GREENMANTLE

BY JOHN BUCHAN.

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CHAPTER III.—(Cont'd.)

We dropped anchor off the quays of Lisbon on a shiny blue morning, pretty near warm enough to wear flannels. I had now got to be very wary. I did not leave the ship with the shore-going boat, but made a leisurely breakfast. Then I strolled on deck, and there, just casting anchor in the middle of the stream, was another ship with the blue and white funnel I knew so well. I calculated that a month before she had been smelling the mangrove swamps of Angola. Nothing could better answer my purpose. I proposed to board her, pretending I was looking for a friend, and come on shore from her, so that any one in Lisbon who chose to be curious would think I had landed straight from Portuguese Africa.

I hailed one of the adjacent ruffians and got into his rowboat with my kit. We reached the vessel—they called her the *Henry the Navigator*—just as the first shore-boat was leaving. The crowd in it were all Portuguese, which suited my book.

But when I went up the ladder the first man I met was old Peter Pienaar.

Here was a piece of sheer monumental luck. Peter had opened his eyes and his mouth, and had got as far as *"Allemachtig,"* when I shut him up.

"Brandt," I said, "Cornelis Brandt. That's my name now, and don't you forget it. Who is the captain here? Is it still old Sloggett?"

"Ja," said Peter, pulling himself together. "He was speaking about you yesterday."

This was better and better. I sent Peter below to get hold of Sloggett, and presently I had a few words with that gentleman in his cabin with the door shut.

"You've got to enter my name on the ship's books. I came aboard at Mossamedes. And my name's Cornelis Brandt."

At first Sloggett was for objecting. He said it was a felony. I told him that I dared say it was, but he had got to do it for reasons which I couldn't give, but which were highly creditable to all parties. In the end he agreed and I saw it done. I had a pull on old Sloggett for I had known him ever since he owned a dissolute tug-boat at Delagoa Bay.

Then Peter and I went ashore and swaggered into Lisbon as if we owned De Beers. We put up at the big hotel opposite the railway station, and looked and behaved like a pair of low-bred South Africans home for a spree. It was a fine bright day, so I hired a motor-car and said I would drive it myself. We asked the name of some beauty-spot to visit, and were told Cintra and shown the road to it. I wanted a quiet place to talk, for I had a good deal to say to Peter Pienaar.

I christened that car the Lusitanian Terror, and it was a marvel that we did not smash ourselves up. There was something immortally wrong with its steering-gear. Half a dozen times we slewed across the road, inviting destruction. But we got there in the end, and had luncheon in an hotel opposite the Moorish palace. There we left the car and wandered up the slopes of a hill, where, sitting among scrub very like the veld, I told Peter the situation of affairs.

But first a word must be said about Peter. He was the man that taught me all I ever knew of veldcraft, and a good deal about human nature besides. He was out of the Old Colony —Burgersdorp, I think—but he had come to the Transvaal when the Lydenburg goldfields started. He was prospector, transport-rider, and hunter in turns, but principally hunter. In those early days he was none too good a citizen. He was in Swaziland with Bob McNab, and you know what that means. Then he took to working off bogus gold propositions on Kimberley and Johannesburg magnates, and what he didn't know about salting a mine wasn't knowledge. After that he was in the Kalahari, where he and Scotty Smith were familiar names. An era of comparative respectability dawned for him with the Matabele War, when he did uncommon good scouting and transport work. Cecil Rhodes wanted to establish him on a stock farm down Salisbury way, but Peter was an independent devil and would call no man master. He took to big game hunting, which was what God intended him for, for he could track a tsessebe in thick bush, and was far the finest shot I have seen in my life. He took parties to the Pungwe flats, and Barotseland, and up to Tanganyika. Then he made a specialty of the Ngami region, where I once hunted with him, and he was with me when I went prospecting in Damaraland.

When the Boer War started, Peter, like many of the very great huntess, took the British side and did most of our intelligence work in the North Transvaal. Beyers would have hanged him if he could have caught him, and there was no love lost between Peter and his own people for many a day. When it was all over and things had calmed down a bit, he settled in Bulawayo and used to go with me when I went on trek. At the time when I left Africa two years before, I had lost sight of him for months, and heard that he was somewhere on the Congo poaching elephants. He had always a great idea of making things hum so loud in Angola that the Union Government would have to step in and annex it. After Rhodes Peter had the biggest notions south of the Line.

He was a man of about five foot ten, very thin and active, and as strong as a buffalo. He had pale blue eyes, a face as gentle as a girl's, and a soft sleepy voice. From his present appearance it looked as if he had been living hard lately. His clothes were of the cut you might expect to get at Lobito Bay, he was as lean as a rake, deeply browned with the sun, and there was a lot of grey in his board. He was fifty-six years old, and used to be taken for forty. Now he looked about his age.

