GREENMANTLE

BY JOHN BUCHAN.

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CHAPTER III.—(Cont'd.)

We spent that evening piling up evidence in our favor. Some kind of republic had been started in Portugal, and ordinarily the cafes would have been full of politicians, but the war had quieted all these local squabbles, and the talk was of nothing but what was doing in France and Russia. The place we went to was a big, well-lighted show on a main street, and there were a lot of sharp-eyed fellows wandering about that I guessed were spies and police agents. I knew that Britain was the one country that doesn't bother about this kind of game, and that it would be safe enough to let ourselves go.

I talked Portuguese fairly well, and Peter spoke it like a Laurenco Marques bar-keeper, with a lot of Shangaan words to fill up. He started on curacao, which I reckoned was a new drink to him, and presently his tongue ran freely. Several neighbors pricked up their ears, and soon we had a small crowd round our table.

We talked to each other of Maritz and our doings. It didn't seem to be a popular subject in that cafe. One big blue-black fellow said that Maritz was a dirty swine who would soon be hanged. Peter quickly caught his knife wrist with one hand and his throat with the other, and demanded an apology. He got it. The Lisbon *boulevardiers* have not lost any lions.

After that there was a bit of a squash in our corner. Those near us were very quiet and polite, but the outer fringe made remarks. When Peter said that if Portugal, which he admitted he loved, was going to stick to England she was backing the wrong horse, there was a murmur of disapproval. One decent-looking old fellow, who had the air of a ship's captain, flushed all over his honest face, and stood up looking straight at Peter. I saw that we had struck an Englishman, and mentioned it to Peter in Dutch.

Peter played his part perfectly. He suddenly shut up, and, with furtive looks around him, began to jabber to me in a low voice. He was the very picture of the stage conspirator.

The old fellow stood staring at us. "I don't very well understand this damned lingo," he said; "but if so be you dirty Dutchmen are sayin' anything against England, I'll ask you to repeat it. And if so be as you repeats it I'll take either of you on and knock the face off him."

He was a chap after my own heart, but I had to keep the game up. I said in Dutch to Peter that we mustn't get brawling in a public house. "Remember the big thing," I said darkly. Peter nodded, and the old fellow, after staring at us for a bit, spat scornfully, and walked out.

"The time is coming when the Englander will sing small," I observed to the crowd. We stood drinks to one or two, and then swaggered into the street. At the door a hand touched my arm, and, looking down, I saw a little scrap of a man in a fur coat.

"Will the gentlemen walk a step with me and drink a glass of beer?" he said in very stiff Dutch.

"Who the devil are you?" I asked.

"*Gott strafe England!*" was his answer, and, turning back the lapel of his coat, he showed some kind of ribbon in his buttonhole.

"Amen," said Peter. "Lead on, friend. We don't mind if we do."

He led us to a back street and then up two pairs of stairs to a very snug little flat. The place was filled with fine red lacquer, and I guessed that art-dealing was his nominal business. Portugal, since the republic broke up the convents and sold up the big royalist grandees, was full of bargains in the lacquer and curio line.

He filled us two long tankards of very good Munich beer.

"*Prosit*," he said, raising his glass. "You are from South Africa. What make you in Europe?"

We both looked sullen and secretive.

"That's our own business," I answered. "You don't expect to buy our confidence with a glass of beer."

"So?" he said. "Then I will put it differently. From your speech in the cafe I judge you do not love the English."

Peter said something about stamping on their grandmothers, a Kaffir phrase which sounded gruesome in Dutch.

The man laughed. "That is all I want to know. You are on the German side?"

"That remains to be seen," I said. "If they treat me fair I'll fight for them, or for anybody else that makes war on England. England has stolen my country and corrupted my people and made me an exile. We Afrikanders do not forget. We may be slow but we win in the end. We two are men worth a great price. Germany fights England in East Africa. We know the natives as no Englishmen can ever know them. They are too soft and easy and the Kaffirs laugh at them. But we can handle the blacks so that they will fight like devils for fear of us. What is the reward, little man, for our services? I will tell you. There will be no reward. We ask none. We fight for hate of England."

Peter grunted a deep approval.

"That is good talk," said our entertainer, and his close-set eyes flashed. "There is room in Germany for such men as you. Where are you going now, I beg to know."

"To Holland," I said. "Then maybe we will go to Germany. We are tired with travel and may rest a bit. This war will last long and our chance will come."

"But you may miss your market," he said significantly. "A ship sails to-morrow for Rotterdam. If you take my advice, you will go with her."

This was what I wanted, for if we stayed in Lisbon some real soldier of Maritz might drop in any day and blow the gaff.

"I recommend you to sail in the *Machado*," he repeated. "There is work for you in Germany—oh yes, much work; but if you delay the chance may pass. I will arrange your journey. It is my business to help the allies of my fatherland."

