

THE
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REV. T. T. LEE-JONES, *Editor.*

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SCHOOL NOTES.

OUR Michaelmas Term began on September 16th, and with it the first spell of fine weather, a happy omen with which to begin a new term; and as we look back upon the weeks of it that have passed, we must acknowledge with much gratitude that generally speaking there has been a brightness about all our work and play.

* * *

We shall be in the thick of the Cambridge Local Examinations in a few days. We hope that every boy will put his shoulder to the wheel, and do his utmost for the credit of himself and his school. Let us remember and act up to those famous words: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."

* * *

It gives us the greatest satisfaction to be able to chronicle the fact that our new Laboratory is in full working order. It is an excellent little building, and the equipment is of the best. For this valuable addition to our School buildings we are very largely indebted to the great generosity of our Governors and their friends. We must add that but for the generous support of these gentlemen, we should have been quite unable to meet the requirements of the Board of Education, in order to become qualified for higher grants.

Now, however, we are fully equipped, and can satisfy all the demands of the Board.

The Head Master sent an appeal for funds to the Old Boys of the School, and has so far met with a generous response.

The following is a list of those who have kindly helped us:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. H. Wharton (1st donation)	10	0	0
" " (2nd ")	10	0	0
Mr. W. C. Trevor (1st donation)	10	0	0
" " (2nd ")	5	0	0
Colonel Chaloner (1st donation)	10	0	0
" " (2nd ")			
(promised)	10	0	0
Mr. Hugh Bell	10	0	0
Sir B. Samuelson	10	0	0
Capt. Greenwood	5	0	0
Messrs. Bolchow Vaughan & Co.	5	0	0
Dr. W. Stainthorpe, Senr.	2	2	0
Mr. J. Scarth	2	2	0
Rev. A. N. Thomas	2	2	0
Dr. Shand	2	0	0
Dr. Jevons	1	1	0
Mr. C. T. Trevor	1	1	0
Rev. T. T. Lee-Jones	1	1	0
Mr. C. Heslop	1	1	0
Mr. W. Charlton	1	1	0
Rev. J. Armitage	1	1	0
Mr. J. Wright	1	1	0
Rev. T. J. Jones	0	2	6
Miss Elsie Lee-Jones	0	2	6
Miss Freda Andrews	0	2	6

Subscriptions from Old Boys :

	£	s.	d.
Dr. W. W. Stainthorp, Junr. ...	1	1	0
Mr. F. Allison ...	1	1	0
Mr. E. Miller ...	1	0	0
Mr. F. Dickenson ...	0	10	6
Mr. F. Ward ...	0	10	6
Mr. P. Wilson... ..	0	10	0
Mr. J. Lancaster ...	0	7	6
Mr. E. W. Dickinson ...	0	5	0
Mr. D. Young... ..	0	5	0
Mr. L. Levy ...	0	5	0
Mr. H. Holmes ...	0	5	0
Mr. A. Varty ...	0	5	0
Mr. C. F. Harrison ...	0	5	0
Mr. H. King ...	0	2	6
Mr. A. Farudale ...	0	2	6

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SCHOOL SPORTS.

IT was a matter for much thankfulness that in the wettest of all wet years, our Sports Day opened with a gleam of sunshine. Jupiter Pluvius hid his head and treated us to a fine day, and every thing passed off with success. There was an excellent attendance, and the running and jumping were quite up to the usual standard. For the first time pole-jumping was introduced into the sports, and Robson who won the prize for this item on the card, gave us a good exhibition of the art. In the high jump, Pybus i. distinguished himself, easily gaining the first prize by clearing the bar at 4 ft. 10 in., a fine performance for a boy of 15. The sprints afforded excellent sport by reason of the closeness of the finish in almost every case. Robson won the 120 yards in good style, and Hutton ran very well in the 100 yards, just beating Robson by a foot. We must not forget to mention the plucky way in which Stevenson won the mile.

The Challenge Cup was won by Robson with 44 points, Pybus i. coming second with 30 points.

Mrs. Chaloner had kindly consented to distribute the prizes, but owing to unforeseen circumstances was unable to be present. However, her daughter, Miss Ursula Chaloner very kindly represented her mother, and carried out the duties most admirably.

We append a list of the winners of prizes:—

120 Yards for boys over 14.—1. Robson; 2. Hutton i.; 3. Scarth.

120 Yards for boys under 14.—1. Steven-
son; 2. Million; 3. Bewick.

High Jump for boys over 14.—1. Pybus i.;
2. Allison.

High Jump for boys under 14.—1. Page;
2. Bewick.

Hurdle Race.—1. Allison; 2. Robson; 3.
Pybus i.

Sack Race.—1. Graham; 2. Ellis.

100 Yards for boys between 12 and 15.—
1. Graham; 2. Million; 3. Bewick.

Pole Jump.—1. Robson; 2. Pybus i.

Mile Race.—1. Stevenson; 2. Robson; 3.
Pybus i.

Little Boys' Race.—1. Trees i.; 2. Robin-
son; 3. Trees ii.

100 Yards for boys over 14.—1. Hutton i.;
2. Robson; 3. Craig.

100 Yards for boys under 13.—1. Million;
2. Stevenson; 3. Page.

Siamese Race (Seniors).—1. Robson and
Pybus i.; 2. Craig and Smales.

Siamese Race (Juniors).—1. Annett and
Pybus ii.; 2. Trees i. and Hutton ii.

Egg and Spoon Race.—1. Smales; 2.
Simpson.

Quarter-Mile.—1. Craig; 2. Allison; 3.
Ward.

Obstacle Race.—1. Pybus i.; 2. Smales;
3. Bewick.

Consolation Race.—1. Winter; 2. Lockett;
3. Blackett.

* * * *

PRIZE DAY.

THE most important day in our School year is Prize Day, partly because it affords an opportunity to parents to hear what their boys have been doing during the year, and partly because we have an opportunity of hearing something instructive and encouraging from those gentlemen who come to distribute the prizes

Owing to the lamented death of our late chairman, Sir Joseph Pease, our prize distribution was postponed until November 17th, and we may say with pleasure that it in no way fell short of any of its predecessors. Our good friend, Mr. C. W. Trevor, who as a governor takes the most active interest in the School, very kindly took the chair, and most ably carried out the duties of that position. Having read letters of apology from Mr. Hugh Bell, Mr. W. H. Wharton and others, Mr. Trevor spoke, in feeling terms, of the great loss which the School had sustained by the death of Sir Joseph Pease, who for so many years had been chairman of the governors, and who had given such active support to

all the recent developments and improvements of the School.

