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GREENMANTLE

BY JOHN BUCHAN.

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CHAPTER V.—(Cont'd.)

As I sat beside the stove I was casting back to think if I had got the slightest clue to my real job. There seemed to be nothing so far. Stumm had talked of a von Einem woman who was interested in his department, perhaps the same woman as the Hilda he had mentioned the day before to the Under-Secretary. There was not much in that. She was probably some minister's or ambassador's wife who had a finger in high politics. If I could have caught the word Stumm had whispered to Gaudian which made him start and look askance at me! But I had only heard a gurgle of something like "Uhnmantl," which wasn't any German word that I knew.

The heat put me into a half-doze and I began dreamily to wonder what other people were doing. Where had Blenkiron been posting to in that train, and what was he up to at this moment? He had been hobnobbing with ambassadors and swells—I wondered if he had found out anything. What was Peter doing? I fervently hoped he was behaving himself, for I doubted if Peter had really tumbled to the delicacy of our job. Where was Sandy, too? As like as not bucketing in the hold of some Greek coaster in the Ægean. Then I thought of my battalion somewhere on the line between Hulluch and La Bassee, hammering at the Boche, while I was five hundred miles or so inside the Boche frontier.

It was a comic reflection, so comic that it woke me up. After trying in vain to find a way of stoking that stove, for it was a cold night, I got up and walked about the room. There were portraits of two decent old fellows, probably Gaudian's parents. There were enlarged photographs, too, of engineering works, and a good picture of Bismarck. And close to the stove there was a case of maps mounted on rollers.

I pulled out one at random. It was a geological map of Germany, and with some trouble I found out where I was. I was an enormous distance from my goal, and moreover I was clean off the road to the East. To go there I must first go to Bavaria and then into Austria. I noticed the Danube flowing eastwards and remembered that that was one way to Constantinople.

Then I tried another map. This one covered a big area, all Europe from the Rhine and as far east as Persia. I guessed that it was meant to show the Bagdad railway and the through routes from Germany to Mesopotamia. There were markings on it; and, as I looked closer, I saw that there were dates scribbled in blue pencil, as if to denote the stages of a journey. The dates began in Europe, and continued right on into Asia Minor and then south to Syria.

For a moment my heart jumped, for I thought I had fallen by accident on the clue I wanted. But I never got that map examined. I heard footsteps in the corridor, and very gently I let the map roll up and turned away. When the door opened I was bending over the stove trying to get a light for my pipe.

It was Gaudian, to bid me join him and Stumm in his study.

On our way there he put a kindly hand on my shoulder. I think he thought I was bullied by Stumm and wanted to tell me that he was my friend, and he had no other language than a pat on the back.

The soldier was in his old position with his elbows on the mantelpiece and his formidable great jaw stuck out.

"Listen to me," he said. "Herr Gaudin and I are inclined to make use of you. You may be a charlatan, in which case you will be in the devil of a mess and have yourself to thank for it. If you are a rogue you will have little scope for roguery. We will see to that. If you are a fool, you will yourself suffer for it. But if you are a good man, you will have a fair chance, and if you succeed we will not forget it. To-morrow I go home and you will come with me and get your orders."

I made shift to stand at attention and salute.

Gaudian spoke in a pleasant voice, as if he wanted to atone for Stumm's imperiousness. "We are men who love our Fatherland, Herr Brandt," he said. "You are not of that Fatherland, but at least you hate its enemies. Therefore we are allies, and trust each other like allies. Our victory is ordained by God, and we are none of us more than His instruments."

Stumm translated in a sentence, and his voice was quite solemn. He held up his right hand and so did Gaudian, like a man taking an oath or a parson blessing his congregation.

Then I realized something of the might of Germany. She produced good and bad, cads and gentlemen, but she could put a bit of the fanatic into them all.

CHAPTER VI.

THE INDISCRETIONS OF THE SAME.

I was standing stark naked next morning in that icy bedroom, trying to bathe in about a quart of water, when Stumm entered. He strode up to me and stared me in the face. I was half a head shorter than him to begin with, and a man does not feel his stoutest when he has no clothes, so he had the pull on me every way.

"I have reason to believe that you are a liar," he growled.

I pulled the bed-cover round me, for I was shivering with cold, and the German idea of a towel is a pocket-handkerchief. I own I was in a pretty blue funk.