He wrote down our names and an epitome of our doings contributed by Peter, who required two mugs of beer to help him through. He was a Bavarian, it seemed, and we drank to the health of Prince Ruprecht, the same blighter I was trying to do in at Loos. That was an irony which Peter unfortunately could not appreciate. If he could he would have enjoyed it.

The little chap saw us back to our hotel, and was with us next morning after breakfast, bringing the steamer tickets. We got on board about two in the afternoon, but on my advice he did not see us off. I told him that, being British subjects and rebels at that, we did not want to run any risks on board, assuming a British cruiser caught us up and searched us. But Peter took twenty pounds off him for trevelling expenses, it being his rule never to miss an opportunity of spoiling the Egyptians.

As we were dropping down the Tagus we passed the old *Henry the Navigator*.

"I met Sloggett in the street this morning," said Peter, "and he told me a little German man had been off in a boat at daybreak looking up the passenger list. Yon was a right notion of yours, Cornelis. I am glad we are going among Germans. They are careful people whom it is a pleasure to meet."

CHAPTER IV.

Adventures of Two Dutchmen on the Loose.

The Germans, as Peter said, are a careful people. A man met us on the quay at Rotterdam. I was a bit afraid that something might have turned up in Lisbon to discredit us, and that our little friend might have warned his pals by telegram. But apparently all was serene.

Peter and I had made our plans pretty carefully on the voyage. We had talked nothing but Dutch, and had kept up between ourselves the role of Maritz's men, which Peter said was the only way to play a part well. Upon my soul, before we got to Holland I was not very clear in my own mind what my past had been. Indeed the danger was that the other side of my mind, which should be busy with the great problem, would be atrophied, and that I should soon be mentally on a par with the ordinary backveld desperado. We had agreed that it would be best to get into Germany at once, and when the agent on the quay told us of a train at midday we decided to take it.

I had another fit of cold feet before we got over the frontier. At the station there was a King's messenger whom I had seen in France, and a war correspondent who had been trotting round our part of the front before Loos. I heard a woman speaking pretty clean-cut English, which amid the hoarse Dutch jabber sounded like a lark among crows. There were copies of the English papers for sale, and English cheap editions. I felt pretty bad about the whole business, and wondered if I should ever see these homely sights again.

But the mood passed when the train started. It was a clear blowing day, and as we crawled through the flat pastures of Holland my time was taken up answering Peter's questions. He had never been in Europe before, and formed a high opinion of the farming. He said he reckoned that such land would carry four sheep a morgen. We were thick in talk when we reached the frontier station and jolted over a canal bridge into Germany.

I had expected a big barricade with barbed wire and entrenchments. But there was nothing to see on the German side but half a dozen sentries in the field-grey I had hunted at Loos. An under officer with the black-and-gold buttons of the Landsturm, hoicked us out of the train, and we were all shepherded in a big bare waiting-room, where a large stove burned. They took us two at a time into an inner room for examination. I had explained to Peter all about this formality, but I was glad we went in together, for they made us strip to the skin, and I had to curse him pretty seriously to make him keep quiet. The men who did the job were fairly civil, but they were mighty thorough. They took down a list of all we had in our pockets and bags, and all the details from the passports the Rotterdam agent had given us.

We were dressing when a man in a lieutenant's uniform came in with a paper in his hand. He was a fresh-faced lad of about twenty, with short-sighted spectacled eyes.

"Herr Brandt," he called out.

I nodded.

"And this is Herr Pienaar?" he asked in Dutch.

He saluted. "Gentlemen, I apologize. I am late because of the slowness of the Herr Commandant's motor car. Had I been in time you would not have been required to go through this ceremony. We have been advised of your coming, and I am instructed to attend you on your journey. The train for Berlin leaves in half an hour. Pray do me the honor to join me in a bock."

(To be continued.)

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

GRAVE RESULTS

"This prohibition law is having grave results."

"Yes; many a grave has been made in consequence of its operation."

The First Consideration.

The dentist had finished work on a lady's back molar and had handed her a hand mirror that she might observe the result herself. Then he went on with his task with respect to the other teeth, repeating his performance with the mirror when each tooth had been filled. Finally, when the job was entirely complete, and she handed back the mirror with thanks, he said:

"Well, madam, how do they look to you?"

"How do they look to me?" she repeated.

"Yes, the teeth I have just filled."

"Oh, I forgot about the teeth!" she exclaimed, reaching for the hand-glass.

"What did you look at each time I gave you the mirror?"

"Why, my hair, of course!"

Hard to Please.

Grocer—"What was that old lady complaining about?"

Assistant—"About the long wait."

"She must be very hard to please. Yesterday she was complaining about the short weight."

It Makes a Difference.

Rejected Suitor—"Would you object to my presence at your wedding?"

The Girl—"How do you spell the word?"

Minard's Liniment for Corns and Warts

Woman's Sphere

TEACH ADAPTABILITY AT HOME.