The Chairman reminded us that the School is now fully equipped for all educational purposes, and that the only one thing wanted to make it a complete success was an increase in the number of boys.

The Headmaster then gave a short account of the work of the School, pointing out the excellent results of the Cambridge Examination, in which 19 out of 20 boys had been successful, and stating with great satisfaction that the new Laboratory for practical work in chemistry and physics was completed and in daily use. He did not forget to remind us that it had also been a record year in cricket and football.

In a happy speech and midst loud applause, the Chairman then introduced Colonel Chaloner. He offered him a most hearty welcome on his first appearance as a Governor of the School, pointing out that the name of Chaloner had long been connected with the School, and feeling assured that in the Colonel they would find not only a very worthy representative of the Chaloner family, but also that his experience as a Governor of Uppingham School, one of the large public schools of England, would be of considerable help in the deliberations of the governing body.

Colonel Chaloner then distributed the prizes and certificates, after which he gave us an excellent address. He congratulated the boys on their success in the examinations and in the playing field, and amused us greatly by telling us that only a few days before he had met a miner who told him that if he wanted to see good football he should go and see the Grammar School boys play. The Colonel then impressed upon us the great need we had for a really sound education and particularly a practical education in science, and concluded with an earnest appeal to the boys to put their best into all they did, whether it was in the school or in their games. Colonel Chaloner informed us that about £50 was still required to pay for the new Laboratory which he declared open that day, and that he was prepared to give another donation of £10, provided the Headmaster could get four other; to give £10.

Votes of thanks were given to Colonel Chaloner and the Chairman, and with vociferous cheers from the boys for Colonel and Mrs. Chaloner, the Chairman and

others, the proceedings of this happy prize day closed, and the governors and friends of the School adjourned for tea in the School Library.

* * *

We should say that in answer to Colonel Chaloner's appeal, Mr. Wharton has generously sent another donation of £10, and Mr. Trevor has also generously sent another donation of £5 to the Laboratory Fund.

* * * *

FOOTBALL.—Christmas Term, 1903.

THE card which we have before us declares that so far 11 matches have been played, of which 10 have been won, and one drawn, and that our goal average is 69 for, 14 against. Surely this is eloquent testimony to the merit of our team. It is a great pleasure to be able to congratulate them on their really good play. Perhaps we had better not say too much on the subject, for, after Colonel Chaloner's speech day story, we fear some of the team might contract that terrible disease known by the French as "tête monté." But many of the present team are leaving us at Christmas: others must supply their places; so for the benefit of these newcomers we should like to mention those points which we think have contributed most to our team's success. First, there has been good feeling in the team, there has been very little jealousy and petty bickerings. The boys have learnt that lesson of working together which is so valuable in after life. The result has been good combination, without which no team can be good. Passing is the great art of football an art in which perfection is not gained but by dogged perseverance. Many are the disappointments before a team is raised to even moderate proficiency. To the beginners we would give these hints. Practice dribbling without looking at the ball, so that your eyes may be free to see who is attacking you and where to pass. Keep the ball on the ground and pass ahead and not across. Get yourself into a position to be passed to, and when you receive the ball get it under control as quickly as you can. All these things are necessary for good combination. If you wish to play well, practice them till you master the lot. There is one thing which more than others destroys good combination, that is the common fault of giving too much credit to the scorer. Naturally, when the scorer gets all the praise, a boy is

tempted to try on his own too much. Take a case to illustrate the point. The outside man sprints down the wing, and after passing several men, transfers to the inside right, who has only the goalkeeper to beat. If he scores, who deserves the praise? The keenness shown by the team in practice has been greatly in their favour, for its results have been seen in the dash and spirit which they have infused into their matches. Keenness imparts that virtue called "quickness on the ball" which is so very disconcerting to one who dallies. Sufficient has been said to point the road to success. Let our young hopefuls of next term digest it, and then we are sure that before long the elements that are left will be blended into a team as good as that of the present season.

* * *

Football Results for the Term.

Played, 12; Won, 11; Drawn, 1; Lost, 0.
Goals for, 76; goals against, 15.

		Goals for	Goals agst.
Sept. 26.	-v. Old Boys ...	7	4
" 30.	-v. Ayton School ...	6	0
Oct. 3.	-v. Dickinson's Team ...	2	0
" 10.	-v. Darlington G.S. ...	3	2
" 17.	-v. Coatham G.S. ...	3	1
" 32.	-v. Stockton G.S. ...	8	1
Nov. 7.	-v. Church Lads' Brigade ...	8	3
" 11.	-v. Ayton School ...	8	0
" 14.	-v. Stokesly G.S. ...	14	1
" 21.	-v. Coatham G.S. ...	1	1
" 28.	-v. Church Lads' Brigade ...	9	1
Dec. 5.	-v. The Middlesbro Banks ...	7	1

* * *

WOODCOCK.—Has kept goal well in several matches, especially against Coatham.

CRAIG.—Has also distinguished himself as a goalkeeper. Would make an excellent man in that position if he would realize its responsibilities.

SCARTH.—Has been very useful at full back. He kicks powerfully with his right, but though he is now improving his left foot drives are yet far from perfect.

HOLMES.—Foulkes the second, has played left back and left half. At back he kicks well with both feet, but is slow in getting after a man who has passed him. At half he has been excellent, feeding his forwards well, and shooting hard and true. It has been suggested that he would make a valuable goalkeeper.

ALLISON.—Has played left back and left outside. We think he is best at back, for he kicks well and worries the attack, but he has played one or two fine games forward, notably against Darlington.

SIMPSON.—Who came up into the first XI. this year, has improved wonderfully. He tackles well, but should learn to kick with more force.

BEWICK.—Our bull-dog centre half, has kept up his wonderful form of last season; than which no more need be said. He feeds his forwards better than he did last year.

FORDHAM.—Has played in one or two matches, and has shown very promising form. He should before long be an excellent half.