I first asked him what he had been up to since the war began. He spat, in the Kaffir way he had, and said he had been having hell's time.

"I got hung up on the Kafue," he said. "When I heard from old Letsitela that the white men were fighting I had a bright idea that I might get into German South West from the north. You see I knew that Botha couldn't long keep out of the war. Well, I got into German territory all right, and then a *skellum* of an officer came along, and commandeered all my mules, and wanted to commandeer me with them for his fool army. He was a very ugly man with a yellow face." Peter filled a deep pipe from a kudu-skin pouch.

"Were you commandeered?" I asked.

"No. I shot him—not so as to kill, but to wound badly. It was all right, for he fired first on me. Got me too in the left shoulder. But that was the beginning of bad trouble. I trekked east pretty fast, and got over the border among the Ovamba. I have made many journeys, but that was the worst. Four days I went without water, and six without food. Then by bad luck I fell in with 'Nkitla—you remember, the half-caste chief. He said I owed him money for cattle which I bought when I came there with Carowab. It was a lie, but he held to it, and would give me no transport. So I crossed the Kalahari on my feet. Ugh, it was as slow as a vrouw coming from *nachtmaal*. It took weeks and weeks, and when I came to Lechwe's kraal, I heard that the fighting was over and that Botha had conquered the Germans. That, too, was a lie, but it deceived me, and I went north into Rhodesia, where I learned the truth. But by then I judged the war had gone too far for me to get any profit out of it, so I went into Angola to look for German refugees. By that time I was hating Germans worse than hell."

"But what did you propose to do with them?" I asked.

"I had a notion they would make trouble with the Government in those parts. I don't specially love the Portugoose, but I'm for him against the Germans every day. Well, there was trouble, and I had a merry time for a month or two. But by and by it petered out, and I thought I had better clear for Europe, for South Africa was settling down just as the big show was getting really interesting. So here I am, Cornelis, my old friend. If I shave my beard, will they let me join the Flying Corps?"

I looked at Peter sitting there smoking, as imperturbable as if he had been growing mealies in Natal all his life and had run home for a month's holiday with his people in Peckham.

"You're coming with me, my lad," I said. "We're going into Germany."

Peter showed no surprise. "Keep in mind that I don't like the Germans," was all he said. "I'm a quiet Christian man, but I've the devil of a temper."

Then I told him the story of our mission.

"You and I have got to be Maritz's men. We went into Angola, and now we're trekking for the Fatherland to get a bit of our own back from the infernal English. Neither of us knows any German—publicly. We'd better plan out the fighting we were in—Kakamas will do for one, and Schuit Drift. You were a Ngamiland hunter before the war. They won't have your *dossier*, so you can tell any lie you like. I'd better be an educated Afrikander, one of Beyers' bright lads, and a pal of old Hertzog. We can let our imagination loose about that part, but we must stick to the same yarn about the fighting."

"Ja, Cornelis," said Peter. (He had called me Cornelis ever since I had told him my new name. He was a wonderful chap for catching on to any game.) "But after we get into Germany, what then? There can't be much difficulty about the beginning. But once we're among the beer-swillers I don't quite see our line. We're to find out about something that going on in Turkey? When I was a boy the predikant used to preach about Turkey. I wish I was better educated and remembered whereabouts on the map it was."

"You leave that to me," I said; "I'll explain it all to you before we get there. We haven't got much of a spoor, but we'll cast about, and with luck will pick it up. I've seen you do it often enough when he hunted kudu on the Kafue."

Peter nodded. "Do we sit still in a German town?" he asked anxiously. "I shouldn't like that, Cornelis."

"We move gently eastward to Constantinople," I said.

Peter grinned. "We should cover a lot of new country. You can reckon on me, friend Cornelis. I've always had a hankering to see Europe."

He rose to his feet and stretched his long arms.

"We'd better begin at once. God, I wonder what's happened to old Solly Maritz, with his bottle face? Yon was a fine battle at the drift when I was sitting up to my neck in the Orange praying that Brits' lads would take my head for a stone."

Peter was a thorough mountebank, when he got started, as Blenkiron himself. All the way back to Lisbon he yarned about Maritz and his adventures in German South West till I half believed they were true. He made a very good story of our doings, and by his constant harping on it I pretty soon got it into my memory. That was always Peter's way. He said if you were going to play a part, you must think yourself into it, convince yourself that you were *it*, till you really were it and didn't act but behaved naturally. The two men who had started that morning from the hotel door had been bogus enough, but the two that returned were genuine desperadoes, itching to get a shot at England.

(To be continued.)

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"Diamond Dyes" add years of wear to worn, faded skirts, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, hangings, draperies, everything. Every package contains directions so simple any woman can put new, rich, fadeless colors into her worn garments or draperies even if she has never dyed before. Just buy Diamond Dyes—no other kind—then your material will come out right, because Diamond Dyes are guaranteed not to streak, spot, fade, or run. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.

