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GREENMANTLE

BY JOHN BUCHAN.

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CHAPTER XIX.—(Cont'd.)

I wasn't bluffing. Puzzled as I was about ways and means I had still the blind belief that we should win out. And as I spoke two legs dangled through the trap and a dusty and blinking Peter descended in our midst.

I took the maps from him and spread them on the table.

"First, you must know that we've had an almighty piece of luck. Last night Hussin took us for a walk over the roofs of Erzerum, and by the blessing of Providence I got into Stumm's room and bagged his staff map. . . . Look there . . . d'you see his notes? That's the danger-point of the whole defence. Once the Russians get that fort, Kara Gubek, they've turned the main position. And it can be got; Stumm knows it can; for these two adjacent hills are not held. . . . It looks a mad enterprise on paper, but Stumm knows that it is possible enough. The question is: Will the Russians guess that? I say no, not unless some one tells them. Therefore, by hook or crook, we've got to get that information through to them.

Sandy's interest in ordinary things was beginning to flicker up again. He studied the map and began to measure distances.

"Peter's going to have a try for it. He thinks there's a sporting chance of his getting through the lines. If he does—if he gets this map to the Grand Duke's staff—then Stumm's goose is cooked. In three days the Cossack's will be in the streets of Erzerum."

"What are the chances?" Sandy asked.

I glanced at Peter. "We're hard-bitten fellows and can face the truth. I think the chances against success are about five to one."

"Two to one," said Peter modestly. "Not worse than that. I don't think you're fair to me, Dick, my old friend."

I looked at that lean, tight figure and the gentle, resolute face, and I changed my mind. "I'm hanged if I think there are any odds," I said. "With anybody else it would want a miracle, but with Peter I believe the chances are level."

"Two to one," Peter persisted. "If it was evens I wouldn't be interested."

"Let me go," Sandy cried. "I talk the lingo, and can pass as a Turk, and I'm a million times likelier to get through. For God's sake, Dick, let me go."

"Not you. You're wanted here. If you disappear the whole show's bust-ed too soon, and the three of us left ce[illegible]d will be strung up before morn-behi[illegible] No, my son. You're going ing. . . . [illegible] to escape, but it will be in company with Blenkiron and me. We've got to blow the whole Greenmantle business so high that the bits of it will never come to earth again. . . . First, tell me how many of your fellows will stick by you? I mean the Compan-[illegible] whole half-dozen. They are very worried already about what has happened. She made me sound them in her presence, and they were quite ready to accept me as Greenmantle's successor. But they have their suspicions about what happened at the villa, and they've no love for the woman. . . . They'd follow me through hell if I bade them, but they would rather it was my own show."

"That's all right," I cried. "It is the one thing I've been doubtful about. Now observe this map. Erzerum isn't invested by a long chalk. The Russians are round it in a broad half-moon. That means that all the west, south-west, and north-west is open and undefended by trench-lines. There are flanks far away to the north and south in the hills which can be turned, and once we get round a flank there's nothing between us and our friends. . . . I've figured out our road," and I traced it on the map. "If we can make that big circuit to the west and get over the pass unobserved we're bound to strike a Russian column the next day. It'll be a rough road, but I fancy we've all ridden as bad in our time. But one thing we must have, and that's horses. Can we and your six ruffians slip off in the darkness on the best beasts in this township? If you can canage that, we'll do the trick."

Sandy sat down and pondered. Thank Heaven, he was thinking now of action and not of his own conscience.

"It must be done," he said at last, "but it won't be easy. Hussin's a great fellow, but as you know well, Dick, horses right up at the battle-front are not easy to come by. To-morrow I've got some kind of infernal fast to observe, and the next day that woman will be coaching me for my part. We'll have to give Hussin time. . . . I wish to Heaven it could be to-night."

He was silent again for a bit, and then he said: "I believe the best time would be the third night, the eve of the Revelation. She's bound to leave me alone that night."

