

Platinum Punch

A JAMAICA PUBLICATION

VOL. I. No. 6

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PLANTERS' PUNCH

MIXED BY

HERBERT G. DE LISSER, C.M.G.

Vol. I. No. 6

For the Year 1925—26

The CITADEL OR THE RING OF DESSALINES

By JOSEPH HUSBAND, author of "High Hurdles," "A Year in the Navy," Etc.

CHAPTER I

FROM the high bulwark in the waist of the brig John Bush watched the boat of Monsieur Samatan pull steadily toward the shore. Day had ended in a flare of golden flame behind the towering black silhouette of Le Morne du Cap, and with tropic suddenness the night had fallen, a clear transparent night bright with starshine. Under the dark foot of the mountain a few lights in Cap Francaise shone yellow and distant. The sea was black and smooth and the air so still that faint sounds in the town were now and then audible although the brig swung at her cable a mile offshore. In the unbroken silence of the night Bush heard the creak and clump of the boat's oars grow faint and distant; with his forearms on the bulwark and his square chin resting on his hands he watched it disappear in the shadows of the shore. Forward in the galley the cook began to sing a droning negro melody.

But quite at variance with the peace of the pleasant evening were the thoughts that were troubling the brain of John Bush at the close of this seventh day of December in the year 1814. To be sure he was at anchor, and beneath his feet was the cargo which almost four weeks before he had taken on board at the ice-encrusted wharf beside his uncle's Philadelphia warehouse for delivery at Le Cap in French Haitian Santo Domingo. Like soft yellow stars beneath the mountain were the lights of his destination. To-morrow, if all went well, he would lie in close to the town and from opened hatches discharge his cargo, five hundred barrels of flour, an equal number of barrels of dry herrings in coarse salt, lard, barrel-staves and hams. And, if all went well, he would load with hogsheads of glasses ("thick, red and of good flavour," his uncle had specified), raw creole sugar ("coarse, pale red grains with no gray") and as many barrels of coffee as he could obtain. Perhaps he could pick up some soap and if there was still a credit balance he would take it in piastre gourds.

"If all goes well," he added.

John Bush walked across the deck and studied the bright horizon toward the sea. In the east a headland lifted a smooth black cone, and behind it was a whitening of the sky that told him the moon was rising. There were no riding lights on the brig for prying eyes from the sea to observe, but the moon would disclose him; he regretted that he had not anchored closer to the town. Out there to the north, somewhere beyond the empty horizon, was the frigate he had eluded. That was four days ago and perhaps even now she might be at anchor in the harbour of Port Royal. It was more than likely. He smiled at the thought of her swelling canvas and the English flag, a red spurt of bunting that had snapped out suddenly when he had hoisted his own colours. The *Lucy* had shown her heels, and not a shot fired; no need to disclose the presence of her guns as long as the wind held.

If the frigate should suddenly appear? He had anticipated his action. It would be a case of slipping his cables and making a run for it. At all events he would do well to attend to his business with promptitude. Monsieur Samatan had urged it. The lean black merchant had no desire to see a profitable transaction interrupted by British men-of-war. What would they do to Bush? He had shrugged his shoulders, expressing his inability to become concerned; that was Bush's problem. Some rotting hulk, per-

haps, or Dartmoor. At all events it would be the end of the Yankee brig *Lucy*, and it would terminate with embarrassing abruptness the career of John Bush, captain and merchant, and also the liberty of the twelve Americans who constituted his crew. Altogether considered, French Santo Domingo was not so safe as the open sea.

Again he studied the horizon. The long black line of the sea stretched unbroken. With sudden resolution he walked to the companionway and ran lightly down the steep stairs to his cabin. It was a large room occupying the entire stern. A heavy Turkey carpet covered the deck and the woodwork was of yellow mahogany. Damask curtains were

This novel, which deals with Haitian life, is one of the most powerful ever written by Mr. Joseph Husband, a celebrated novelist. Haiti is Jamaica's next door neighbour, but few persons here probably know that after the Haitians revolted against the French, and drove them out, the country was divided in two. In the north a Haitian Kingdom was set up, and in the south a Republic. "The Citadel" is a moving and dramatic story whose scene is laid in the north; the incidents related took place in the reign of the second Haitian sovereign, Henri I. It may be remarked here that after the death of Henri the whole of Haiti was reunited under a Republic.

Readers of Planters' Punch will be grateful that we have secured this splendid tale of an important West Indian island for the present impression.

His dressing completed, he put out the candles which swung from brass gimbals against the panels and climbed the companionway to the deck.

"Luke!" he called.

From the forecastle hatch a great negro appeared and came toward him with a quick lithe stride that seemed almost animal, a suggestion heightened by the soft pat-pat of his bare feet on the deck.

"The boat. I am going ashore."

The man swung over the bulwark and lowered himself to the chains. Then he reappeared, a painter in his hand, and drew the boat forward to the gangway. Bush seated himself in the sternsheets.

"Huggett!" he called.

A man's head appeared above the rail and looked down, peering into the darkness.

"I am going to the town. I shall return in two hours. You know the orders if anything happens."

The head nodded violently, the tarred cue bobbing at his neck. "Aye, aye, sir."

Over his shoulder Bush watched the *Lucy* with a curious emotion that came over him every time he left her. The moon was up and in the soft white light the brig stood sharply defined, a clean-cut hull with two tall tapering masts rising incredibly high above her narrow deck. She had served him well, he thought. The small fortune that he possessed was due to her. If this voyage prospered . . .

The boat bumped against the landing.