Pussy-Willow Season.

When it's pussy-willow season
An' it's almost fishin' time,
An' the bobolink gets busy,
Why you almost think in rhyme!
There's a funny little kinkiness
Gets tangled in your brains,
An' a liltiness and tiltiness
Goes racing through your veins.

There ain't no fun just like it
When the Spring gets hold o' you—
Of course you don't believe it,
For it's too good to be true—
A something that makes sorriness
A sure and awful crime,
When it's pussy-willow season
An' it's almost fishin' time.

Then the school-seats seem the hardest
An' your pulse goes awful quick,
An' your head's a burnin' furnace
An' you're sure you must be sick.
But when you pass the schoolhouse door
You get to feelin' prime,
When it's pussy-willow season
An' its almost fishin' time.

Bovril Limited Reports Good Business in 1922

The report submitted at the 26th Annual General Meeting of Shareholders of Bovril, Limited, in London, England, last month, was most satisfactory.

A net profit was shown of £305,709 —out of which after payment of regular dividends on preferred stocks a dividend of 9% on the Deferred Shares —free of Income Tax—was voted.

Sir George Lawson Johnston is Chairman, The Earl of Erroll, Vice-Chairman, and Mr. Douglas Walker, Managing Director. Sir Cornthwaite Rason, a former premier of Western Australia, has recently accepted the position of Secretary.

Bovril exports in 1922 exceeded those of 1921 by 22%, and 1923 shows every indication of still further growth.

The increasing amount devoted to various forms of advertising was one of the noteworthy features of the statement—and one to which perhaps much of the increased success of operations was due.

Another Failure Noted.

"Doctors report an alarming increase in baldness."

"Yes; it's being demonstrated that hair tonic's a failure when applied on the inside."

Minard's Liniment for Corns and Warts

Woman's Sphere

Lures.

A posy on the table,
Apples on the shelf,
Goodies in the cupboard
That you have made yourself—
These are things the fairies love;
And do remember this—
A pot of honey in the porch
Will never come amiss.

A robin in the shrubbery,
Daisies in the grass,
A rainbow-colored way-of-the-wind
Made of tinkling glass.
A big bush of lavender,
A bed of mignonette,
And a thatched wooden summer-house
For dancing when it's wet.

A fire in the parlor
On chilly summer nights,
A pretty sound of singing
(Not too many lights)—
These will lure the fairies in;
And I would have you know,
So long as fairies visit you
Your luck will never go.

Renovating Wall-Papers and Window Shades.

If something unforeseen interfered with your plans for repapering some of your rooms this spring, try cleaning the old paper.

First brush the walls with a broom covered with soft outing flannel or old underwear. You will then be ready for further cleaning.

Stale bread is the old-time material for cleaning papered walls, and it does very well, too. Cut the bread in generous slices, take one of the slices in your hand, and begin at the top of the wall, rubbing (not too hard) in even, downward strokes, taking a strip about three feet wide and about the same in depth, and so go all around the room. Then begin where you started, taking a similar strip, and going around the room again, until the walls are clean. Look at the bread now and then, for it will get dirty, in which condition it is likely to smear the paper; cut off the soiled part as it becomes unfit to use. Rub gently, with downward strokes only.

The modern cleaner—A more modern cleaner is made of one part of sal ammoniac and four parts of rye flour. Make into a dough with cold water. This dough must be made stiff, and is used by taking a small lump of it in the hand, as with the bread, and rubbing the wall as described; now and then work the dough in the hands in order to avoid rubbing the paper with a soiled part.

Another cleanser may be made with borax and wheat flour. In a shallow, two-quart vessel put a pint of water and one-half ounce of powdered borax; bring the water to a boil quickly, and while it is boiling stir in a pound of good pastry flour. Let the paste remain on the stove until the mass is thoroughly cooked, then put it on a clean board and work it as bread dough is kneaded. Do this for a few minutes, when it will be ready for use. If you find that it crumbles, it either contains too much borax or too little water. If it is sticky, it should have more flour worked in. Use as the other two cleansers are used.

Slight blemishes on wall paper may be removed with ap aste made by mixing calcined magnesia or carbonate of magnesia, with cold water; apply to the spots with a soft brush, coating rather heavily. When it is dry it can be removed with a sharp knife.

Removing mold—Mold on wall paper can be removed with a solution of one part of salicylic acid and four parts of alcohol. Apply with a soft brush. In stone farmhouses the walls will sometimes show great patches of mold; but if they are brushed off and the paper is wiped with a dry clean cloth, scarcely any stain will remain. This must be done when the mold is dry. The mold will return, but can be removed again.