"Right-o," I said. "It won't be much fun sitting waiting in this cold sepulchre; but we must keep our heads and risk nothing by being in a hurry. Besides, if Peter wins through, the Turk will be a busy man by the day after to-morrow."

The key turned in the door and Hussin stole in like a shade. It was the signal for Sandy to leave.

"You fellows have given me a new lease of life," he said. "I've got a plan now, and I can set my teeth and stick it out."

He went up to Peter and gripped his hand. "Good luck. You're the bravest man I've ever met, and I've seen a few." Then he turned abruptly and went out, followed by an exhortation from Blenkiron to "Get busy about the quadrupeds."

Then we set about equipping Peter for his crusade. It was a simple job, for we were not rich in properties. His get-up, with his thick fur-collared greatcoat, was not unlike the ordinary Turkish officer seen in a dim light. But Peter had no intention of passing for a Turk, or indeed of giving anybody the chance of seeing him, and he was more concerned to fit in with the landscape. So he stripped off the greatcoat and pulled a grey sweater of mine over his jacket, and put on his head a woollen helmet of the same color. He had no need of the map, for he had long since got his route by heart, and what was once fixed in that mind stuck like wax; but I made him take Stumm's plan and paper, hidden below his shirt. The big difficulty, I saw, would be getting to the Russians without being shot, assuming he passed the Turkish trenches. He could only hope that he would strike some one with a smattering of English or German. Twice he ascended to the roof and came back cheerful, for there was promise of wild weather.

Hussin brought in our supper, and Peter made up a parcel of food. Blenkiron and I had both small flasks of brandy, and I gave him mine.

Then he held out his hand quite simply, like a good child who is going off to bed. It was too much for Blenkiron. With large tears rolling down his face he announced that, if we all came through, he was going to fit him into the softest birth that money could buy. I don't think he was understood, for old Peter's eyes had now the far-away absorption of the hunter who has found game. He was thinking only of his job.

Two legs and a pair of very shabby boots vanished through the trap, and suddenly I felt utterly lonely and desperately sad. The guns were beginning to roar again in the east, and in the intervals came the whistle of the rising storm.

CHAPTER XX.

PETER PIENAAR GOES TO THE WARS.

This chapter is the tale Peter told me—long after, sitting beside a stove in the hotel at Bergen, where we were waiting for our boat.

He climbed on the roof and shinned down the broken bricks of the outer walls. The outbuilding we were lodged in abutted on a road, and was outside the proper *enceinte* of the house. At ordinary times I have no doubt there were sentries, but Sandy and Hussin had probably managed to clear them off this end for a little. Anyhow he saw nobody as he crossed the road and dived into the snowy fields.

He knew very well that he must do the job in the twelve hours of darkness ahead of him. The immediate front of a battle is a bit too public for any one to lie hidden in by day, especially when two or three feet of snow make everything kenspeckle. Now hurry in a job of this kind was abhorrent to Peter's soul, for, like all Boers, his tastes were for slowness and sureness, though he could hustle fast enough when haste was needed. As he pushed through the winter fields he reckoned up the things in his favor, and found the only one the dirty weather. There was a high, gusty wind, blowing scuds of snow but never coming to any great fall. The frost had gone, and the lying snow was as soft as butter. That was all to the good, he thought, for a clear, hard night would have been the devil.

The first bit was through farmlands, which were seamed with little snow-filled water-furrows. Now and then would come a house and a patch of fruit trees, but there was nobody abroad. The roads were crowded enough, but Peter had no use for roads. I can picture him swinging along with his bent back, stopping every now and then to sniff and listen, alert for the foreknowledge of danger. When he chose he could cover country like an antelope.

(To be continued.)

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ISSUE No. 50—'23.

He Made the Crew.

"I've made the crew!" cried Frank Mason as he burst in upon his family.

"That will mean harder training now," said Frank's pastor, who was calling upon the family.

