GREENMANTLE

BY JOHN BUCHAN.

(Copyrighted Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd.)

CHAPTER IV.—(Cont'd.)

The man at the table was speaking. I took him to be a civilian official of sorts, pretty high up from his surroundings, perhaps an Under-Secretary. His Dutch was slow and careful, but good—too good for Peter. He had a paper before him and was asking us questions from it. They did not amount to much, being pretty well a repetition of those Zorn had asked us at the frontier. I answered fluently, for I had all our lies by heart.

Then the man on the hearthrug broke in. "I'll talk to them, Excellency," he said in German. "You are too academic for these outland swine."

He began in the *taal*, with the thick guttural accent that you get in German South West. "You have heard of me," he said. "I am the Colonel von Stumm who fought the Hereros."

Peter pricked up his ears. "Ja, Baas, you cut off the chief Baviaan's head and sent it in pickle about the country. I have seen it."

The big man laughed. "You see I am not forgotten," he said to his friend, and then to us: "So I treat my enemies, and so will Germany treat hers. You, too, if you fail me by a fraction of an inch." And he laughed loud again.

There was something horrible in that boisterousness. Peter was watching him from below his eyelids, as I have seen him watch a lion about to charge.

He flung himself on a chair, put his elbows on the table, and thrust his face forward.

"You have come from a damned muddled show. If I had Maritz in my power I would have him flogged at a wagon's end. Fools and pig-dogs, they had the game in their hands and they flung it away. We could have raised a fire that would have burned the English into the sea, and for lack of fuel they let it die down. Then they try to fan it when the ashes are cold."

He rolled a paper pellet and flicked it into the air. "That is what I think of your idiot general," he said, "and of all you Dutch. As slow as a fat vrow and as greedy as an aasvogel."

We looked very glum and sullen.

"A pair of dumb dogs," he cried. "A thousand Bradenburgs would have won in a fortnight. Seitz hadn't much to boast of, mostly clerks and farmers and half-castes, and no soldier worth the name to lead them, but it took Botha and Smuts and a dozen generals to hunt him down. But Maritz!" His scorn came like a gust of wind.

"Maritz did all the fighting there was," said Peter sulkily. "At any rate he wasn't afraid of the sight of khaki like your lot."

"Maybe he wasn't," said the giant in a cooing voice; "maybe he had his reasons for that. You Dutchmen have always a feather-bed to fall on. You can always turn traitor. Maritz now calls himself Robinson, and has a pension from his friend Botha."

"That," said Peter, "is a very damned lie."

"I asked for information," said Stumm with a sudden politeness. "But that is all past and done with. Maritz matters no more than your old Cronjes and Krugers. The show is over, and you are looking for safety. For a new master perhaps? But, man, what can you bring? What can you offer? You and your Dutch are lying in the dust with the yoke on your necks. The Pretoria lawyers have talked you round. You see that map," and he pointed to a big one on the wall. "South Africa is colored green. Not red for the English, or yellow for the Germans. Some day it will be yellow, but for a little it will be green—the color of neutrals, of nothings, of boys and young ladies and chicken-hearts."

I kept wondering what he was playing at.

Then he fixed his eyes on Peter. "What do you come here for? The game's up in your own country. What can you offer us Germans? If we gave you ten million marks and sent you back you could do nothing. Stir up a village row, perhaps, and shoot a policeman. South Africa is counted out in this war. Botha is a cleverish man and has beaten you calves'-heads of rebels. Can you deny it?"

Peter couldn't. He was terribly honest in some things, and these were for certain his opinions.

"No," he said, "that is true, Baas."

"Then what in God's name can you do?" shouted Stumm.

Peter mumbled some foolishness about nobbling Angola for Germany and starting a revolution among the natives. Stumm flung up his arms and cursed, and the Under-Secretary laughed.

It was high time for me to chip in. I was beginning to see the kind of fellow this Stumm was, and as he talked I thought of my mission, which had got overlaid by my Boer past. It looked as if he might be useful.

"Let me speak," I said. "My friend is a great hunter, but he fights better than he talks. He is no politician. You speak truth. South Africa is a closed door for the present, and the key to it is elsewhere. Here in Europe, and in the East, and in other parts of Africa. We have come to help you to find the key."