"A liar!" he repeated. "You and that swine Pienaar."

With my best effort at surliness I asked what we had done.

"You lied, because you said you knew no German. Apparently your friend knows enough to talk treason and blasphemy."

This gave me back some heart.

"I told you I knew a dozen words. But I told you Peter could talk a bit. I told you that yesterday at the station." Fervently I blessed my luck for that casual remark.

He evidently remembered, for his tone became a trifle more civil.

"You are a precious pair. If one of you is a scoundrel, why not the other?"

"I take no responsibility for Peter," I said. I felt like a cad in saying it, but that was the bargain we had made at the start. "I have known him for years as a great hunter and a brave man. I know he fought well against the English. But more I cannot tell you. You have to judge him for yourself. What has he done?"

I was told, for Stumm had got it that morning on the telephone. While telling it he was kind enough to allow me to put on my trousers.

It was just the sort of thing I might have foreseen. Peter, left alone, had become first bored and then reckless. He had persuaded the lieutenant to take him out to supper at a big Berlin restaurant. There, inspired by the lights and music—novel things for a backveld hunter—and no doubt bored stiff by his company, he had proceeded to get drunk. That had happened in my experience with Peter about once in every three years, and it always happened for the same reason. Peter, bored and solitary in a town, went on the spree. He had a head like a rock, but he got to the required condition by wild mixing. He was quite a gentleman in his cups, and not in the least violent, but he was apt to be very free with his tongue. And that was what occurred at the Franciscana.

He had begun by insulting the Emperor, it seemed. He drank his health, but said he reminded him of a warthog, and thereby scarified the lieutenant's soul. Then an officer—some tremendous swell—at an adjoining table had objected to his talking so loud, and Peter had replied insolently in respectable German. After that things became mixed. There was some kind of a fight, during which Peter calumniated the German army and all its female ancestry. How he wasn't shot or run through I can't imagine, except that the lieutenant loudly proclaimed that he was a crazy Boer. Anyhow the upshot was that Peter was marched off to goal, and I was left in a pretty pickle.

"I don't believe a word of it," I said firmly. I had most of my clothes on now and felt more courageous. "It is all a plot to get him into disgrace and draft him off to the front."

Stumm did not storm as I expected, but smiled.

"That was always his destiny," he said, "ever since I saw him. He was no use to us except as a man with a rifle. Cannon-fodder, nothing else. Do you imagine, you fool, that this great Empire in the thick of a world-war is going to trouble its head to lay snares for an ignorant *taakhaar?*"

"I wash my hands of him," I said. "If what you say of his folly is true I have no part in it. But he was my companion and I wish him well. What do you propose to do with him?"

"We will keep him under our eye," he said, with a wicked twist of the mouth. "I have a notion that there is more at the back of this than appears. We will investigate the antecedents of Herr Pienaar. And you, too, my friend. On you also we have our eye."

I did the best thing I could have done, for what with anxiety and disgust I lost my temper.

"Look here, sir," I cried, "I've had about enough of this. I came to Germany abominating the English and burning to strike a blow for you. But you haven't given me much cause to love you. For the last two days I've had nothing from you but suspicion and insult. The only decent man I've met is Herr Gaudian. It's because I believe that there are many in Germany like him that I'm prepared to go on with this business and do the best I can. But, by God, I wouldn't raise my little finger for your sake." He looked at me very steadily for a minute. "That sounds like honesty," he said at last in a civil voice. "You had better come down and get your coffee."

I was safe for the moment but in very low spirits. What on earth would happen to poor old Peter? I would do nothing even if I wanted, and, besides, my first duty was to my mission. I had made this very clear to him at Lisbon and he had agreed, but all the same it was a beastly reflection. Here was that ancient worthy left to the tender mercies of the people he most detested on earth. My only comfort was that they couldn't do very much with him. If they sent him to the front, which was the worst they could do, he would escape, for I would have backed him to get through any mortal lines. It wasn't much fun for me either. Only when I was deprived of it did I realize how much his company had meant to me. I was absolutely alone now, and I didn't like it. I seemed to have about as much chance of joining Blenkiron and Sandy as of flying to the moon.

(To be continued.)

Lbs

Sunlight.