"Two hours, Luke. Wait!" The great negro nodded and made a chuckling sound in his throat. He was a mute, for his tongue had been cut off by an officer of Dessalines as punishment for his refusal to disclose the hiding-place of his French master when, the French having been finally expelled from the island in 1804, a general massacre was ordered of all those who were suspected of having connived in the acts of the expelled army. But Bush had discounted his disability in the light of his personal devotion, and for years the negro, a freeman, had served him like a slave.

The landing was dark, and except for the moon the town was practically unlighted. But only three squares from the water-front there was a yellow glow of candles through glassless windows and the persistent strumming of a guitar indicated the location of the Hotel de la Republique.

From the door Bush surveyed the room and its occupants. At a near-by table a group of officers of the King sat clustered, their black faces, heavy lips and flattened noses in strange contrast to the gorgeous brilliance of their red coats, bullion-encrusted, and white trousers. Casually he looked about for Monsieur Samatan, but Samatan was not there. He was relieved; there was now no business obligation to detain him.

On a previous voyage to Le Cap, a couple of years past, Bush had met, at the house of Leroy Mangan, one of the white residents, his ward, a dark-eyed, slender girl whose appealing beauty and gentleness had made strong impress on his imagination. In the months that followed, his thoughts had often reverted to those few hours they had had together. Vividly he could recall a ride they had taken along a mountain road to the ruined plantation of Marchegol from which they had looked down over the town and the bay and the plains to the distant mountains. But he remembered less the beauty of the view than the low voice of Virginie Goutier as she had sat erect upon her horse and told him in liquid French words the tragic story of the country's past.



THE FIGHT ON THE RAMPARTS OF THE CITADEL BETWEEN CAPTAIN JOHN BUSH, THE AMERICAN, AND PIERRE NICHOLAS, THE HAITIAN

drawn across the four stern windows and in their middle rose the rudder case, carved and gilded like a Corinthian column. A velvet cloth covered the table, and behind the glass in a large cabinet on the port bulkhead were rows of wineglasses secured in racks. It was a luxurious cabin, more like the quarters of the officer of a great merchantman; a surprising cabin to be found in a brig of 160 tons.

FROM a locker Bush selected a pair of white Kerseymere trousers and a light blue coat, double-breasted, with brass buttons. At a glass inset in the panel of the locker he adjusted his neckpiece and brushed the heavy mass of yellow hair back from his forehead. Unconsciously he regarded himself, a well-built, thin-hipped, broad-shouldered young man of perhaps five-and-twenty, with a fine head, firm-set on a neck that inclined a little too much to heaviness; that was the only fault. His eyes were blue, wide, alert and restless; his smooth-shaven face gave prominence to a mouth large and humorous, and in the corners of the eyes were tiny wrinkles that also denoted humour.

It was she who filled his thoughts during the present voyage, and as each mile of foaming wake ran from beneath the *Lucy's* stern he felt increase in him the thrill of a new adventure, a thrill he had never before experienced, the thrill of a man who goes to meet the woman whom he loves. It was for this reason he had dressed so carefully and come ashore that evening, justifying to himself his impatience by the excuse that he hoped again to see Monsieur Samatan, which was neither true nor necessary. He glanced at the clock. It was too early to present himself at the house of Mademoiselle Goutier's guardian.

He strode between crowding tables to the far side of the room. At one of the small tables sat two negroes. They wore the white linen of the French planters and exhibited flashing jewels on black thick fingers and glittering gold fobs and chains at their waists.

"Ah, Monsieur Bush!" The elder of the two had spied him approaching and sprang from his seat to extend a welcome. "And the *Lucy*, she has carried you here? Ah, it is indeed good to see you, Monsieur le Capitaine."

Monsieur le Capitaine shook hands solemnly with his black acquaintance and as gravely received an introduction to the other. Then he tipped back in his chair and little wrinkles of a smile began to twitch the corners of his mouth.

"FORTUNE seems to have smiled on you, Monsieur Egalite. Perhaps it means that the King recognizes the worth of a loyal subject." He waved a summons to the waiter. "A bottle of French wine and glasses," he commanded.

"And Fortune has not deserted you, Monsieur Bush," Egalite answered. "There is much money to be had by those who carry desired merchandise past the guard of the English ships." He raised his glass to Bush and drank the clear yellow wine. "The King will make this fair country rich again. Great works are in progress. But it will be wealth for the black men." He gave Bush a quick glance from small red eyes. "There will be no more white rule here; no holding of lands by the white men."

Bush nodded gravely. "Perhaps, Monsieur Egalite," he said, "this millennium of which you speak will make difficult trading business as I would wish to establish here; perhaps you have in mind to have your own ships and your own merchants?"

The negro shook his head. "We must do business with you, in your way." He raised a great black hand, diamonds glittering with fleeting glints in the candlelight. "And we will be friends—but that is all!"

"His Majesty is well?" Bush changed the topic abruptly.

"Ah, yes, and the great fortress of La Ferrière! From the harbour you can see it on the mountain-top. In all the world there is no place more secure from an enemy. It is a monument to the genius of the King."

BUSH lifted his glass. "To the King, Christophe!" The three glasses met above the table.

"And how are Monsieur Mangan and his ward?"

The smile still lurked in the corners of Bush's mouth, but now a singular intensity seemed to pass across his eyes, a fleeting expression, a thought more serious to him than he cared to disclose. The suggestion, however, of a deeper significance to the simple question did not altogether escape the negro and he hesitated, as if from embarrassment, for the answer.

"My good friend, Monsieur Loup"—he nodded to his companion across the table—"can tell you more recent news of your friends. I have myself not seen Monsieur Mangan for several weeks, and Mademoiselle Virginie, it is months since I have seen her so great beauty."

"Monsieur Mangan is well." Monsieur Loup took up the conversation. "He is much occupied with the great affairs the King has placed on his shoulders. It is said that Mademoiselle is betrothed to Captain Nicholas."