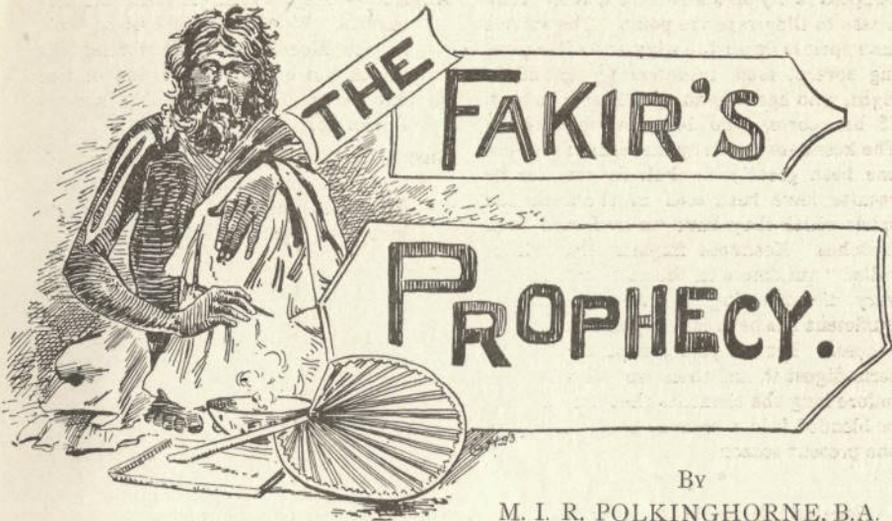
PYBUS ii.—Was left out of the team because of his keeping the ball to himself too much. In the three matches he has played since he was reinstated we have been glad to notice he has thought more of his side than of himself. Still we should like to point out that to shoot from 30 yards range, when one of his own side is better placed, is rank selfishness. There is often little credit in the scoring of the goal, but much in leading up to it.

ROBSON.—Has been much better this season. He is faster and kicks more truly. Still he should learn to control the ball better, and to centre sooner. The proper time to centre is about 25 yards from the line, before the half-backs have had time to get back.

ANNETT.—Is as tricky as ever. He has combined well with Robson, the two forming a good wing. He is often too anxious to score, a fault which leads him to shoot when there is no chance of scoring.

PYBUS i.—Has also improved this year. He has better control over the ball, and combines better. His shooting is not yet up to the mark, but his vigour and dash near goal somewhat make amends for this.

MILLION.—Was tried in the first XI., but did not prove the success anticipated. He has little control over the ball, and his shooting is execrable. There is no reason why he should not be a very good player if he practices properly.



By

M. I. R. POLKINGHORNE, B.A.

*Author of "Crawford's Stratagem," "The affair of the Ghost at St. Dunstan's,"
"A Summer's Afternoon," etc., etc.*

CHAPTER I.

IT was the middle of April in Ramghur and the hot weather had already begun. In the gardens the trees and shrubs stood dry and shrivelled, and their scattered leaves were blown up and down the dusty roads by a hot dry wind. All, whom duty or poverty did not detain, had long ago left the sweltering cantonment for the cooler climate of the misty Himalayas.

Along the deserted road from the Club to the Cavalry Barracks came two men on horseback. The older of the two was Philip Gawain, of the Royal Engineers, a slim dark man with keen, clever grey eyes. His companion, Barney O'Rorke, subaltern in a crack regiment of native cavalry, was a long-legged, loose-jointed, blue-eyed young Irishman, with a fund of animal spirits which even the hot weather could not subdue. The two men were friends in spite of many differences in character, and chummed together in the same bungalow.

"I say, O'Rorke," said Gawain suddenly, "let's go through the Bazaar."

"Whatever for?" asked O'Rorke, in some surprise, for even the hot road was cooler than that teeming place.

"Oh, I promised to get a doll for Henderson's little kid," explained Gawain.

"But you go on, old fellow, I'll catch you up."

This, however, O'Rorke refused to do, so

they both turned their horses' heads in the direction of the bazaar. The bazaar was narrow and thronged with ekhas, camels, and bullock-carts, as well as crammed with human beings.

The two young men dismounted, and while Gawain entered a large general shop where they sold everything from the latest fashion in hats to candlesticks and pills, O'Rorke strolled aimlessly through the crowd.

Suddenly a hand was clapped on his shoulder, and an eager voice cried in his ear, "Hullo, O'Rorke, come and have your fortune told!"

O'Rorke turned to face young Blake of the D.P.W., who was grinning at him with delight, and evidently bubbling over with the news of some great discovery.

"How much?" asked O'Rorke, in surprise.

"Why, I have unearthed a renowned Fakir," explained Blake eagerly, "who tells fortunes in fine style. Come and be done. Oh, here's Gawain," as O'Rorke's chum now appeared, having completed his purchases. "I say, Gawain, O'Rorke is going to have his fortune told. Come and be done."

"Yes, and I expect we shall be done, too," said Gawain, laughing, as they followed young Blake.

He led them to a comparatively quiet part of the bazaar, where the old Fakir was sitting on the ground. He rose as they approached, salaamed, and then sat down again.

He was an old man, very emaciated. He wore a simple loin cloth and a string of huge beads. His legs were bandy, his ribs seemed to start from his body, and his forehead and chest were daubed with ashes.

"Shall I tell the stars of the Lord Sahib?" asked the old man, addressing Gawain.

"Go on," whispered Blake, giving Gawain a nudge. The young soldier stepped forward and held out his hand. Then the Fakir rose and drew his lean form to its full height. What a contrast the two figures presented, as they stood face to face—the tall, slim, young Englishman, clad in lily-white drill with his handsome face and well-groomed air; and the half-naked Fakir with his matted hair and wild black eyes. He glanced at Gawain's hand, and then looked up in his face with a long stare. There was silence for a moment, only broken by a subdued chuckle from Blake, and then the Fakir spoke in sonorous Hindustani with the voice of one pronouncing a judgment.

"Oh yea, thou hast a soft heart."

"Right there, old boy," muttered Blake with a grin.

"Shut up," whispered O'Rorke seriously, "he is speaking."

"I smell death"—a pause—"death in the rushing waters, for lo, there is a man—dark, whose eyebrows meet—he will come between thee and thy friend—he will bring death to thee—Oh Sahib."

He paused again, salaamed to the earth and once more squatted on his heels.

Silence fell on the three men when the Fakir concluded, and O'Rorke felt a curious shudder run through his veins.

