs. Harecourt consoled herself with the thought that she had a good-looking scapegrace son, and Clara had seventy thousand pounds at her absolute control in two years more.

In less than one month, excepting the gardener, his wife and one house maid, all the domestics and outdoor servants belonging to Abbey Towers are paid and dismissed. Those old rooms are then closed for years to outsiders, until the young heir shall obtain his majority.

The sergeant and Mrs. Brown emigrated to Canada and ultimately settled in Toronto, Ontario. With the savings of years and the General's legacy the childless couple had ample means to live in retirement. Two years after they left England Mrs. Ethelbert received a letter from Mrs. Brown, saying they were content and asking about old friends.

CHAPTER XXXV.

AT HOME AGAIN—CLARA'S MARRIAGE—THE SQUIRE'S INCOME.

HAROLD'S apprenticeship to Mr. Staghorn has expired by time. The druggist was sorry to lose his able assistant. The young man, now twenty years of age, was going to study practical chemistry in the laboratory of a scientific professor, who had given to the world some valuable discoveries in the art of metallurgy.

Three months were to be spent at home, then Harold was to leave home for a period of study in London, with the distinguished savant.

In appearance the boy has not much altered; we notice the same bright eye, flaxen hair and small, compact figure, square-built shoulders and well-built frame, but, alas! in one so young, two deep lines of care or thought cross the brow, spoiling the beauty of the forehead. Unless speaking to his father or mother his face rarely wears a smile.

He has just returned from an expedition up the river with his gun. Entering the spare room he began to clean his weapon.

Mrs. Ethelbert came into the room with a very serious look upon her sweet face, and said:

"Have you had good sport, my boy?"

"No, mother, only one poor little water rat to-day, but I could have shot a splendid king-fisher."

"My boy, why do you not shoot over the Abbey Towers estate? You know the steward has given you permission to shoot when and what you like."

"Mother, I do not care to go on that estate any more. Why is it we never hear from Clara now?"

"We know now, my boy, we must not blame her. Have you seen the paper to-day?"

"Which paper, mother?"

"*Current Events.* We fear poor Clara has made a great mistake, my boy."

Mrs. Ethelbert, taking the paper from her pocket, laid it on the table; then with streaming eyes she left the room.

Two hours afterwards that mother returned to what they called the spare room, and found her son seated, holding the paper in his hand, with a face drawn in the agony of despair.

Harold had read in *Current Events*, under the marriage announcements:

"HARECOURT—HILLEGARD.—On the 16th inst., at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, London, by the Rev. J. Astor, Oscar Harecourt, Esq., to Clara, only daughter of the late General Hillegard, of Abbey Towers, Salop."

"We do not blame Clara; the poor girl had been removed from the seminary, taken abroad by her

unscrupulous aunt and cousin, isolated from friends, who may have warned her of her cousin's career. She was repeatedly told her heart's choice, Harold Ethelbert, was a disgraced and ruined man. Constantly pressed by her good-looking cousin, persuaded by her aunt, she had, in sheer despair, consented to be married. Then those who should have been her best friends hurried the heart-broken girl back to England. A private marriage followed, the bride fainting at the altar, with Harold's name upon her lips.

In ten days more Clara Harecourt had signed a cheque for twenty thousand pounds, to enable her husband to pay his gambling debts and be re-instated in his sporting club.

Two years from her marriage day the legacy left his daughter by General Hillegard had sunk to nine thousand pounds—sunk on the turf.

From the day Harold read in *Current Events* the news of Clara's marriage, a marked change came over him. He no longer seemed to take any interest in sport, or his coming research in the field of chemistry.

The Squire and Mr. Ethelbert, after much discussion and many tears, decided to persuade him to abandon his proposed studies, and go abroad.

Squire Ethelbert went to town and held a long interview with his banker. On his return he sent for Harold to the library and said :

"My son, you will soon be of age; your mother and myself would prefer your travelling for a year or so, instead of at once commencing your studies in chemistry. Your old school captain will soon return to India. Suppose you accompany him. After a time you can visit Australia, then return home via America, should you like to go around the world."

"Yes, father, very much, I cannot study now."

"Well, my son, we think it only right you should be aware of the extent and source of our income, which will, of course, one day be yours."

The Squire then entered into the details of his pecuniary resources. Harold was astonished. He had always considered his father a wealthy man. What was his extreme surprise to hear the total income was less than six hundred per annum.

"He said:

"Father, I am going to the river; I will think it all over, and tell you to-morrow where I will go first."

Leaving the Hall Harold went to the river and unmoored his boat. Seating himself he let the skiff drift down stream at will, first on one side, then stern first the boat drifts about, bumps against the shore and rushes with the current, but her occupant heeds not the boat's course. He is thinkly deeply.

He can understand now why his mother only

kept two domestics, and his father one man as groom and coachman, while Jack, the gardener only worked three days each week at Homeview Hall.

Well he knows now why his parents enter so little into society. That noble boy then and there makes two resolutions faithfully kept through life.

First, that he would leave home and support himself, and never draw one penny from his parents. Secondly, that he would never touch for his own use the legacy left him by General Hillegard.

The next day Harold told the Squire he prefered going to Canada first.

The Squire said : " Very well, my son, if you visit Toronto be sure and call upon the sergeant and Mrs. Brown. Your mother will give you the address. Arrange all details with your mother."

Preparations are soon made for a boy that requires little. In one week Harold is in Liverpool ready to embark next day for a foreign land. Taking a stroll up Church St., Liverpool, Harold met his old school friend Debb, now serving his apprenticeship on board the Conway training ship, stationed in the Mersey, near Rock Ferry, Birkenhead. Need we remark the meeting was a pleasure to both young men.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CANADA—QUEBEC—MONTREAL—TORONTO—THE SERGEANT AND MRS. BROWN—THE DRUG WAREHOUSE.

ELEVEN days later young Ethelbert stepped on Canadian soil, his sole possessions being three suits of clothes and fifty pounds in his pocket. From Quebec he went by the Grand Trunk Railway to Montreal. In that city he failed to obtain employment as a druggist's assistant on account of his inability to speak the French lauguage.

From Montreal he went by water to Toronto, travelling up the St. Lawrence river, passing through the far-famed Thousand Islands and Lake Ontario.

At Toronto Harold took his effects to the Albion Hotel. The day he arrived he obtained employment in a wholesale drug store on Front street at a salary of seven dollars per week, to commence the following Monday morning.

He had no difficulty in finding the cottage occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Brown. Ringing the bell he enquired from the grinning colored servant who came to the door if Mr. Brown lived there.

The negress replied, "No, sah, Sagent Brown lives here, sah, and me and Missa Brown, sah, does who mean them, sah?"

"Yes, please tell the sergeant a gentleman wants to see him."

"Lor," said the grinning negress, "Yes, sah."

The sergeant came, fat and pompous. He gave one look at Harold, then the ex-butler exclaimed and shouted:

"God bless my soul, it's the young squire, Sally. Sally, Sally, come here quick. Come in, sir, you are welcome. Sally, Sally, where are you?"

A voice answered from the rear, "Why, Sergeant, what is the matter, are you gone crazy all at once?"

The Sergeant bawled in return, "Believe I am, Sally, come here at once."

Mrs. Brown came hurriedly into the little hall, enquiring, "What is it sergeant?"

"Oh look, who's here, Sally? Look at him, Sally." "Why, Mr. Harold," then Mrs. Brown began to cry.

"Stop your howling, Sally, you ought to be glad, What are you crying for?"

"So, so, so, I am, sar-sargeant, very glad to see the young squire. Bless him, can it really be him. sar-sargeant?"

"Yes, it's me, Mrs. Brown. I arrived to-day and have come to see you. My mother sent you this parcel."

There was no doubt about Ethelbert's welcome

in that modest cottage. He thought they would never stop asking questions about home. After tea he tells them of his intention to remain in Toronto for some time, and his engagement in the Front street warehouse.

They arrange for Harold to live with them. This he agrees to do on the understanding that he shall pay four dollars per week for his board and apartments. At first the worthy couple demur, and flatly object to receive any remuneration whatever, but he tells them if they do not he will obtain board elsewhere.

On Monday Harold began work. His duties were to put up country orders for shipment. At first his employers watched him closely, but they soon noticed he understood his business, and that no fatal results were likely to occur from the wrong labelling of the different drugs. The proprietors perceived that his work was done carefully and intelligently.

Thus the first winter passed. Harold fulfilled his duties to the satisfaction of his employers. In the evenings he studied chemistry, and debated politics with the sergeant. Every week he sent a long letter to his home, and invariably received one in reply, from his mother or the Squire.

In the month of April, one windy night the residents of the cottage on Sherbourne street heard the fire alarm. One, two, three, four.

Harold jumped up, and said: "Sergeant, that's on Front street. Shall we go and see the fire. I have never yet seen one, I should like to see the fire brigade in action."

It did not take the sergeant and Ethelbert long to reach the scene of the conflagration. If such a scene of destruction can be termed magnificent our friends witnessed a most magnificent sight. The water supply was deficient, and in spite of the gallant efforts of the firemen the block was doomed. Many feats of daring, calling forth great risk of life, were exhibited by the intrepid members of the fire brigade. The next evening Harold reads the account of the fire in the evening *Latest*. He did not think the reporter had done the firemen justice. He threw down the paper, and said:

"Sergeant, they have not got one word about the falling in of the roof, or the brave fireman that climbed up the water pipe. All they say is loss, so much insured in this or that office. Why I can write a better description than that myself."

Mrs. Brown said: "Yes, the *Latest* never has any news in its columns, nothing but politics and advertisements. I want the sergeant to stop his subscription and take the *Hemispheres*, but the old goose won't."

"No, Sally, I won't subscribe for that old *Hemispheres*, all they care about is sending dividends to

their shareholders in Scotland. What do they care about Canada?"

"Never mind, sergeant," remarked Harold, "I will write it all out to send home. You can read it and see if I have done it correctly."

Ethelbert wrote the letter, minutely describing the different incidents of the fire noticed by himself and the sergeant. When finished he passed it to Mrs. Brown to read. She thought it fine, so did the sergeant and the full blooded negress listening outside the sitting-room door.

Hetty was a negress of pure African descent and Harold's devoted admirer. When not singing Hetty was surely laughing, or as the sergeant said, grinning.

Hearing the seventeen year old Hetty chuckle the sergeant yelled out :

"Hetty, you black lump of chalk, get out of that, will you."

"Yes, sah," was the response through the door.

Then the sergeant remarked : "I would like some of them smart reporters to read that. They would see what a thoroughbred English gentleman can do that would take the conceit out of them a bit.

Harold laughed and said : "Sergeant, I consider the Toronto reporters very clever men. Few in England can equal them in dash and originality of description. They may not express their views in

very refined language, but they make a few words go a long way. Their writings are full of snap and common sense."

That night the old soldier told his wife he meant to let the editor of the *Latest* see that letter if he lived until morning.

True to his word, the sergeant dressed in his best, with massive gold chain across his ample waistcoat and the General's gold-headed cane in his hand, pompously enquired at the *Latest* office if the editor was in.

In a few minutes the editor's sanctum was entered by the sergeant, who said at once :

" Kindly read that, sir."

The editor-in-chief, a shrewd farseeing man, questioned him upon the authorship of the letter and requested him to come to the managing director's room.

Mr. Flaging, the managing director, glanced at the letter, then looked at the editor, and said :

" If possible, engage him on our staff."

Leaving the managing director's office, the editor obtained the sergeant's address, and inquired Harold's age.

" Twenty-one to-morrow, sir."

" Thanks, you will no doubt hear from me in a few days."

Next day at six o'clock a big dinner is given

by Mrs. Brown to celebrate the young Squire's majority. All day long he had worked at his usual duties, but his friends had not forgotten his coming of age.

After dinner a bottle of old port was placed upon the table. Hetty was called in to drink the health of massa Harold.

The sergeant proposed Harold's health and made his best speech, wishing him long life and happiness, ending by exclaiming : " God bless him."

They all drank their wine, Hetty remarking as she placed her glass upon the table, " Golly, that's good."

But which she meant the wine, blessing or speech we do not know.

Mrs. Brown then gave Ethelbert a letter from his father and mother, wishing him every joy. His mother had enclosed his name worked in silk on perforated cardboard by her own hand.

Rat-a-tat sounds the door knocker. Hetty vanished, soon to return with a letter which she gave to Harold with a grin.

Opening the letter he reads :

" Mr. Flaging would like a personal interview with Mr. H. Ethelbert at the hour of noon to-morrow."

The sergeant after another glass of wine, with much fear confessed his delinquincies, but the

young squire laughed and said : "Well done, sergeant, you have evidently done me a service."

He had done his young friend service. On such small events our whole future career depends. One single act changes for good or bad our whole course of life, but time will show what the sergeant's visit to the *Latest* office brought forth.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

RIVAL NEWSPAPERS—"HEMISPHERES" VS. "LATEST"—ALWAYS ONE OLD FOOL ON A BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

IN another week Ethelbert is one of the *Latest* staff. Soon a marked change appeared in the city items of that paper. The managing director soon noticed the change and unsolicited gave Harold an advance of salary.

In three months the city circulation had doubled itself. In twelve months the advertising patronage had so increased the paper had to be enlarged.

But the *Hemispheres*, fully alive to the danger fought bravely against their powerful adversary. Then began some of the finest literary knocking

out matches and combat of pens ever seen in Canada.

The *Latest* challenged its contemporary and political rival to produce its circulation books.

The *Hemispheres* retorted that they had the largest constituency, and their staff was not maintained by secret government funds.

Canvassers representing both papers were sent broadcast throughout Canada. No expense was spared. A single year's subscription cost the subscriber seven dollars, but ten was often expended to obtain it. Both papers raised their advertising rates. Both claimed the largest circulation, but the *Hemispheres* got ahead by sending a special correspondent to Ireland.

Then the country papers taking up the cudgels came out strong upon the enterprise and lavish expense entailed by the *Hemispheres* in placing before the public the most recent news and reliable information.

Soon the *Latest* began to feel the effects of this unexpected move. The managing director summoned his brother directors to a special meeting, and laid the case before them.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Flaging, "You must sanction the expense for an extraordinary effort. Our circulation is decreasing fast. Our advertising patronage is difficult to renew, the *Hemispheres*

has sent as you are aware a correspondent to Ireland. The country papers are loud in their praise of the enterprise shown by our rival, they are advancing fast. We are going backwards much faster. Our shares are down, and something has got to be done before we loose all our subscribers. If you will agree to the necessary expense I propose to send a fine writer to the North-West. I apprehend the public will take a greater interest in this country than in any foreign land. So far we know nothing about the North-West. The sense of danger to our correspondent will rebound to our advantage. You may feel assured this will at once swamp the *Hemispheres* and increase our circulation, advertising and connection, besides greatly strengthening our political complexion. There is no money in the circulation at the present rate we publish the *Latest*. We cannot expect to obtain the advertising patronage unless we can show a large circulation."

One old director objects. He explains the danger to be incurred by the correspondent from indians, wild beasts, starvation, disease, death, and concluded by remarking, he would himself gladly bear all expense if he felt satisfied a fellow being's, a human life would not be sacrificed. Think of the moral responsibility, gentlemen, if such should unfortunately occur, I should never know one moment's peace while I live.

The managing director whispered to the secretary-treasurer : " Did you ever know a board of directors that did not contain one old fool ?"

" Never," whispered back Mr. Duglas.

Mr. Flaging looked at his watch and remarked : " Gentlemen, I had no idea it was so late, shall we adjourn until after lunch ?"

The managing director wrote on his card : " Send Ethelbert out of town at once. If the old donkey sees him he will never consent."

Mr. Dyewe, the business manager, understood, and Ethelbert was sent to Hamilton.

After lunch at the Queen's Hotel the directors again returned to the board-room.

The old director of doubts and fears who had made his fortune by manufacturing an adulterated article of diet, agreed to all that was required. We are unable to state what caused the change in his views. Perhaps the excellent lunch he had partaken of, possibly the fruit. We do know it was not the wine he drank. Most probably he reconsidered, at all events he was willing.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ETHELBERT AND BLACKBIRD—HO, FOR THE NORTH-WEST—THE TRAVELLING CORRESPONDENT.

HAROLD received a telegram telling him to return to Toronto immediately. He came, wondering what it meant.

The managing director after telling him what he wished him to do, enquired if he would go.

"Yes, sir."

"Very good, Ethelbert, commence from Thunder Bay, go to the Rocky Mountains if possible. Spare no expense, engage what escort you like. Winter at Fort Garry if you can."

"I will start on Monday, sir."

"All right, is the salary offered satisfactory," said Mr. Flaging.

"Quite so."

"We leave all details to yourself, draw from Mr. Duglas what cash you require, and do your best. Good bye."

When Ethelbert reached home and told his friends he was going to Winnipeg they made a great fuss. The sergeant stormed and protested. Mrs. Brown cried, and Hetty did not grin for a week.

Harold went to the warehouse where he had first obtained employment and offered William Blackbird, the packer, the same wages he was then receiving if he would accompany him.

Will never hesitated one moment. He said: "You will be my boss, give me the wages I am getting and pay all expenses until I come back, hey?"

"Yes, I will also buy you a gun. Will you go?"

"You bet, its all O. K. Darn me if I don't."

"Well, give your employers notice at once. Buy nothing, we can procure more suitable articles at Winnipeg than here. Of course you appreciate the dangers of such a trip?"

"Darn the dangers, boss."

"Come up to my home to-night, but do not mention danger or where we are going before my friends, please."

"All O. K., I tumble boss. Shall I bring my dog. She knows a thing or two."

"Yes, bring your dog by all means. I will now go and purchase a rifle and shot gun."

On the following Monday the two young men left Toronto in a buggy for Owen Sound. In two weeks more they were on Lake Huron in a fishing smack. It took them five weeks to reach Fort William, Thunder Bay, the winds on Lake Superior having been unfavorable.

They travelled to Fort Garry by canoes in company with two half-breeds.

In June of the following year the *Latest* under the heading of "The North-West, by our special correspondent," published a long article detailing the trip to Fort Garry. The letter described the country, its timber, fishing, game and geographical features. The gneiss rocks abounding between the Lake of the Woods and Lake Superior received particular mention. The correspondent said: "I feel unable to attempt to describe the beautiful features of the picturesque valleys and lovely scenery we daily observed. Once we reached the prairie lands the scenery was not so fine. Here at Fort Garry the country is perfectly flat, and vegetation very luxuriant. We shall be unable to forward another letter before next spring. By the time this reaches you we shall have started alone for the Rocky Mountains."

This communication was copied by nearly the whole press of Canada. The managing director was right. That one letter swamped the *Hemispheres*.