The glass half lifted in Bush's hand clinked sharply on the table; his mouth set suddenly, a thin straight line above the square jaw. "And who may be Captain Nicholas?" he asked bluntly.

The broad chest of Monsieur Loup expanded and a smile disclosed his huge white teeth and fleshy gums. "Captain Nicholas is a man of much education, Monsieur Bush; for five years in Paris he enjoyed the best advantages of that centre of civilization. Here he is an honoured officer attached to the body-guard of the King. He is rich, for the King has conferred on him much land—" He paused, uncertain how to continue, but something more was straining at his lips.

"He is—" Bush spoke as if the words lay hard upon his tongue.

"He is a man of colour? Ah, oui!"

"Let us have another bottle of this most charming wine," Egalite hurriedly broke in. "It is so seldom that the daring Captain Bush comes to us." He babbled along confusedly, the French words pouring from his mouth like water from a glass.

"Of course you will understand, my dear Captain, that this is perhaps not, I would say, definitely arranged, but Monsieur Mangan enjoys much wealth and security from the King, and an alliance between

He held out his hand to Loup. "And to you I also own my gratitude for this most interesting information. May I ask you a single question before I go? What sort of man is this Captain Nicholas?"

Loup dropped his gaze before the steady stare of the blue eyes that regarded him. "Ah, a fine fellow and, as I have said, a scholar." Then the suggestion of malevolence again hardened his face and he lifted his eyes boldly. "A great swordsman and a man of the world; a gay dog, would you not agree, Monsieur Egalite?"

Bush bowed. "Good night, mes amis. I regret that I cannot remain longer with you." And with his curious swinging stride he threaded his way between chairs and tables to the door.

For five minutes at least Bush stood in an angle of a wall trying to bring to order the wild thoughts that seethed in his brain. It was very still, a breathless tropic night. The world seemed bright as day, but yet illumined by a light that disclosed only its sad beauty. Across the dirt road white walls, crumbled and scorched by flames, were half hidden by vines and flowers. Through the massive iron grille of a broken gate was a courtyard, and beyond were other walls, ruined and blackened beneath their dress of clambering green. Even the wall in whose angle he stood showed the marks of fire and violence. So it was with the whole town, he recollects. A city of ruined magnificence, buried now in luxuriant tropic verdure; a town of flimsy houses, of filth and barbaric magnificence, a town of black citizens ruled by a black despot.

CHAPTER II

A CROSS the street was the ruined mansion where but a dozen years before had lived Pauline, sister of Napoleon Bonaparte and wife of Captain-General Le Clerc, who with thirty thousand troops had come to restore the island to France. But the yellow fever and the black soldiers of the patriots virtually annihilated the picked troops of Napoleon, and the shattered remnant of the army besieged in Le Cap had finally surrendered to the English fleet in the harbour. All the tragic history of the island seemed pictured in these moonlit ruins: the early days of Spanish rule in the years following Columbus; the era of the French, that era of vast plantations and stone villas among the palm trees; and then the uprisings of the negroes and the vain expedition of the French and English to subdue the liberated slaves. And in the recent years these walls recalled names new to history, the slave who led the revolt; Dessalines, the negro Emperor who followed him, and now Henri Christophe, the King.

In the peace of the night he recalled the stories he had so often heard of that terrible year of 1793 when the slaves of Santo Domingo, rising against their masters, had made desolate the great plain, burned the villas of the French planters and left Le Cap a mass of blackened ruins. In the general massacre of the whites had perished Virginie's father, Charles Goutier, and the young English bride whom he had but two years before brought home with him from her father's station at Jamaica. What had been the association between Goutier and Leroy Mangan that caused the latter to assume charge of the infant child, Bush had never known. Spared for some reason by the blacks, Mangan had for many years following the revolt held a singular position. He was rich; he was a man of education, a Frenchman, some said a renegade-member of a noble family; and he was a friend of Christophe, the King Henri. That he and his wife had faithfully reared the child through her girlhood and provided for her everything that Mangan's great wealth could obtain no one could deny. Then, when Madame had died, Virginie had been sent away for two years' study in France. And she had been brought back to conduct the household of her benefactor, to be finally bartered, a bride to a man of colour, a helpless pawn in the intrigue of the black empire of Christophe.

As he stood in the dark angle of the wall the full horror of the situation began fully to appear to him. The words of Monsieur Loup had come with an abruptness that had stunned him. Now he was thinking more clearly. He saw the tremendous difficulties and he saw too the almost complete helplessness of the girl. Her grave dark eyes and her sensitive red mouth seemed to summon him. A new emotion, overwhelming in its intensity, swept over him.

As he strode down the street, he caught here and there through the broken walls glimpses of the harbour, brilliant in the moonlight. The road led north along the shore; then, turning sharply to the left, it climbed in a gentle grade upward toward the low foothills of Le Morne. Its rutted surface was unclean with scattered refuse that at times tainted the air and mingled its acrid smells with the odour of flowers along the way and the humid night smell of the dense vegetation.

Two gateposts of white stone flanked the entrance to the grounds of Leroy Mangan. Within, the enclosure was black with shade, but the white twist of the drive directed him. The house, which he could barely see between some giant mangoes, was a two-story building and the balconies which surrounded it were draped heavily with vines.

The black servant announced him and almost im-

A LEADING HOSTESS



MRS. HORACE V. MYERS

No one has ever seen Mrs. Horace Myers confused. Whether she is entertaining a couple of guests or a couple of hundred seems all the same to her. She frequently does both. She is one of Jamaica's leading hostesses, taking her social duties very calmly, performing them efficiently, doing her best to make others happy and finding in that a good deal of quiet happiness.