Stumm was listening. "Go on, my little Boer. It will be a new thing to hear a *taakhaar* on world-politics."

"You are fighting," I said, "in East Africa; and soon you may fight in Egypt. All the east coast north of the Zambesi will be your battleground. The English run about the world with little expeditions. I do not know where the places are, though I read of them in the papers. But I know my Africa. You want to beat them here in Europe and on the seas. Therefore, like wise generals, you try to divide them and have them scattered throughout the globe while you stick at home. That is your plan?"

"A second Falkenhayn," said Stumm, laughing.

"Well, England will not let East Africa go. She fears for Egypt and she fears too for India. If you press her there she will send armies and more armies till she is so weak in Europe that a child can crush her. That is England's way. She cares more for her Empire than for what may happen to her allies. So I say press and still press there, destroy the railway to the Lakes, burn her capital, pen up every Englishman in Mombasa island. At this moment it is worth for you a thousand Damaralands."

The man was really interested and the Under-Secretary too pricked up his ears.

"We can keep our territory," said the former; "but for pressing, how the devil are we to press? The accursed English hold the sea. We cannot ship men or guns there. South are the Portuguese and west the Belgians. You cannot move a mass without a lever."

"The lever is there, ready for you," I said.

"Then for God's sake show it me," he cried.

I looked at the door to see that it was shut, as if what I had to say was very secret.

"You need men, and the men are waiting. They are black, but they are the stuff of warriors. All round your borders you have the remains of great fighting tribes, the Angoni, the Masai, the Manyumwezi, and above all the Somalis of the north, and the dwellers on the Upper Nile. The British recruit their black regiments there, and so do you. But to get recruits is not enough. You must set whole nations moving, as the Zulu under Tchaka flowed over South Africa."

"It cannot be done," said the Under-Secretary.

"It can be done," I said quietly. "We two are here to do it."

This kind of talk was jolly difficult for me, chiefly because of Stumm's asides in German to the official. I had above all things to get the credit of knowing no German, and, if you understand a language well, it is not very easy when you are interrupted not to show that you know it, either by a direct answer, or by referring to the interruption in what you say next. I had to be always on my guard, and yet it was up to me to be very persuasive and convince these fellows that I would be useful. Somehow or other I had to get into their confidence.

"I have been for years up and down in Africa—Uganda and the Congo and the Upper Nile. I know the ways of the Kaffir as no Englishman does. We Afrikanders see into the black man's heart, and though he may hate us he does our will. You Germans are like the English; you are too big folk to understand plain men. 'Civilize,' you cry. 'Educate,' say the English. The black man obeys and puts away his gods, but he worships them all the time in his soul. We must get his gods on our side, and then he will move mountains. We must do as John Laputa did with Sheba's necklace."

"That's all in the air," said Stumm, but he did not laugh.

"It is sober common sense," I said. "But you must begin at the right end. First find the race that fears its priests. It is waiting for you—the Mussulmans of Somaliland and the Abyssinian border and the Blue and White Nile. They would be like dried grasses to catch fire if you used the flint and steel of their religion. Look what the English suffered from a crazy Mullah who ruled only a dozen villages. Once get the flames going and they will lick up the pagans of the west and south. That is the way of Africa. How many thousands, think you, were in the Mahdi's army who never heard of the Prophet till they saw the black flags of the Emirs going into battle?"

Stumm was smiling. He turned his face to the official and spoke with his hand over his mouth, but I caught his words. They were: "This is the man for Hilda." The other pursed his lips and looked a little scared.

Stumm rang a bell and the lieutenant came in and clicked his heels. He nodded towards Peter. "Take this man away with you. We have done with him. The other fellow will follow presently."

Peter went out with a puzzled face and Stumm turned to me.

"You are a dreamer, Brandt," he said. "But I do not reject you on that account. Dreams sometimes come true, when an army follows the visionary. But who is going to kindle the flame?"

"You," I said.

"What the devil do you mean?" he asked.

"That is your part. You are the cleverest people in the world. You have already half the Mussulman lands in your power. It is for you to show us how to kindle a holy war, for clearly you have the secret of it. Never fear but we will carry out your order."