Then Gawain gave a soft incredulous laugh. "What rubbish," he cried lightly. "Well, O'Rorke, do you want to be done?"

"No, thanks," said O'Rorke, shortly.

So with a nod to Blake the two men turned away and went back to their horses.

"You look very glum, O'Rorke," said Gawain, as they rode off to their bungalow. "What's up?"

O'Rorke did not answer for a moment. To tell the truth he was thinking of the Fakir's prophecy, and he could not get

over a strange conviction that in that prophecy he had heard his friend's death sentence. He glanced at Gawain's keen clever face and bright grey eyes. Then he said finally—

"Oh, nothing much. I've got rather a headache, that's all."

It would have been difficult to explain his fears to his practical comrade, who regarded the Fakir's words as absolute rubbish.

That evening, as the two men sat smoking on the verandah outside the bungalow, Gawain asked idly—

"Why didn't you have your fortune told, O'Rorke?"

"Why?" echoed O'Rorke with a start. "Oh, I don't know." Then savagely—"Hang that wretched Fakir."

"Hallo," cried Gawain, laughing. "What are you so wrathful about?"

O'Rorke did not answer.

Gawain puffed vigorously at his cigarette for a few moments. Then a sudden thought struck him. He sat up quickly.

"O'Rorke," he cried, and his voice held the sound of laughter. "You don't mean to say you believe in that prophecy do you?"

For a moment O'Rorke was silent. It was a question he would rather not have answered, especially to Gawain, with his scornful ridicule of all such things.

"Do you?" repeated Gawain.

"Well yes, I suppose I do," said O'Rorke honestly, although he flushed crimson as he spoke.

"You see I am Irish, and—and we O'Rorkes are always superstitious."

Gawain laughed quietly and scornfully.

"Then at that rate you believe I have not very long to live. How was I to die? In the rushing waters?"

"I don't believe that," cried O'Rorke, hotly. "At least—I don't want—I mean—Oh, hang it, I can't explain."

Gawain chuckled with evident amusement.

"What is it you want to explain?" he asked. "Nothing," said O'Rorke, "only if I were you I should be jolly careful of dark men whose eyebrows meet."

Gawain threw back his head and laughed. "Oh, Barney, you infant," he cried. "I did give you credit for more sense."

"I don't see I'm so very absurd," said O'Rorke, doggedly. "After all there are cases of prophecies coming true and—"

"Rubbish," interrupted Gawain, lightly;

"its a mere coincidence, or else people have brooded over a prophecy to such an extent that they have unconsciously brought it about. But to believe in that Fakir—bah—its utterly ridiculous."

Then, after a pause—
 "'Pon my word, O'Rorke, if I were a superstitious or nervous man, you would be a nice chum to have. You calmly tell me you believe all that the old Fakir prophesied about me is coming true. Well, that is good."

And Gawain laughed again and again.

"Oh, shut up," cried O'Rorke, angrily. "I don't mean that I positively believe the thing, only—only—Oh, hang it all, you don't understand."

O'Rorke got up and strode away, feeling a little hurt and angry. He could not explain exactly to Gawain the strange fears that the Fakir's words had raised up in his mind. Heaven knows he did not want to believe in them. In fact he did not actually believe, but he was afraid—afraid for his friend, and what worried him most was the thought of this strange dark man who was to come between Gawain and himself.

"Hang it, I suppose I am a fool," he muttered, as he went off to bed; "time enough to believe in it when the fellow actually appears."

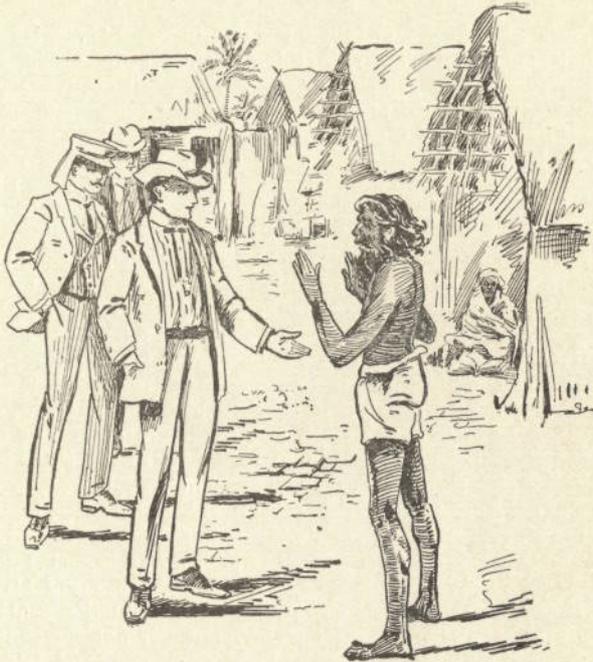
* * *

CHAPTER II.

"I say, Barney," cried Gawain the next morning, entering the west verandah where O'Rorke was lying in a lounge chair reading the *Pioneer*. "My cousin has just landed in Bombay."

"Your cousin in Bombay," repeated O'Rorke, slowly. "Why I didn't know you had a cousin."

"Yes I have," said Gawain, dropping into a chair; "but I've never seen him. You see, my father quarrelled with his sister because she married a German fellow. There was no end of a row I



THE FAKIR SPOKE—"I SMELL DEATH—DEATH IN THE RUSHING WATERS."

believe. But I hate family quarrels, and he's the only relation I have; I don't see why we should be at daggers drawn. I have invited him here."

"When did you hear about him?" asked O'Rorke, with some curiosity.

"Oh, I have known of his existence for some time," said Gawain. "You see he is my heir."

For Gawain possessed a large income besides his pay, and some property in England.

"Oh, no wonder he wanted to look you up," said O'Rorke, cynically.

"You're wrong there, my boy," cried Gawain, quickly, "for as a matter of fact I looked him up. I wrote to him some months ago inviting him out here, and to-day I got a letter saying he has landed in Bombay."

"What's his name?" asked O'Rorke.

"Oh, a regular German one—Karl Steinthal."

"Karl Steinthal," repeated O'Rorke, musingly. "Why I believe I met a fellow of that name in Paris three or four years ago. Is he a musician?"

"Yes," said Gawain.

"Then this must be the same fellow," cried O'Rorke. "How strange. I re-

member he seemed awfully interested in India, but he didn't say anything about you."

"What was he like?" asked Gawain.