A characteristic too often overlooked, or at least unemphasized in the training of the children, is that of adaptability. How does your child respond to adverse conditions or new contacts? When you take him visiting does he make a roar because he can't sleep in his own bed or eat with his own spoon or ride in the front seat of the car as he does at home? If he responds unfavorably to new conditions then his training in conforming to circumstances has been neglected.

A child that cannot comply with the routine of the home in which he is a guest can upset plans and create friction until the pleasure of the visit is spoiled for mother and hostess; and to prepare him so that this unpleasantness may be avoided cannot be done in the two or three days that precede a visit.

To be sure, a child should have his own things and should be held to a system of conduct at home—else how can he form any habits of regularity? Not for a moment can this theory be discounted. And it is very well to add that small children should be left at home as much as possible and not subjected to a change of living conditions—but every mother knows that there are exceptions to this rule. We cannot all have nurse girls and housekeepers, and we cannot always stay at home; so while we are training the children in good habits, let us not give them the idea that these habits are not adjustable to other conditions.

Well, how shall we do it? The fundamental point in adjustability is unselfishness. In fact, when you stop to think of it, doesn't unselfishness almost always solve the problem of friction in social and business life?

One little mother helped her children by having a guest day at home. On this day the whole family pretended they were dining some place else. Bobbie, instead of having his high chair, sat on two books and a cushion as he has to do at Aunt Ellen's when he visits there. And Esther had to eat with a big knife and fork and drink from a "grown-up glass" and there wasn't any milk so they drank water and were very polite about it.

You get the idea! The family are lifted out of the rut—boosted up as it were to peek over the highboard fence to see what is in the neighbor's yard. And the change of scene is inspiring rather than annoying.

In social life the happiest individual and the most popular is the one commonly known as a good mixer, the qualifications for which are simply adaptability to circumstances and respect for the interests and ideas of others. So the sooner and the more thoroughly our children cultivate these traits, the easier will everyday living be for them and their associates, but only by the careful patient guidance of the mother can these acquirements be attained.—N. K. A.

A "TEN-CENT COUNTER."

Perhaps it is putting it too strongly to say I could not keep house without my list of desirable articles, because I did keep house without many of them the first years of my married life. But I was buoyed up by the joyful anticipation of possession as soon as I could afford them.

I believe I shall put my wire dish drainer first on the list because it is such a help and costs so little and is in use three times every day. Next I like my double boiler, and my steam cooker and fireless cooker make a great labor-saving team. Our meals are properly cooked and in short order with these.

My "ten cent counter" as the family calls it, is another great convenience. It is a small shelf that holds kitchen utensils such as funnels, measuring cup, potato ricer, paring knives, putty knife (a fine thing for cleaning sticky kettles), butcher knives and brushes. Underneath is a string of hooks upon which hang large spoons, meat fork, pancake turner, tea strainer, dairy thermometer, egg beater, ladles, corkscrew.

My kitchen cabinet is another standby that I should hate to do without and the food chopper that I keep in it is a convenience that I should greatly miss.

An oil stove helps me many times when it is hot or I am too hurried to wait for the fire to catch. My oil mop is a great help in my cleaning also.

Last but not least I want a few blooming plants on my kitchen window shelf and a few pictures if only cut from magazine covers—a bit of woods or some scene that widens the walls of my kitchen, takes me in fancy away from the daily grind and feeds and refreshes my inner self so that I can be sweet and patient to those that depend upon me for the love and comfort that only a home can give. I often pin a bit of verse or a few lines of prose that appeal to me to my window shelf over my work table that it may be my inspiration when I look that way. These last mentioned helps I know I could not keep house without.—Mrs. W. A. H.

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Asking for Pie.

Tommie—"Grandma, if I was invited out to dinner, should I eat pie with a fork?"

Grandma—"Yes, indeed."

Tommie—"You haven't got a piece of pie in the house that I could practise on, have you, Grandma?"

See Your Own Ears.

A patent has been issued for a triple mirror that enables a person to view his ears and much of the sides of his head.

"It feels good to feel clean"

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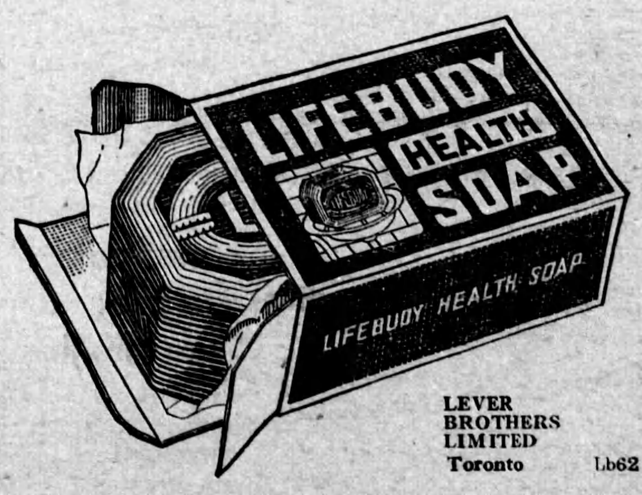

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