"We have no secret," he said shortly, and glanced at the official, who stared out of the window.

I dropped by jaw and looked the picture of disappointment. "I do not believe you," I said slowly. "You play a game with me. I have not come six thousand miles to be made a fool of."

"Discipline, by God," Stumm cried. "This is none of your ragged commandos." In two strides he was above me and had lifted me out of my seat. His great hands clutched my shoulders and his thumbs gouged my armpits. I felt as if I were in the grip of a big ape. Then very slowly he shook me so that my teeth seemed loosened and my head swam. He let me go and I dropped limply back in the chair.

"Now go! *Futsack!* And remember that I am your master. I, Ulric von Stumm, who owns you as a Kaffir owns his mongrel. Germany may have some use for you, my friend, when you fear me as you never feared your God."

As I walked dizzily away the big man was smiling in his horrible way, and that little official was blinking and smiling too. I had struck a dashed queer country, so queer that I had had no time to remember that for the first time in my life I had been bullied without hitting back. When I realized it I nearly choked with anger. But I thanked Heaven I had shown no temper, for I remembered my mission. Luck seemed to have brought me into useful company.

(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.

Woman's Sphere

BLOOD PRESSURE.

So much has been written in popular articles about blood pressure—by which is usually meant high blood pressure—that the term has become a regular bugaboo. If a person is told he has high blood pressure, he immediately conjures up visions of heart disease or apoplexy, and his life is embittered with the fear that it is soon to end. If a little more were known of the causes and consequences of high blood pressure, perhaps the condition would excite less apprehension.

Increased blood pressure may come from a variety of causes, which are associated with one of the following conditions: obstruction to the flow of blood in the minute blood vessels; spasm of the larger blood vessels; increased volume of the blood; increased action of the heart. Any or all of these conditions may be owing to disease; more often they are just temporary. Thus the diameter of the blood vessels, influencing the pressure within them, is changing constantly under varying mechanical or emotional conditions. Often the mere fact that the blood pressure is being measured will in a nervous person cause it to rise; and it is only after such a person has been examined many times that the doctor can determine the true degree of pressure. Exercise such as walking to the doctor's office, especially on a cold or windy way or soon after a meal, will have the same effect. Fear, elation, mental depression,—in fact any strong emotion,—will cause a temporary rise or fall in blood pressure; and as a result of overeating or of an excessive meat diet or even of habitually drinking too much water there will be an increase in pressure that will persist as long as such unhygienic habits are continued.

All those causes are either temporary or easily remediable, and cases of that kind constitute the majority of those found on first examination. On the other hand there are of course diseases such as Bright's disease, arteriosclerosis and diabetes in which high blood pressure is a symptom of serious import, but even then it is not the blood pressure that is serious, but the underlying disease. If the disease can be cured, the high blood pressure must be regarded as conservative, enabling the circulation to go on in spite of the obstacles that the disorder has put in its way.

RESIGNED.

Bobby and Benny were respectively the sons of the one doctor and the one lawyer of a small, remote and extremely quiet little community. They were next-door neighbors, constant playmates and devoted chums. They never quarreled; nor did one seem to dominate the other; they were equals in the pursuit of happiness. Then Benny visited an uncle in a larger town and was taken to the circus—and all was changed.

As a man of the world who had visited far regions and had seen strange sights he asserted a leadership that Bobby did not question, but neither did he enjoy. Some weeks later he in his turn went away to visit relatives, and an aunt took him with a gay group of young cousins to a circus that had three rings. Benny's circus had had but one.

Bobby on his return enjoyed one glorious and exultant week of bossing Benny, and then he came down with measles; and, though the case was so light that he hardly felt sick, he was informed that he would be housed for some time and kept away from the other children. The family feared that he would accept the decision only with protest and tears; but they were mistaken.

It was his grandmother that had broken the news to him; and he answered after only a short pause, adapting one of the old lady's phrases that he had picked up: "Well, gran'ma, it's a sore affliction, but strength has been given me to endure it. I can keep remembering hard my circus had three rings!"

THAT HEAVY CAKE.