The value of sunlight as a giver and preserver of health has long been known, but the exigencies of city life frequently cause it to be forgotten or ignored. Many Greek and Roman historians and medical writers tell of the beneficial action of the sun's rays, and we know that sun parlors were common in the houses of the rich in ancient Rome. Moreover, there are numerous proverbial expressions that reveal the popular belief in the efficacy of sunlight in preventing or curing disease. Such is the saying, "Where sunlight enters not there the physician goes."

In the crowded cities the necessity of housing many people in contracted quarters has shut out the sunlight, though modern sanitary science is now seeking to remedy the evil. In business quarters, however, the evil is constantly growing, and in many offices it is impossible to work at all without artificial light.

Infants especially need sunlight; the pity is that they are generally wheeled about in baby carriages with only the face exposed, so that when the sun does touch them it shines directly into their eyes and does them harm rather than good. Their little bodies should be systematically exposed to the sun every day that it shines. The baby should be taken to an open window—sunlight coming through a closed window loses much of its efficacy, since the chemical rays pass with difficulty if at all through glass,—and then the legs and arms, one at a time, the chest and the abdomen and finally the back should be bared and exposed to the direct rays of the sun for three or four minutes each. Except at first in very cold weather the exposure can be made without danger and to the great benefit of the child.

A Cool-Headed Little Girl.

The coolest act I ever saw, says Mr. Rex Stuart, a railway engineer, in the American Magazine, was some months ago on the run between New York and Albany. We were a little late and were traveling fast when I saw two little girls on the track straight ahead. A freight was coming north on the opposite track. One of the girls saw the danger and jumped clear. The other was caught.

There is only six feet between the rails of the two tracks, and she was trapped in there. She turned sidewise, then put her hands straight down at her sides, shut her eyes and stood perfectly still. I looked back after we hit the curve, and she was still standing there as stiff as a poker, waiting for the trains to pass. Of course, it would have been better if she had dropped flat on the ground, but she scarcely had time to do that. It was a very cool-headed deed as it was.

Now is now-here, but to-morrow's no-where.

Minard's Liniment for Corns and Warts

Woman's Sphere

IN BUGLESS COMFORT.

Every one who has the good fortune to own a verandah should have it screened for use in warm weather; not only for the personal comfort and enjoyment it gives, but as an aid in safeguarding the family health, for flies and mosquitoes are a menace to life. In some cases, the work can be made to show immediate financial returns. In one instance, enclosing a porch removed the need for three screen doors and one window screen; one screen door for entering the verandah being all that was required. Anything that increases the comfort of a home, increases its value.

Where the porch is a rear one, the housewife can clean or sort fruits and vegetables out-of-doors, in comfort and freedom from flies or mosquitoes. It can be used for ironing or other hot tasks, while the entire household will find it a delightful refuge on warm days and evenings, where they can spend their time in bugless comfort. It can be lighted at night without fear of attracting swarms of insects.

Bronze or copper wire cloth is the best to use, as the better weather-resisting qualities of these materials make them the cheapest in the end.

TO CONTROL THE WILY MOTH

By a thorough airing and brushing, the moths may be removed for they seem averse to sunlight and fresh air, but it is more difficult to rid the garment of the larvae. The larvae may exist at forty degrees F. but are not active. It is best if clothing can be stored at this temperature for several days and then brought out in ordinary room temperature for a few hours and later restored to the colder temperature. The larvae cannot stand change of temperature.

Sulphur fumigation of the garment must be done with care, as the fumes will exterminate the moths but it must be done with care, as the fumes may become too strong and rot the fur. After the moths and larvae are removed, the coat may be packed in a moth-proof chest with moth balls or other moth preventatives, or sealed in a paper sack or box.

A UNIQUE CONTEST.

Five sturdy mothers pushing perambulators, each freighted with a protesting baby, crossed Westminster Bridge as Big Ben chimed 5.15 o'clock one April morning in a race to Brighton.

The contest was the outgrowth of a controversy between the mothers of the North and South of England as to which section had the hardiest and speediest baby carriage chauffeurs. The contestants were cheered by a crowd around the Parliament buildings as they got away on their long trek.

Officials of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children entered a protest against the affair, declaring the proceeding harmful to the children and asserting that if the little ones suffered the mothers would be prosecuted.

"My baby is in the best of health and temper, and I have a botle of tea at his feet to keep them warm," one of the entrants responded.

Three of the babies were under a year old.