"I don't know, I hardly remember," said O'Rorke, slowly. "He seemed rather decent."

"Well," said Gawain, rising and stretching himself. "I must make arrangements to put him up here."

"Hang him," muttered O'Rorke, yawning. He did not relish the idea of having a German musician sprung upon him. "But I say, Gawain, supposing he can't stand the hot weather."

"Then he must go off to the hills by himself," said Gawain. "For I can't possibly ask for leave so soon again."

"Begorra, then I hope the heat will prove too much for him," growled O'Rorke. "In fact I shouldn't be at all surprised if it did," he added, with a twinkle in his eye.

Gawain wheeled round quickly.

"I hope you will remember he is my guest, O'Rorke," he said, sharply. "I must ask you not to play the fool with him."

"How you do come down on a fellow," grumbled O'Rorke; "I shan't hurt the beggar."

"Yes, I know; but I don't want you to tease him, O'Rorke," explained Gawain. "You see, he will feel rather out of things and—"

"Oh, all right," interrupted O'Rorke, hastily. "I'll be civil to him."

* * * * *

One afternoon a few days later when O'Rorke returned from a shooting expedition he saw a stranger sitting by Gawain on the verandah, and as he drew near the latter cried.

"Oh, there you are, Barney. This is my cousin, Karl Steinthal."

O'Rorke approached slowly and looked at the man who rose to meet him. Then he started as he saw before him a tall, dark man, with a sinister brown face and black eyebrows that met across the nose, giving a peculiar expression to his countenance.

"This is not Karl Steinthal," cried O'Rorke, impulsively. "This is not your cousin, Gawain."

"What do you mean," cried Gawain in amazement, while the stranger drew himself up haughtily. "Not my cousin!"

"No," cried O'Rorke, hotly. "He is not the Karl Steinthal I met in Paris three years ago."

"Ah," cried the stranger, with a little smile as he motioned Gawain to keep silent, for the latter was beginning to expostulate angrily with his chum. "You say I am not the Karl Steinthal you met in Paris. That is quite true, my good friend, since I have never been in Paris or have never seen you before; but—" with a quiet smile—"that does not prove that my name is not Karl Steinthal, or that I am not Captain Gawain's cousin."

O'Rorke flushed hotly as he realised the false step he had made, and his blood boiled with indignation at the fellow's cool manner. He glanced at Gawain, but the latter was looking away from him with a vexed frown on his face, so with a rueful shrug of his shoulders O'Rorke swallowed his pride and anger, and apologised for his mistake.

Steinthal gracefully waved the apology aside and began a lively and amusing account of his journey to Ramghur. But O'Rorke could see that his words still rankled, and Steinthal's manner, although open and friendly to his cousin, changed when he addressed him. There was a spirit of antagonism between the two men that made itself felt in an under-current through their conversation. As for O'Rorke he had conceived a sudden dislike for the stranger as soon as his eyes fell upon him, and try as he would he could not rid himself of the idea that the fellow was an impostor.

O'Rorke was glad when Steinthal, pleading fatigue, betook himself to bed, and so left the two friends alone.

"Gawain," said O'Rorke suddenly, "I don't like that fellow."

"Umph," grunted Gawain, frowning as he bent over some official papers.

"And he doesn't like me," continued O'Rorke, musingly.

"Well, my dear fellow, I'm not surprised," said Gawain, coldly. "It's not very pleasant to be looked upon as an impostor the moment you come into a strange place."

There was a silence for a few minutes. Gawain was busy with his papers, while O'Rorke smoked vigorously.

"Gawain," he began again.

"What?" asked Gawain, impatiently.

"Did you notice that fellow's eyebrows?"

"His eyebrows? No," replied Gawain.

"Well, they meet," said O'Rorke, slowly.

"My dear fellow, supposing they do,"

cried Gawain, with some irritation. "What does it matter?"

"Yes, but do you remember the Fakir's prophecy," said O'Rorke.

"Good heavens, O'Rorke," cried Gawain now thoroughly angry. "Are you mad? Do you know what you insinuate against my cousin?"

"Yes, if he is your cousin," said O'Rorke, doggedly. "Only you see I don't believe he is."

"Pon my word, O'Rorke, I believe the hot weather has affected your brain," said Gawain, angrily. "What foundation have you for such an idea."

"I don't trust the fellow," replied O'Rorke. "And, besides, he's not the Karl Steinthal I met in Paris, and I am positive—"

"Rot," interrupted Gawain. "The name may be fairly common among Germans."

"Yes—but—"

"Look here, O'Rorke," said Gawain, sternly. "Once for all, I don't believe your absurd ideas and superstitions. That man is my cousin and guest, and I must ask you to treat him as such."

"And if I don't?" said O'Rorke, an angry flush mounting to his face.

"Then I'm sorry, but you must find quarters elsewhere," said Gawain coldly, as he gathered up his papers.

O'Rorke looked at his friend in silence for a few minutes; then he gave an awkward little laugh.

"Surely, Gawain," he said slowly, "we aren't going to quarrel over the fellow."

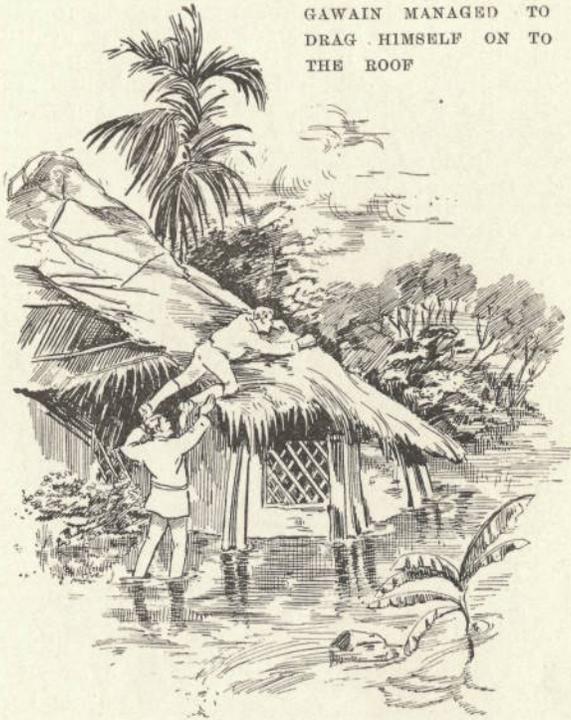
"We shall certainly quarrel," retorted Gawain, "if you persist in acting like an overgrown schoolboy, and insulting my cousin with your absurd suspicions."