It was quoted and commented upon. Ethelbert's determination to travel across the prairies in company with one man was considered brave but foolish. The *Latest* in an editorial expressed regret for this.

The *Hemispheres* greatly questioned if any such

intention was contemplated by the so-called correspondent of their excitement creating contemporary.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

HUDSON BAY COMPANY—JOY AND SORROW.

AFTER the first letter was received the sergeant became very despondent. Mrs. Brown was often in tears. Poor Hetty when not grinning sighed, and constantly remarked: "Poor Massa Harold."

In October the *Latest* received another communication dated April 10th. This letter also created a furore. It gave the experiences of the past winter at Fort Garry on the banks of the Red River.

The correspondent told of the pure, dry air, clear atmosphere, and ended by questioning if the country had not been greatly misrepresented and facts concealed on behalf of the Hudson Bay Company's interests. He said he considered the climate more enjoyable in the winter season than that of Lower Canada. To-morrow we start west; we have purchased from the Indians ten ponies. Six will carry

our supplies, the others we shall ride. Do not be uneasy if you do not hear from me for two years. We will send letters as occasion offers.

This letter when it appeared in the *Latest* drew the attention of the whole country to the enterprise of the paper. The circulation increased, the advertising space was nearly all contracted for at full rates. The editorials became aggressive and jubilant.

The *Hemispheres* was despondent, its editorials whining. It published a long article upon the gullability of certain readers of their figurative speech contemporary, and strongly advised caution with a liberal discount of belief for anything the well-known Annanias in the North-West said or wrote, affirming that his well-known political complexion and disregard of truth colored all his views.

Twelve months elapsed, nothing was heard from Harold or Will or the North-West. The *Latest* was in despair.

The *Hemispheres* gloried in the fact that they firmly believed the last had been heard of the correspondent who had been the cause of their having to draw on the reserve fund and no longer able to declare a dividend.

The old director of doubts and fears told his brother directors he had never sanctioned sending

a fellow human being to certain death and eternal perdition.

The shareholders of the Hudson Bay Company certainly hoped the *Latest* correspondent had sent his last letter. They placed more shares on the market, and declared an interim dividend of fifteen per cent. and another one hundred thousand dollars to the reserve fund.

The sergeant began to grow thin, Mrs. Brown wore a mourning dress, and Hetty cried and grinned until the tears ran into her mouth.

The secretary-treasurer of the *Latest* wrote a letter of condolance to Homeview Hall, England.

Long the Squire and Mrs. Ethelbert mourned the loss of their only son. Many visits did the head master of Shrewsbury School pay his friends at the Hall in his endeavors to cheer their blighted home.

CHAPTER XL.

AT THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS—EXCITEMENT IN TORONTO—WESTERN PRAIRIES—FRIENDLY INDIANS.

JUST twenty-two months since receiving the last communication from Ethelbert the bulletin board in front of the *Latest* office announced

that next day a long letter from our North-West correspondent has been received and will appear in to-morrow's edition. Subscribers and city agents will please send their orders early for extra copies.

At five a. m. next morning the *Latest* office was besieged by newsboys struggling to obtain copies. Mr. Dyewe, the business manager, ordered five thousand extras printed, and all found a ready sale.

All over the city newsboys shouted, morning *Latest*, five cents, full account of the scalping our correspondent by Inguns. Awful fight. Forty red Inguns killed with a jack-knife. The *Latest*, only five cents. Bloody fight.

The paper was soon bought and read. It contained a five-column letter giving an account of the time spent since leaving the Red River, and the wonderful resources of the country. It told of the magnificent valley of Qu'Appelle, of its lakes and rivers, of the route taken west over the Indian trail to the Rocky Mountains, the wild fruits, of the valleys and Fauna and Flora of the great prairies. The letter concluded by saying, the section we are now in has been the point where we spent the past season. It is the winter resort of the countless herds of buffalo, deer, antelope, carnivorous animals and birds of prey. This great stretch of country near the foot hills of the Rocky Mountains,

instead of being a desert is the fairest spot in our British possessions. The snow fall is light and melts before the warm winds like ice before a fire, leaving the ground moist and mellow, vegetation nutritious and sweet. The Indians call these winds which come through the mountain passes from the Pacific Ocean, Chinooks. We are well in health, strong and robust. We have slept on the ground many months and not once taken a cough or cold or met with a single mishap. We have received nothing but kindness from the different tribes of Indians. We are now living with the powerful Blackfeet tribe. They are the finest body of red men we have seen. We safely passed without molestation or annoyance through the hunting grounds of the Assinaboines, Crees, Piegans, Surcees and Bloods. There is another tribe farther north called Stonies, but so far we have not met them. If this country is a howling wilderness, how do all the indians and wild animals live through the winter. Our horses are fat, our dogs are fat, the game is fat, the streams are full of fine trout, the waters freeze over to an average depth of two inches were protected from the Chinook winds. The summer is longer, the climate less variable than in the Red River district or Lower Canada. I send this communication by some indians going south to the Missouri River, with instructions to give it to

some white man in the United States territory to forward, not thinking it policy to let it pass through the hands of the Hudson Bay Company agents east from here. Wild ducks, geese, swans, pelicans, and other migratory birds are now coming from the south in countless thousands, the prairies swarm with grouse called prairie chickens. These birds are larger than the English partridge and are splendid eating. In my next letter I will speak of the matchless scenery and grandeur of the Rocky Mountains.

This letter, like its predecessors, made a great sensation when published. Excepting the *Hemispheres* it was printed in every newspaper in Canada. The pulpit, bar, commons, senate, quoted from it. The outcome of it all was the electoral constituencies returned men pledged to advocate the abrogation of the Hudson Bay Company's charter. The administration introduced in parliament the famous bill for the Confederation of the Provinces. Being defeated they appealed to the country. The constituencies endorsed the government policy by an overwhelming majority, and in spite of strenuous opposition by the Hudson Bay Company and large amounts of money circulated in their interests by the opposition in the House, the confederation became an accomplished fact. From the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean one flag now waves over the Dominion of Canada.

Then the *Latest* went ahead of all rivalry. The directors complimented each other upon their own shrewdness. The old doubting director congratulated himself upon the warm support he had always given to the enterprise of the management of the paper.

The *Latest* built a seven story stone building. On the top of its tower to-day floats the flag of Confederation. Large chromo views of the office are in every hotel throughout Canada. In conspicuous letters can be seen the *Latest* has the largest circulation in Canada. New presses, new types, extra machinery and more steam power have constantly to be added to supply the increasing wants of the ever growing circulation.

Sergeant Brown gave his house a new coat of paint and renamed it Ethelbert cottage. Mrs. Brown bought a new silk dress. Hetty purchased a yellow ribbon to tie up her wool and grinned in her sleep.

The *Hemispheres* was silent in reference to the last North-West letter, and despatched a correspondent to Muskoka, reduced its staff and size of its weekly issue, but we must not forget to mention the enterprise it still displayed in also sending regardless of cost a steamboat expedition to survey the geographical features of the Island which stands in Lake Ontario and forms the natural breakwater

of Toronto harbor. After many escapes the expedition safely returned and reported that if a big storm should ever wash the Island away then the breakwater would be gone.

When the *Latest*, containing Harold's letter reached Homeview Hall, the Squire renewed his youth and at once ordered the dog-cart to drive to Shrewsbury.

Mrs. Ethelbert cried with joy and gave each of her maids a new dress.

Dick, the coachman, popped the question to Hannah, the lady's maid, and was made happy.

When the Squire arrived at the head master's the doctor read the *Latest* to the boys, and once more was heard, three cheers for Harold Ethelbert.

Hip, hip, hurrah.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE MARITIME PROVINCES—NORTH-EAST ONTARIO.

ANOTHER year passed, then Ethelbert and Will Blackbird returned to Toronto, just in time to see a government expedition start for the

North-West. The party at Fort Garry organized their forces. It consisted of one astronomer, six engineers, ten surveyors. twenty half-bred guides and an escort of fifty indians, eighteen camp followers, three correspondents, one hundred and fifty mustangs, twenty-five Red River carts, all paid, purchased and fed at the government's expense.

After an absence of three years they returned and corroborated every word Harold had written.

No longer then did the *Hemispheres* send large dividends to Scotland. Instead of this they had to draw money from the shareholders.

The *Latest* was ahead, and not a single share in the company could be bought for love or money.

One man's misfortune in a commercial sense in another man's gain. A young and able journalist started in Toronto another daily paper called the *Quick Transit*, and very soon he made his deserving medium quickly circulate throughout the city and adjacent country.

This soon made itself felt as a power in municipal matters. Short, spicy paragraphs and general local news were made an especial feature of the paper, instead of long, dry, personal remarks upon political opponents, and soon won its way to popular favor.

This of course further injured the *Hemispheres*, but capital can live when poverty fails, so the *Hemispheres* may yet have a long life before it.

The *Latest* sent Ethelbert to make a tour of the eastern provinces, over the proposed route of the Intercolonial Railway.

From Toronto to Montreal Harold and Will travelled by rail, thence by boat to Quebec, from Point Levi to Rimouski they drove a buggy, from Rimouski to Monckton they again travelled on horse back. After one week's rest the two friends continued their journey to Halifax, Nova Scotia. From Halifax they went by boat to St. Johns, New Brunswick, thence via Debec and Houlton they returned to Quebec. The lovely scenery and fine hunting and fishing grounds through which it was intended to build the Intercolonial Railway were all duly recorded in the correspondent's communication to the *Latest.*

Another trip was under consideration by the indefatigable and wide-awake managing director of the *Latest.*

North east Ontario has a large section of territory to this day little known, called the Nipissing district. Its fine water resources and almost impenetrable forests are rarely seen except by the eye of the hunter or prospector in search of game or land to settle upon.

This virgin district Mr. Flaging determined his paper should ventilate, and place before its thousands of readers the secrets of its unknown undeveloped treasures of timber, soil and minerals.

Harold on his return to Toronto was told Nipissing would be his next destination, but that he could not start until the coming spring of the year.

CHAPTER XLII.

MRS. HARECOURT AND ROSEBUD—OLD FRIENDS MEET.

DURING the winter Harold was not idle. He wrote out all his notes of travel and weekly sent them home to the Squire.

Will Blackbird was also domiciled at the cottage. When not away shooting he was generally in the kitchen teasing Hetty. Poor Hetty was led to think by this incorrigible joker that she was not a negress but a mulatto. He would say to her :

"Hetty, dear, ain't your dad a white cuss; ain't you got two colors of blood in you? Cut your little finger and let it bleed for exactly ten minutes and you will see one spot of white blood run out."

"Law, Massa Will, you sure ?"

"Yes, I am, but if you run that drop out it won't grow, and you will die black, you know."

One afternoon Harold was leaving the Toronto

post office when he observed a lady dressed in mourning intently watching him.

Something, he knew not what, caused him to raise his hat to the seedy looking lady. She advanced and timidly said : " Mr. Ethelbert."

Harold knew a lady by the unmistakable air of refinement that they alone command no matter how they may be dressed.

He answered : " Yes, I have most certainly met you before."

Lifting her crape veil she said : " Do you remember me ?"

" Clara !" was all he said. But he thought of her frailty. Like the lightning's quick flash through his mind there went the memory of his wrongs, his banishment from home, his blighted career, life, hope, heart, and parents mourning their absent boy.

But he held out his hand and said : " I am very glad to see you Mrs. Harecourt."

She burst into tears. Ethelbert said : " Come, Mrs. Harecourt, let me take you home, we will take a conveyance ; where do you live ?"

" In wretched apartments on Bay street."

He asked why her husband allowed her to live in miserable apartments.

" Did you not know," she asked, " I have only Rosebud left ?"

" No, I never heard ; who is Rosebud ?"

"My only child; she is now six years old."

Ethelbert and Mrs. Harecourt were rapidly driven to the house where the lady boarded. He told her he lived with the sergeant and Mrs. Brown. A look of unutterable joy came into her face when she heard of her foster mother living in Toronto.

The hack stopped at the boarding house. Harold told the driver to wait. A little black-haired child, the living image of what Clara Hillegard once had been, came bounding into her mother's arms.

Harold said: "Rosebud, go and fetch your hat and cloak, we are going for a nice ride."

"Will we, ma?"

"Yes, dear; we are going to see nurse Brown."

During the drive to Sherbourne street, Rosebud chatted incessantly about ma's nurse Brown.

Mrs. Harecourt said: "I have often told Rosebud of nurse Brown. When you came into the post office I had just mailed a letter to Mrs. Ethelbert. I am sorry now.

Ethelbert remarked: "My mother will be glad to hear from you."

When the hack stopped at the cottage Harold paid the driver and opened the door with his latch key, conducted the visitors into the parlor. "Excuse me, Mrs. Harecourt, I will tell Mrs. Brown you are here."

In the kitchen he found Mrs. Brown making

fruit pies. She looked up and smiled when he entered the sacred precincts of Hetty.

"Why, Mrs. Brown, you are always making pies."

Hetty said, "Massa Will ate nuffin else."

"But you spoil him; Hetty, do not give him pie for one week."

Mrs. Brown said, "No, Will shall have all the pie he can eat."

"Well, Mrs. Brown, who do you most desire to see?"

The good lady at once began to show signs of distress. We hope Will will like pie flavored with tears.

Mrs. Brown said: "One I never shall see again, I fear."

"You fear nothing my friend, the unexpected sometimes happens. Who do you mean?"

"Miss Clara that was, sir."

"There are two ladies in your parlor, Mrs. Brown; one used to be Miss Clara."

Mrs. Brown gave one little scream and rushed for the parlor. Another minute Mrs. Harecourt's neck was clasped by the good lady's substantial arms. She had forgotten her hands were covered with dough and flour.

The sergeant entering the cottage heard a strange voice, and wondered who was there.

"Sergeant, come here." called his wife. "Why, bless my soul, who is that?" said the sergeant; "it cannot be Miss Clara."

He was looking at the child, not the mother. Then he said:

"Sally, who can it be?"

Then the sergeant kicked over the centre table and began a not bad imitation of the Lancashire clog dance. When he was out of breath he fell into his easy chair and puffed out in spasmodical jerks: "Sally, Sally, we will never be homesick any more. Hetty, Hetty."

The negress was listening at the door, wondering what all the fuss was about she popped in her head.

"Yes, Massa Brown," then catching sight of Rosebud she said: "Golly, ain't she nice."

"Get tea at once you grinning barrel of pitch, you lump of black lead, you get tea."

Hetty gave an awful grin and vanished.

Rosebud said: "Ma, did you see her mouf?"

Mrs. Brown at once insists that no boarding house in the city will keep her dear young mistress. She said: "We have one spare bed room."

"The sergeant said: "Yes, my dear, we furnished it on purpose for you, we always expected you some day."

Did the recording angel register that kind lie, or

was it written so that it could not be read. At the last day will that untruth stand a solemn witness against the sergeant.

It is soon arranged that Mrs. Harecourt and Rosebud shall henceforth live at the cottage. The sergeant receives instructions from his wife to go to Bay street and forward their effects to the cottage.

Mrs. Harecourt burst into tears and looked ashamed, distressed. She did not like to tell her old servants that the few articles she possessed were seized by her landlady for a six-week's unpaid board bill.

Ethelbert said: "I am now going to the *Latest* office, I will bring your baggage when I return. It will save the sergeant the long walk.

Mrs. Harecourt gave him a grateful glance. She sees he understood her troubles.

That evening Mrs. Harecourt related her marriage experience. Her indignant listeners heard of a squandered fortune on the race course, of drink, abuse, gambling, remorse, suicide. They also heard of the widow's appeal and refusal by rich relations of the slightest recognition or assistance. Her sympathic friends were informed of the struggle to support herself and daughter in a foreign land. In despair she had at last written to Mrs. Ethelbert to request the loan of fifty pounds. At the post office when mailing the letter to Homeview Hall she had met Harold.

Afterwards she knew that letter never left the city post office, but was detained, awaiting her written application for its return. Very irregular, perhaps contrary to the law no doubt. Inconsistent with the printed rules of the postmaster-general, but nevertheless it was done. The press can reach a long way occasionally beyond any act of parliament.

Harold had apprehended the contents of that letter when Mrs. Harecourt informed him she had posted it. So he that day had taken measures to obtain it. Well he knew it would have greatly distressed his parents.

CHAPTER XLIII.

IN THE SPRING—MEMENTO MORI.

THE spring-glad season of the year came at last. We know not why it is, but we all feel very independent and bold in the spring. Men who have kept very quiet all winter, begin to clamor for increase of pay in the spring. Even the ladies suddenly develop hostile intentions, with their weapons, the brush and broom.

The *Hemispheres* sprang a great surprise upon the *Latest* in the spring. They sent their special correspondent orders to leave orders and go to Scotland.

The *Latest*, with the traditional spring hostility, at once came out with a leader to check this flank movement. In a long self-commendatory editorial, they pointed out the honest fact that ever since their prospectus was first submitted for public approval, they had never spared time or money in the endeavor to place before their readers the latest and most reliable information from all parts of the world; more especially had they tried to give the true resources of our own country; we can copy from our English exchanges a much better description of foreign lands than the so-called travelling correspondent who works in the garret over the office of our contemporary, and obtains his sole information from the study of a school geography; the *Latest* has never manufactured its news or correspondence, but always sent a reliable journalist to the actual field of observation and experience; the management of this paper, with their usual enterprise and generous outlay, will, in a few days, send a special correspondent to the Nipissing district; our readers may soon expect the most reliable information from that little known district in the unsettled portion of this province.

At the cottage, on Sherbourne St., two days before Ethelbert and Will Blackbird start for Nipissing, a serious conversation is taking place between Harold and Mrs. Harecourt.

She has just told him she does not expect to live until he returns. She pleads for protection for Rosebud. He said:

"Clara, I will make her my care."

She was satisfied. She knew after those simple words Rosebud would never want while Harold Ethelbert lived. Then she told him of a growing substance caused by the brutal hand of her husband.

Harold and Will returned at Christmas from Nipissing, but it was a sad instead of a festive season to the inmates of the cottage on Sherbourne street.

On January, the 3rd, Dr. Birns and a surgeon came to the cottage. Two hours afterwards the keen lance had done its work. But the shock to the system had been great. Mrs. Harecourt was dying.

Mrs. Brown came down stairs and said to Harold: "My dear young lady wishes to see you; do not let her talk; she is now alone."

Ethelbert went at once to the bedside of the dying woman.

"You must not talk, Clara, the doctor has forbidden it during his absence."

"Harold, forgive me, do you recollect the last time you kissed me?"

He said: "Yes, when you slapped my face; I would do so now only you may repeat the chastisement."

"There is not much danger, Harold, of my doing that now."

