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GREENMANTLE

BY JOHN BUCHAN.

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CHAPTER VII.—(Cont'd.)

I must have run miles before the hot fit passed, and I stopped from sheer bodily weakness. There was no sound except the crush of falling snow, the wind seemed to have gone, and place was very solemn and quiet. But Heavens! how the snow fell! It was partly screened by the branches, but all the same it was piling itself up deep everywhere. My legs seemed made of lead, my head burned, and there were fiery pains over all my body. I stumbled on blindly, without a notion of any direction, determined only to keep going to the last. For I knew that if I once lay down I would never rise again.

When I was a boy I was fond of fairy tales, and most of the stories I remembered had been about great German forests and snow and charcoal burners and woodmen's huts. Once I had longed to see these things, and now I was fairly in the thick of them. There had been wolves, too, and I wondered idly if I should fall in with a pack. I felt myself getting light-headed. I fell repeatedly and laughed sillily every time. Once I dropped into a hole and lay for some time at the bottom giggling. If any one had found me then he would have taken me for a madman.

The twilight of the forest grew dimmer, but I scarcely noticed it. Evening was falling, and soon it would be night, a night without morning for me. My body was going on without the direction of my brain, for my mind was filled with craziness. I was like a drunk man who keeps running, for he knows that if he stops he will fall, and I had a sort of bet with myself not to lie down—not at any rate just yet. If I lay down I should feel the pain in my head worse. Once I had ridden for five days down country with fever on me and the flat bush trees had seemed to melt into one big mirage and dance quadrilles before my eyes. But then I had more or less kept my wits. Now I was fairly daft, and every minute growing dafter.

Then the trees seemed to stop and I was walking on flat ground. It was a clearing, and before me twinkled a little light. The change restored me to consciousness, and suddenly I felt with horrid intensity the fire in my head and bones and the weakness of my limbs. I longed to sleep, and I had a notion that a place to sleep was before me. I moved towards the light and presently saw through a screen of snow the outline of a cottage.

I had no fear, only an intolerable longing to lie down. Very slowly I made my way to the door and knocked. My weakness was so great that I could hardly lift my hand.

There were voices within, and a corner of the curtain was lifted from the window. Then the door opened and a woman stood before me, a woman with a thin, kindly face.

"Gruss Gott," she said, while children peeped from behind her skirts.

"Gruss Gott," I replied. I leaned against the doorpost, and speech forsook me.

She saw my condition. "Come in, sir," she said. "You are sick and it is no weather for a sick man."

"I am sick, mother, and I have walked far in the storm and lost my way. I am from Africa, where the climate is hot, and your cold brings me fever. It will pass in a day or two if you can give me a bed."

I stumbled after her and stood dripping in the centre of the little kitchen, while three wondering children stared at me. It was a poor place, scantily furnished, but a good log-fire burned on the hearth. The shock of warmth gave me one of those minutes of self-possession which come sometimes in the middle of a fever.

"You are welcome," she said; "but first I will make you coffee."

I took off my dripping cloak, and crouched close to the hearth. She gave me coffee—poor washy stuff, but blessedly hot. Poverty was spelled large in everything I saw. I felt the tides of fever beginning to overflow my brain again, and I made a great attempt to set my affairs straight before I was overtaken. With difficulty I took out Stumm's pass from my pocket-book.

"That is my warrant," I said. "I am a member of the Imperial Secret Service and for the sake of my work I must move in the dark. If you will permit it, mother, I will sleep till I am better, but no one must know that I am here. If any one comes, you must deny my presence."

She looked at the big seal as if it were a talisman.

"Yes, yes," she said, "you will have the bed in the garret and be left in peace till you are well. We have no neighbors near, and the storm will shut the roads. I will be silent, I and the little ones."

My head was beginning to swim, but I made one more effort.

"There is food in my rucksack—biscuits and ham and chocolate. Pray take it for your use. And here is some money to buy Christmas fare for the little ones." And I gave her some of the German notes.

After that my recollection becomes dim. She helped me up a ladder to the garret, undressed me, and gave me a thick coarse nightgown. I seem to remember that she kissed my hand, and that she was crying, "The good Lord has sent you," she said. "Now the little ones will have their prayers answered and the Christkind will not pass by our door."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ESSEN BARGES.