And with that he took up his papers and left the room.

O'Rorke sat smoking with a frown on his boyish face. He did not know whether he felt more vexed with himself or his friend. He called himself a suspicious fool, and yet he was forced to admit that the Fakir's words were being strangely fulfilled.

"For the beggar is coming between

BY A GREAT EFFORT
GAWAIN MANAGED TO
DRAG HIMSELF ON TO
THE ROOF



Gawain and me," he muttered, savagely. The young soldier thought the world of his clever and brilliant chum, and had Gawain known how much he secretly worried over that Fakir's prophecy he would have been less inclined to laugh at what he considered his friend's folly.

* * *

CHAPTER III.

To O'Rorke's disgust Steinthal did not seem to mind the hot weather in the very least and much preferred the bungalow in Ramghur to a cooler dwelling on the hills. So the young fellow had to make the best of it and be as civil as possible to his friend's cousin. Steinthal made himself very popular in the station, but to O'Rorke he was always stiff and cold, and O'Rorke, for his part, avoided him, with the result that he saw comparatively little of his chum Gawain, and quite unconsciously they drifted away from each other.

Weeks passed away; the hot weather was over; and September had come with its mists and rains, and still Steinthal continued his stay.

One evening when O'Rorke returned from a long ride he was met by Gawain,

who had an eager light in his keen grey eyes.

"O'Rorke," he cried, flourishing a blue official envelope, "I have to start for Garhwal at once with Colonel Collins. There has been a tremendous landslip in the mountains—a most extraordinary catastrophe, for a big hill has toppled over and jammed up the end of the valley and turned the river into a lake."

"Well, does that matter?" asked O'Rorke.

"Matter!" impatiently. "when the rains have come and the lake is steadily rising and may burst and overflow a hundred and fifty miles of country."

O'Rorke whistled softly as he took in the situation; then a slight shudder ran through him as the Fakir's words came back to his mind: "Yea, I smell death—heaven in the rushing waters." Good heavens! it was coming horribly true.

"I must be off to-morrow," continued Gawain quickly. "I have any amount to do and heaps of things to get, for it is a deserted place where there are no supplies."

"So I shall have Steinthal all to myself," said O'Rorke slowly.

Gawain turned quickly.

"Steinthal is going with me," he said.

"Going with you," repeated O'Rorke, and again in his ears rang the Fakir's words.

"Phil," he cried impulsively, "Phil, don't take that fellow with you. I've given in to you all this time and been civil to him. You might do this one thing for me."

"Hang it all, O'Rorke," cried Gawain angrily, "I thought you had got over your absurd suspicions by now."

O'Rorke did not reply and his friend swung round and went off to make the necessary preparations for his journey into Garhwal.

The following morning Gawain started and O'Rorke was left behind in the old bungalow.

Weeks passed away and he heard no news of Gawain, although he read accounts of the great flood that was expected in Garhwal when the lake burst.

Then one day, moved by a strange unaccountable feeling, he applied for leave, got men and ponies and set out for Garhwal.

After some days marching through strange, wild and solitary regions, O'Rorke

reached Chamoli where the landslip had occurred, and presently he came in sight of the lake itself. It lay calm and majestic among the mountains, its colour a limpid blue.

Close to the lake, yet far above the barrier of the dam, was a telegraph station, and further on in the distance could be seen the flat stone-roofed huts of a native village.

Between the village and the telegraph station was an encampment, a large rest house and several wooden huts.

As O'Rorke climbed the hill to the Inspector's House, Gawain appeared, followed by Blake and Hutchings of the Engineers.

"By the pipers that played before Moses, its O'Rorke," shouted Blake.

"What on earth brings you up here," cried Hutchings, while Gawain regarded him with uplifted eyebrows.

"Curiosity," said O'Rorke lightly. "I've been hearing no end of the flood that is to be, so I am mad keen to see it."

"I wonder where you are going to live," said Blake thoughtfully. "We're a tight fit already."

"Oh, I don't care where you stick me. When do you think the great water shoot will come off?"

"In about two days' time, according to the Colonel's calculations," replied Blake.

Then he and Hutchings went off leaving Gawain and O'Rorke alone. The latter was regarding O'Rorke with a smile that was very irritating.

"What on earth are you grinning at?" he demanded angrily.

"At you," replied Gawain quietly.

Then after a pause—"My dear fellow, do you think I don't see the motive of your journey up here?"

"And if you do?" said O'Rorke flushing.

"Well, it amuses me—that's all," said Gawain lightly.

For a moment O'Rorke's eyes blazed with anger; he opened his lips as if to say something, but he stopped, gave a short laugh and turned away.

The next day O'Rorke spent in riding about with young Blake and looking at the preparations which had been made for the expected flood. It was impossible to divert the water, so telegraph posts had been erected all down the valley to give warning when the lake should overflow. Pillars were placed half a mile apart to show the safe limits out of reach of the

flood and all the principal bridges were dismantled.

On the second day the rain came. There had been torrents throughout the day and in the evening it subsided to a thick penetrating mist. At seven o'clock the company, wrapped in mackintoshes, flocked in to dinner.

"Hullo, where's Gawain?" cried O'Rorke.

"He was with you this afternoon, Steinthal," said Blake.

"Yes," said Steinthal, "but he left me to deliver a message."

"Oh, he'll turn up soon," said Blake.

At that moment the telegraph boy's cry was heard outside, and a message was handed to the Colonel.

He read it and then rose hastily.