Gently raising her head, he placed his arm around her neck and pressed his lips to hers. Then he told her the legacy left him by her father had been recently transferred to Rosebud's credit in the Shrewsbury branch of the Shropshire banking company.

Dr. Birns entered the room. He gave his patient one look and said:

"Ethelbert, fetch the child."

Little Rosebud was fast asleep in Mrs. Brown's lap in the sitting room.

"Mrs. Brown, give me Rosebud; go up stairs at once, please."

"What you wake me for, you nasty thing?"

"Hush, darling, come up stairs, ma is going to heaven. Let me carry Rosebud."

He held the child for its mother's last kiss on earth. Then, one minute of struggle and the soul of Clara Harecourt had crossed the boundary that divides the mortal from immortal life.

In the English cemetery, Toronto, there stands,

over a single grave, a white marble monument. The design is a broken pillar. On its base is engraved :—

SACRED

TO THE MEMORY OF

CLARA HARECOURT.

AGED 24 YEARS.

Hic sepultus.

CHAPTER XLIV.

BRITISH COLUMBIA—THE "LATEST"—ANOTHER DEATH—TWO YEARS LATER.

AT the village of Kamloops in British Columbia, in a rude log shanty, by courtesy designated an hotel, Harold and Will are remaining for the winter. The managers of the *Latest* true to their ever grasping, ever restless endeavors to meet the thirst they have created for news and information from all parts, especially in the Dominion of Canada, have sent Ethelbert to that distant province. For two years they have been in British Columbia, from Vancouver Island to the western slope of the Selkirk range of mountains. The

Latest has informed its readers of the resources and glorious scenery of that western land. Its mines, minerals, agricultural features and timber supplies are now no longer unknown to the residents of the east.

Will is teasing a fine bloodhound while a spaniel looks up with jealous eye.

Harold is reading the weekly *Latest*. Even in that far distant clime t' e circulation of Toronto's leading paper finds its regular subscribers. In the column headed births, marriages and deaths, he reads :

" On the 16th inst., by apoplexy, Sergeant Brown, late of the sixteenth Lancers. Funeral will take place at 2 p. m. from Ethelbert cottage, on the 18th inst., to St. James Cemetery. Friends and acquaintances will please accept this intimation."

Time, said to be of absolute duration, but of all this world's embrace the most fleeting, glides on.

Three months later Ethelbert and Blackbird started for Toronto via San Francisco, Panama and New York. Six months from the day they read the announcement of the sergeant's death they arrived at the cottage on Sherbourne street.

Mrs. Brown had became somewhat reconciled by time of her loss. Rosebud, now a pert school miss, made a great fuss over the wanderers.

Hetty, grinning as usual, tells Harold a big black nigger wants to spark her, but she made his old wool sore for his impertinence.

He said: "Quite right, Hetty, I want you myself."

Hetty did grin when she heard that—grinned for a week, night and day.

The *Latest* was now far ahead of its once powerful rival. It reduced the subscription price and increased the advertising rates, claiming it had twice the circulation of the *Hemispheres* or *Quick Transit*, consequently the rates charged were only half that charged by their contemporaries, because the *Latest* had twice their number of readers.

One fine evening in the early summer a letter came to the cottage for Ethelbert from Mr. Flaging requesting an interview next day at the office.

"Another trip, Mrs. Brown, but I cannot think where. The directors' quarterly meeting was yesterday. Rest assured we have got to travel."

Rosebud at once began to scold Hetty for bringing the nasty letter to take her Guardy away from home.

Hetty with a grin protested if she had known its contents she would have made the boy take it back to the office.

Next day Mr. Flaging said: "Ethelbert, do you think you can complete the link by crossing the Rocky Mountains through the British territory?"

"I do not know, sir, let me try."

"You shall, when can you start?"

"To-morrow night."

"Very good, draw what money you want. I wish you success, good bye."

Harold knew the confidence reposed in him. He resolved to do the feat or never return. He at once went to Will Blackbird.

"Old man, we have got a journey before us that will sink all we have previously done into insignificance, will you go?"

"You bet, boss," replied Will.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE CONFESSION—HONOR VINDICATED.

IN Shrewsbury, England, one of Her Majesty's pensioners, four hours after receiving his quarter's pension, was carried out of a public house, and placed in the empty coal-cart standing in front of the tavern.

The landlord said: "Take him home, Dan, and call in to-morrow and get half-a-pint for your trouble."

"Thanky," said the Carter; "the old chap's pretty drunk."

The inebriate inquired: "Who's drunk?"

The driver of the coal cart answered: "Yo be,

Evans, always drunk since thee got the sack from Sowsberry School."

"Look you, don't thee call one of Her Majesty's pensioners drunk again."

"Lie down, thee fool, I be agoin' to start. Gee up Boxer."

Evan, like most tipsy men, wanted to fight, in spite of the admonition of the driver to lie down. He managed to regain his feet. The next instant he lay down upon the ground, face downwards, with the heavy cart-wheel passing over his body.

They carried the old sailor back to the beer house where he had spent his money and drank his cause of death.

A surgeon being summoned ordered the injured man to be conveyed to the hospital.

Gentle hands lifted the unconscious man into the ambulance. In the male ward of the institution an examination takes place by the house and visiting surgeons. The unanimous opinion was spine injured, he will die.

Early next morning the injured man opened his eyes no longer intoxicated, no longer unconscious. He said to the nurse seated near his cot :

"Where am I ?"

"In the hospital, poor fellow. You are badly hurt, I will fetch the night surgeon. He gave orders to be sent for if you awoke."

" Make haste, look you."

The surgeon, once a Shrewsbury School student, knew the ex-boatman. He asked : " Are you in pain, Evan ?"

" No, sir, but I can't stir. Will I die, doctor ?"

" I fear my poor fellow you will never see another day in this world."

" Doctor, stoop down."

Evan Evans murmured a few words, then the surgeon said :

" Nurse, I am going out, let the patient have anything he asks for. I shall not be long away."

The surgeon at once went to the head master of Shrewsbury School. Ringing the bell he tells the servant : " I must see the doctor at once."

" He's in bed, sir," replied the girl.

" Never mind, take me to his chamber at once."

The girl with a frightened face conducted the surgeon to the head master's bed room. Rapping at the door he heard a voice reply : " Come in."

" Doctor, Evan Evans is dying in the hospital. He wishes to see you. He cut the boat that caused the death of young Chandry."

" Why, what never," and the old doctor quickly vacated his bed and began to put on his unmentionables rear to the front.

The surgeon drew his attention to the error and assisted him to dress.

The two gentlemen, one a D. C. L. the other F. R. C. S., in company with a J. P., which, (was it retribution) happened to be the magistrate who had committed Harold after the coroner's inquest. The justice wrote, the others listened to Evan Evan's dying confession of past rascality.

"I bet a five pun note that the Norman boat wudent win, sir. I thought young Burton ud win, sir, and when his arm was broke I didn't want to loose, so I filed the the rowlock, sir, and filled her up with putty and paint. I did no think her wud upset, sir. When the young Squire was a-rested I shoved the file and putty in his coat, sir. I fealt a-feared I wud be sent to the gallows. I took to drink after that, sir, fust at nights, then in the day-time. You discharged me cause you said if any accident happened I wus not fit to help. I'm very sorry, sir, I never thought they ud do anything to the young Squire cause he's one a them big guns, sir. That's all true sure as I be a Welshmon."

Five hours later the soul of Evan Evans had crossed the Acheron river.

CHAPTER XLVI.

IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS—INDIAN CUSTOMS—THE BLOODHOUND AND SPANIEL.

FAR up near the summit of the Rocky Mountains, direct west from the junction of the Bow and Ghost rivers, a young man reclining on the ground casts many uneasy glances down the mountain. Occasionally he mutters : "Darn redskins anyway."

The fire near him is not kept up for the sake of warmth but to drive away the mosquitoes and flies. A short distance from the fire are four small horses grazing the scanty herbage. Their wild look and rough appearance proclaims their breed. The mustang of the prairie, strong, hardy and surefooted, they climb the mountains like cats.

Near the reclining man resting against a tree is a fine double-barrelled shot gun, also a large navy revolver. Scattered about are a miscellaneous lot of camp equipments.

A magnificent bloodhound snaps angrily at the mosquitoes. The fine spaniel lying near the fire appears to be asleep.

The young man dressed in hunting costume with moccasins on his feet is Will Blackbird. He

seems uneasy and mutters : " Darn, where can the boss be. Gone since sunrise, nothing to eat, much he cares if he has got his everlasting pipe. Hope he will bring fresh meat, nothing but pork day after day, darn pork anyway."

Suddenly the sharp, clear ring of a rifle echoes through the mountains, the bloodhound sprang to his feet with a low, deep growl.

Will said, "go Salop."

The bloodhound gave a whine of satisfaction, then the huge beast started of.

" Stop here, Clow, if the boss wants help Salop will soon be there, that's his rifle sure, hope he's got something to eat."

The spaniel lay down again obedient to her master.

Will slowly arose to his feet, gave the fire a kick, then went to a small pool of melted snow and filled the two camp kettles. One he placed over the fire, then with another darn he resumed his favorite posture.

Just before sundown a young man dressed in rough tweed pants, long boots and blue flannel shirt, with a wide brimmed felt hat came into the camp. In his left hand he carried a Winchester rifle. Across his shoulders he carried a young mountain sheep or ibex. Throwing down his load he said :

"Well lazy bones, getting lonely, here's fresh meat for all."

"Time, too," said Will, drawing his knife, and with practised hand commencing to skin the sheep. "Darn pork, anyway."

Ethelbert laughed and said: "You chronic grumbler, many a time you would have been in dire straits but for pork."

"I say, boss, I got your glass out this morning, there was smoke down yonder over that butte."

"What time was that?"

"Just after you left. I ain't sure, but no white man made the fire, if it was smoke. I guess it was."

"We shall see in the morning," said Harold, "if it was smoke we are being followed. No hunters would be in the mountains now. The skins are of no value at this season of the year. There is no danger of an Indian lighting a fire this evening. They are too cunning for that. They love their scalps too well."

Will merely replied, "darn injuns."

Half an hour later all in the camp slept. Ethelbert soundly, but Will had taken a long sleep during the day. He was very restless in consequence. Every time he moved the word darn escaped his lips. At the first streak of dawn Harold sprang to his feet. He drew out his telescope to its full

length. After a time he could see far down the mountain a thin column of smoke.

"Here Will, come and look, there's smoke sure enough."

Will gave one look through the glass and said, "Redskins."

Blackbird was right, none but one well skilled in prairie travel could light a fire giving forth so little smoke.

Ethelbert said: "We are certainly followed. If they are hostile we have got to fight, if friendly they have been sent after us by the missionary at the Bow. If so they have brought us letters. We can send ours back by them. It will take them two or three days to come here. We will wait. I shall write home to-day, if it is my last letter, who knows."

"I don't care, boss, sooner fight than eat pie anyway."

During the day Ethelbert wrote his letters and then washed his clothes, while Will baked bannocks in the spider.

"Look here, boss," said Will, "don't you give the darn redskins all our bannocks. Our flour won't last forever neither. The summer game is mighty scarce here just yet."

"Never mind, old man, they will see we have got some. Rest assured they have got no provisions."

"No, boss, they have never got anything but guns, knives and tomahawks, and big appetites and they know how to use them, darn the whole race of redskins."

Each morning they could trace the progress of the Indians by the smoke. The third morning they knew the Indians were coming straight for the camp. This assured them of friendly intentions, otherwise they would not have made any smoke. At sundown on the fourth day the bloodhound gave a fierce growl.

"Down, Salop," said Ethelbert.

The bloodhound crouched with the cat-like posture peculiar to his race when about to spring. Neither dog barked. Both were too well trained for that. A barking dog is a source of danger in those wild regions.

Two Indians appeared, one a Cree the other a Stony. Each led his pony to the camp fire and threw off saddle and bridle, then squatted down near the fire. Each of the four men said, how Harold and Will being well versed in Indian customs, take no notice of their visitors. In a few minutes time Blackbird placed the spider full of meat over the fire. When he considered it sufficiently cooked he placed it before the Indians and tossed each man half a bannock. Pointing to the water he then resumed his old position before the

fire. When the Indians had finished their meal Ethelbert gave each a small plug of tobacco, and the four men began to smoke. Not until the Indians had done smoking was one single word uttered. Then speaking in the Cree language the pow-wow began.

Harold said : " Did my red brothers follow their white brothers' trail ?"

" Ugh."

" Yes, from where did my red brothers first lift their white brothers' trail ?"

One Indian pointed to the east.

"What have my red brothers brought their white brothers from the rising sun ?"

" Big medicine."

" Who sent my red brothers from their Teepe ?"

" Manitou prophet."

"The good prophet who tells of the Manitou knew my red brothers would find their white brothers in the mountains."

" Ky-o-tee and Wambúterom find sure."

" Yes, the Wolf and the Hawk can lift a trail on the darkest night, when do the Wolf and the Hawk return to their Teepe."

One Indian pointed to the east.

" Do my red brothers leave their white brothers at sunrise, our hearts are sad."

" Ugh, Manitou prophet say find brave heart, give him big medicine, come back."

The Indian Ky-o-tee produced a letter from his fire-bag and gave it to Harold.

Placing the letter near him Ethelbert said :

" The Wolf and the Hawk are brave warriors, will they smoke the calumet with their white brothers ?"

After the calumet was smoked the Indians laid down with their blankets over them and slept if an Indian ever sleeps.

Blackbird made a large fire, then he also went to sleep, the dogs lay down near him. Harold opened the letter. Inside he found an enclosure from the missionary stationed at the Bow river mission stating that some half-breeds had brought the letter from Fort Garry, and advised caution in regard to the Indian Wambuterom. It said Ky-o-tee you can trust but Wambuterom will take a scalp if he gets a chance.

The letter forwarded was from Rosebud. Mrs. Brown had addressed it, no doubt to please the child. On two pieces of paper evidently torn from a copy book and written with a pencil in the sprawling hand of a girl learning to write he reads a request to come home. But not until he had written her some verses, telling her all he and Will had seen and done in Canada. In response to this elegant epistle he wrote the following :—

CANADA.

We have seen the wild Atlantic
Upon her eastern shore,
And seen her mighty cataracts
With their ever ceaseless roar.

We have crossed her noble rivers
And sailed her inland seas,
Camped out upon her prairies,
And climbed her mountain peaks.

We have seen her fertile valleys,
And trod her forests grand,
We've seen the great Pacific
Upon her western sands.

We have shot the noble bison,
And wild beasts in their lair,
Caught the fish within her streams,
And the birds that fly the air.

We have seen the deadly rattlesnake
Coiled ready for its spring,
And numerous other reptiles
That creep, crawl and sting.

We have seen the redmen of the plains
And the forest Indian too,
Many squaws and maidens
And the little red papoose.

We have seen her splendid mansions
And the Indian's wigwam rude,
The log cabin of the pioneer
And prairie teepe crude.

We have seen the burning prairies
And slept upon the snow,
Wandered in the wild woods
Where men do seldom go.

We have seen a contented people,
Where the tiller owns the soil,
With happiness and plenty
For all who cared to toil.

We have seen this great country,
From east to west we've been,
And seen a loyal people
Who sing God Save the Queen.

About midnight Ethelbert aroused Will and gave him the letter to read, pointing out the comments upon the Indian Wambuterom. He then lay down with his head in the hollow of his saddle and slept.

Will placed a large log upon the fire, and motioned to the bloodhound Salop to lay down beside Ethelbert. Placing his revolver in his belt with his back to a pine tree, in five minutes more Blackbird was also sound asleep.

At the first streak of dawn the Indian Ky-o-tee arose. The hound gave a deep growl. In an instant Will was on his feet. He gave one look at the still slumbering Harold and said, darn, as though accidentally he touched his friend, and placed his revolver near him, then he went to the water for a wash.

Wambuterom went to hunt for his own and

Ky-o-tee's pony. On his return the matinal meal was eaten. When breakfast was over pipes vere smoked, not a word was spoken by white or red men. Wambuterom and Ky-o-tee saddled their horses and without a farewell word or look departed leading the ponies down the mountains.

Will said : " Darn."

" What is the matter, old man," enquired Ethelbert.

" Ain't them redskins eat up all our bannocks and gone away without saying thank you or good bye, anyway. Not a darn word have they said since the pow-wow last night."

Harold laughed and said: "you have had enough experience with Indians not to expect anything different."

Will replied: "Darn the whole redskin race, Assinaboines, Piegans, Bloods, Blackfeet, Stonies and all the other tribes."

" Hush, here comes Ky-o-tee back again."

The Indian returned to the fire and lit his pipe. Harold gave him a leaden medal upon which was stamped, "The *Latest* has the largest circulation in Canada."

Ky-o-tee said : "Wambuterom come back, brave heart shoot first."

Then he followed his companion down the slope. Sixty minutes afterwards Harold and Will were

slowly working their way through the intricacies of the Rocky Mountain pass.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE FEAT ACCOMPLISHED—HOW THE NEWS WAS RECEIVED—THE "HEMISPHERES" AND "LATEST."

TWELVE months later the *Latest* contained in its columns the crossing of the Rocky Mountains by our own special correspondent. The letter had arrived at Toronto via Victoria, B. C., San Francisco, California, Panama and New York, thence west to Toronto. It gave a fine description of the beautiful scenery of the Rocky Mountains and Selkirk range, the route travelled down the Pacific or western slope. It told of mountain peaks and rapid rivers, placid lakes, gigantic trees and great snowslides, of Indians hunting sheep, goats, beaver, bear and deer. The wild fruits of the mountain slopes received special notice. The picturesque rocks between the Bow river on the eastern and Columbia on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains were faithfully depicted.

The *Latest* in its editorials began to enquire if anybody knew where a contemporary called the *Hemispheres* had hidden its diminished circulation, and what had become of the loud-mouthed imbecile that blew the organ's bellows.

The *Hemispheres* did not believe one word the correspondent of the great stretcher had written, and questioned if such a feat as crossing the Rocky Mountains had or would ever be done, except in a balloon of imagination by the Ananias that discounted Homer for lies. Once he got the handling of their contemporary's money and was where no one could contradict what he chose to send to the gullable sheet, which like its name was always behind in everything.

Two years later Ethelbert and Blackbird returned, having re-crossed the mountains by the more southern pass, thus demonstrating to all the feasibility of what had hitherto been considered an impossibility.

Then the *Latest* crowed. Woe betide the unfortunate belonging to the *Hemispheres'* staff, if he came in contact with a *Latest* man. No mercy was shown, they boasted and chaffed him until there was not a man on the *Hemispheres'* staff from the editor-in-chief down to the youngest devil, but felt green with envy.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

GOOD NEWS FOR ETHELBERT—THE JOURNEY HOME—NEW YORK.

