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GREENMANTLE

BY JOHN BUCHAN.

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CHAPTER XII.—(Cont'd.)

Blenkiron hove himself from the sofa and waddled to a cupboard.

"You boys must be hungry," he said. "My duodenum has been giving me hell as usual, and I don't eat no more than a squirrel. But I laid in some stores, for I guessed you would want to stoke up some after your travels."

He brought out a couple of Strassburg pies, a cheese, a cold chicken, a loaf and three bottles of champagne.

"Fizz," said Sandy rapturously. "And a dry Heidsieck, too! We're in luck, Dick, old man."

I never ate a more welcome meal, for we had starved in that dirty hotel. But I had still the old feeling of the hunted, and before I began I asked about the door.

"That's all right," said Sandy. "My fellows are on the stair and at the gate. If the *Metreb* are in possession, you may bet that other people will keep off. Your past is blotted out, clean vanished away, and you begin to-morrow morning with a new sheet. Blenkiron's the man you've got to thank for that. He was pretty certain you'd get here, but he was also certain that you'd arrive in a hurry with a good many inquiries behind you. So he arranged that you should leak away and start fresh."

"Your name is Richard Hanau," Blenkiron said, "born in Cleveland, Ohio, of German parentage on both sides. One of our brightest mining engineers, and the apple of Guggenheim's eye. You arrived this afternoon from Constanza, and I met you at the packet. The clothes for the part are in your bedroom next door. But I guess all that can wait, for I'm anxious to get to business. We're not here on a joy-ride, Major, so I reckon we'll leave out the dime-novel adventures. I'm just dying to hear them, but they'll keep. I want to know how our mutual inquiries have prospered."

He gave Peter and me cigars, and we sat ourselves in arm chairs in front of the blaze. Sandy squatted cross-legged on the hearthrug and lit a foul old briar pipe, which he extricated from some pouch among his skins. And so began that conversation which had never been out of my thoughts for four hectic weeks.

"If I presume to begin," said Blenkiron, "it's because I reckon my story is the shortest. I have to confess to you, gentlemen, that I have failed."

He drew down the corners of his mouth till he looked a cross between a music-hall comedian and a sick child.

"If you were looking for something in the root of the hedge, you wouldn't want to scour the road in a high-speed automobile. And still less would you want to get a bird's-eye view in an aeroplane. That parable about fits my case. I have been in the clouds and I've been scorching on the pikes, but what I was wanting was in the ditch all the time, and I naturally missed it. . . . I had the wrong stunt, Major. I was too high up and refined. I've been processing through Europe like Barnum's Circus, and living with generals and transparencies. Not that I haven't picked up a lot of noos, and got some very interesting sidelights on high politics. But the thing I was after wasn't to be found on my beat, for those that knew it weren't going to tell. In that kind of society they don't get drunk and blab after their tenth cocktail. So I guess I've no contribution to make to quieting Sir Walter Bullivant's mind, except that he's dead right. Yes, sir, he has hit the spot and rung the bell. There is a mighty miracle-working proposition being floated in these parts, but the promoters are keeping it to themselves. They aren't taking in more than they can help on the ground floor."

Blenkiron stopped to light a fresh cigar. He was leaner than when he left London and there were pouches below his eyes. I fancy his journey had not been as fur-lined as he made out.

"I've found out one thing, and that is, that the last dream Germany will part with is the control of the Near East. That is what your statesmen don't figure enough on. She'll give up Belgium and Alsace-Lorraine and Poland, but by God! she'll never give up the road to Mesopotamia till you have her by the throat and make her drop it. Sir Walter is a pretty bright-eyed citizen, and he sees it right enough. If the worst happens, Kaiser will fling overboard a lot of ballast in Europe, and it will look like a big victory for the Allies, but he won't be beaten if he has the road to the East safe. Germany's like a scorpion: her sting's in her tail, and that tail stretches way down into Asia.