I lay four days like a log in that garret bed. The storm died down, the thaw set in, and the snow melted. The children played about the doors and told stories at night round the fire. Stumm's myrmidons no doubt beset every road and troubled the lives of innocent wayfarers. But no one came near the cottage, and the fever worked itself out while I lay in peace.

It was a bad bout, but on the fifth day it left me, and I lay as weak as a kitten, staring at the rafters and the little skylight. It was a leaky, draughty old place, but the woman of the cottage had heaped deerskins and blankets on my bed and kept me warm. She came in now and then, and once she brought me a brew of some bitter herbs which greatly refreshed me. A little thin porridge was all the food I could eat, and some chocolate made from the slabs in my rucksack.

I lay and dozed through the day, hearing the faint chatter of children below, and getting stronger hourly. Malaria passes as quickly as it comes and leaves a man little the worse, though this was one of the sharpest turns I ever had. As I lay I thought, and my thoughts followed curious lines. One queer thing was that Stumm and his doings seemed to have been shot back into a lumber-room of my brain and the door locked. He didn't seem to be a creature of the living present, but a distant memory on which I could look calmly. I thought a good deal about my battalion and the comedy of my present position. You see I was getting better, for I called it comedy now, not tragedy.

But chiefly I thought of my mission. All that wild day in the snow it had seemed the merest farce. The three words Harry Bullivant had scribbled had danced through my head in a crazy fandango. They were present to me now, but coolly and sanely in all their meagreness.

I remember that I took each one separately and chewed on it for hours. *Kasredin*—there was nothing to be got out of that. *Cancer*—there were too many meanings, all blind. *v. I*—that was the worst gibberish of all.

Before this I had always taken the *I* as the letter of the alphabet. I had thought the *v.* must stand for *von*, and I had considered the German names beginning with I—Ingoldstadt, Ingeburg, Ingenohl, and all the rest of them. I had made a list of about seventy at the British Museum before I left London. Now I suddenly found myself taking the *I* as the numeral One. Idly, not thinking what I was doing, I put it into German.

Then I nearly fell out of the bed. *Von Einem*—the name I had heard at Guadian's house, the name Stumm had spoken behind his hand, the name to which Hilda was probably the prefix. It was a tremendous discovery—the first real bit of light I had found. Harry Bullivant knew that some man or woman called Von Einem was at the heart of the mystery. Stumm had spoken of the same personage with respect and in connection with the work I proposed to do in raising the Moslem Africans. If I found Von Einem I would be getting very warm. What was the word that Stumm had whispered to Gaudian and scared that worthy? It had sounded like *Uhnmantl*. If I could only get that clear, I would solve the riddle.

I think that discovery completed my cure. At any rate on the evening of the fifth day—it was Wednesday, the 29th of December—I was well enough to get up. When the dark had fallen and it was too late to fear a visitor, I came downstairs and, wrapped in my green cape, took a seat by the fire.

As we sat there in the firelight, with the three white-headed children staring at me with saucer eyes, and smiling when I looked their way, the woman talked. Her man had gone to the wars on the Eastern front, and the last she had heard from him he was in a Polish bog and longing for his dry native woodlands. The struggle meant little to her. It was an act of God, a thunderbolt out of the sky, which had taken a husband from her, and might soon make her a widow and her children fatherless. She knew nothing of its causes and purposes, and thought of the Russians as a gigantic nation of savages, heathens who had never been converted, and who would eat up German homes if the good Lord and the brave German soldiers did not stop them. I tried hard to find out if she had any notion of affairs in the West, but she hadn't, beyond the fact that there was trouble with the French. I doubt if she knew of England's share in it. She was a decent soul, with no bitterness against anybody, not even the Russians if they would spare her man.

That night I realized the crazy folly of war. When I saw the splintered shell of Ypres and heard hideous tales of German doings, I used to want to see the whole land of the Boche given up to fire and sword. I thought we could never end the war properly without giving the Huns some of their own medicine. But that woodcutter's cottage cured me of such nightmares. I was for punishing the guilty but letting the innocent go free. It was our business to thank God and keep our hands clean from the ugly blunders to which Germany's madness had driven her. What good would it do Christian folk to burn poor little huts like this and leave children's bodies by the wayside? To be able to laugh and be merciful are the only things that make man better than the beasts.