IN the cottage on Sherbourne street one fine afternoon, Mrs. Brown, Rosebud and Hetty were seated in a little sitting room.

Mrs. Brown was knitting, Rosebud was perusing a school book, Hetty was cutting carpet rags.

"My dear," said Mrs. Brown, "you have studied long enough, get your sewing for a change."

"Yes," replied Rosebud, "bother lessons, why don't he come home."

The old lady knew who Rosebud meant, but she smilingly enquired: "Who, my dear?"

"Nurse Brown, who do we all want, tell me that. Who indeed?"

Rat-a-tat sounded the door knocker.

The young lady gave a quick jump and said, "run Hetty, who is that? Oh my poor heart."

"Sit still, my dear, Hetty will soon tell us," said Mrs. Brown.

A noise like baggage being thrown upon the floor was heard, then Hetty returned to the sitting room. In her hand she held a rifle. With an awful grin she said:

" Him come, Missa Rosebud, spressman say him come up soon."

" Why, who, where, what do you mean you black lump of grins ? Whose gun is that ? Oh my poor heart."

" Massa Harold," replied Hetty with a grin that reached from ear to ear.

The indignant young lady said : " He has gone to the office first, Nurse Brown. I wish he had never come back," and Rosebud began to cry.

" My dear, he may have urgent business at the office. You know he has been away a long time," said the old lady.

" He had no business to go there first, he ought to come home first. I won't speak to—to—"

" Whom ?" said a voice.

One little scream and Miss Rosetta Harecourt was happy again.

" Well, Mrs. Brown, I have received no letters since Rosebud's reached me in the Rock Mountains."

" We have a great many for you," said the lady, producing her keys. " Here, my dear, fetch the letters."

The first envelope he opened contained a cable despatch from his father. " The mystery of the Norman boat cleared. Evan Evans has confessed. Come home."

Mrs. Brown knew the contents of that despatch. She closely watched him reading it. She observed a glad look come into his eyes. In the face that turned to her she once more sees the bright old look of his boyhood's days. He jumped up and kissed them all, even to grinning Hetty. The bloodhound at his feet seemed to understand. For the first time since Harold had possessed him he gave a joyous bark.

One quick look Ethelbert gave at the steamship advertisements in the evening paper, then from his pocket he drew a time-table.

"Mrs. Brown, I have four hours to spare."

"I am going home to see my parents," was what the secretary-treasurer of the *Latest* some three hours afterwards heard.

Ethelbert received a God-speed and a draft upon a Liverpool bank and was gone.

Buffalo, Rochester, Albany are all passed, still the train boy has not been able to effect a sale with the passenger, who, heedless of his tempting wares, takes no notice of anything, dining rooms, stoppages or anything else. Occasionally he fills and ignites his pipe, and produces his ticket when the conductor wishes to examine it, but that is all. Heedless of all else he thinks of the past, his blighted youth and banishment, his incomplete education, his wrongs. Then a solemn look comes into his

eyes. He thinks of the broken pillar standing over a little grave in the cemetery at Toronto, but a great, glad look comes over his countenance. In fancy he sees far away in England the grey stone built Hall, his home. He sees the Squire sitting in the library perusing his magazines, his pure, sweet mother walking in the garden.

The train boy grows hostile. It will never do to carry that dumb passenger to New York without obtaining some of his cash. The boy feels his abilities as a salesman are at stake, he will make another attempt to wheedle just one solitary dime out of that crank. Here goes :

" Nuts, apples, oranges, candy, fresh maple sugar, cigars, prize-packages, books, newspapers. Do you want nothing, sir ?"

Victory at last. " Yes, my boy, here is fifty cents, leave me alone, treat yourself."

The train boy seemed surprised. Then he said : " I thought he was a crank."

" Not quite so bad as that, my boy," said the laughing smoker.

" New York, all leave cars here," yelled an official. Harold seized his valise and in ten minutes was at the Cunard steamship office.

" Very sorry, sir, the Charon is just leaving. Every birth—saloon, cabin and steerage is quite full. You will have to wait for the next or go by the Inman line on Saturday."

"Cabman drive me to the ferry, I must catch the Cunard boat—make haste."

At Pavonia ferry Ethelbert sprang upon the moving ferry boat and soon arrived in Jersey city. Another hack quickly conveyed him to the pier. The tender with the mails was just starting for the Charon, which lay out in the river, her anchor up ready to start for England. "Too late," said a policeman.

Ethelbert watched the fast retreating tender as she steamed out to the Charon. Ten or fifteen minutes later he hailed a waterman.

"Twenty dollars if you reach the Cunard boat before she starts, five if you do your best and fail."

"Jump in, boss, the tide is against us, there goes the bell."

"Give me one of your oars, boatman."

"Don't you upset her, boss. Can you row?"

Too late, the whistle sounds, and the Charon has began her voyage. With one last spurt the boat is alongside. A quartermaster seeing her threw a rope. Next instant hand over hand Harold climbed up the ship's side, leaving his valise in the boat.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE VOYAGE—SUSPICION—THE EARL OF BENTHAL.

"THE purser informs me you have no ticket or baggage."

"Quite true, captain, the agent informed me the ship was full, but fortunately I have plenty of money. My valise was left in the boat."

"The births are all engaged. This looks very suspicious, sir. You appear to be in a great hurry to leave America."

"I can sleep on deck. Furnish me with blankets and food. What is the passage money? Keep your impertinent remarks to yourself, please," was the answer the captain received.

"Find him a berth somewhere, purser. We will investigate this at Liverpool."

It requires a very shrewd person to keep incognito on board a ship. Of all places none can equal an ocean voyage for inquisitive and impertinent questioning. Who are you, where are you going, what is your business, where are you from. On board ship ignoramus, no matter if dressed in broad cloth or silk attire, display in all its glaring features that want of refinement only found in nature's true

nobility. Does not common sense teach us that we volunteer all we wish known. What else can any one but a confirmed imbecile expect from their ignorant questions but an elaborate tissue of falsehoods. People travelling do not like to say this or that is none of your business, consequently many equivocal answers are given. The evasive replies are at the least white lies.

Before an hour had elapsed Harold had been interviewed by over a dozen so-called ladies and gentlemen, but for once they met their match. All they could learn was :

" I am Harold Ethelbert, I am going home."

Before retiring to rest that night, ignorance had spread the rumor : "Watch that man, he is a dangerous character."

Such is life or fate. Harold Ethelbert had never done a mean act in his life. Left his home years before under a cloud of suspicion, and now because he refused to answer a lot of impertinent, narrow-minded fools, was returning to his native land watched like a well-known villain.

At Queenstown, Ireland, many passengers went ashore, several came on board. Amongst them was a tall gentleman accompanied by two men servants. Before the ship had left the harbor it was known to all on board that an English Earl had taken passage from Queenstown to Liverpool.

The obeisance and servility the nobleman received from crew and passengers, was to a man holding self-respect suggestive of a past period.

The Charon was fast leaving old Ireland in her wake when Harold received a smart blow on the shoulder. Turning quickly around he sees before him the old captain of Shrewsbury School. Hat in hand, held high above his head, he said : "Three cheers for Harold Ethelbert. Hip, hip, hurrah."

From his elevated post the chief officer of the Charon looked down and views the passengers running to see from whence comes that glad cheer. He also observes his distinguished titled passenger with his arm around his suspicious passenger's neck.

Yes, the noble Earl of Benthal was the once school captain who had so loyally defended his school companion.

Great is the power of gold, great the power of an honest name, but greater to cringing obsequiousness is the high sounding title of a lord. Officers and passengers at once were kind in offering Ethelbert every attention, but he knew the value of it all.

CHAPTER L.

THE HEAD MASTER OF SHREWSBURY SCHOOL—HOME.

THE day following the one on which the Charon arrived at Liverpool a stranger seated himself upon the iron seat near the Shrewsbury School boat house. His face wore that expression only seen in those who gaze upon a once familiar scene after long years of absence.

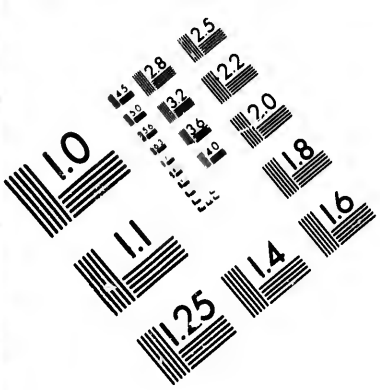
A stalwart boatman carrying a pair of sculls and a boat cushion came whistling from the boat house. He placed the cushion in the chair-backed seat and waited.

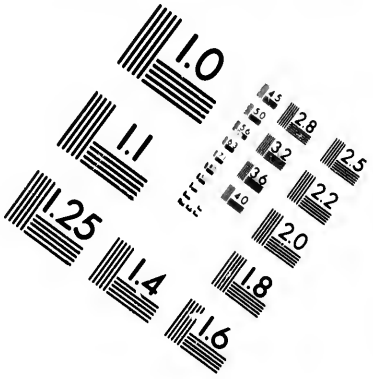
Soon a tall old gentleman with grey hair and stooping form, wearing gold spectacles came slowly down the path. The stranger arose, removed his hat and bowed as men only bow to those they reverence.

"Good day, sir," said the old gentleman, "very warm day. If you are going down the river allow me to offer you a seat in my boat. You will find the breeze on the water very agreeable."

The stranger said: "Thank you, sir, I gladly accept your kind offer."

The boatman pushed off his boat and rapidly rowed down the river.





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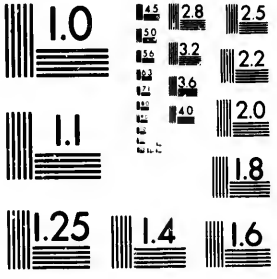

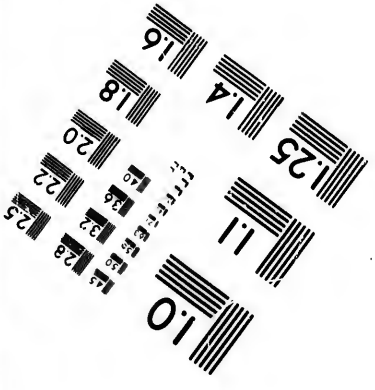

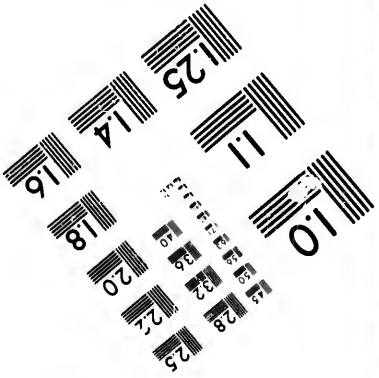

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The old gentleman pointed out to the stranger Shrewsbury School and said : "It is very quiet to-day. The boys have a holiday."

"Indeed, sir, some local event ?"

"Yes," replied the old head master. "I have given the boys a holiday to-day. They have gone to the station lower down to meet the son of my dearest friends, who is coming home to-day."

The stranger inquired : "Has he been long away, sir ?"

"Yes, years. He left us a boy, but I suppose he is a man now. God bless him."

The stranger asked : "Shall you recognize him, sir, when you see him ?"

"Most certainly I shall," and the old doctor began to laugh at the idea of him not recognizing Harold Ethelbert indeed.

The doctor gave the stranger a summary of Ethelbert's school days and subsequent career, remarking even the boys of to-day take a great interest in him. He will ever be one of the traditions of Shrewsbury School. No horses will draw Harold Ethelbert home this day.

The stranger smiled and said : "At the landing below I can see a lady waving her pocket handkerchief."

The doctor replied : "how very kind. It must be Mrs. Ethelbert, I certainly thought she would

be at the station to meet her son. It is very kind of her to walk down to the landing in this hot sun on purpose to meet me."

The stranger said: "I do not think, sir, she came to meet you."

"Why, what can you mean?"

"Doctor, I mean a mother's love, a mother's heart, a mother's instinct, tells her which way her son will come."

"Why, why, what, what, Harold Ethelbert, you young rogue. God bless you, my dear, dear boy."

The boat touched the landing. One long leap and Harold Ethelbert was in his mother's arms.

CHAPTER LI.

THE MANITOBA BOOM—WINNIPEG—WOOD MOUNTAINS—CYPRESS HILLS—FORT MCLEOD—MOUNTED POLICE.

REMAINING one year in England Ethelbert then returned to Canada. Accompanied by Blackbird he went to explore the country south of the proposed route of the Canadian Pacific Rail-

way, through the North-West territory. On their arrival at Winnipeg, where they had previously seen one single enclosure, Fort Garry, and a few Indian lodges, they now found the prairie dotted over with the canvas tents of incoming immigrants.

From the Red River our friends traveled west to Fort Qû'Appelle, thence south-west to the old boundary fort in the Wood Mountains now occupied by a small squad of mounted police. As the guests of Captain Macdonald, the officer in charge of the district, our friends participated in a grand buffalo hunt. Hundreds of these, the world's noblest game, were killed and the meat sun dried for winter use. The Indian way to kill buffalo is to suddenly run their horses into the midst of a band or herd. Their trained hunting ponies carry them alongside of the cows, then the repeating rifles, revolvers, spears, bows and arrows soon do their deadly work. No particular aim or care is taken to select a vital part. Many wounded animals wander away to afterwards die, or be killed and eaten by the wolves always to be found near the buffalo. When the slaughter is over the beasts are partially skinned, the meat suspended on cross sticks, or lines cut from the hide called thongs or larriets, the sun and wind soon dries or cures the meat. Small pieces, not possible to cut into long thin strips are dried and beaten with hatchets or stones to break

the fibre, then placed in bags made of the animal's skin and sewn with sinews. The fatty portions are melted and run over the mess, then the bag is sewn up, and the meat will keep for years. This is called pemmican. The Indians and many of the half-breeds subsist entirely on the buffalo. The skins cured furnish them clothing and covering for their teepes, saddles, bridles, moccasins, water bags, possibly sacks, and all they want for their rude life. Flour is a luxury to them, bread to them being almost unknown.

From the Wood Mountains the correspondent proceeded to the Cypress hills. Here they found another mounted police fort under the command of Captain Cotton, adjutant of the force. The Captain kindly received them and related his experience with the Indians of the Cree nation. Of all the tribes in the Dominion of Canada the Cree Indians are the most unreliable, treacherous, lazy, filthy, and incorrigible thieves, continually on the war path against the Blackfeet. They will steal horses for pure devilment, scalp on sight any solitary Indian belonging to another tribe or nation. They are much too cowardly to fight a pitched battle with their brave but mortal foes the Blackfeet Indians. The captain told Ethelbert there was then about two hundred lodges encamped for the winter near the fort he commanded, called Fort

Walsh. From this point our travellers went west to Fort McLeod near the junction of the Mary and Belly rivers. Major Crozier, the officer in command, very cordially received them and pressed them to remain the balance of the winter at the fort. Remaining one week to give their ponies a much needed rest, Ethelbert from this point sent his experience to the *Latest*. When it was published the *Hemispheres* contradicted the statement that the Wood Mountain district would one day be considered the garden of the North-West, and of course knowing nothing whatever about it may possibly be correct.

But when they heard the district had been afterwards acquired by certain parties connected not very remotely with the *Latest* they raised a howl at this the fairest spot in all the country being sold or awarded by the government to political supporters of the administration then in power.

CHAPTER LII.

RELIGION IN THE NORTH-WEST.—MONTANA HORSE THIEVES.—THE FIGHT AND ESCAPE.—CALIFORNIA.

FROM McLeod, Ethelbert travelled north to Calgary, thence west to the Stony Indian settlement at Morleyville. In his communications,

in reference to this trip, he said: "We found the Stony Indians in charge of a missionary. They were the first Indians in the North-West we have seen under moral control. We found them cutting timber for building purposes, making fences and dressing skins. We are told they are converted to Christianity by the efforts of the church there established. We saw Indian women doing the drudgery for the whites there living. We noticed elaborate fences enclosing farm lands, and bales of valuable furs packed ready for shipment. Surely some people have got an unlimited banking account in their influence and dealing with these poor, ignorant, devout and superstitious Stony Indians, but we failed to see any one Indian whose whole possessions would realise ten dollars, excepting a few ponies he may fortunately possess.

It is not all salvation in our glorious North-West. Undoubtedly there is some plentifully adulterated with financial self-interest.

I append a story related to me at Calgary. A certain Highland Scotch missionary, feathering his nest at the expense of his Indian charges, was once known to administer the sacrament thus. He placed his hand in a vessel of water. Scattering it over his congregation he said in Gaelic: "Take that ye red devils, much good may it do ye."

Being desirous of purchasing horses to take the place of their ponies, our two friends went south from Calgary to Butte City, Montana, via Fort Benton and Helena. At Butte they met a man who wished to sell some Bronchos. Accompanying him north for about four days, they arrived at the place where the horses were being pastured in charge of several men.

"You must give me a receipt for all I select, describing all marks, brands, sex and color," said Harold.

"I guess so, stranger, there are no stolen horses here, Dan Denver don't deal in stolen horses."

"I insinuate nothing, my friend, but a great many horses have been run across the boundary line lately, and we do not wish to get into any trouble with the Canadian Mounted Police. We have seen several horses at the different forts seized and their owners arrested. We are desirous of avoiding this if possible. Of course your acknowledgment will shield us in case of dispute or loss by other parties."

"There is not a horse here but was bred and raised in Montana. I swear to that. Those branded were bought from their first owners."

"Well, if we can agree for price I will risk it, but I want no balky or buck jumpers. My man shall mount what I select."

"Better let one of my men mount them, they are all pretty fresh at present."

"No, if Blackbird cannot ride them they are no use to us at all. Here, Will, try that black horse."

Will mounted the beautiful steed, used the spurs and the next instant he was in the air.

"I say, old hoss trader, any more buck jumpers amongst them, if so darn me if I ride them."

"Try the gray mare, she's quiet and the fastest mare in Montana—only six years old."

Ethelbert purchased seventeen horses in all, for the sum of six hundred and sixty-five dollars. Then for fifty dollars he bought two riding, one pack, saddle and bridles. For ten dollars one bag of hard tack, some pork and tea.

The man Dan Denver gave a receipt naming all brands, colors, and full description of horses externally, remarking if you go north-east for twenty miles or so you will strike the old trail to Fort Whoop up. Keep the Rockies on your left, you can't go astray if you travel straight north.

At sunset one evening, some days since our friends had began their return journey to Fort McLeod, Harold remarked: "We must watch nights now, we are close to the international boundary, but on which side I do not know. At this season of the year the Indians are very anxious to obtain horses for hunting and travelling. At any

time we may meet with a party foraging for horses. You know it's risky near the line. We must watch nights in turns."