The life of a hostess on a large scale is of necessity a somewhat trying one. There are people to be met, people to make to feel at home, and the lady of the family has to meet them and put them entirely at their ease. A man's social greeting is never regarded as quite the same thing as that of the mistress of the house by the majority of people. If the lady does not make her appearance, or looks not cheerful and smiling, one feels with something of a sinking of the heart that one is not quite welcome: one is now in her special domain, and she it is who must bestow the accolade of welcome. This Mrs. Myers does in that placid, genuine manner of hers which her friends know so well and strangers instinctively appreciate. You feel that she will be distressed if you do not enjoy yourself at one of her reunions. Her thought appears to be for you individually, and this is no small tax upon a woman's resources of thoughtfulness and tact when there might be as many as two or three hundred persons present at a party lasting nearly all the night.

Mrs. Myers had the honour of entertaining the Prince of Wales at a garden party given at Wembley in the summer of 1924 by her husband and herself. At that garden party not only Jamaica but the British West Indies were represented by a large number of West Indians; but it was distinctively a Jamaica function, presided over by a Jamaica lady who, all Jamaicans feel, represented the best traditions of our Jamaica hospitality and what is best in the Jamaica character. It is something for Jamaicans to remember and be proud of.

Those who know Mrs. Myers well are agreed that one word describes her fundamental qualities: goodness. There is a natural kindness of disposition which is hers and which finds constant expression in her appreciation of others. In a world of spite and bitter gossip she is one who would rather say a nice than an unkind thing, who prefers to hear what is good than what is distasteful about other people. This is not so trivial a quality in a hostess as thoughtless persons may be inclined to believe. For how often has one not heard it said that "I feel I had hardly turned my back before I was being torn to shreds." Nothing more painful can be conceived than such a feeling, but you do not have it with some persons. Sincere people do not tear their friends and acquaintances to pieces as soon as their backs are turned, and amongst the sincere this leading hostess of Jamaica stands.

the two families could not but be fortunate."

"I have never met Captain Nicholas," Bush interrupted. "He is indeed to be congratulated." The sarcasm in his voice passed unnoticed. "I have known Mademoiselle Virginie but slightly." He rose from his chair. "Monsieur Egalite, it has been a pleasure to have seen you; we must meet again before I sail."

mediately Virginie appeared from an inner room. John Bush had remembered her beauty and her gentleness, but he stood for a moment confused and speechless as she walked toward him, her hands almost childishly extended to greet him. She was dressed in white with bare neck and shoulders around which a black lace shawl hung with clinging touch, and against her breast a single poinsettia was caught by a diamond clasp.

"Oh, it is you!" she exclaimed. "How can I tell you how glad I am to see you?" Her voice was low but it possessed a bell-like quality that gave distinctness to her words. She spoke in English with a faint French accent that was altogether delightful.

Bush caught her hands and met the frank gaze of her great dark eyes. Her lips were very red and as she spoke her small even teeth glittered with incredible whiteness. Then a self-consciousness came over him, and he pulled at his square jaw with his hand, a nervous gesture that betrayed his momentary embarrassment. She was lovely, a glorious creature; he had last seen her in her perfect girlhood, but now she was a woman, and in the depths of her eyes he saw an understanding, a realization of something of the problem of the life which in her had reached the perfect bloom.

"IT IS not for one of the Society of Friends to pay compliments to the gentler sex," he laughed, with a twist of his lips as he spoke; "but having so far separated myself, by force of circumstances, from that sect, I will not hesitate to crave your pardon for my awkwardness, which can be blamed to nothing but yourself."

"To me? I did not think you awkward. But if you were, in some way, why do you blame it on me?"

He saw a glimmer of laughter in her eyes.

"Mademoiselle, will you make it harder for me, a humble Quaker captain of a trading brig? Must I tell you why?"

He half-seated himself on the table behind him that he might the better watch her as he spoke.

"I require it," she replied.

"Then, it is because I am overwhelmed to find you as you are. In this sad country it is indeed a rose that blooms beneath the roof of Leroy Mangan."

"Is it this Society of Friends that has taught you the phrases of the King's court?"

Bush felt the topic was leading him beyond his depth. "Come," he said. "Can we not sit and talk for a while? I would like to learn of all that has happened to you since we last met. These have been long years, although few."

She beckoned with a slight gesture and they crossed the room to a doorway that opened on the garden behind the house. In the soft light of the dozen candles that burned in a candelabrum within a huge glass globe on the table he saw at his side the white smoothness of her bare shoulders, the fine poise of the slender neck and the curves of her breast that rose and fell beneath the crimson blossom of the poinsettia. Emotion seized him. He dared not think of Nicholas; he dared not mention again the name of Mangan; he felt the cords of his neck tense with anger.

They sat down on a garden seat in the moonlight, each conscious of a vague sentiment that surrounded them, a sentiment young and fragrant as the sweet odours that hung on the still night air. Had he been given to self-analysis he would have recognized the fact that he had fallen irrevocably in love with this slender, dark-eyed girl beside him, that the vague memories of the last two years were to-night crystallized into a splendid reality. Alone in a world of adventure, he had cherished her delicate memory as a man in solitude will sentimentalize about the picture of an unknown and beautiful woman. But here was the reality; the moonlight touched the white shoulders of the girl of whom he had dreamed in those long dark hours when he had paced the narrow deck of the *Lucy*. Beneath those white shoulders was a warm, living body, and in her quick glances in the lighted room he had recognized a woman to whom thoughts of love and romance were frequent visitors.

"ARE you happy, Virginie?" It was the first time he had called her by that name.

She looked at him, startled, her face in the shadow, the moon glinting through her hair.