The place, as I have said, was desperately poor. The woman's face had the skin stretched tight over the bones and that transparency which means under-feeding; I fancied she did not have the liberal allowance that soldiers' wives get in England. The children looked better nourished, but it was by their mother's sacrifice. I did my best to cheer them up. I told them long yarns about Africa and lions and tigers, and I got some pieces of wood and whittled them into toys. I am fairly good with a knife, and I carved very presentable likenesses of a monkey, a springbok, and a rhinoceros. The children went to bed hugging the first toys, I expect, they ever possessed.

(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.

Minard's Liniment for Corns and Warts

Woman's Sphere

A GARDEN PARTY.

If you want an excuse to dress up, why not ask your friends to represent their favorite flower at an afternoon or evening garden party? Since June is the month of roses, you might choose this flower as your own and send this invitation out on rose-colored cards:

Miss Crimson Rambler bids all the flowers to a party in her garden on June eighth.
Time (Flower costumes)
Place R. S. V. P.

Most of the girls will come as gay crepe-paper duplicates of their favorites, but don't be surprised if some of the boys come looking like giant buttons or cardboard hearts from which blood seems to flow.

If your party is outdoors you won't have to worry much about decorations; nature has taken care of that for you. Of course, if your party is at night you will want to string up Japanese lanterns for additional light. And you may want to serve your refreshments from a rose-decorated booth on the porch.

As the flowers arrive, give each a jagged bit of rose-colored cardboard on which there are a few words from some flower quotation. Tell them that he will find his partners for the first event by matching up with the other flowers who complete the quotation. When the various quotations have been assembled, there will be some quaint bouquets, indeed. Imagine a gaudy sunflower grouped with tea roses, sweet peas, and forget-me-nots!

Each group is given a score card on which tables one, two, and three are listed. The groups progress from table to table—these are placed quite a distance apart—and guess a series of flower odors at each. When the rounds have been made, each group gives its score to the judge, and receives another card on which they find an odd jumble of letters.

This is called a Rosebush Contest. Again they work as a group, and the ones who find most parts of a rosebush on their cards are awarded tiny nosegays.

To match up the flowers for supper partners, let the girls and men draw from two baskets in which identical flowers have been placed. If there aren't enough different flowers, you might use the same flower in various colors, as red, yellow, pink, and white roses and the various colored pinks and pansies.

When partners have been drawn, they may seek the rose booth and help themselves to a rosy supper. You might serve:

Rose-colored Lemonade in Paper Cups
Dream Sandwiches Salted Nuts
Rose-frosted Sponge Cake
Strawberry Ice Cream

As your guests eat, you might give them some rose riddles to guess. If you prefer, you can give each couple a card with a pencil attached, on which to put down their answers. If they tire of this, let them have a try at Alphabet Flower Ships. This is a game that was played half a century ago, so that it's about old enough to be new.

The leader explains that each guest represents a ship named a certain letter of the alphabet, and when called on must say: "My ship is loaded with—"; that is, the name of a flower beginning with the letter the leader has called.

For instance, the leader calls "C" and points to a certain guest. Immediately she must answer: "My ship is loaded with candytuft." If "B" is called, the guest may answer "begonia." It would be well for the hostess or leader to have at hand a dictionary for reference. The faster the game is played the more enjoyable it is.

You might finish the evening with a rose hunt that will send each guest off with a souvenir of the evening's fun.

CARE OF THE SCALP.

Among the minor ills—those, namely, which do not threaten life or impair physical efficiency—there is perhaps none that occasions more distress than the various troubles that affect the hair of the head. "A woman's glory is her hair," and man's would be his if he could only keep it! In most cases he could keep it if he would only begin to care for it soon enough but good hair is like good health; we seldom appreciate it or think of means for preserving it until it begins to depart, and then it is often too late.

Many of the troubles with our hair—lack of lustre, brittleness, dandruff, thinning or actual baldness—come primarily from lack of nutrition. The skin of the scalp, unlike the skin of the rest of the body, is stretched over a bony surface, so that its blood supply must be brought from a distance and is almost completely shut off by pressure against the skull such as that made by the rim of a man's straw hat or his derby. The stiff hat, by the way, is undoubtedly the main reason that so many more men than women grow bald. The few instances of baldness in women can usually be explained by lack of care or by neglect of some disease of the scalp.