"Darn watching. Is that red coated Mounted Police Force no good any way?"

"The police are very efficient, but they cannot act in Montana. Cut the buffalo robe into strips and hobble every horse. Get your lasso and picket the gray mare close to our camp."

Blackbird drove the horses some few yards up the Coulee and then returned. Placing a blanket over his shoulders, another over his feet, leaning against the bag of hard tack he remained on watch, while his companion slept.

Sometime afterwards the dog gave a growl. Ethelbert sprang up and said: "What is it?"

Blackbird was intently listening. He replied: "The horses are loose, running about. I hobbled every darn one but the mare."

Rifle in hand Ethelbert ran to the gray mare. One stroke of a knife cut the lariet, the next instant he was galloping in the direction of the horses followed by the dog. On the west bank of the Coulee the horses were running loose, several mounted men endeavoring to drive them south. The half moon revealed to Harold the fact they were white men disguised like Indians. He sprang from the mare's back, with his left hand he held her by the head

piece. With his right he levelled the Winchester rifle beneath the horse's head.

"What are you doing with my horses. Speak before I shoot."

"Go to hades and shoot," was the answer. Crack went the rifle, the tall man is struck. He reels and exclaims: "My God, I am shot." Then like a thunder bolt the hound sprang up. The man was dragged from his saddle to be choked to death by Salop.

The mare began to struggle for liberty. Will came running to her head and said: "Let me hold her, boss. Look out, here they come."

"Shoot the mare, Will."

Bang, and the gallant gray mare lay on the frozen ground with a bullet from Blackbird's revolver through her brain. To seek shelter behind the prostrate mare was the work of an instant.

The men galloped up and fired a volley from their revolvers, but the balls fall short. Crack, crack, crack went the repeating rifle, and three men are dismounted. The rest retreat from that deadly rifle to consult upon some course of action.

"Run for my belt, I have only one cartridge left. Make haste or we are lost. Look out, here they come,"

Both men dodge behind the dead mare. One man more venturous than the rest rides his horse

close up. Bang went Blackbird's revolver. The man with his throat cut by the ball reels and falls upon the frozen ground, his life blood flowing fast away.

Lassos are thrown. One takes off Blackbird's fur cap. The wounded men are dragged away by the lassos of their companions.

With a swift run Ethelbert reaches the camp ground. Seizing the cartridge belt he quickly hangs it round his neck, placing the cartridge in the magazine as he ran back up the bottom and side of the Coulee.

The horse thieves are nearly out of sight and range, fast retreating. Crack, crack, again goes the rifle, but that quick run has shaken his nerves and the balls fly wide. Our two friends and the dead mare are alone.

"Where's Salop?"

"Darn if I know, guess he's shot."

Long and loud do they whistle and shout, Salop, Salop, but no dog comes. They search for him in vain. Returning to the camp which merely consisted of their saddles, bridles, blankets, provisions and shot gun, they enclosed their shivering forms in the thick blankets. For a long time neither speak. At last Will said, "Darn."

"That's about all you can say or do. Why did you not fetch my cartridge belt when I told you?"

"Darn, did you want to shoot them all?"

"Every one, they have killed or lassoed my dog, they have stolen our horses, they tried to shoot us. We can never reach the Fort alive. The provisions will not hold out. If they would we cannot carry our blankets and guns as well as the provisions. We shall certainly freeze to death at nights. This light snow may go any moment, then we shall suffer from thirst. We shall not see a living thing for the next two months, the grass is too much impregated with alkali here for game to feed. Better far if they had killed us. If we had my dog we might load the blankets on his back. Now I have no hope of reaching McLeod alive. We will try perseverance may win."

The welcome daylight came at last. Looking for the supposed dead dog, Ethelbert heard a whistle. Turning round he can see Blackbird mounted on a mustang equipped with saddle and bridle.

"Here boss, here's one of the darn hoss thieve's hosses. Our bay and the buckskin are up the Coulee still hobbled."

No trace of the bloodhound can be discovered, so they decide to follow the horse thieves south, hoping by some means to recover the dog.

Ethelbert said: "They must have lassoed Salop, or we would certainly find him. The prairie is very level here. He is not in the ravine. I feel

sure they have got him. Let us pack and start. We can easily overtake them. They cannot travel fast with wounded men."

"If we catch them, boss, what then?"

"My dog or another fight. We have got the upper hand, they have no rifle. My dog and horses that's what."

The third morning they notice a camp fire at the foot of some butts. Concealing themselves they anxiously watch all day for the party to move away. They can see moving forms but no horses or dog.

At night Will went to reconnoitre the camp. In about four hours he returned and said: "Boss, we are in a darn fix. Them hoss thieves are waiting for more men. They have sent a man to some town or ranche, I could not find out where, for rifles and two more men. They know we have got one hoss. They think they lost the others in the dark. They swear they will revenge their boss. You shot Denver Dan, the fellow we bought the horses of. Our dog ain't there."

"We will at once start and try to reach the Union Pacific. We have heard enough about Montana justice. I have no desire to experience it."

Four days afterwards the fugitives felt tolerably secure from pursuit. One afternoon Ethelbert's horse fell dead beneath him. They then filled

their pockets with prairie biscuit. Placing their blankets and all they did not have upon their backs upon the ground they gathered grass and brush, and then set fire to it all, thus destroying all that would identify them or the route they had travelled.

Next day the bay horse fell under Will with the blind staggers. They shot him knowing that the prairie wolves would soon eat him up.

Packing the two saddles, guns and fur overcoats on the buckskin horse, they walked along side expecting the mustang to follow the fate of the other horses every minute.

Will remarked : " Them hosses ain't worth a darn any way, boss."

" No wonder they have played out, old man, eleven days now without rest or sufficient food."

" Darn, ain't they rested at night like us ?"

" No, they have been hobbled, and have had to eat the whole night long to sustain life. It's a question if they have once laid down. This mustang may hold out. They are said to be the toughest horses in the world. The buckskin is considered a good color for a hardy horse. We must be near the Utah Northern Railway by this time. This sage brush does not belong to northern Montana or I have been misinformed."

" Yonder comes a cart, boss. There must be a trail there, if so we shall not have to swim no more darn rivers anyway."

"I hope not. That looks like a half-breed, let us go to him."

"How far are we from the railroad, stranger?" they enquired from the half-breed.

"Two days," said the half-breed.

"Is that near a depot?"

"Yes, Deer Lodge, going there?"

"We want to. What will you take us for, we are tired out with walking."

"Give me that shot gun?"

"Oh no, we will give you the mustang and the two saddles."

"Can't do it, stranger, for that. I have just come from there. I am taking grub and whisky to a ranche in Montana Buttes."

"Leave your supplies here. We will give you the mustang, saddles and gun for sixty dollars and the ride. That is the best we can or will do."

"Help me to unload the cart. I will do it."

All hands helped to unload, placing the goods on the prairie and covering them up with a cart sheet. The half-breed hobbled the mustang and let him go, expecting to find all there when he returned.

In one and a half days more Harold and Will were on their way to Ogden via the Utah and Northern Railway. At Ogden they sold their watches. This gave them in all, including Will's

money, about three hundred and thirty-seven dollars.

Walking from Ogden to Corinne they took a free ride in a freight car. The conductor discovering them he asked if they were hard up.

"Ain't got a cent, boss," said Will.

"Been prospecting?" was the next question.

"You bet."

"Where do you want to go, mates I am an old miner myself."

"I guess to Sacramento, if we can."

"Got no dust at all?"

"Not a darn."

"Well, you can ride as far as Winnemucca, then I return back. Be careful boys, our directors on the Central are mighty sharp about free rides. Not long since some of them were strapped and tramping themselves, but they are always the worst when they strike lode. Here is two bits for you," said the conductor, giving Will twenty-five cents.

At Winnemucca our adventurers purchased tickets for San Francisco. The Americans flatter themselves that their railway cars beat creation to produce their equal. Occasionally we hear that there are no distinctive class of travel over their lines excepting the Pulman coaches or Wagner parlor and sleeping cars. Nevertheless the emigrant cars, so-called for cheap transit, are very often

a disgrace to the railroad management of any line. Badly ventilated, hard seated, cramped for space, often swarming with vermin. I have seen better and cleaner cars for the conveyance of horses in other countries. But the first-class cars are veritable palaces on wheels, equalled by few, excelled by none.

Twice each day our friends left the cars to obtain meals at the way stations. As a rule they obtained a substantial meal for twenty-five cents. At some points fifty cents was charged each man.

Arriving at Oakland the passenger cars were run upon the ferry boat and soon landed them at San Francisco, California.

Going to the American Hotel after dinner, Ethelbert sent a cipher despatch detailing all their troubles and experiences to the managing director of the *Latest*. Next day he received the following cipher despatch is reply :

509-38. 516-39. 179-13. 29-31. 364-43. 259-17. 26-3. 33-31. 346-24. 337-27. 479-9. Selaw. Yendys. 186-49. 288-17. 512-22. 243-40. 568-39. 430-25. 63-13. 186-49. 363-6. E. Rehpic, W. C. F.

The translation was : " Take the first Australian ship, inquire at bank of New South Wales, Sydney, for letters. Telegraph if you require cash for passage." Cipher E. W. C. F.

"The S.S. Australia is announced to sail on the thirteenth, so we have got to wait nearly two weeks. Go Will and find out the price of passage to Sydney, take our money, if there is enough buy steerage tickets. We shall require about thirty dollars here, we cannot starve."

"I guess not, darn any more starving, here goes for the passports, boss."

Will returned in one hour and said: "Here's the passports boss, cost us one hundred dollars apiece. Grub and beds chucked in. We have got to find our own towels and soap, darn soap."

"Go to the hotel clerk and enquire what they will charge us for two weeks' board."

"What name did you put on the register, boss, anyway?"

"I registered you as William Burd, myself as Frank Howard, both from Chicago.'

"Well," said Blackbird, after his interview with the hotel clerk, "if the two of us like to sleep on the top flat near the sky, in the same bed, the room to ourselves, bar the bugs, fleas, red spiders and other darn things, why the clerk says five dollars a week for each man."

"Good enough, we will stay."

CHAPTER LIII.

SAN FRANCISCO—CHINESE AND ITALIANS—EASY MORALS.

FOR two weeks our travellers spent their time wandering through the streets of San Francisco, afterwards describing it in a communication to the *Latest*. Ethelbert said this city has many distinctive features, heterogeneous to other American cities. The buildings are invariably of wood, with brick or stone foundations. This is preferable to solid masonry on account of the frequent earthquakes experienced on the Pacific coast. The private dwellings of the wealthy are very elaborate in architectural design.

The Italian race has a monopoly in the growing and sale of fruits and general market gardening products, but they do not confine themselves exclusively to this for a living. Fishing and city scavengering are amongst the vocations followed by the swarthy Italians.

Perhaps of all the different nationalities congregated in San Francisco the Chinese race are the most fully represented. They seem to find employment in all businesses, manufactories and domestic employment. We see the almond-eyed Chinaman.

It is claimed by the American and European residents that they are a curse to the city and state, working for small wages, importing from China nearly all they consume, buying and selling exclusively amongst themselves, they gather together all the money they can and send it to their native land. Even their bones when they die are shipped to China, not as an article of commerce but in consequence of Chinese belief that the immortal soul will be lost of salvation if their bones lie in Melican soil. The hostility between the different races is very marked. It certainly seems strange to any one on their first visit to this city to see Chinamen doing the duties usually done by chambermaids. I am told many acts of immorality have occurred between the Chinese and other races. Some undesired fusion of blood has been the consequence. Surely no lady with a due sense of propriety would employ a man Chinese or any other nationality as chambermaid or dressing maid. We see much in California that would shock the sensibilities of the residents living further east in this easy going country called America.

Take it all in all this is a wonderful city with wonderful customs in a wonderful state.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE VOYAGE TO AUSTRALIA—SANDWICH ISLANDS—LEPROSY—A SOCIAL PROBLEM.

THE English mails arrived, and two days after the advertised time for sailing the steamship Australia sailed out of San Francisco bay, carrying the American and foreign mails, passengers, live stock and general merchandise, her crew consisting of American and English officers, a half-caste negro for chief steward, sailors, cooks, waiters, all being of the Chinese race. Passing the Cliff House, then through the celebrated golden gates, the first swell of the Pacific Ocean gently breaks on the side of the staunch ship.

Possibly on no other line of steamships are the passengers so well fed as on the Pacific Steamship Company's vessels sailing between San Francisco, New Zealand and Australia. Carrying live stock for use on the voyage, fresh meat, bread and vegetables are served every day without limit to saloon, cabin and steerage.

Of course some of the passengers are discontented, but some would grumble if you gave them the ship, grumble chronically because there was nothing to grumble for.

In one week from date of sailing our friends are viewing the dread Leper's Isle, one of the group of islands formerly called the Sandwich, but since renamed the Hawaiian Islands.

It is no figurative speech to call Moloch the dread isle, for all abandon hope who enter here, a blot upon their lives, corruption in their limbs, mortification in their bodies, lost to parents, brothers, sisters, children, home and friends, lost to hope, lost to the world, banished for life, banished by the most repulsive and most dreaded of all diseases--leprosy.

In that fair picturesque island, with gentle zephyr winds and azure skies, surrounded by the great Pacific Ocean henceforth must they live and die.

At Honolula our friends witnessed a most distressing sight. The government steamer, which plys as occasion may require, between Honolula and Leper's Isle, was receiving her afflicted passengers for conveyance to the leper's last destination in this world. Carefully quarantined and guarded from contact with friends the victims of the disease are taken on board, crying, begging, praying, or else with stern set mute lips and resolute face they turn for a last farewell look at relatives and friends not allowed to approach for a farewell hand shake. Men, women and children scream, rave and faint when they see some loved one driven or carried on

board the pestilent steamer to be conveyed to the lepers' home—the leper's doom is sealed.

Once let the officials of the Hawaiian Island know there is a resident afflicted with leprosy, and he or she are at once removed to the pest house until such time as the steamer shall visit Moloch.

Occasionally the friends will conceal the fact that some one has got the disease, but if the boards of health discover this punishment is heavy and sure. All are required to report at once any known case.

We are informed that once the disease is located in the system the parts affected are insensible to heat, hot water being the surest test. If the hand has contracted the disease by placing it in hot water no inconvenience will be felt by the contact.

If this disease was, as claimed, introduced from China, and being infectious, with the fast increase of Chinese immigrants, may we not expect to see this fearful epidemic spread universally. There can be no question of the fact that the Chinese suffer with it extensively, but with their own physicians and druggists they have every opportunity to conceal their complaints.

The writer may be ignorant of the laws of hygiene, ignorant of anatomy, but may we not expect with the employment of the progenitors of this disease as cooks, maids and laundrymen to yet experience the fact in the future of pest houses as

plentiful as to-day we have hospitals for the reception of patients.

We have seen in California, U. S., Toronto, Canada and Sydney, Australia, Chinese laundrymen fill their mouths with water then spurt it over the wearing apparel they were ironing for their patrons. If leprosy is not infectious, why the isolation. If it is infectious and incurable, we are running great risks.

The writer is not hostile to any class, race, or creed. He believes in a common brotherhood, laws, justice and the fusion of the races. California may yet see the day when the products of her factories, especially the canning industries of fish, fruit and meats will be boycotted throughout the world.

CHAPTER LV.

THE HAWAIIAN KING AND BROTHER JONATHAN—TAHITIAN ISLANDS.

AT Honolula, in consequence of the ship being detained by the discharging and receiving of passengers, baggage and cargo, the voyagers were enabled to remain ashore about eight hours.

On applying to the United States Consul they received a permit or pass to visit the King's palace. Returning to the ship, Will with his arms full of cocoa nuts, remarked :

"I guess boss, that nigger king has got things well fixed. Did you notice the white men all gold and uniform to wait on the darn king ?"

"Yes, Will, the king reigns, but Yankee doodle decrees. The whole kingdom suffers for that mock court, but tinsel and pomp are pleasant to the wearer. The king is there, but American schemers, American counselors, contractors, merchants and brokers, with American ships carry all away, money, products, and the life blood of these Islanders. The king sits on the throne, Yankee doodle pays him homage and laughs behind his back."

"Why these island niggers must be a lot of darn fools anyway."

"They are not the only fools in the world old man."

The Australia called at the Island of Tituella to leave the yearly mail. Firing a gun the water was soon dotted with boats containing nearly nude men. Lowering a rope ladder over the ship's side the natives swarmed on board to barter for clothing, hats, handkerchiefs or money, so long as it was coin, their native wares of shells, nuts, war clubs, fans, roots of medicinal plant sand shark's teeth.

The ship's passengers were much surprised at the splendid physique of these copper skinned Islanders, whose continual jabbering to each other made the ship's usually silent decks seem like bedlam.

The quarter master fires another gun, the natives for a few minutes longer remain on the moving ship, when in small bodies or singly, with their acquisitions in their hands, they plunge into the sea feet foremost to be picked up by the boats. Two powerful built natives remain on board until the ship is over a mile away from their Island, then they also leap overboard and with powerful stroke swim for home.

"Boss do the Yankees fool them darn red niggers same as they do at the Hawaiian Islands."

"No, the father-land, Germany, attends to their little or big swindle."

"You know the thief in our cabin that borrowed your knife, and then said he had lost it? Well, I got level with him, I guess boss. I traded his darn night-shirt for a war club stuck all over with sharks' teeth, and I gave one of them *Latest* lead medals we used to give our red-skins for a heart shaped fan for Rosebud. Did you see all their paddles were heart-shaped?"

"Yes, but you should not have traded that man's night shirt away."

"Live and let live boss, he stole our knife. Does he think he can beat men that have licked hoss thieves?"

Coming on deck early one morning our two friends found the ship stationary. Will catching hold of a Chinaman's queue said: "Hello without the o, pig-tail, what's the matter with the darn ship anyway?'

The purser seeing this act of Will came forward and said: "Young man you leave the crew alone or I will have you put in irons."

"I guess not old touch, your cap to your betters."

"Let me have none of your insolence or you will soon see yourself before the captain."

"Darn the captain and you."

"You have a great many Chinamen on board, purser," remarked Harold.

"Yes, the crew are nearly all Chinamen."

"How many of you all told are white men?"

"Sixteen; we have nearly two hundred Chinamen on board. Most of them are working their passage to Australia. We charge them half steerage rates when they do this."

"In case of disaster or emergency can these Chinamen speak or understand English?"

"No, only the cook and boatswain, but several of the officers can speak the Chinese lauguage fluently."

"In case of mutiny, shipwreck or fire would not the law of self-preservation be the cause of disobedience and self interest on the part of the Chinese?"

"Undoubtedly, but we would shoot them down."

"Indeed, purser, and what would the two hundred Chinamen be doing in the meantime to allow sixteen men to do this?"