The bride's first cake didn't disappear particularly fast, so she threw it into the duckyard.

After an hour or so there came a loud knocking at the kitchen door. It was a horrified little girl.

"Well?" said the woman.

"Your ducks have sunk," gasped the little girl.

Minard's Liniment for Corns and Warts

Minard's Liniment for Coughs & Colds

Adjustable.

An ornamental metal dish holder has been invented that can be adjusted to fit almost any round or oval cooking utensil.

Plans for the Finnish government for harnessing water powers of that country look to the production of electric current that would require the consumption of 2,000,000 tons of coal a year.

True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others as you love to be treated yourself.—Chesterfield.

PATENTS

that bring the largest return are those properly protected. You can write with confidence to our firm for free report as to patentability. Send for List of Ideas and Literature. Correspondence invited.

THE RAMSAY CO.
Patent Attorneys
573 Bank St. - Ottawa, Ont.

Lifebuoy may be safely used on the tenderest skin.

It is wonderfully cleansing for little hands, faces and bodies.

Lifebuoy babies have beautiful healthy skins.

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

Lb69

SMART'S

The Mower that's Guaranteed

The materials from which Smart's Mowers are made & the way they are made guarantee durable and satisfactory service. The keenest cutter your money can buy. Ask for a Smart's Mower by name.

JAMES SMART PLANT
BROCKVILLE ONT.

MOWERS

After Every Meal

WRIGLEY'S

Chew your food well, then use WRIGLEY'S to aid digestion.

It also keeps the teeth clean, breath sweet, appetite keen.

The Great Canadian Sweetmeat

Such deformities as bow-legs and knock-knees are becoming much less frequent owing to the spread of knowledge of hygiene among parents.

Free—A Short Story of Absorbing Interest

HAVE you read "A Financial Courtship"? It's the fascinating romance of two charming women and their legal adviser. The sisters through the death of their father, found themselves face to face with an acute financial problem without knowing anything about the ways of investments.

Through it all there runs a romantic interest, and one finds himself (or herself) actually "living the story" as they read.

It's the kind of story you and your family will enjoy reading on a winter's evening—particularly if you are ever faced with the problem of investing an inheritance.

If you would like a copy of "A Financial Courtship," send us your name and address and we will forward one to you free of charge. Please mention the name of this paper as a matter of record.

Before you invest, consult us.

Æmilius Jarvis & Co.
Established 1891 LIMITED

Ottawa | 293 Bay St. | Montreal
New York | Toronto | London Eng

California Colorado

Santa Fe Summer Excursions

also to Grand Canyon National Park Arizona and New Mexico Rockies

Santa Fe — Fred Harvey meals "all the way"

F. T. Hendry, Gen. Agent
A. T. & S. F. Ry.
404 Free Press Bldg. Detroit, Mich.
Phone: Main 6847

Try these

Bakers' Raisin Pies

—save baking at home

THERE are luscious raisin pies just around the corner, at your grocer's or a bake shop.

Baked to a turn—a flaky crust filled with tender, tempting raisins, the rich juice forming a delicious sauce.

Once try these pies that master bakers bake fresh daily in your city and you'll never take the trouble afterwards to make raisin pies at home.

Get a pie now and let your men folks taste it.

Made with tender, thin-skinned, meaty, seeded Sun-Maid Raisins.

Raisins furnish 1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound in practically predigested form.

Also a fine content of food-iron—good food for the blood.

Use raisins frequently, therefore, which are both good and good *for* you, in puddings, cakes, cookies, etc.

You may be offered other brands that you know less well than Sun-Maids, but the kind you want is the kind you know is good. Insist, therefore, on *Sun-Maid* brand. They cost no more than ordinary raisins.

Mail coupon for free book of tested Sun-Maid recipes. Learn what you can do with luscious raisins.

SUN-MAID RAISINS

The Supreme Pie Raisin

Sun-Maid Raisins are grown and packed in California by Sun-Maid Raisin Growers, a co-operative organization comprising 14,000 grower members.

Blue Package

CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT

Sun-Maid Raisin Growers,
Fresno, California

Please send me copy of your free book, "Recipes with Raisins."

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY..... PROVINCE.....