"Do you know? Have you heard something that made you ask that?"

"Yes. How can I serve you?"

She was silent for a moment. Then her head drooped and she buried her face in her slim hands. "Oh, how alone I am, how miserable, and how helpless! It is his will. There is no escape."

He caught her hand in his, and lifted the fingers, moist with tears, to his lips.

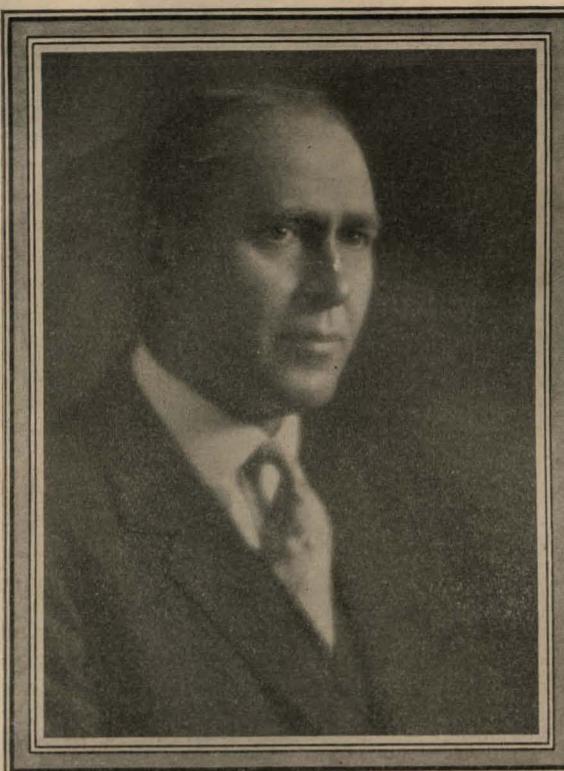
"Virginie, some way can be found. Be brave. Resist a little longer."

There was a sound behind them, a footfall within the house. A chair grated as it was jostled on the floor. A shadow flickered across the candlelight.

Virginie rose to her feet. "Quick, monsieur! We must not be found here. It is my guardian; he has returned early. Can you forget what has been spoken? It is best so."

He leaned over her, his mouth seeking her ear until he felt her hair against his cheek and sensed

A GREAT ORGANIZER



MR. VICTOR M. CUTTER

With the death of Mr. Andrew W. Preston, Mr. Victor M. Cutter became President of the United Fruit Company. It is a position to which Mr. Cutter must have looked forward with legitimate ambition, setting himself with characteristic energy and thoroughness to become qualified for its onerous duties and responsibilities. Mr. Cutter is of the younger or second generation of the men who have made the United Fruit Company famous in the United States and Caribbean regions; and like many of this second generation of industrial captains he is a college graduate; he belongs to the ranks of those whose intellectual foundations were laid in a scholastic atmosphere before they went out into the world to make their fortune.

Certainly, his college training and experience did not detrimentally affect Mr. Cutter's mental capacity or paralyse his energy. As a young man in the banana fields of Costa Rica, and afterwards in a more responsible position in Jamaica, he displayed marked ability and developed a character showing the capacity expected in those who win to the command and the direction of considerable enterprises.

When he became one of the Vice-Presidents of the United Fruit Company, and was placed in charge of its tropical division, there were many who saw in him Mr. Preston's future successor as President of the United Fruit Company; and it may be doubted if he would have remained with the Company had he eventually failed to obtain that position. He would probably have regarded his passing over as indicating lack of confidence in him, and he is of the type of man who can only do his best and be content when he feels that he has the implicit confidence of those whom he serves.

When Mr. Cutter was about to leave Dartmouth College the Acting Secretary of that Institution sent a letter to Mr. Andrew W. Preston, then President of the United Fruit Company, recommending Mr. Cutter to that gentleman's attention. Amongst other things that letter said:

"He is an unusual man in that, in speaking of his characteristics, no reservations have to be made. I should like to call your attention to the following characteristics:

"He is an exceptional student, having been graduated from the college with honours.

"He is an indefatigable worker, putting all his energy into whatever he undertakes. He is a man of absolute integrity and of unlimited trustworthiness.

"He is a man of resource, having earned his way through college."

Mr. Preston decided to give a trial to a young man about whom anyone could write so well as this, and young Cutter was sent to the swamps and banana fields of Costa Rica to fail or make good according to his capacity. The fact that to-day he sits in the chair so long and honourably occupied by Mr. Andrew Preston is a sufficient commentary on the truth of what had been written of him at the end of his college career, and on his developed character.

its fragrance. "I shall never forget. I, too, am alone. But there is a way, and I shall find it."

Leroy Mangan stood, a black shadow, in the doorway.

"Virginie!" he called.

"I am here, uncle." They had risen from the seat and were already on the terrace. "Who do you think is here? It is Captain Bush of Philadelphia; it is two years since we last saw him!"

Mangan bowed stiffly. He was a tall, lean man

with a narrow face beneath his long grey hair. The mouth was the striking feature, a small mouth with a loose, sensuous lower lip. His black clothes were severe and unrelieved by ornament except at the throat, where a single emerald in a heavy fold setting gleamed like an eye against the whiteness of his fluted stock.

John Bush recalled the sinister face, but now, in the light of his recent information, it assumed an evil aspect that he had not previously attached to it. He remembered Mangan, not so gray or lean, as an austere, cold man of faultless formal courtesy.

In the awkward pause Virginie felt a situation developing; with an apparently unconscious movement she put her hand on Mangan's shoulder.

"May we not invite the captain to stay with us a little longer? He had hoped to find you. I am sure he must have interesting news of the war and of America."