"Yes," was the eager reply, "it will be the real thing now. I must be ready to step into the boat at six o'clock every morning, and every day that the water is fit we must row hard for an hour, and if we can't go out there are rowing machines for us to practice on There's other training too and then early to bed!"

"And your diet?"

"Oh, yes, it's all carefully regulated," said Frank.

"Frank," exclaimed the pastor, with his face shining, "you make me jealous! What splendid enthusiasm rowing has aroused in you! What a world we should have if we could only inspire our young people with similar enthusiasm for Christ's service! Paul seems to have been aroused in a similar way when he saw the athletes of old. He admired their enthusiasm, their energy and their sacrifices to win in the Olympic games and gain the laurel wreaths that faded so quickly; and he bade his disciples contend as sincerely and intelligently for crowns that would not fade. I hope you will succeed in holding your seat in the crew, Frank, and that you fellows will sweep the lake! But when you are done and have more time wouldn't you like to help me kindle a similar enthusiasm in young people for the things that are bigger, better and enduring?"

Frank looked at his pastor thoughtfully. "I think I should," he said at last.

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Baking Black Paper White.

Old newspapers and books are used to make cardboard and coarse wrapping paper. It is difficult, however, to produce white paper from waste printed paper. Various attempts have been made to dissolve the oily or resinous portion of the printing inks with solutions of soap, petroleum, caustic sodas and so forth in order to wash away the black pigment afterward.

There was some time ago invented a process for removing the ink pigment by treating the printed paper with boiling solutions of borax. The hope is expressed that this method may act as a check on the rapid deforestation of this country and avert a condition that has threatened to cause a crisis in the paper industry.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Woman's Sphere

THE GREATEST BEAUTIFIERS.

Undoubtedly good health, cleanliness and happiness are the greatest beautifiers. We can not always attain all three, but as long as water and plain food are available, we can have the cleanliness of body (within and without) which is so necessary for good health. Good health is usually dependent on good habits, and so is by no means unattainable, while happiness is partly habit, partly dependent on good health, and can sometimes be cultivated. These beautifiers must be supplemented by good sense, and that is a quality which none dare ignore.

Many people claim that happiness is the greatest beautifier, and while I would not dispute its effect, I know that sometimes a sad face can be very beautiful. But admiration for "an interesting pallor" went out of style years ago. We now admire the glow of health, the natural glow, not that which is applied by a hare's foot and a lipstick.

Practice the following rules if you would have both good health and good looks:

Refuse to worry. That's Rule 1, the most important and the hardest. If you are too nervous to be able to control your mind, follow the rest of the treatment and the worries will seem less important as you feel better able to cope with them.

Rule 2. Eat health-giving foods. Fresh fruits, cooked fruits, graham bread, rice, oatmeal, potatoes, cauliflower, carrots, greens and other fresh vegetables, salads, nuts, buttermilk, sweet milk, cream, eggs, bread, butter, broths, and meats which are roasted, broiled or stewed, not fried. These foods are listed with the most important ones first. Such a diet will make the elimination of the body normal, and perhaps make Rule 3 unnecessary.

Rule 3. Knead the abdomen, if the bowels are sluggish, in order to stimulate their action.

Rule 4. Take plenty of outdoor exercise. Gardening is a wonderful help, so you can begin your home treatment when you get ready to start your next summer's garden. Take walks in the open, climb hills.

Rule 5. Sleep eight hours at night, and if quite run down, two extra hours in the afternoon. Always sleep with the windows wide open.

Rule 6 is about bathing. In winter, take not less than two warm baths a week; in summer, one every day, before retiring. If you are not sleeping well, fill the tub with water at 102 deg. F., get in for two minutes, then let it cool to 93 deg. and stay in half an hour. This rarely fails to induce sleep.

Every night, strip off your clothes—in a warm room, of course—and rub the body vigorously all over with a rough Turkish towel. It stimulates the blood, frees the pores of collected matter and helps to make the complexion fresh and clear.