With a shrug of the shoulders the purser went to his breakfast.

"I guess, boss, you fixed the darn purser."

"Will, you must molest no one. Respect the conditions of your passage or you will get into trouble. These men are absolute on board the ship."

"Darn absolute, darn trouble anyway."

"Did you hear what that lady just said about the still, glassy sea. So far as my experience goes it is metaphorical speech to call the oceans Atlantic or Pacific smooth at any time—they are always in motion."

"Especially when the waves pitch the darn ship bottom up and she stands on her darn masts anyway."

"Well that is metaphorical speech at all events, old man."

"Darn met-a-por-i call speech anyway, what sort of taffee is that, I don't understand your lingo anyway, boss."

"There goes the steerage breakfast bell, you understand the meaning of that I suppose?"

"I guess, come, boss, let us go to grub."

CHAPTER LVI.

NEW ZEALAND—MORRIS, THE CITY EDITOR—OLD FRIENDS MEET.

AT Auckland, New Zealand, the passengers bound for Australia were allowed to go ashore. The ship would not leave for Sydney that day.

Going into the town our friends Harold and Will spent several hours—as Will said, seeing the sights.

"Boss, this is a first-rate place anyhow."

"Yes, Will, these islands are favored spots, the climate here is similar to England, the weather is more favorable, there being less rain fall. Still the high winds are not so very pleasant, but we experience some objectionable feature wherever we go."

That's so, boss, I guess there is always something everywhere, but I like this place, don't you?"

" Very much. I have read that the islands adjacent to this are superior to this in many features. I consider the Hawaiian, Tahitian and New Zealand Islands, the most delightful places to live in I have yet seen. I am sorry we cannot remain to visit the interior of this."

" I guess its all English here, every darn thing is ticketed imported or just arrived. Why that bar maid asked us if we would have some English beer."

" Of course, old man, this is one of England's gold mines."

" Jumping Ceasar, look at that coon painted like a nigger on the war path."

" That man is not painted but tatooed, he is what we call a Maori, one of the native islanders. There are a great many on this island."

" Tattle-tood mowrey, be darn, why he is a painted nigger anyway."

" No, he is tatooed, those marks are made by pricking coloring matter into the skin. No doubt his whole body is covered with it like his face."

" What's that for anyway ?"

" Ornament, pride, the same as the Indians use paint on the American continent."

" I guess if you say the Canadian continent you will about fix it, boss."

" I am going into this newspaper office to interview some of the staff in reference to this country. Go to the ship and bring my rifle at that locksmith's

over the way. We can get the main spring stiffened. We many not have time to wait in Sydney."

"All O. K., boss, here goes."

Harold entered the newspaper office and enquired for the commercial editor.

"Is your business urgent?" he was asked.

"Yes, very urgent and important. Can I at once see him, or shall I go to another paper?"

"Show the gentleman up stairs at once."

Entering the commercial editor's sanctum, Harold said: "I am indirectly connected with the press. Why can it be—"

"Ethelbert, what in the devil brought you here?"

"Morris, I am surprised, I understood you were on the *Detroit Free Press* staff."

"So I was, but here I am. No more work for me to-day, let us go to some hotel."

The old friends went into the street. There stood Will with flushed, angry face.

"What, Will Blackbird? This beats the devil," said Mr. Morris.

"What sort of a country is this anyway, I brought the rifle off the ship and a darn custom house officer wanted to take it from me."

"Where is my rifle now?"

"I guess the darn custom officer ain't got it. I took it back to our cabin."

Mr. Morris said : " I brought over a shot gun. The custom house officer seized it, but on paying the small charge of one shilling it was returned immediately afterwards. They grant you a license here for each firearm for one shilling, the cost of the stamp. It is simply a registration of the weapon. All are numbered The precaution is taken to keep them out of the hands of the Maoris. If a gun is found in their possession the authorities can trace its source from the original licensee. It requires great caution in letting the Maoris have firearms."

Ethelbert asked : " What precaution was taken in the sale of firearms by the dealers ?"

" They have the license already made out in case of sale. They have merely to fill in the date, number and name and address of purchaser."

" I came to your office to obtain information in reference to imports and exports, will you kindly furnish me with such, Morris ?"

" Well, Ethelbert, I only arrived here one month ago, so I know nothing about it yet."

" Do you like Auckland, Morris ?"

Very much, the people are all right and wages very good indeed."

" Are wages good in all followings ?"

" I believe so, but I cannot say for certain. Sorry you are going away so soon, Ethelbert."

CHAPTER LVII.

AUSTRALIA.—SYDNEY HARBOUR.—INSTRUCTIONS FROM THE "LATEST."

THE voyage from Auckland to Sydney was made in five days, in the roughest sea experienced since leaving America. Entering Sydney harbour with its island dotted bays the S. S. Australia tied up at her company's wharf, Circular Quay.

Blackbird standing on the top of the butcher's shop viewing the beautiful scenery of the harbour. Turning round to gaze upon the busy scene on the wharf he said: "See here boss, it ain't a bit of use, everywhere we go they are there. There the darn things are."

"What do you mean?"

"Why I guess I mean them darn pig-tails of chiney men. There's lots of them waiting to see if we have got any dirty shirts to washee, washee. They are everywhere, all they want is a hot country so that they don't have to buy many clothes. A big hat, a white shirt, a pair of bags and slip-shods to wear, some rice and tea, washing to do and the darn pig-tailed coyotes are happy."

Our two friends passed the custom house unchallenged. Going to George Street they selected

a modest hotel then Harold went to the Bank of New-South-Wales, and enquired for the chief. Being introduced to the Manager he produced the cipher despatch received at San Francisco and enquired for letters.

"We have received no communication in reference to you. The mails have arrived, but are not yet distributed."

The next day Ethelbert received his instructions. The managing director of the *Latest* had written.

Draw what money you require from the bank of New South Wales. Go into the interior, carefully note the systems adopted on the great Australian sheep and cattle ranges for the rearing, driving and branding of stock. Obtain what letters of introduction you require from the bank. Keep down expenses.

When Blackbird had read this he said: "Bully, I guess now we will have a darn good spree; all we have got to do is deliver our letters of introduction, buy some store clothes and live at other people's expense, like all the correspondents do."

Harold said, "No that is just what we shall not do. We will for the present obtain no letters of introduction. Every literary man these days when he goes abroad heralds his coming by the press or private letters. His movements are arranged for him by interested parties. Wherever he goes he is

expected, consequently he sees the people at their best, usually in holiday attire. He thus sees but one side of life. Feted, flattered and made much of he returns to his native land invariably to publish his rose-coloured views of the country he really knows nothing about. I have always considered it the first duty of a journalist to obtain reliable information from actual experience with the masses in their daily vocations. If we want to obtain a true insight into the internal affairs, domestic, social, or political, of any country, the only way to reach it is by mingling with them unexpected and unknown. This we will try to do. We will begin at the bottom and work up. When we have seen the daily life of the lower and middle class then we will get introduced to enable us to see the assumed for the occasion society manners of the upper crust."

"Boss, I guess that's religion of the right sort. Darn the upper crust. I like the bottom, there's more juice in it."

CHAPTER LVIII.

NEWCASTLE—QUIRINDI—BUSH HOTELS—THE DOVER—LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

A STEAMER left her wharf, Sydney, bound for Newcastle. At 5 p. m. next day her passengers were seated in the cars on the Great Northern Railway.

"Boss," said one. "These are darn mean cars anyway."

"Yes they are mean. I wonder at such close, uncomfortable cars in this hot country. The American cars with open doors and windows would be very comfortable here. This heat is almost unbearable."

"They locked us in, just like they do in England, darn."

At 3.30 p. m. our travellers arrived at Quirindi. Deciding to remain all night they went to one of the hotels and engaged beds. The proprietress on being questioned said the Government own nearly all the ground here. Such lands that has buildings upon it are sold. Each lot or section is called an allotment. I gave one hundred and twenty pounds for this corner lot. Other lots are sold from thirty to sixty pounds according to location. Half an

acre is usually allotted for buildings on town sites. No trouble is experienced in obtaining hotel licenses for the sale of liquors, providing the police give a favourable report of the applicant. Our drinks, with the exception of colonial beer, are all imported. We charge sixpence for imported drinks—ale, spirits, wine, also for native wine. Colonial beer is usually sold at the same price in the interior. In the cities you can purchase native beer for three pence per glass.

Two miles from Quirindi there stands in the bush a solitary house called the "Who'd have thought it" hotel. Several gentlemen seated beneath the galvanized iron verandah observe two young men approaching, each man carrying a pair of blankets, a small canvas water-bag and a rifle, with a game bag suspended across their backs.

One of the gentlemen hails the two men. "Hey you new chums come and I will shout."

"We ain't deaf, what do you want to shout for anyway?" answered the Canadian.

"Come here, don't you know what a shout means? A treat, where are you from, are you sundowners?"

"God's country, what's a darn sundowner?"

"Men looking for work are called sundowners because they are sure to be about at meal time."

"Yes, I guess we are sundowners then."

"I want two men to go with us to fetch a mob of sheep from Queensland, will you go?"

"Ask the boss."

"How long shall we be away? What would our duties be?"

"We may be from three to four months away. I want you to drive sheep and take your turns at watching nights. You will have nothing to do going to the station where the sheep are."

"We have had no experience in driving sheep, but we would like to go with you if you think you can make us useful."

"So much the better, new men always make the best drivers. They are up to no tricks. I will give you one pound a week each man going up. Coming back with the sheep I will give you thirty shillings per week. Do you want any money now?"

"No, sir, we require no money at present."

"Well, when you do you can have it. Bring your guns, we shall see plenty to shoot. The drays left this morning. You return to Quirindi and take the train to Breeza. Go to the hotel and wait until I come. We pay all expenses and find you rations all through the trip. If you leave here after dinner you will have plenty of time to catch your train. What is your names?"

"Call me Frank Chandos, my friend, Will Fu l ton."

Mr. Plumkett wrote the names in his pocket book and insisted on each man receiving then and there a one pound note.

"Boss, look here, see that sign for a shanty. Why don't these tavern keepers put up a sheep for their signs that would be the best in this darn country. Nothing but mutton anyway."

"That is not so bad for a new chum," said the landlord of the hotel.

"By the jumping kangeroo. Look here, boss, what's this a-coming anyway, a nigger ?"

Mr. Plunkett said : "That black man is what we call an aboriginal, one of the native blacks we will call him here."

"I say old aboriginal what mule kicked your darn nose anyway?" said Will to the native.

After dinner Harold and Will returned to Quirindi. From there they went by train to Breeza, a town comprising a temperance hotel and store combined, and one or two dwellings occupied by the men employed on the railway.

Next day Mr. Plunket and another man came to Breeza. Giving his sheep dog into their charge, he told them to go by train to Boggarbri and wait for the drays to reach that point.

At the flourishing little town of Boggarbri the three men waited two days. During dinner at the hotel on the second day the landlady asked Will if he would have roast or boiled mutton.

"Darn mutton, we have been here a month of Sundays and have got nothing but mutton to eat. Ain't you got any pork anyway in this shanty ?"

"When you are tired of mutton, young man, you had better leave Australia," was the answer he received.

"Hey, Bridget, bring me some apple pie, my dear."

The indignant waitress said : "We have no pie, and my name is not Bridget."

"I guess its E-li-zer."

"No it's not, and I won't wait on you at all."

Blackbird left the table, secretly taking a sago pudding to his bed-room, which he eat and then threw the dish through the window into the street remarking : "Bridget E-li-zer will lick the darn cat anyway."

On the arrival of the drays our friends were told to ride on the top of a water barrel in the first dray. Without shelter from the hot sun, and the continual jolts caused by the wheels going over stones and roots or else falling into the ruts made by heavily laden waggons, their condition was the reverse of pleasant. Every jolt or jerk brought forth the ejaculation of darn from Will.

The whole party comprised the two drovers, Messrs. Plunkett and Cameron, two station reporters, two cooks and sixteen men as drivers, twenty-

two men in all; two drays, four dray and eighteen saddle horses. Excepting Harold and Will every man had brought a trained sheep dog.

To save the saddle horses on the journey to Queensland all the men that could possibly obtain a seat rode on the drays. The others on horseback with their long stock whips drove the saddle horse, which being free from saddle or bridle running loose gave the drivers plenty to do, travelling from daylight until dark, with one hour's rest at noon, if near water. They averaged the distance of twenty-five miles per day, at night placing hobbles and bells on some of the horses all were allowed to roam at will. The men merely place their blankets on the ground without shelter, around or near the fire for their night's rest. In case of rain light tents are erected, but tents in Australia as a protection against rain are of little use, the surface of the ground being so hard and dry from the hot winds and burning sun the rain does not penetrate if the ground is at all flat. One inch or more of water soon covers the earth's surface.

The diet was invariably mutton damper and sweetened tea. For three months our friends partook of no other food. At the first night encampment some of the boys—we call all boys in Australia—began to chaff our old acquaintance Will Blackbird.

"See here, boys, there's going to be some scalps lifted in this darn camp soon."

Mr. Cameron noticing Will's annoyance, remarked: "That rock is nearly one thousand feet high, have you got any like that in your country?"

"I guess not, we used to have, but the teeth-pullers bought every darn one and took them away."

Some one said: "What took all the rocks like that away, for what, pray?"

"Why to fill up hollow teeth. It takes two like that little stone to fill a Canadian's tooth."

CHAPTER LIX.

SELECTING, BRANDING AND COUNTING SHEEP—TRAVELLING STOCK.

ARRIVING at the Barwon, or more properly speaking the Darling River, the horses are swam across, the drays unloaded and ferried over by a small boat belonging to a settler stationed near the road crossing at the point our party were travel ling.

Once safely over Plunkett gave the order to camp

to enable the men to wash themselves and their clothes. What with the dust, perspiration and the customary habit of sleeping in their clothes no doubt all hands required washing.

Having crossed the Barwon river the party were now in Queensland, so we bid farewell for a time to New South Wales.

Fifteen days from date of leaving Nathollow the party arrived at Noondoo Station. Mr. F. Croaker, the manager of the Walhollow run was there, having arrived by stage coach some days previous. The system of selection, branding and counting sheep or cattle in Australia is humane and perfect.

Two men are appointed to approve or condemn the stock offered for selection of purchaser. Each man holds in his hand a stick of about four feet in length. On the end of each stick is attached a small muslin bag of red lead. Each sheep not approved of is hit in some prominent place with the bag, the red dust at once distinctly marking the rejected animal. The sheep are then driven into a series of enclosures called pens, then driven into a narrow passage admitting one sheep at a time. At the end of the passage is a swing gate cutting off the entrance to another pen for or to the desired point required for each animal. Rejected sheep enter one pen, sheep approved of enter another at the will of the gate-keeper. This is called cutting

out or culling. The sheep destined to travel are branded. Then they are driven out to be counted. Two men representing buyer and seller count the sheep. As they leave the branding pen the animals generally pass through the egress gate on the run in twos or threes, sometimes five or six together, but the counters rarely error or disagree in their count. The fifty-six thousand sheep were selected, branded and counted in less than eighteen hours, the difference between the two men who did the counting being only three sheep.

Cattle are counted in much the same manner, but not in such large quantities.

When the counting is satisfactorily concluded the party disposing of the sheep give the drover in charge a certificate stating the condition, fat or otherwise, that the sheep are free from all disease. The reporter or outrider then produces the district stock inspector's permit for so many sheep to travel over certain roads, lands and runs. The drover and station manager sign as required by the colonies laws, the one as having disposed of, the other as having received so many sheep. All sexes, ages and brands are fully described.

The sheep are divided into different mobs during the day, with one or more drivers in charge, according to the size of the flock. At night all are camped in one body, hence the name of mob or mobiliza-

tion. Six miles a day are required by law for unfat sheep, half that distance must be travelled by fat sheep, more, but no less, or it entails litigation under the trespass laws. A certain distance each side the road or trail is the boundary defined by the state or colony for the driving and pasturing of travelling stock. This distance varies according to the district travelled through. Over private lands it may be ten rods. Through leased or government lands half a mile. At certain points the government reserves lands or sections for the benefit of travelling stock, but a permit is required from this district inspector to remain over three days. This permit can only be obtained for extension of time in case of infections, diseases or impossibility to safely cross the rivers or streams, or want of sufficient help. Grass being of more value than gold the different stations or runs carefully see that the boundary is not exceeded by the travelling stock passing over their claims.

Through each different claim, station or run the reporter gives twelve hours' notice of the coming cattle or sheep. This enables the owners to remove their stock away and avoid collision between the travelling and stationary herds. In case such should occur it entails great trouble and dispute to separate. This is called boxing, the division cutting out. At the first indication of sickness in a sheep its throat

is cut and the carcase left to become food for the birds of prey. The fifty-six thousand sheep were divided into two equal mobs. Mr. Cameron, with half the men and horses, accompanied by one dray, returned the way the party had come. Mr. Plunkett with the other men and dray returned to Wallhollow by another route, it being considered that the pasture would be insufficient to support so many sheep together. Every morning the drover allotted so many sheep to each man. These are allowed to eat their way along from dawn until sunset, the man in charge keeping his mob together. The trained dogs are of great assistance to the driver. Without a dog a man may have to travel thirty miles to progress six the route desired. Each man carries his water-bag and dinner for the day in his hand if walking, attached to his saddle if mounted. At night the hours are divided into watches in such periods of time as to equally division the men engaged in the drive.

There are many ways of mobalizing the stock at night. If a fence is conveniently near the sheep or cattle are driven close against it, fires built at each end and centre. In case of no fence the stock is rounded up and several fires are kept. Still it is uncertain at what moment a stampede may occur. Great vigilance and strict quiet is maintained by the respective men on watch.

No wonder the Australian stockman is notorious for swearing. With his stomach loaded with damper mutton and tea, he tosses restlessly in his blankets, unable to sleep. Just as he settles at last into a deep sleep the man on watch he is expected to relieve comes and rudely awakens him to take his turn walking round the camp.

Arriving at the Barwon river, the drover, considering the risk too great to swim the sheep over, decided to remain on the Government reserve until the water subsided, telling Harold and Will they may remain in camp for two days. Mr. Plunkett and Will the first day went to shoot kangaroos. Harold remained in camp to write out his notes taken during the drive. Being unsuccessful in finding game, the drover and Will returned to camp and tried their luck at fishing.

Mr. Plunkett landed a fine fish and asked Will if he ever caught one that size in Canada.

Will said, "Yes, lots, but we chuck such little fish as that back to grow, in Canada."

"You must have very fine fishing then; how large was the biggest you ever caught?" Mr. Plunkett replied.