"I got that clear, and I also made out that it wasn't going to be dead easy for her to keep that tail healthy. Turkey's a bit of an anxiety, as you'll soon discover. But Germany thinks she can manage it, and I won't say she can't. It depends on the hand she holds, and she reckons it a good one. I tried to find out, but they gave me nothing but eyewash. I had to pretend to be satisfied, for the position of John S. wasn't so strong as to allow him to take liberties. If I asked one of the highbrows, he looked wise and spoke of the might of German arms and German organization and German staff-work. I used to nod my head and get enthusiastic about these stunts, but it was all soft soap. She has a trick in hand—that much I know, but I'm darned if I can put a name to it. I pray to God you boys have been cleverer."

His tone was quite melancholy, and I was mean enough to feel rather glad. He had been the professional with the best chance. It would be a good joke if the amateur succeeded where the expert failed.

I looked at Sandy. He filled his pipe again, and pushed back his skin cap from his brows. What with his long dishevelled hair, his high-boned face, and stained eyebrows he had the appearance of some mad mullah.

"I went straight to Smyrna," he said. "It wasn't difficult, for you see I had laid down a good many lines in former travels. I reached the town as a Greek money-lender from the Fayum, but I had friends there I could count on, and the same evening I was a Turkish gypsy, a member of the most famous fraternity in Western Asia. I had long been a member, and I'm blood-brother of the chief boss, so I stepped into the part ready made. But I found out that the Company of the Rosy Hours was not what I had known it in 1910. Then it had been all for the Young Turks and reform; now it hankered after the old regime and was the last hope of the Orthodox. It had no use for Enver and his friends, and it did not regard with pleasure the *beaux yeux* of the Teuton. It stood for Islam and the old ways, and might be described as a Conservative-Nationalist caucus. But it was uncommon powerful in the provinces, and Enver and Talaat daren't meddle with it. The dangerous thing about it was that it said nothing and apparently did nothing. It just bided its time and took notes.

"You can imagine that this was the very kind of crowd for my purpose. I knew of old its little ways, for with all its orthodoxy it dabbled a good deal in magic, and owed half its power to its atmosphere of the uncanny. The Companions could dance the heart out of the ordinary Turk. You saw a bit of one of our dances this afternoon, Dick—pretty good, wasn't it? They could go anywhere, and no questions asked. They knew what the ordinary man was thinking, for they were the best intelligence department in the Ottoman Empire—far better than Enver's *Khafiyeh*. And they were popular, too, for they had never bowed the knee to the *Nemseh*—the Germans who are squeezing out the life-blood of the Osmanli for their own ends. It would have been as much as the life of the Committee or its German masters was worth to lay a hand on us, for we clung together like leeches and we were not in the habit of sticking at trifles.

"Well, you may imagine it wasn't difficult for me to move where I wanted. My dress and the password franked me anywhere. I travelled from Smyrna by the new railway to Panderma on the Marmora, and got there just before Christmas. That was after Anzac and Sulva had been evacuated, but I could hear the guns going hard at Cape Helles. From Panderma I started to cross to Thrace in a coasting steamer. And there an uncommon funny thing happened—I got torpedoed.

"It must have been about the last effort of a British submarine in those waters. But she got us all right. She gave us ten minutes to take to the boats, and then sent the blighted old packet and a fine cargo of 6-inch shells to the bottom. There weren't many passengers, so it was easy enough to get ashore in the ship's boats. The submarine sat on the surface watching us, as we wailed and howled in the true Oriental way, and I saw the captain quite close in the conning-tower. Who do you think it was? Tommy Elliot, who lives on the other side of the hill from me at home.

"I gave Tommy the surprise of his life. As we bumped past him, I started the 'Flowers of the Forest'—the old version—on the antique stringed instrument I carried, and I sang the words very plain. Tommy's eyes bulged out of his head, and he shouted at me in English to know who the devil I was. I replied in the broadest Scots, which no man in the submarine or in our boat could have understood a word of. 'Maister Tammy," I cried, 'what for wad ye skail a dacent tinkler lad intil a cauld sea? I'll gie ye your kail through the reek for this play the next time I forgaither wi' ye on the tap o' Caerdon.'

"Tommy spotted me in a second. He laughed till he cried, and as we moved off shouted to me in the same language to 'pit a stoot hert tae a stey brae.' I hope to Heaven he had the sense not to tell my father, or the old man will have had a fit. He never much approved of my wandering, and thought I was safely anchored in the battalion.