Mangan took a step to the side of the doorway. "I regret," he said, "that the hour is so late. Captain Bush realizes that conditions at Le Cap are far from desirable for those who walk its streets after sunset. I am sure he will find his ship a more desirable place in which to spend his evenings."

A flare of heat burned in Bush's cheeks; he felt his neck tighten and his hands tremble with anger. For a flashing second his one desire was to strike the expressionless face that calmly regarded him. But all he did was to bow and then to send from his steady blue eyes one penetrating look into the eyes of Mangan. If he had expected them to drop before that look of disgust and hate he was mistaken. The imperturbable face was masklike. For the sake of the girl whose delicate hand rested on this creature's arm he resisted his impulse.

"Mademoiselle," he said slowly, with the quaint drawl of his people, "I shall accept the advice of Monsieur Mangan. It is perhaps best that so pleasant an evening should not last too long."

As he turned to cross the room their eyes for a passing moment met, and in that quick glance Bush read her appeal of entreaty and fear. It was the look of a hunted creature, a look that haunted him far into the future.

CHAPTER III

JOHN BUSH went ashore the following morning shortly after sunrise, but even at that early hour the heat was beginning to quiver over the marshes south of the town and the air in the streets was hot and lifeless. As Luke rowed him in from the brig he had noticed with interest the square structure that capped one of the high peaks of the mountain range that lifted its serrate wall beyond the flat sweep of the plain, perhaps thirty miles away. It was the great fortress of the King of which Egalite had spoken, a tremendous stronghold perched on the peak of a mountain three thousand feet above the surrounding valleys.

In the strong morning light the town of Le Cap disclosed its squalor and desolation. Everywhere ruined stone walls, smoked and scorched, recalled the one-time splendour of the French city. The Hôtel de la République was deserted and the dark low room was cool and odorous of last night's hospitality. Bush took a seat by the door and a few minutes later Monsieur Samatan crossed the threshold. The merchant was a tall, well-built mulatto with regular features and straight black hair. His even teeth of glistening whiteness emphasized the frequent smile that hovered beneath his waxed mustaches, and a small goatee gave to his fine thin face an air of distinction. Monsieur Samatan was perhaps fifty years old, a man of culture, of immense power in the community, due to his wealth and the high regard which was everywhere accorded him. He wore a striped blue and white suit of fine linen, and as he sat down across the table from Bush he removed the huge straw hat which almost concealed his face beneath its voluminous drooping brim. For an hour they discussed the negotiation of the *Lucy's* cargo and, arriving at terms mutually agreeable, sealed it with pale rum and water.

Five days later John Bush again found himself in the Hôtel de la République. During those five days he had laboured relentlessly, and not only was the *Lucy's* cargo now safe in the ample warehouse of Monsieur Samatan but already a small part of the coffee he had purchased was between the decks.

In these five busy days Bush had not again seen Virginie Goutier; but the thought of her was never long from his mind. Time did not heal the smart of Monsieur Mangan's courtesy. He had restrained himself that evening when Mangan had shown him to the door, with the realization that only evil could come from violence and that Virginie's happiness and safety would be jeopardized by an open break between himself and her guardian.

It was seven in the evening when he left the warehouse of Monsieur Samatan with the intention of going immediately on board the *Lucy*, which was anchored no more than half mile from the landing. But as he turned down the long straight street that ran parallel with the water-front he saw black clouds piled high against the distant mountain and the flicker of lightning warned him that within per-

(Continued on Page 14.)

The Fair Daughters of

And nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her 'prentice hand she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses O—*Burns.*



MISS MAJORIE HONIBALL



MISS GWENDOLYN BURKE



MISS DOROTHY JOYCE MORRISON

THE Beauty Pages of "Planters' Punch" contain this year the pictures of a small group of Jamaica belles, a few selected from the many who also might well have been chosen as representatives of our island's grace and beauty.

Where there are ten there might easily have been twenty or forty; names and faces throng to the mind as one rapidly reviews the field of beauty, with a pang of regret that compelling exigencies of space made it imperative to exclude, this year, so many who have so excellent a right to be classed amongst the finest and fairest daughters of Jamaica.

The people of Jamaica have often been represented as peasants merely, the women shown pictorially have mostly been women of the working classes. Sturdy dames trudging it down to a market town, balancing great loads of provisions on their heads; laughing damsels washing clothes by the riverside; giggling servant girls saying eternally that "the heatment is greatment"—these have been shown again and again, and the outsider who has never been to Jamaica may well be excused for believing that the colony has no other women to show, can boast of no daughters to compare with those of northern countries. The pictorial representation of Jamaica life in the past has been largely in the direction of burlesque. The other side of the picture has hardly ever been seen. "Planters' Punch" in the future will emphasise it.

Other pictures of fair ladies will appear from time to time in "Planters' Punch." There will be other Beauty Pages. But we may claim to have begun well, and we are proud of our selection.

YOU couldn't find a prettier or better dressed collection of girls anywhere," said an American visitor to Jamaica after witnessing a big dance at the Liguanea Club. Others have said the same thing again and again when they have seen the Jamaica belles assemble in all their glory at some ball at the Myrtle Bank Hotel or other social centre of the colony's life.

Numerous and evidently sincere are the compliments thus showered upon the women of Jamaica; their taste in dressing is extolled; their grace of form and attractiveness of feature win the admiration of the visitor from other lands. Yet Jamaica has never taken herself seriously for the beauty of her women or prided herself upon their taste in personal adornment. She has been modest where she might have been pardonably vain.