It quickly became apparent that shoe leather and stamina were not the only factors in the race. Mrs. Ada May Edwards, of Manchester, mother of a five-months-old baby, wheeling a light folding "pram," took the lead at the start over the four heavier baby carriages, but soon lost her advantage when she had to halt because her offspring loudly noised its demand for nourishment. It was a quick lunch. Mrs. Edwards shoved the infant back into the "pram" after such a short interval that only one competitor passed her.

Mrs. Lily Groom, of East Bourne, reached Red Hill, twenty miles from Westminster, at 9.37 and Mrs. Edwards at 9.45. The others were trailing.

The pace for the first four hours was so hot that several men accompanying the marching mothers were fatigued on their arrival at Red Hill, but the merry matrons were still going strong.

The winner received a silver "shoving" cup and about enough money to buy a new pair of shoes.

SPRING DIET.

"April tears bring May flowers," said old Granny Perkins, sitting by her log fire, "and 'tis time to take sasperilla and sasfrass tonic. I do wish old Abe, the yarb man, would stroll by, I want to buy me some yarbs." The old-time housewife believed in liberal doses of spring tonics, and plenty of hard work, to throw off the usual spring languors, or fever, as it was called.

The modern wideawake twentieth century woman is efficient in her houshold, and knowing that a liberal serving of green foods is very necessary in the late winter and early spring, has changed customs so that it is no longer necessary to dose the family with bitter-tasting, nauseating drugs, to thin down the bloodstream.

It is not always an easy matter to think up a seasonable menu and then determine the right combinations that will appease the family hunger and at the same time appeal to their individual appetites, in such a manner that the right amount of nourishment is suitable for each individual. Simplicity, economy and wholesomeness should be the keynote upon which the housewife balances her menu, combining the requirements of the individual in such a manner that the same foods will suit the entire family. Under the old scheme of living it was thought that the choicest cuts of meats, the daintiest dishes, should go to the head of the house; and the children should be served the less rich foods. To-day the mother knows that dad is better off with less meats, more vegetables and simple dessert, and that the growing lad and lassie may have juicy steaks and chops and rich desserts and will not suffer digestive disturbances.

WINS 52-MILE PRAM RACE.

Five mothers pushed their perambulators, complete with babies, from Big Ben, London, to Brighton, a distance of fifty-two miles, recently, in response to a challenge by one of the mothers. Mrs. Groom, of Eastbourne, the winner, seen in the picture, finished in 12 hours and twenty minutes.

THREE EXCELLENT SHERBETS.

The following are three recipes with the fruits which one usually has at hand in the spring:

Currant Sherbet—One pint of red currant juice, one pound of sugar, the juice of three lemons, one pint of boiling water. Dissolve sugar in boiling water; when cold add current juice and freeze. Makes three pints.

Orange Sherbet—One scant pint of cold water, one tablespoonful gelatine, one cup sugar, six oranges or one pint or orange juice, half cup of boiling water. Soak gelatine for ten minutes in a half cup of cold water; put sugar and remainder of cold water into pitcher, also the orange juice; if the oranges are very sour add more sugar. Dissolve the gelatine in the boiling water and add to the mixture. Strain into the can and freeze.

Pineapple Sherbet—Three lemons, one can of pineapple, three cups sugar, two quarts of water, whites of three eggs. Whip the whites until stiff and add to the mixture after it is frozen; turn awhile to thoroughly mix it.

Minard's Liniment for Coughs & Colds

Radio Feats.

Since London has been "listening in" to American radio concerts other instances of receiving from distant points are becoming known. Three stations in the Hawaiian Islands can hear music and speech broadcast from Troy, New York, a distance of fifty-five hundred miles. The station at Troy carried on a conversation with Calgary, Alberta, for more than sixty minutes. Those two stations are a little less than two thousand miles apart, but the difficulties of conversation over land are such that the feat is not at all common and probably will not be usual for some time to come.

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Puzzling the Postman.

Postal officials in India are frequently puzzled by the strange methods of addressing letters adopted by natives.

The following must have given the postman a considerable amount of trouble, especially as it was written in an almost unreadable hand:—

"To the one inseparable from my heart, the fortunate Babu Sibnath Ghose, having the same heart as mine. From post-office Hasnabad to the village of Ramnathpur, to reach the house of the fortunate Babu Pravanath Ghose, district Twenty-four Perganas. Don't deliver this letter to any person other than the addressee, Mr. Postman. This is my request to you."

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