Soiled places on ingrain and other paper of that class are easily removed with an eraser. Sponge rubber is especially useful in cleaning off smoke and dirt. If there are paint spots or other spots hard to remove, take a small piece of very fine sandpaper and gently rub the part. Still other forms of disfigurement may be removed by passing the palm of the hand back and forth over the part, the slight friction sufficing to take away some slight blemishes, where sandpaper might be too rough. A break or tear in wall paper can be made less noticeable if the bare or broken spot is colored to match the paper. For coloring, use water-color paints or colored crayons.

To remove blisters and wrinkles from wall paper which has been hung and is dry, pass a warm sad-iron over the parts, placing several thicknesses of paper between the iron and wall paper.

Cleaning your shades—If the window shades need attention, take them out-of-doors, unroll them on the porch floor and brush both sides with a soft brush so that all loose dirt may be removed. Then rub the shades with bits of raw cotton, using downward strokes and replacing soiled cotton with that which is fresh. If the lower parts of the window shades show wear take them from the rollers, stitch a new hem in what was the upper edge and fasten what was the lower edge to the roller. Instead of tacking the shade to the roller, try fastening it by means of a wide strip of adhesive tape. Stitching the new hem is clumsy work. By placing the sewing machine alongside a large table, the shade can be managed with less difficulty.

Work for Pleasure.

Work thou for pleasure; paint or sing or carve,
The thing thou lovest, though the body starve,
Who works for glory misses oft the goal;
Who works for money coins his very soul.
Work for work's sake then, and it well may be,
That these things shall be added unto thee. —Kenyon Cox.

Queen of Sheba.

A woman of the new rich type paid a visit to a well-known school with a view to placing her boy there. She arrived in a Rolls-Royce elaborately dressed and loaded with jewelry. During her interview with the head master, whom she embarrassed and impressed with her grandeur, the poor man remarked, "Madam, you remind me of the Queen of Sheba."

"Really," said the lady. "I had no idea she had a boy in this school."

Both Old-Fashioned.

An old physician of the last generation was noted for his brusque manner and old-fashioned methods, says the Edingurgh Scotsman. On one occasion a woman called him in to treat her baby, who was slightly ailing. The doctor prescribed castor oil. "But, doctor," protested the young mother, "castor oil is such an old-fashioned remedy." 'Madame," replied the doctor, "babies are old-fashioned things."

Behaving Mannerly at Table.

"My dear," said a thoughtful lady, addressing a small boy who with his parents was a guest at her table, "wouldn't you like to have your meat cut up for you?"

"Oh, no, thank you," replied the boy with great politeness, though he did not look up or desist from his determined struggle with his helping of beef. "We often have meat as tough as this at home."

"To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men —that is genius. Speak your latest conviction, and it shall be the universal sense; for the inmost in due time becomes the outmost."—Emerson.

Minard's Liniment for Coughs & Colds

Napoleon said: "The more I study the world, the more I am convinced of the inability of brute force to create anything durable."

We lie in the lap of immense intelligence which makes us organs of its activity and receivers of its truth. —Emerson.

Truth is never popular. The majority spend their lives in avoiding it.—Marie Corelli.

Happy is the man who is too busy to think about being overworked.

Children Love It and It's Good for Them

Nothing better for Children than delicious desserts made from McLAREN'S INVINCIBLE Jelly Powders. Absolutely pure and wholesome. Doctors prescribe them for invalids.

Costs only 1 cent a serving. One package serves eight people.

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give your digestion a "kick" with WRIGLEYS.

Sound teeth, a good appetite and proper digestion mean MUCH to your health.

WRIGLEY'S is a helper in all this work—a pleasant, beneficial pick-me-up.

D39

Prayer carries us half way to God, fasting brings us to the door of His palace and alms-giving procures us admission.—The Koran.

East or West Eddy's Best

EDDY'S MATCHES

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Campana's ITALIAN BALM

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there goes another good dish!

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The Walker cannot injure fine china. And it does its work thoroughly, quickly—and it is safe and sanitary.

Throw away your dish cloth the day you get your Walker.

Ten minutes once a day—that's all you need to wash, rinse, sterilize and dry an entire day's dishes the Walker way—and the Walker is built sturdy and strong. It doesn't get out of order—is easy to use—and offers you freedom from that most disagreeable of all disagreeable tasks—washing dishes.

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"The machine that's more careful than hands."

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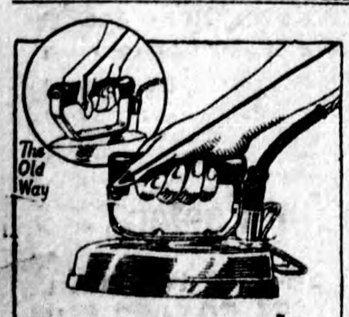

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