Amongst the Caribbean countries Costa Rica it is which is spoken of as the land of fair women. Constantly one hears of the pretty girls of that little republic, and the palm which Costa Rica has claimed for itself has been accorded to it without a murmur. And Cuba preens itself upon the dressing of

its señoritas and señoritas; Cuba with its wealth, its latest fashions from Paris, its profusion of jewels, its studied endeavour to be the centre of pleasure, gaiety and beauty among the Caribbean countries. How could Jamaica compete with Costa Rica, how with Cuba? That has been the unspoken question of Jamaicans. But men from the North, Americans and English, take quite another view. They see the beauty of the Jamaica women; they perceive their grace and style. They say that these girls of a country never renowned for wealth dress exquisitely. And some of them have been to Costa Rica and have visited Cuba's world-renowned capital.

THE Jamaica girl, or the girl long resident in Jamaica, has a manner all her own. She is a trifle languorous, her languor being born of the sun and of the necessity for slow and even movement; she seems rather to be floating than energetically pushing her way through life; she is bright but not strenuous; active too, when there is reason for activity, but never perfervid. From the earliest days it was said of her that her one passion was dancing, and to this moment it remains true that she will sometimes dance from sundown to sunrise, and will be ready at sundown to begin dancing again. But the times have changed and she has changed with them. No longer does she loll in bed all day to rest and recuperate for the real business of the night, a continuous moving to seductive music. Life in the twentieth century, even in Jamaica, will not permit of that. A few there may be who can afford to let the hours wing their way unheeded; the most of them must work at some occupation. And the wonder of it is that they will dance night after night, though not till sunrise, and wake betimes the next morning to undertake their daily tasks. Thus they may well evoke admiration, and not merely for their looks. There is the sterling stuff of sound womanhood in the Jamaica maiden.

THE "best people" are not necessarily the richest; they may belong to families that are poor or of moderate means, as well as wealthy. But by their manners and appearance you shall know them; by the outward but unconscious expression of breeding are they to be recognized. Some of the girls of Jamaica, the girls "in society," may be the daughters of men with incomes of thousands of pounds a year. Others may be the daughters of men with salaries computed only by hundreds. But no line can be drawn between those better-off and those not so well-off; the foot-rule of wealth is not applied here: that would be ridiculous. In this respect at least there is a true democracy; but it is a very high level of democracy. Or perhaps it would be more correct to say that in this connection there is a right conception of aristocracy, a conception which judges by standards unconnected with mere money, but insistent on refinement and on personal worth. Wealthy or of but moderate means, the gentlefolk of Jamaica have a feeling of personal worth, and it is among the girls that we see its finest expression. In some it is, perhaps, a little too dominant. There is a suggestion of arrogance in these; but of the majority this is not true. There may be vanity in all. But who would blame a beauty for being somewhat vain?



MISS VIVIENNE WESTMORLAND



MISS KATHLEEN DOUGALL

Jamaica: Characteristics

MONEY, however, and other circumstances play their part in Jamaica Society. This is really divided into many societies, but there are no unpassable barriers between these; the barriers indeed are impalpable and easily crossed. With but ordinary means you cannot have a host of friends. You cannot afford to have a host of friends. You must confine yourself to a fairly limited circle, having but a bowing acquaintanceship with others of much the same social though of different financial status. Thus there comes into existence what is known as social sets, or even cliques, though the word clique is harsh and unjust when used in this connection. A clique suggests a hard and exclusive number of men and women, a rigid and offensive social sectarianism. That is not very common in Jamaica, it is not the rule; there is enough good humour and good sense to temper the snobbishness which is inevitable where class distinctions have been long established and exist. In a country where a few hundred persons are absolutely the social roof and crown of things, those not of this enchanted circle simply do not count—in the opinion of those who are within the circle. But in a small country, where the fortunes of men are continually changing, and where you must meet one another in some relationship at some time, such exclusiveness is out of the question. Small societies, instead of one big Society, is a necessity created by circumstances. All these small societies may be regarded as forming the Jamaica Society, and when the younger female representatives of them gather together at some great social function they make a spectacle upon which one may look with genuine pleasure, a spectacle of youth and grace and brightness, of alluring witchery and the joy of life.

THERE is a softness about the appearance of the girl of the Jamaica better classes which perhaps would not be there did she pass more strenuous days in physical exercises. It is the softness of the balmy airs and golden warmth of the West Indian spring. It is not that she neglects health-giving pastimes: there is always tennis. In the country there are horse-riding, swimming at the seaside, other recreations. But compare the long stride of the English girl, or the quick decisive step of the American girl, with the slow sinuous movement of the Jamaica girl, and the difference leaps to the mind. It is a difference engendered by climate, which in the long run largely determines characteristics.

In former days the Jamaica girl spoke with a decided drawl, her accent was broad, flat, unpleasant to the ear. Amongst the better educated classes it is not so to-day. Of course, there is a Jamaica accent. Jamaicans themselves may not notice it, but strangers do. Education in England or Canada, however, or frequent visits abroad, and association with those from other countries, have done much to modify this accent; what is unpleasant in it has been eliminated; it is, on the whole, free from strained affections, it is natural. And the voices of these girls are usually soft, their laughter spontaneous and easily provoked. There is in them, too, an eagerness to enjoy life, a welling up of exuberant spirits, a vivid contentment with the satisfactions of the hour. The desire of the Jamaica maiden is to live every moment of her life

gaily. And why not, since youth quickly passes and the responsibilities of matronhood will come apace?