"Well, to make a long story short, I got to Constantinople, and pretty soon found touch with Blenkiron. The rest you know. . . . And now for business. I have been fairly lucky—but no more, for I haven't got to the bottom of the thing nor anything like it. But I've solved the first of Harry Bullivant's riddles. I know the meaning of *Kasredin*.

"Sir Walter was right, as Blenkiron had told us. There's a great stir drin in Islam, something moving on the face of the waters. They make no secret of it. Those religious revivals come in cycles, and one was due about now. And they are quite clear about the details. A seer has arisen of the blood of the Prophet, and will restore the Khalifate to its old glories and Islam to its old purity. His sayings are everywhere in the Moslem world. All the orthodox believers have them by heart. That is why they are enduring grinding poverty and preposterous taxation, and that is why their young men are rolling up to the armies and dying without complaint in Gallipoli and Transcaucasia. They believe they are on the eve of a great deliverance.

(To be continued.)

After Every Meal

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ISSUE No. 33—'23.

Here Comes the Thief.

Here comes the thief
Men nickname Time,
Oh, hide you, leaf,
And hide you, rhyme.
Leaf, he would take you
And leave you rust.
Rhyme, he would flake you
With spotted dust.
Scurry to cover,
Delicate maid
And serious lover,
Girl, bind the braid
For the lusciously fair
He has an eye
For the lusciousl yfair
Who passes by.
O lover, hide—
Who comes to plunder
Has the crafty stride
Of unheard thunder.
Quick—lest he snatch,
In his grave need,
And sift and match,
Then sow like seed
Your love's sweet grief
On the backward air,
With the rhyme and the leaf
And the maiden's hair.

—Hazel Hall.

Lowering Herself.

"You say she's lowering herself to go with that man?"

"Yes; he doesn't like high heels and she's stopped wearing them."

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Woman's Sphere

THE ROAD TO SLUMBERLAND.

What is the road to Slumberland?
And when does the baby go?
The road lies straight through mother's arms when the sun is sinking low,
He goes by the drowsy "land of nod" to the music of "lullaby"
When all wee lambs are safe in the fold under the evening sky.

A soft little nightgown, clean and white; a face washed sweet and fair;
A mother brushing the tangles out of the silken, golden hair;
Two little tired, satiny feet, from the shoes and stockings free;
Two little palms together clasped at mother's patient knee;

Some baby words that are drowsily lisped to the tender Shepherd's ear,
And a kiss that only a mother can place on the brow of her baby dear;
A little round head which nestles at last close to the mother's breast;
And then the lullaby, soft and low, singing the song of rest.

And close and closer the blue-veined lids are hiding the baby eyes,
As over the road to Slumberland the dear little traveler hies.
For this is the way, through mother's arms, all little babies go
To the beautiful city of Slumberland when the sun is sinking low.

—Mary Dow Brine.

REMOVING STAINS.

Grease just has a natural affinity for good clothes. At least I so concluded recently when I stepped from the car and discovered I had an immense smear of grease on one of my best gray silk stockings. If you don't know what to do with a grease spot or a stain it's a calamity. If you do know what to do it is only a nuisance. I find the following list almost indispensable, for I am never quite sure which remover I should use when a spot appears upon a cherished garment.

Grease. Rub lard or oil in spot and launder in the usual way. For grease on delicate fabrics a paste of fuller's earth or white chalk is a good solvent. Apply paste and allow it to absorb the grease. If the spot does not disappear at first, try another or several applications.

Grass. For light fabrics hot water and soap is the best solvent. Ordinary laundering and boiling should remove grass stains from white goods. For colored fabrics use a solvent of soap and cooking soda made into a paste. Rub this paste on the spot and let stand over night. Then launder in the usual way.

Chocolate. Sprinkle with borax and soak in cold water. Then wash in warm water, using soap.

Coffee and Tea. Spread stained surface over bowl or tub. Pour boiling water through stained part from a height so as to strike the stain with force.

Cream. Wash in cold water, then with warm water and coap.

Fruit. Treat like coffee stain. If stain persists soak in solution of Javelle water and boiling water for a few minutes. Rinse thoroughly with boiling water to which a little dilute ammonia water has been added.