"Well, Plunkett, I guess the biggest fish I ever caught was a sucker. I don't know his size, but I do know when I pulled him out Lake Ontario sank two feet below its usual water mark."

"That was a fish. Why did you not say the Pacific Ocean sank?" remarked the drover.

"I guess I won't tell a darn lie about one little fish anyway."

Plunkett laughed and said: "Frank is always writing in that book."

"You bet; the boss is going to put all about this mutton country in our paper. Then we are going to print a book anyway, but I forgot, you don't know, darn me."

Plunkett came over to the tree beneath which Harold was seated, and said:

"Frank, if that is your name, which I doubt, you are no shepherd or sheep driver, still I do not ask you for your secrets."

Harold interrupted him and said: "Plunkett, you are correct; I am not, neither is my name Frank; my name is Harold Ethelbert; I belong to the Toronto *Latest*. Possibly you have heard of that paper."

"I thought that was your name, it is engraved on your rifle."

"Yes, and that is the sole reason I refused to allow the boys to handle it, but I will tell you the reason why we came to Australia."

The drover was told of the fight with the horse thieves, and the instructions received in consequence to visit Australia.

"Shooting in defence of your own property is surely justifiable," said Plunkett.

In Montana men are hanged first, tried afterwards. To molest another man's horses is sure death. Two against a body of vigilantes are bound to suffer death by rope or ball. Those men are all organized to protect each other's rascality. The officials of the territory are often in co-partnership with the horse and cattle thieves, the country being so isolated and of great extent, stealing stock is carried on without much risk. The Indians are accused of all the white men do, sometimes punished. This occasions Indian wars.

"If you will give me your experiences in stock raising you will confer a great favor, Plunkett, because I know it will be reliable. I will to-morrow get you to read my Australian notes; you can point out any errors I may have made."

"Very well, Frank, but I cannot give you much information about exports and imports."

"That is of little value to me; any one can copy that from the Government blue books. They may be doctored to suit the views of the party in power, but we understand all that."

That day Harold was given a fine horse, saddle and bridle for his sole use. He did what he liked during the remainder of the drive.

CHAPTER LX.

REPTILES, BIRDS, ANIMALS AND INSECTS OF AUSTRALIA.

MR. PLUNKETT pointed out several omissions when reading Ethelbert's notes, and gave him much useful information in reference to colonial life.

During a discussion one day on insect life, Will, overhearing the remarks said: "I guess this country would be the finest in the world if it weren't for the darn ants, fleas and other insects. If you colonists would sink some wells for water instead of praying to God and the Government to do everything you want. Why don't you try and help yourselves anyway."

"We certainly pray for rain, and expect the Government to assist us a great deal, still we are not the only people who do that. We have heard of Government aid and grants to Canadian Railways and other institutions."

"I guess, Plunkett, you have, but we don't pray for all we want in Canada by a darn sight."

The drover then said: "If we do sink wells the water in them is often salt water. What we most require is a greater rain-fall, then we should have the finest country in the world."

"I guess not, Plunkett, look at your ants, snakes, lizards. Show us a big tree that ain't got a snake-hole under it; show us a little tree that ain't got a lizard on it; where can a man sit down without being smothered with ants, say nothing about spiders, centipedes and fleas. Look at the darn ants and leaches sucking our blood all the time."

"It is not quite so bad as that, Will, still they are great pests in all hot countries, but men never freeze to death here."

"Plunkett, they don't, do they? But men die of thirst, don't they? How many kinds of ants have you got here? I have seen the white ants, the red, the black, the mound builders, the beef-eaters, the blood suckers and them big soldier ants, one inch long and half an inch high. Look at my finger, where one darn soldier ant bit me yesterday, anyway."

Plunkett said, "Yes, soldier ants do bite pretty bad if molested, but we are not overrun with grasshoppers and beetles, like America."

"I guess not, your darn ants don't give anything else a chance to live, anyway."

Ethelbert, seeing signs of irritation said: "Australia seems to be made of contradictions to other countries: Your stock obtains its salt from the salt-bush, the kangaroo travels by leaps or springs on his hind feet only, the native bear also suckles

its young in the pouch; yesterday an aboriginal saluted me by putting out his tongue with a grimmace. Such a salutation in any other country would cause a fight. But your birds, emus, parrots, paroquets, flamingos and doves are very beautiful. Other countries can produce fine and pretty birds, but I question if Australia does not lead in variety for brilliant plumage."

Plunkett said, "You have not seen any of our birds of paradise, or bower birds, have you?"

"Yes, we visited the museum at Sydney."

"Darn laughing jackasses," said Will.

Mr. Plunkett laughed and said, "Well the laughing jackass may not be a pretty bird like the magpie, happy family, or parrot, still we rarely molest the laughing jackass. It is generally believed they prey upon the snakes and lizards. You have no doubt often heard his peculiar cry at sundown."

"Yes, I shot one. If his plumage is not handsome, his eye is very expressive, I may say beautiful. His beak is fully as large and powerful as that of the American raven, still I do not call his mixed brown plumage unfavorable to the eye."

"Which of our birds do you consider the prettiest you have seen?"

"Where all excel it is difficult to define. I consider the dove colored golard, with his saucy topknot and rose-pink breast fully as handsome as the

many colored king parrot. The cockatoo is also a fine bird and appears to be very plentiful."

"We will shoot some birds and get the cook to make a parrot pie for you two Canadians. We shall see plenty of wild turkeys in another week, then we shall get a change of diet."

One day nearing the end of the trip Harold said, "Plunkett suppose we go to the camp and pitch your tent to screen us from the sun. I want you to note my remarks on the woods of Australia."

Going to the spot selected for the night encampment and erecting a small calico tent, spreading some blankets on the hard ground and lighting their pipes, the drover and Harold after a long discussion on Confederation, began to feel sleepy, but time and opportunity were too favorable to be lost in sleep. Harold, producing his note book, passed it to Plunkett to read, with the request to point out all errors or misstatements.

Plunkett taking the note-book reads: The destruction of the Australian bush is something to be deplored, and may yet cause calamitous results to the colonies. Men are hired to destroy whole districts of timber by daily wages or by contract at so much per acre. With a small hand axe or hatchet they cut the bark all round at or near the base of the tree. Another cut a few inches higher and the bark is peeled from between the cuts exposing

the wood. This they call ringing or ring-barking. The hot sun and wind shrinks the cut bark and the tree soon dies. The trees are left standing until they rot and fall prostrated by some high wind. The Australians claim, and no doubt correctly, that the timber absorbs the moisture. We rarely noticed any grass or vegetation in the near vicinity of the large trees. The gum tree of various species are universal throughout Australia. The next and possibly most used wood for general purposes is the ironbark. The wood splits fairly straight and easy. This is generally used for fence posts. The bark is thick, rough and hard, the wood of a fine walnut color and close grained, resembling hickory in appearance. The leopard tree, so called from its spotted bark, is a very common white wood. The wood of the mial tree is the most prized for its great toughness and fine mahogany color. The oak greatly resembles the English oak in color and grain, but the foliage is more like the pine tree of Canada.

These are the principal woods of Australasia. There are many other kinds, but unfortunately it was not our lot to meet with anyone able to describe them, so we confine ourselves to what we actually experienced in reference to the woods of New South Wales and Queensland. The blue gum, mial, iron-bark, oak and leopard woods all sink if

placed in water in a green or undry state. At certain seasons the trees shed their bark, but whether annually or not I was unable satisfactorily to learn. Although of immense size the trees cast very little shade, foliage being very scant. The day may yet come when the woods of Australia will be one of her greatest treasures and most valuable of her exports. If so the present destruction will be greatly regretted in the future.

We serve our interests of the present. What care we for coming generations? Let us get rich while we can.

"That is all right," said Plunkett, closing the note book. "What do you think of our system of fencing?"

"Your fencing is the best I have seen, Plunkett, for uniformity and strength, but why do you use wire when you have so much wood to spare?"

"Wire is cheaper on account of the price of labor to split and cut wood. Another reason there is less risk from fire."

"We use barb wire in America fastened to the posts by staples. It would be cheaper for you to attach your wire that way instead of boring holes in the centre of the posts."

"Our way is the best. Barb wire does not do in this country—it tears the wool from the sheep."

"What did the Walhollow Co, pay for these sheep, Plunkett?"

"Six and sixpence per head. They are all four year old wethers. They will be fattened and sheared and then driven to market. The refrigerator ships have greatly increased the price of mutton. We have large freezing appliances now at all the chief shipping points. London, England, is the principal market for Australian mutton."

"Has this bettered the condition of the working men at all in wages?"

"No, wages for shepherds, drivers and boundary riders are no better than they were before."

"Why is this?"

"Because the country is all being fenced in with paddocks. Fewer men are required on a run than formerly, so they drift into other employment."

"Your men seem to be very ignorant, Plunkett."

"Yes, they are a fair specimen of their class. Two of our gang cannot read or write or tell you the time by watch or clock. In one week after being paid off they will not possess one farthing of money. The first hotel they strike will absorb their cash."

"Do they never learn better sense?"

"Why should they, when out of work they have only got to travel from station to station and they are fed wherever they go. They require little cloth-

ing and no shelter. These men would sleep out of doors in any case. Such is Australian bush life."

"This custom, Plunkett, must make them idle, independent of employment, and be a curse to the colonies."

"So it is. The great want in the interior is women. If we had women there would be some hope of refinement and advancement."

"Do all stations pay their men by cheque and supply rations to their help as you do?"

"Yes, that is the custom, most stations also keep a supply store, charging the hands an enormous profit for what they buy."

"Hello, you lazy things, got a tent to keep the sun off, have you? Been writing in our book boss. Don't you shove any more in about the laughing jackass or snakes and lizards, or folks will think you got sun struck sure. That darn *Hemispheres* in Toronto would like to find a hole in our pants anyway."

"No, Will, he has written no more about snakes or ants."

"He had better not or he will bust us sure. Chuck in all about kangaroos, emus, wallabys and kangaroo rats. Tell folks about native companions, grapes, oranges, lemons, mutton damper, brownie and wild hosses. What do you call wild hosses, Plunkett?"

"Bromies," replied the drover.

"That's it, tell all about bromies and dingoes, don't go and shove everything into the *Latest* boss."

"We killed a large carpet snake to-day old man," said Harold.

"I guess they all want killing, let's read about the darn snakes in our book anyway."

Will reads from the note-book, there are many varieties of snakes in Australia. The black, the carpet, the spotted adder, and others none of our party knew the names of. The carpet snake grows to great size and length. We have killed one fully ten feet long. All are said to be venomous, and their bite sure death.

The lizards are very numerous. The iguana called here the goanna, is a very pretty striped creature, said to contain a brand of oil of great penetrating powers and healing virtues.

The frill neck and the deaf adder are daily to be met with in New South Wales, also a tiny lizard called the scorpian.

Will threw down the book in disgust, and said," "that settles it—virtue in a goanna, pretty snakes, beautiful lizards, handsome darn. Boss I am sick. Instead of telling folks all about figs and things to eat and shoot you have busted our book with beautiful snakes, pretty lizards."

Walhollow station is reached at last the sheep

are counted and driven to different paddocks. Allowing one per cent. for food and premature disease the count gave thirty-three head to the good. For this the drover Plunkett received a bonus. All hands are paid off and return to Quirindi. Soon most of them are rolling about the streets of that town intoxicated.

Harold went to the branch bank of N. S. W. receiving letters from home and Toronto. The managing director of the *Latest* had written instructions for him to return to Toronto at once.

Will after many darns said, "see here, boss, you say you won't go any more trips, is that so?"

"Yes, I shall visit Melbourne and Adelaide, and then return to Canada via the Suez Canal, England and New York. After that I shall return to England, and live with father and mother. There will always be a home for you at Homeview Hall."

"I guess boss, I like this mutton country anyway, and I will stay here and shoot kangaroos and dingos for another year or so, then I will come to England and raise mutton for a living anyway."

"If we must part old man I will pay you the cost of the transportation to your own home. Come to England whenever you like, you will be welcome."

When Plunkett heard of Harold's leaving he expressed sorrow and at once offered Will employment to shoot kangaroos on his station, offering to pay

the Government subsidy of sixpence per head and to find Will his daily food.

Next day all hands, drunk and sober, went to the station, to bid farewell to Harold. If kind wishes and hearty hand shakes can insure a safe journey Harold would safely reach his destination. It was with a sober face he said farewell to Will and Plunkett. In the genial drover he had found a kindred spirit. Such is life, we meet to-day and part to-morrow. Memory becomes as a dream long past, but we cherish the remembrance of the time spent in the society of true nobility.

> We meet and part, we do not weep,
> But in our hearts there's settled deep
> The memory of the past.

CHAPTER LXI.

SYDNEY—MELBOURNE—ADELAIDE—PRO PATRIA—MEMORABILIA.

SYDNEY, New South Wales, has a population of 110,603, the suburbs 90,226 souls. Its harbour, parks and botanical gardens are proudly claimed by the colonists to be the most beautiful in

the world. Ethelbert never having seen all the world's harbours, parks or gardens naturallyaccepted this statement with some reservation, but he did admit they were the finest he had ever seen.

Melbourne, Victoria, with its population of 348,806 souls is unquestionably a fine, pushing and flourishing city built after the English style.

Adelaide is one of the cleanest and neatest cities in Australia, built chiefly of stone. The streets are kept in first-class order. An efficient police force with their neat uniform parade the streets, and like their brothers of the club in other lands they are perfectly willing to take a sly drink.

Adelaide post office would shame many official buildings in older and larger cities. Built of cut stone it stands a credit to the colony of South Australia.

The botanical gardens are second to none. Tropical plants, trees and birds flourish out of doors in great luxuriance. Flowers blossom in front of every private house, giving the city a charming appearance. South Australia claims an area of 903,425 square miles. Allowing 35,000 inhabitants for the city of Adelaide, this enormous extent of country is very sparsely settled. Everything seems to be imported from England. The galvanized iron roofs and verandahs are here, as in the districts of Victoria and New South Wales, universally adopted.

Entering the coffee room of his hotel, Harold found several gentlemen seated discussing the coming voyage of the Orient. All seemed to agree that the P. and O Steamship Company had a powerful rival in the Orient line.

"What will you have to drink, sir?" enquired one of the gentlemen.

"If you will excuse me, nothing, thank you."

"Nonsense, take something. Are you going by the Orient?"

"Yes."

"Glad to meet you, so am I, what shall it be?"

"A glass of native wine, thanks."

The wine is ordered and brought, the gentleman asking: "Where are you going?"

"To Canada."

"Indeed, long trip, you are going a long way round."

"Yes, but I came via California and wish to call at England on my return journey."

"Canada is a very cold country is it not—nine months' snow in the year?"

"Not that I am aware of, sir, I have lived there many years and never experienced that."

"Of course you say that, but it is well known you are frozen up the greater part of the year. It makes me cold to think of it."

"Canadian cold is preferable to Australian heat in my opinion."

The gentleman, like most of the colonists, at once fired up when Australia is depreciated. He positively asserted that the Island was the only fit place to live in, concluding with the remark that Australia beat France for wine, America for cotton, Brazil for sugar, China for silk, Russia for wheat, Canada for timber, Africa for gold, Arabia for horses, Italy for fruits, and the whole world for stock raising.

" Possibly it may some day, sir, but not at present," said Harold.

" You Canadians are great fellows to blow, you catch the disease from your Yankee neighbors," said the gentleman.

" We give the laurel leaf to Australia for that, especially if your words are a specimen."

" Well, tell us what Canada can produce besides snow, sir ?"

" I do not believe in hotel debate, but since you make such sweeping assertions, I will tell you what Canada can produce. First let me tell you I am English by birth, education and sympathies, but I will not close my eyes to facts. Canada produces more vegetation in one year than Australia does in ten. Her woods are almost inexhaustible and command a more ready sale than the woods of any other country. Her territory stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean. She has ever flow-

ing rivers, carrying commerce to the sea. Her minerals are abundant, gold, silver, copper, iron and lead. Her great fresh water lakes would nearly swamp your whole Island. Her lake, river and ocean fisheries are inexhaustible. She can grow all fruits not tropical. Drought or seasons of scarcity are unknown. She supplies all her own wants. She exports more than she imports. She has her own manufactories, her people are prosperous and con tent. Her winters in the west are mild, in the east enjoyable. Her Pacific islands experience California climate. She relies on herself, instead of encouraging the industries of foreign lands, she encourages her own. She is a confederated country, her laws are few, simple and maintained, her people loyal to the core."

"What cabin are you going by, I am in the saloon."

"And I go in steera "

The gentleman immediately recollected he had some purchases to make before going on board.

Another gentleman said: "Well, young Canada, you are enthusiastic and no mistake, what will you take to drink?"

"If the landlord can give me a good wholesome drink not imported, I will take one."

"We have got some lemonade."

"Bring that, please, and also some good cigars not made of foreign grown tobacco."

" You must not be too severe on Australia, Mr. Steerage Passenger."

" Oh, no, Canada and Australia are British dependencies, but justice to all is my motto. Right is right, the man that shuts his eyes to facts is a fool."

" We have the largest Island in the world."

" Indeed, I thought the cutting of the Suez Canal had placed Australia second."

" Well I hope you will safely reach home."

" Thank you, sir."

Landlord nor guests little thought that the steerage passenger had taken the humble birth from choice. Little did they think that the bank of South Australia would have honored his drafts for ten thousand pounds on sight, or that any man would choose such fare in the pursuit of information for his employers. But the correspondent must experience much self denial and rough fare if he wishes to place before his paper readers the actual facts of—cheap transportation which they must expect—when travelling as the masses generally do, by the cheapest means offered in our day. The true reporter zealously and energetically shows a thorough contempt and recklessness for all obstacles in his pursuit of information.

Taking the cars to Port Adelaide, Ethelbert, after a run through the little town, walked down to

Largs pier and embarked on board a steam tender for conveyance to the Orient.

Once on board Ethelbert enquired for the steerage steward. When that officer appeared he was asked, "What will the difference be between ourselves for better sleeping and eating accommodation ?"

"You can sleep in my birth and live just as good as the saloon passengers for three quid."

"Here is three sovereigns. If I am satisfied with the diet I will give you another pound when we reach London."

"Here is the key of my cupboard, help yourself to drinks," said the steward.

"Bring me some good tobacco, steward, Australia tobacco is vile."

That evening the Orient lifted her anchor, and with her passengers, crew and cargo of wool and frozen mutton, steamed away from Australia's fair islands.

CHAPTER LXII.

ADELAIDE TO LONDON—INDIAN OCEAN, RED SEA, SUEZ CANAL, MEDITERRANEAN SEA, PORT SAID, NAPLES, GIBRALTAR, ENGLAND.