These are the rules for health, follow them, and see how much prettier you'll look!

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.

The soaps, creams and lotions which best suit you, must not be overlooked. Toothpaste, talcum powder, and such other aid to the toilet as are required for your own particular needs will add to your comfort and appearance, but the foundation of all good looks is good health.

A POPULAR "MIDDY" STYLE.

4294. No school girl's wardrobe is complete without several middy blouses, and no garment is quite as comfortable. In drill, Indian head, flannel, khaki, linen and silk, this style will be very pleasing. The blouse may be finished with straight lower edge, or with the now so popular "hip band." The plaited skirt is to be finished with a band or joined to an underwaist.

The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size requires 2⅝ yards for the blouse, and 1⅞ yard for the skirt, of 36-inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

SURPRISE PUMPKINS.

The women of a club coined quite a little sum of money from their surprise pumpkins. They cut the tops off a number of rather large pumpkins and scooped out the inside until nothing but a thin rind remained. These were neatly lined with waxed paper and dainty luncheons packed carefully in them, using ham and chicken sandwiches, small cakes of different kinds, pickles, salads, nuts, fruit and home-made candies. No two pumpkins contained exactly similar luncheons, and in each was put a little trinket or a toy. The tops were attached to the shells by means of green ribbons run through holes. These pumpkins were auctioned off at booths made out of cornstalks, and lit up with jack-o'-lanterns. Long tables were provided on which to eat their lunches, and sweet milk, buttermilk and lemonade were served. Lots of people in the towns near by patronized this auction.

MITTENS FOR HOUSEWORK.

A number of household tasks are more pleasantly and quickly done if the hand is slipped into a suitable mitten before commencing the work. Of course the mitten should be kept in a convenient place.

From old flannel stitch up two mittens, preferably having thumbs. Slip these on when polishing the silver and see how much quicker and easier the not always welcome work goes than when the polishing flannel is held in the hand.

A mitten makes an ideal oven holder; make it long so as to protect the wrist and arm from the heat if short-sleeved work dresses are habitually worn.

A mitten with thick palms is excellent for lifting and carrying out ash pans, for the handles of these receptacles often have a way of being very hot and uncomfortable when taken directly from the stove. They also protect the hand from the ashes, which are quite likely to prove irritating to the skin.

A mitten included in the stove-cleaning outfit will protect the hand when dusting or shining the stove.

EACH DAY'S WORK.

My little seven-year-old daughter has a set of those pictures showing cute little maids doing their work for each day. Once when Betty was wondering what to do, I suggested that every day she do some of the work that was intended for that particular day, just as the little girls in the pictures were doing.

She agreed readily and was eager to begin. So on Monday she washed out a few small pieces I gave her and ironed them on Tuesday. Wednesday she went to see a friend. For her Thursday's sewing I cut out a square of lawn and showed her how to hem it nicely for a handkerchief, her first real lesson in needlecraft. Friday she helped me about my cleaning, really helped, and on Saturday, cooking day, I let her prepare a simple dish. On Sunday she went to Sunday school. Then she was anxious to begin the week all over again.

Now this plan of occupation not only kept her happy and interested but really instructed her in all the branches of household art. Realizing its possibilities, I am planning to make this form of play into a real development.—Alice A. Keen.

Nothing so strengthens the mind and enlarges the manhood and widens the thought as the constant effort to measure up to a high ideal, to struggle after that which is beyond us and above us. It stretches the mind, as it were, to a larger measure, and touches the life to finer issues.—O. S. M.

Where there's a will there are ways—one right and one wrong.

The fault lies not in failure, but in aiming too low.

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I attribute my extraordinarily good health at sixty-five not only to being a teetotaller, but also to being a non-smoker.—Bishop of London.

We take our blessings too much for granted.—Sir H. Rider Haggard.

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