Blood. Cold water or a paste of cornstarch and water is a satisfactory solvent. Soak in cold water till stain turns brown. Rub out of cold water, applying soap, and wash in warm water. In using cornstarch, apply the paste, making several applications till the stain is absorbed.

Mildew. For a solvent use lemon juice or a paste of one tablespoonful of starch, the juice of one lemon, a little soft soap and salt. To remove the stain, wet with lemon juice and expose to the sun or apply the paste and expose to the sun.

Paint. Turpentine, benzine or alcohol are good solvents for most cases. For delicate colors use chloroform. For old paint stains equal parts of turpentine and ammonia is good. Wet the spot with one of the solvents; let stand for a few minutes. If stain is not removed, wet again and sponge or pat with a clean cloth.

Iron Rust. For this stain three solvents may be used: A 10 per cent. solution of hydrochloric acid, oxalic acid or a paste of lemon juice, starch, salt and soap. In using one of the acids, wet the stained portion with borax and water and spread over a bowl of boiling water; apply acid drop by drop till stain begins to brighten. Dip at once in alkaline water to neutralize solution. If stain doesn't disappear, add more acid and rinse again in ammonia water. In using lemon juice paste, wet the spot and expose to the sun. This method is longer but it is effective with light rust spots.

SPARE KITCHEN MOMENTS.

My kitchen has a sunny pleasant window which until a few months ago was of no use to me except for its original purpose—to admit light. But now I have installed beside it a comfortable rocking chair, and just above this on the wall a small shelf painted white. On this I keep not only my recipe files and account book but one or two books of fiction, and when I find a few minutes—when I am waiting for something to boil, for instance—I sit down comfortably and pick up a book. This is infinitely better than taking a chance on going into another room, becoming absorbed in something else and forgetting what's on the stove.

One thing I have banished forever from my kitchen; that is my work basket. When I am head over heels in cooking, baking, and the thousand and one duties of a housewife I do not want to be reminded at every turn that there is a pile of mending waiting for me.—Ruth E. Botsford.

A STYLISH COSTUME SUIT.

4305-4291. Youthful and very popular is this smart suit, with its one-piece dress and the accompanying box coat. As illustrated, the blouse portion of the dress is of figured silk, and the skirt portion and jacket are of Canton crepe. This will be a good style for linen or ratine. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2¼ yards.

The Jacket Pattern, 4291, is cut in 8 Sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The dress, 4305, is cut in 4 Sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. To make the dress and jacket as illustrated in the large view will require for a 16-year size 4¾ yards of 40-inch material for jacket and skirt portions, and 2⅛ yards of 32-inch silk or contrasting material for blouse and sleeve portions.

TWO separate patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 15c FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

MY PANTRY TABLE.

We had an old washstand that was too dilapidated to use, so we threw it on the junk heap, keeping the marble slab as a top. The table sits at the pantry window near the flour barrel and is used daily for rolling bread, pies, and so on.—Mrs. C. B. G.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Dogs Following Motors.

The practice is again being indulged in of allowing pet dogs to run behind motor cars. This is a dangerous proceeding — for the dog. It becomes overheated and strained in trying to keep up, and is apt to suffer greatly. It is a cruel and thoughtless proceeding, and one that will not be permitted. A dog must, of course, have exercise, but it should be obtained in some other way.

Wee Typewriter.

The invention of the smallest practical keyboard typewriter weighing only 2½ pounds, is claimed by a Connecticut man.

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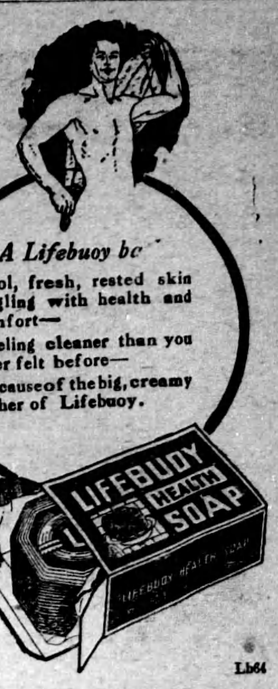

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