MANY days are spent in crossing the Indian Ocean. At night the Southern Cross and other constellations look down in glorious brilliancy upon the so-called waste of waters.

To travellers leaving Australia the heat of the voyage through the Indian Ocean, Red Sea and Suez Canal is not so unpleasant, the climate of the Australian Island having innoculated them to endure great heat. Charades, reading, gambling, concerts, and various other amusements are indulged in by the passengers to relieve the monotonous tedium of the long voyage. Bets are freely made upon the ship's daily log of distance travelled.

After the Indian Ocean comes the Red Sea. Once we catch sight of the bold headland of Cape Guardafui, Africa, we know our next view of habitual life will be Aden, Arabia. Passing through the tropics, the good ship bravely carries her passengers through the waters that engulfed Pharaoh's host, but possibly in all that list of voyagers not one thinks that soon over the Orient's side will be sent,

sewen in canvas, two of the passengers. One will sink beneath the waves amidst loud wailing, also silent grief. Letters and expressions of condolence will be sent to the friends of one, a saloon passenger.

But when the mortal remains of the steerage occupant go over the ship's side idle curiosity alone will prevail. During the Orient's voyage through the Red Sea one saloon passenger returning to his native land with the avowed intention of spending his remaining years in his native land, died, and his mortal remains were consigned to the blue waters of the Red Sea. That same evening another passenger followed over the ship's side. Two in one day went to their last home, but when the sea surrenders her dead shall we then see the distinction between saloon and steerage passenger.

Standing near Harold when the second body takes its final plunge into the ever receiving waters a passenger remarks to our friend :

"Did that man die or was he killed?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean to say that I am an old soldier, I have seen death in many forms, and from all diseases, but I never before have seen a man suffering with typhoid fever fed with meat and vegetables or hourly given brandy and beer to drink."

"You make a grave charge my friend."

"I know that, but I would not allow that so-called ship's surgeon to doctor me. I would rather suffer for the want of it."

Going to the steward Ethelbert enquired what salary does a ship's surgeon receive.

"It depends on the line he is attached to and the length of the voyage made. Most of them get ten pounds for the trip out and home."

"Does the ship doctor usually board himself when the ship is paid off?"

"Yes, always. On this line a doctor makes about four trips each year, that gives him a salary of forty pounds per annum."

"Who finds the requisite medicines and appliances?"

"The ship company, sir."

At Port Suez the canal is reached, when we for the first time see on their native ground, Arabs. Egyptian men, women, children, camels, donkeys, horses and dogs follow along the banks of the canal, the ship's slow progress.

Who or what interested party has said it would be impossible to make another water connection across the Isthmus of Suez, joining the Mediterranean and Red Seas. Surely through that flat country many canals can be cut. It might have been a great conception, a great feat of diplomacy and finance, but a great feat of engineering ingenuity to

make the Suez Canal, it was not. The country is almost perfectly flat, the earth contains nothing there but sand and clay, with lazy Arabs to carry one spade full of excavated earth at a time. No doubt time was consumed, but apply British bone and muscle or American excavating machinery and other ingenious appliances, and another or more canals would quickly be an accomplished fact.

Let one man conceive or make a speciality of any one thing, we are content to wait years for its developments. Of what value is time or money in this fleeting life. Let us sneer and oppose as we will, in the end we fall down and worship as a God the man who demonstrates actual achievement accomplished facts. Then we think he alone can know, he alone can execute. What matter if he has created a universal want, we must submit to his interested decrees for or against. Will it be ever thus in matters church, civil, military ?

Near Ismail the Orient tied up for the night. Next morning at daylight she resumed her passage through the canal. At Port Said her bunkers were replenished with coal. Most of the passengers go ashore to be beseiged by Arabs demanding backsheesh, street pedlars cry their wares, donkeys are almost thrust beneath you ; a few centimes or one piastre will purchase Spanish brandy, vile French wines, Egyptian dates, or strings of coral made of

American celluloid, real Turkish cigarettes made in Paris from American tobacco, or real Maltese lace made in England. But we are all easily gulled and our friends at home will think the souvenirs genuine.

Leaving Port Said we enter the Mediterranean Sea bound for Naples, Italy. Almost daily some different island is seen. Candia or Crete, Greece, and other places of historical interest.

At Naples we have time to take a quick ride up Mount Vesuvius to see the crater. Returning we obtain the services of a guide for the small charge of sixpence each visitor, to conduct us to the King's Palace and one or two cathedrals. Then surrounded by lazaroni, musicians, and vendors of fruit, and Italian wares, we enter the tender and are soon again on board the Orient steaming out of Naples Bay. The islands of the bay are soon past, Vesuvius occasionally belching forth a volume of fire as a farewell salute. Next day many passengers display the mementos they have purchased from the wily Italians. Cameos made in Staffordshire are proudly shown as specimens of real Venetian carving.

Passing the Sardinia coast, then skirting the historical shores of Carthagenia the Orient presents her passengers with a view of the famous Rock of Gibraltar, the pride and boast of every Briton, at

least so say the Spaniards. The fortifications that frown on her old possessors cannot be a matter of genial feeling, but power is mighty and almost absolute, and until the proverbial Maori of romance visits London bridge, that much coveted rock may be retained by its present possessors. From the fact of several of the Orient's passengers making wagers on which side the Straits of Gibraltar stands, it seems many conclude that the Island is at the outer entrance of the straits, but Gibraltar stands within the Mediterranean Sea.

Passing Cape Finisterie the staunch ship entered the much dreaded waters of the Bay of Biscay. Neptune being asleep, or else in a propitious mood, we do not experience the anticipated commotion.

Entering Plymouth Sound all is bustle and excitement on board. Amidst the rain farewells are said, good byes are exchanged, the tender steams away and we are off for London, up the English Channel past the Isle of Wight. Gravesend is reached, tidal waiters board the ship, we enter the gates of the Royal Albert dock—the long voyage is over. A special train conveys us to Liverpool street station, and we stand in the city of London at last.

CHAPTER LXIII.

FAREWELL TO THE LATEST—NEW BLOOD REQUIRED.

ON Ethelbert's arrival at Toronto he heard that no trouble was expected in consequence of the escapade with the horse thieves. The directors of the *Latest* wished him to visit the Hudson Bay district to solve the problem of how many months in the year the Bay and Straits are open to navigation, but he respectfully declined to make another trip, telling the directors he did not feel equal to such an expedition, and no doubt some of them felt annoyance when he said : " Gentlemen, a new school of thought has sprung up, you require on your staff of writers new thoughts and new blood ; your staff—so long accustomed to follow one groove, one tone of thought and expression are behind the times, younger journals and journalists are fast becoming rivals and in time may lead. A younger man of the new school would, with his fresh, energetic originality of description, be of far more value to your paper than one so long before the public as myself."

Two months later Mrs. Brown, Miss Harecourt and Hetty, now a widow, accompanied Ethelbert

to England. Nine days after they reached Homeview Will Blackbird arrived. He remarked, "boss, I got tired of mutton and come to help to write our book."

"How long did you remain in London?"

"I guess not long. I went into a restaurant to get some grub. The waiter charged me a dollar for nothing, and then said that don't include the waiter. You bet I soon told him I didn't eat the waiter. Then he said it's always customary to remember the waiter. I told him I would always remember his darn cheek anyway."

"I am glad you are here, you can assist me with my notes."

"Boss, don't you shove a lot of descriptions in our book. Folks like plenty of fun. Don't you bust us with dry things. Shove in Canada beats the world, and Australia is the next best place, tell folks that anyway."

"Oh no, old man, Australia is certainly a very fine country, and one I should like to live in, but we do not know what other countries are. To make such a statement as that would express bigotry and ignorance, unless we knew what the world really was."

"Well, tell folks all about it anyway, tell them of the squatter, selector, cockatoo and punpkin squatter, old identity, new chum, colonist, corn-

stalk, banana, colonial, gumsucker, lubra, picaniny, gins, overseer, swagsman, boundary riders, sundowner, hatter, rations, tucker, to shepherd, to be struck, to pitch, to shake, to put on side, to go crooked, to shout, dusty, to fossick-mind. Boss you chuck them all in our book."

"But, my dear fellow, the book is nearly finished. We cannot insert a lot of Australian expressions in the end of a story."

"Shove them in our book, like a darn dictionary at the end. Tell folks what they mean, boss."

"Very well, to please you I will append the Orient's log; also Canadian and Australian words and phrases in the sense in which we have used them."

CHAPTER LXIV.

PERSEVERANCE WINS.

HAROLD completed his book at last, the history of his travels and adventures. During his career as a travelling correspondent, the different characteristics he had met during his wanderings he had blended together in the form of

a novel. In doing this he knew that he had made a new departure from the usual course followed by his brother journalists, and that most of us are creatures of habit more than it is easy to realize. Second-hand ideas are much more abundant than original ones. We are all more inclined to follow a beaten path without question if a straighter one may not be made. He also knew the fact of his combining truth and fiction in his work would cause his faithful recording of scenes and illustration of facts of experience, to be the most incredibly received. He no doubt felt some little anxiety in reference to the probable hostile verdict of that select, exclusive clique, called and accepted even if self-elected, critics. The author consoled himself with the thought that he had been behind the curtain and knew that beyond the free advertising of his work criticisms, hostile or favorable, never yet killed stern reality. So long as his individual opinions and portrayal of his own experience met with corroboration from those who had visited the places he had endeavored to define, he cared not for the adverse belief of such who knew not of what they condemned.

Well he knew that the common form of speech used by the different characters of his story, although faithful representatives of their class, are not usually delineated in the language of the country which claims their nativity.

The title of the book cost the author more consideration than all it contained.

The Squire suggested the "Latest" for its name.

Mrs. Ethelbert wished it to be called "The Travels of My Boy."

Rosebud thought "All Round" would be a very suitable name for the book.

Will Blackbird said call it "The Darn Adventures of Me and the Boss."

Dr. Dawes, the old head master, proof read it, and hinted that "A Shrewsbury School Boy" would be the title that would best please him.

Mrs. Brown remarked that "True Friends" would be an appropriate name.

Hetty with a grin said, call him "Massa Harold."

It being impossible to name the book with the titles chosen by all, to please all the auther called his work "Harold Ethelbert."

Once more in the old familar bay room at Homeview Hall are assembled the dearest friends of Harold—friends staunch, tried and true, all he most loves are there except one and he will soon arrive.

The Squire seated on one side of the fire-place with a look of great content in his still, bright Saxon face and kindly eyes.

Opposite him sits his wife, In her pure, sweet face can be seen the look of man's best friend

when she gazes on those she loves—your best friend, my best friend, the world's best friend—a true mother.

The head master of Shrewsbury School stands before the fire discussing etymology.

Suddenly the door flies open, nearly upsetting Hetty and Will, with a mischievous look, enters the room. Taking his usual seat—the edge of the table, he said :

" Did I hurt you, old grin, guess I ain't give you a black eye anyway, charcoal couldn't do that. What the darn brought you behind the door anyway ?"

" Ise no hurt, Massa Will."

" Look here, boss, ain't it time our book come. What are the publishers about anyway ?"

" Well, old man, we received a letter the other day from the publisher saying our book was printed and in the hands of the bookbinders."

" Yes, and I did the proof reading."

" Doctor, did you see if the boss had got in all about the Antipodes. Did he tell folks about grapes as big as oranges anyway ?"

" But, Will, that would be untrue."

" Didn't we buy Albury grapes for threepence a pound as big as grapes anyway ? Ask the boss."

" Yes, Will, we did buy grapes at that price and very fine grapes indeed, but not quite so large as oranges."

"Will, you wretch, what have you got in your pocket?"

"I guess our book, Rosebud, I got it at the post office."

"Give it me, do please."

"Not much, I won't; patience is good for women anyway. Hey, leave my pocket alone."

The wrapper is quickly torn off and Rosebud triumphantly holds above her head the volume bound in blue and gold. All admire its neat binding and tasteful typographical appearance.

"I hope its O. K., it took us a darn long time to write it."

"My dear boy, Mrs. Brown tells me the poor sergeant prophesied you would write a book."

"He did mother, and I have done so."

The sergeant was right, Harold had written a book and reader you may have read it.

THE END.

LOG OF "S.S. ORIENT,"

Sydney to London, from notes taken during the voyage.

Days.	Latitude.	Longitude.	Distance Run.	Thermometer	Winds.	Rain.
1	Neutral	Bay, Syd.		67	S. E.	
2	37·47s.	149·38. E.	262	66	Var.	
3	Hobson's	Bay.	309	64	N. E.	R.
4	"	"	9	58	N. N. E.	
5	"	"		60	N.	
6	"	"	9	58	S. E. to E.	
7	37·41s.	139·55. E.	296	64		
8	Adelaide.	Adelaide.	202	59	E. N. E.	
9	"	"		58	S. E.	
10	35·35s.	133·13. E.	266	60	Var.	R.
11	35·25.	126·27.	334	66	N. to W.	
12	35·25.	120·20.	299	62	W. S. W.	
13	34·27.	114·35.	299	64	Var.	R.
14	31·33.	109·2s.	317	72	W. to N.	
15	28·4.	104·36.	297	71	N.	
16	26·4.	100·5.	290	74	N. to W.	
17	23·11.	95·35.	301	72	sw.to w.to s	
18	20·20.	90·30.	330	82	S. E.	
19	17·31.	86·00.	307	85		
20	14·38.	81·35.	308	76	S. E. Var.	R.
21	11·51.	77·7.	309	82	S. E. to S.	
22	9·15.	72·27.	316	90		
23	6·26.	68·55.	270	86		
24	3·0.	65·18.	299	86	S.	
25	0·7. N.	62·21.	258	85	S. W.	
26	3·0.	59·29.	244	87	S. W.	
27	5·58.	55·11.	265	87	S. W.	
28	9.12.	53·30.	251	87	S. W.	
29	12·2.	50·54.	232	87	S.W. to W.	
30	12·51.	45·46.	305	89	Var.	R.

Days.	Latitude.	Longitude.	Distance Run.	Thermometer	Winds.	Rain.
31	14·42.	42 18.	285	91	Var.	R.
32	18·42.	39.52.	278	88	N. W.	
33	22·32.	32·22.	269	87	N. W.	
34	26·47.	34.34.	297	86	N. W.	
35	Suez Canal.		233	86	N. N. W.	
36	Port Said.		74	88	W.	
37	32·45.	29·20.	182	72	N. W.	
38	34·54.	24·90.	289	71	W.to N.W.	
39	37·03.	18·35.	300	74		
40	Naples					
41	40·06.	14·31.	293	74	Var.	
42	39·54.	11·30.	140	72		
43	38·03.	5·46 E.	295	69	E.	
44	37·2.	0.24. W	300	74	Var.	
45	36·3.	6.4. W	282	74	Calm.	
46	38·54.	9·32.	279	63	N.	
47	43·6.	9·22.	253	62	N.	
48	47·38.	6.20.	300	61	N. W.	
49	50·16.	2.54. W	235	78	N W. to S W.	R.
50	Arrived	at Dock.	253	59	E. S. to W.	

EXTRACT FROM NOTE BOOK.

S. S. Orient.—Length, 460 feet; breadth, 46 ft. 6 inches; tonnage, 5,386; masts, 4; barque, rigged; engines, 1,000 nominal, 5,600 indicated horse power; bunkers contain 3,000 tons of coal, consumption, 70 to 100 tons daily; speed, 14 to 16 knots per hour; boilers, 4; furnaces, 6; refrigerator, Haslem's; light, electric; saloons accommodate 136, cabins, 138, steerage, 561 passengers; builders, John Elder & Co.; officers and crew, 174; accommodation, first-class; provisions, excellent and unlimited; water, abundant; crew, civil and obliging; a pleasure trip from beginning to end.

THE CIPHER DESPATCH.

The interpretation of this cipher can be found by using Chambers's Etymological English Dictionary, thus: the first numerals denote the page number, the second figures the word required. Count the words upwards, beginning at the bottom of the right hand column. The written words are spelled backwards.

GLOSSARY.

A, AUSTRALIAN—C, CANADIAN—L, LATIN—F, FRENCH—I, EAST INDIES.

Ad unum omnes (L.)—All to a man.
Ayah (I.)—Waiting maid, servant.
Bannocks (C.)—Bread baked in a frying pan.
Banana (A.)—Native of Queensland.
Backheesh—Gratuities, money.
Bungaloo (I.)—Country house.
Brownie (A.)—Cake, sweetened bread containing fruit.
Butte (C.)—Hill, hillock, small mountain.
Bonne-foi (F.)—Good faith.
Bel-Esprit (F.)—A brilliant mind, a genius.
Big medicine (C.)—A letter, anything good.
Billy (A.)—A small pot for boiling water.
Coyote (C.)—Prairie wolf, mean, treacherous, foxey.
Coulee (C.)—Dried up water course.
Dingo (A.)—Wild dog.
Dray (A.)—Two wheeled cart.
Dust (C.)—Cash.
Dusty (A.)—Of questionable character.
Damper (A.)—Bread baked in Dutch oven.
Eleve (F.)—Pupil, student.
Fire-bag (C.)—Small pouch.
Gum-sucker (A.)—A native of Victoria.
Gin (A.)—Female aboriginal.
Hic sepultus (L.)—Here buried.
Hatter (A.)—A man who lives by himself.
Hard-tack (C.)—Prairie Biscuit.

How (C.)—Indian salutation, good day.
Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto (L.)—I am a man, I count nothing human indifferent to me.
Ky-o-tee (C.)—Coyote, prairie wolf.
Lubra (A.)—Female aboriginal.
Lazaroni.—Italian beggars.
Manitou (C.)—The Supreme Being, God.
Memorabilia (L.)—Things to be remembered.
New chum (A.)—A recent arriva..
Native companion (A.)—A bird, the Flamingo.
O. K. (C.)—All correct.
Old identity (A.)—A pioneer settler, one of the first.
Pro patria (L.)—For our country.
Picaniny (A.)—An aboriginal infant.
Punkah (I.)—Swing fan suspended from the roof.
Per Saltum (L.)—By leap or jump.
Piastre.—Egyptian coin, value about six cents.
Ranche (C.)—Stock farm, a grazing limit.
Sahib (I.)—Master, Mr.
Swag (A.)—Blankets, clothing, cooking utensils, etc.
Salaam (I.)—Bowing, homage.
Teepe (C.)—Tent, lodge or dwelling made of dressed skins.
Tucker (A.)—Cooked food.
To be struck (A.)—To be in love.
To pitch (A.)—To tell a yarn, a story.
To put on side (A.)—Cheeky, impudent.
To be crooked (A.)—Insolvent.
To shake (A.)—To steal.
To shout (A.)—To treat for drinks
To fossick (A.)—Hunting for gold, prospecting.
Wambuterum (C.)—Swooping-hawk.