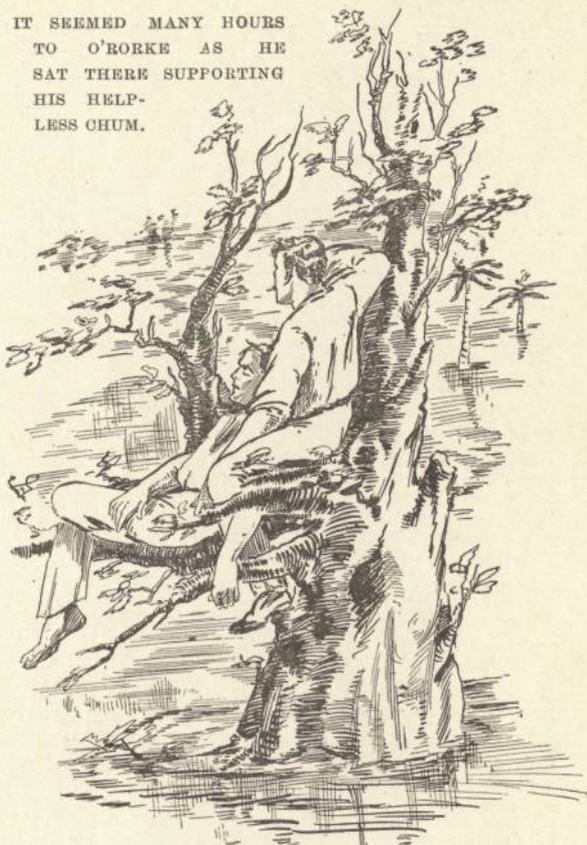
"The lake will escape in an hour," he said. "I am going up to the dam."

He left the tent followed by Hutchings and Blake. O'Rorke feeling strangely anxious turned to question Steinthal about

Gawain, but the former had disappeared. He learned, however, from one of the men that Gawain was last seen riding down the valley, so seizing a hurricane lantern he dashed off in search of his friend. The mist was thick and heavy and O'Rorke could hardly see the great lights flaming at the posts all the way down the river bed. They twinkled like stars in the darkness and afar off came the distant roar from the imprisoned lake. O'Rorke rushed down through a deep defile, below the limit of safety, past a deserted hut, drawn on by some irresistible impulse.

Then through the red mist created by the lantern's light he saw a dark figure lying on the rocky ground before him half buried beneath the body of a dead horse. With a groan O'Rorke dropped on his knees beside it. It was Gawain. With infinite difficulty O'Rorke managed to drag his friend free from the horse, and then as he forced a few drops of brandy

IT SEEMED MANY HOURS
TO O'RORKE AS HE
SAT THERE SUPPORTING
HIS HELP-
LESS CHUM.



down his throat Gawain opened his eyes.

"O'Rorke," he muttered feebly. Then getting up and seeming to gather strength. "O'Rorke, you must get out of this. The Colonel said the dam would break tonight and all this part will be flooded."

"I know," said O'Rorke quietly. "Can you stand up. I will help—"

"No you won't," interrupted Gawain sharply. "It's no use, Barney. I am done for. I can't move a leg. Clear out of this while there is time."

For answer O'Rorke, after fastening the lantern to his belt, stooped down, lifted Gawain in his arms and began to stagger up the slope.

"Put me down, you idiot," cried Gawain hoarsely. Then his voice softened. "Barney, we can't both get up in time. Put me down like a good fellow."

"Shut up" muttered O'Rorke as he staggered on, his breath coming and going in gasps, while beads of perspiration stood

on his forehead. Then suddenly in the distance came a loud report, a great rumble as of thunder reverberating among the hills, and both men knew that the dam had burst and the water of the lake was free. A moment more and O'Rorke was nearly knocked off his feet by a wave of cold water.

Then Gawain spoke.

"Barney—the hut—there is one chance for you—for us," he added hastily, recognising the fact that O'Rorke would not save himself alone. "If we can get on to the roof."

They were near the deserted hut which O'Rorke had passed on his way down and he at once struggled towards it. By a great effort, and helped by O'Rorke, Gawain managed to drag himself on to the roof and O'Rorke climbed up after him.

"The hut's sure to go," gasped Gawain breathlessly, "but we may be carried along and get caught in some trees lower down—it's our only chance."

The hut which had been rocking and swinging in the midst of the whirling water now gave a wild lunge and went half under water. For a moment both men thought their hour had come, but it righted itself, spun slowly round and went down the bosom of that dark rushing current.

O'Rorke had flung his arm round Gawain at the first shock, for the latter was almost too exhausted with pain to keep a firm hold, and so clinging together the two men were whirled on to what both believed to be their death. Again and again they were nearly washed off by the waves that broke over them. What a night it was—black as ink, and around them raged the savage waters, carrying in their wake trees, logs and broken branches.

At first they did not speak, and O'Rorke almost thought his companion was unconscious, when suddenly he broke the silence.

"Barney," he said slowly, "I thought over things a great deal when I was lying helpless in that valley down there, and I've come to the conclusion that I've been rather a beast. For one thing I was wrong about your motive in coming up here, but I never guessed you thought anything about the other part of the old Fakir's prophecy—I mean the dark chap who was to bring about my death. I thought you had come up here to prove

you were right, to prove that Steinthal was an impostor. I—I—you see—oh, hang it—I mean I didn't think you cared so much about—about. Oh, I was a beast, Barney."

"Rot," said O'Rorke, emphatically. "But how did you get down in that place?"

"Lost my way in the mist. Pepperpot shied, you see, and over I went," said Gawain.

"You were alone?"

"Yes. Steinthal was with me in the early part of the afternoon, but he went back to camp."

O'Rorke broke into a laugh that startled his companion.

"Oh, Phil," he cried, and his voice still held the sound of laughter, "I have been a fool. Do you know when I found you there I thought Steinthal had played you some cowardly trick and thrown you over."

"Yes, but you are wrong about Steinthal," said Gawain quickly. "I know he is a rather stiff sort of fellow and he hasn't forgiven you for calling him an impostor, but he is my cousin right enough; he soon proved that to me."

O'Rorke gave a disgusted little grunt.

"I've been an utter fool, Phil," he said, contritely, "but I bothered so much over that wretched prophecy that when Steinthal turned up—well—I thought the whole thing was coming true. Hang it! I was a fool; no wonder you laughed."

"But if I had known everything I don't think I should have laughed," said Gawain quietly; "and if you hadn't been a fool as you call yourself I should have been a dead man by now."

"But we aren't out of the wood yet," said O'Rorke, as the roof gave a lurch and a great wave dashed over their heads. Then suddenly it caught in the outspreading boughs of a strong tree and for a moment stuck fast. Quick as lightning O'Rorke swung himself up into its branches and in a few seconds had hauled Gawain up beside him. The latter had just strength left to grasp the nearest bough, but once up he became unconscious and would have fallen but for O'Rorke's protecting arm. The next moment the roof was freed from the obstructing branches and went whirling down the current. It seemed many hours to O'Rorke as he sat there supporting his helpless chum before a welcome shout sounded in the distance and a rescue

party, headed by the Colonel, soon brought them back to safety.