The great thing in caring for the scalp is to maintain a good supply of blood for nourishing the hair bulbs. Massage—that is, vigorous rubbing night and morning combined with pinching the scalp between thumb and forefinger—will help greatly. If that is done faithfully from early life, a man may, if he avoids the stiff hat, not only preserve his hair but also retard or prevent its becoming gray.

Shampooing the healthy scalp beyond what is necessary for cleanliness—once every week or fortnight—is harmful. There is nothing better for the shampoo than tincture of green soap. After the washing, the hair should be thoroughly rinsed in cool or cold water, and then a very little yellow vaseline or a mixture of vaseline and lanolin should be rubbed into the roots. When the scalp has been neglected the hair may become dry and lack lustre. For that condition a pomade of equal parts of citrine ointment, yellow vaseline and lanolin is useful. A little of the mixture well rubbed into the roots at night once a week or so and washed out with a shampoo of tincture of green soap in the morning will often bring back the natural beauty of the hair.

HOUSE OR HOME.

A house is built of bricks and stones,
Of sills and posts and piers;
But a home is built of lovely deeds
That stand a thousand years.
A house, though but a humble cot,
Within its walls may hold
A home of priceless beauty, rich
In Love's eternal gold.

NATURE STUDY RECORDS.

It would surely be interesting for the girls of a community to set out to discover how many flowers, birds or trees they can find in their vicinity in the course of the summer holidays. At a camp one year on the closing day, after only a week's search, the girls went in a procession and attached names to all the trees they had identified and presented to the camp on a birch bark roll a list of forty-five flowers they had discovered. If such tests were preserved, compared from year to year, and additions made, they would become really fine records.

Minard's Liniment for Coughs & Colds

Relief.

No more we listen to the "Maiden's Prayer,"
Strummed by a more or less precocious child
Upon the tortured keys. We cannot bear
Piano practice, for it sets us wild.
We like to think that we are rather mild,
Not prone to mounting fury when the blare
Of strident phonographs with jazz stuff piled
Comes to us on the inoffensive air.

And then the wailing of the violin,
Bowed by a second Kreisler, maybe third,
Perhaps a fourth; sonatas shrill and thin,
They seem an evil dream by memory stirred.
Across the gusty lanes, clear, rain or snow,
We listen in upon the radio.

—Thomas J. Murray.

Embroidery, Crochet, Fancy Needle Workers
We sell your goods on consignment. Send a stamp for reply.
Lingerie and Specialty Shop
120 Danforth Avenue - Toronto

After Every Meal

WRIGLEY'S

In work or play, it gives the poise and steadiness that mean success.

It helps digestion, allays thirst, keeping the mouth cool and moist, the throat muscles relaxed and pliant and the nerves at ease.

D-38

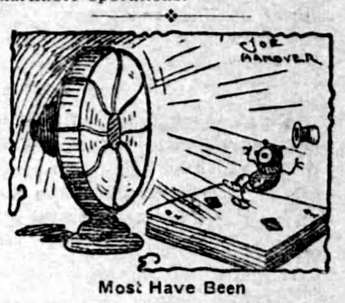
Help for the Helpless.

Lecturing in London recently on "Brains," Sir James Cantlie, the famous surgeon, prefixed his address with a demonstration of what brains can do.

This took the form of a new machine which has been devised for the use of men who lost their arms in the war. It is worked by the toes.

With the aid of the machine an armless man ate a meal consisting of soup and a meat course, with a drink at the end. He then lit a cigarette, washed his face, wrote a letter, folded it, and put it in an envelope, which he addressed and stamped.

He also turned over the pages of a book, and performed many other remarkable operations.



Most Have Been

Bug—"This must be one of those hurricane decks that I've heard about."

Let the young lady who would be "pretty as a picture" beware of an ugly frame of mind.

Skirts Pleated $1.

Panels pleated. Accordian Pleating and Fine Knife Pleating at reasonable prices. Hemstitching 10 and 12 cents a yard. Out-of-town orders promptly attended to.
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It is wonderfully cleansing for little hands, faces and bodies.
Lifebuoy babies have beautiful healthy skins.

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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.
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BROCKVILLE ONT.

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to be thirsty—when you Know the answer

A pure beverage—bottled in our absolutely sanitary plant where every bottle is sterilized.

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