The next day O'Rorke was none the worse for his adventure, but a broken leg kept Gawain a prisoner in his tent. In the early morning O'Rorke went over to see his friend. As he entered the tent he found Steinthal already there sitting by Gawain's side.

O'Rorke crossed over to him at once. "Steinthal," he said quickly, flushing as he spoke. "I've thought confoundedly bad things of you, but I'm sorry. Will you shake hands?"

Steinthal faced O'Rorke squarely and his eyes brightened.

"I'm proud to shake hands with you," he said in his stiff, formal way, but there was no mistaking the genuine ring in his voice or the hearty grip of his hand.

"Gawain has been telling me how you saved his life."

"Oh, rubbish!" cried O'Rorke in some embarrassment. "But, honour bright, I've been an utter fool."

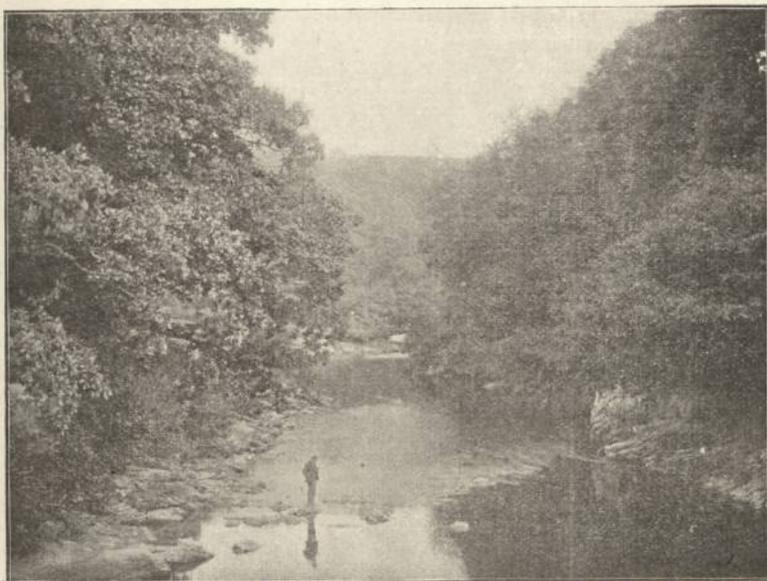
"It strikes me we've been a pair of fools," chuckled Gawain from his couch.

And O'Rorke laughed too, and it was good to hear them.

"Well, I've done with Fakirs and prophecies after this," said O'Rorke suddenly, "only I shouldn't mind meeting that particular Fakir, for I'd give him a jolly good hiding."

"I wouldn't," chuckled Gawain, "I'd give him twenty rupees."

And Steinthal looked at first one and then the other laughing face in puzzled surprise.



ANIMALS THAT ENJOY WINTER.

WHEN the grip of black frost tightens on the land, and turns the sippy garden-beds and clayey plough-lands to iron, tender hearts are sorry for the song-birds whose delicate beaks cannot pierce the frozen soil. And many imagine that all wild birds suffer alike.

But this is a mistake. For many of the furred, and some even of the feathered, tribes the frost and snow have no terrors. Though the inland lakes and ponds ring with steel upon ice, and the mud on the river banks is solid, the flats of the great salt estuaries on our coast are always soft. Each rising tide loosens the frost king's fetters. Here feed in comfort all the thousands of water birds which visit us in winter-time—wild geese, curlew, duck, widgeon, plover, besides gulls of many different sorts. The lug-worms are as plentiful here as ever, and as near the surface.

Inland, the hawks grow fat in snow-time. The kestrel finds the snow a capital background against which to view the small fry he feeds on, whilst the sparrow-hawk quarters over the leeward side of the ricks and copses, watching for the sparrows and chaffinches as they slip in and out of shelter. All the weasel tribe rejoice. The snow crust which bears the sinuous stoat breaks under the plump bunny, and makes the chase—so stern a one in summer—short and, for the hunter, sweet.

To none more than to the domestic pussy does the cold bring joy. It is her game season. Wild birds of many sorts, in the summer shy inhabitants of the woodlands, swarm into suburban gardens, and prove easier prey than the elusive sparrow.

Dogs revel in the clear, bright days of frost. Even short-coated fox-terriers never seem to feel the cold, but scamper madly over the stiff grass. And St. Bernards lose their summer sleepiness and roll delightedly in the powdery snow.

The short, dark winter days of Canada's great North-West hold no terrors for at least one creature. This is the wolverine, an ugly, bear-like beast, hated and feared

by the trappers with a terror that is half superstition. Unseen himself, he follows the hunters and watches them as they set their traps, which they do in a long line extending sometimes as much as thirty miles through the dense evergreen forest. These he visits before the grey winter dawn has broken, and carefully extracts therefrom the bait, himself far too cunning to risk capture. Or, if the trap already holds a captive, mink or ermine, this, too, he tears away and devours at a safe distance. Many of the stories told of this "incarnate appetite," the greediest, most powerful, and suspicious creature of its size known.

In the far north of the same vast solitudes the musk-ox lives and flourishes all the year round. Fifty below zero is a matter of indifference to this quaint animal with his immensely thick furry coat. His sharp hoofs are suited to perfection for scraping away the deep snow, and laying bare the thick lichen and moss below it. Nothing but warmth worries the little musk-ox. Mere freezing-point is to him a Turkish bath.

Another victim to warmth is the llama, yet it lives in latitudes which maps mark as tropical. It seeks a congenial atmosphere high on the windy tablelands of the Andes, and there proves itself invaluable to the natives. Water and food seem matters of quite secondary importance to the llama, which carries its burden uncomplainingly where even mules pant with distress in the thin atmosphere of the giant mountains. The camel of the mountain, as the llama is called, small as he is, will carry a load of a hundred pounds.

Dozens of different creatures happily doze the winter away—bats and bears, dormice, and many others. One of the least known, and yet most interesting of these, is the hamster. This little brute is the most savage and unsociable creature known. Each in a separate hole far under ground, the hamster alternately sleeps on a couch of dry grass, or wakes to stuff himself almost to bursting with the great store of corn and beans he has laid up in his winter larder. Winter is for him the season to rest and grow fat.