ADMIRATION, courtship, love all these things are the birthright and the heritage of the daughters of Eve, and the girls of Jamaica have their full share of them. They are as free as their sisters in England or America; some say they are more free. Here there is not, as in neighbouring Cuba or Panama, any standing of the maiden at her window to listen to the serenade of a possible lover, or to exchange a word or two with him while some watchful parent hovers in the background, visible, like a spectre at a feast. Here is no promenading in public to the music of a band, the girls all together, the men by themselves, each sex moving round and round in an opposite direction, always facing one another but exchanging never a word. Here young men and women meet and mingle freely, go bathing at Bournemouth Bath—delightful place of recreation—and dancing at Myrtle Bank Hotel or at one of the clubs for men and women; they go together to see the picture shows, motor long distances to country places, and often and often with never a chaperon. "The time for that is past," said a lady caustically not long ago, and it would seem so. There are still parents who think that where their daughters are there also should they be, but these are steadily becoming a species extinct. They belong to the ranks of those who, not so long ago, shuddered at the thought that their daughters might go out to work. But the daughters have gone out to work; they fill positions becoming to them and which they have dignified by their competence and refinement. And girls who can meet men daily and take no harm, who can hold their own with the sterner sex and win their respect, who lose nothing that is finely and sweetly feminine by embarking, however temporarily, on a career of independence and usefulness—such girls need not have guardian angels at their side every hour of the time they give to pleasure: they already have such guardian angels within them.

THE Italians of the fifteenth century, the Italians of the Renaissance, held that beauty was one of the supreme virtues, perhaps the supreme virtue. That was a purely pagan belief. But it expressed a feeling permanent in the hearts of all men; beauty will win its way when the appeal of other qualities, moral or mental, will be slow and difficult. And beauty has always sought to adorn itself appropriately, and men have willingly toiled so that their women-folk may be clothed in the splendours of the rainbow and draw homage from dazzled eyes. But Jamaica is a country on which Mammon has not smiled indulgently; so if her daughters dress so as to earn the laudation of many who see them, that is not because they spend lavishly on clothes but because of their taste and the skill of the local dressmakers. Because, also, and principally, they themselves carry off so finely what they wear.

So let Cuba boast of its jewelled señoritas and Costa Rica and other countries plume themselves upon their pretty women. Jamaica may rest content. Pride of place she yields to none, for she too may say, with a gesture of ineffable satisfaction, as she points to her girls of grace and beauty, "these are my daughters."

Oh fairest of Creation! last and best
Of all God's works! Creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet.—Milton.



MISS SYDNEY RANBY SMITH



MISS WINIFRED TALBOT-MAIS



MISS DORIS MADELINE GUNTER



MISS JOY WENTWORTH-MALABRE



MISS CHARLOTTE LOIS ROBINSON

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO AND TO-DAY

→ KINGSTON: A CENTURY'S TRANSFORMATIONS →

"THE greatest blessing that ever happened to Kingston," said Mr. George Bernard Shaw, "was the earthquake."

It was evident that the great humourist expected him to whom these words were addressed to exclaim, startled, "Oh, Mr. Shaw!" But, instead, the other man replied: "Quite true. We all think so. And now we are hoping for another." Perhaps it was Mr. Shaw who was surprised at this entirely unexpected remark, which was, however, quite untrue, for the prospect of another great earthquake and fire like that of January, 1907, would drive the people of Kingston half frantic.

Yet it is indisputable that it is by its catastrophes that Kingston has mainly benefited in the past; it takes an earthquake or a fire, or long years of violent agitation, to bring about any change in the city's appearance, for whenever Kingston has started rebuilding and improving a part of itself it has done so with the feeling that what is now accomplished will endure to the end of time.

Anything like a complete future alteration in form and style is not imagined; what is will be good enough for all coming generations and is certainly good enough for the existing generation; so why think there can be anything different? Thus the Kingston that existed before January 1907 would perhaps have continued down to the present day had there not come, on the 14th of that month, a roar like that of a thousand chariots driven full speed along a rocky road, a roar immediately followed by such a violent convulsion of the earth that buildings swayed like a house of cards shaken by the wind, then suddenly collapsed, the dust of their ruin rising to form an opaque canopy over the town until it was riven by the shafts of flames soaring upwards and until the whole lower section of Kingston was enveloped in fire. Never had such wholesale destruction been known before. And

because of this earthquake and fire it came forcibly to the minds of the inhabitants that they must build better in the future if they would escape another awful loss of property and life. And so the new Kingston began to arise and continues to grow, a Kingston which, in some of its principal thoroughfares, is entirely different from the city of January 13th, 1907.

As it has been since the Year of the Earthquake (which constitutes a new point of departure in local history), so it was in the decades prior to that year. Kingston's history is written in fire.

Kingston has suffered from the jealousy and dislike of every other part of the colony. It was originally marked out by Providence to be the chief town and capital of the island: its situation, the size of the plain on which it stands, show that conclusively. But Providence proposes and Man opposes—as long as he can. The original Spanish owners of the island preferred Seville, in what is now the parish of St. Ann, on the northside of the island. Something drove them from Seville: some say it was a plague of ants, which is possible; others contend that the site was unhealthy, which is quite probable. Anyway, they removed, but they did not think of Kingston. It was to inland Spanish Town that they migrated, building on the ground now occupied by the present Spanish Town the one substantial city they ever constructed in Jamaica: and not very substantial it was, even at that. They called the place St. Jago de la Vega, St. James of the Plain, St. James being the patron saint of Spain who often would appear, lance in hand and on horseback, to succour the Spaniards when they were sore distressed in battle. But the English landed in 1655 and marched on Spanish Town, and St. James failed to put in a much-required appearance. No legend relates that on that occasion he made the slightest effort to manifest himself: perhaps he had a poor opinion of Jamaica and felt that his special proteges would be very much better off out of it. So the Spaniards were dispossessed and the English settled down to make what they could of the country. And for their chief city they chose Port Royal, that being a much more convenient place for



HARBOUR STREET, KINGSTON, LOOKING EAST, 100 YEARS AGO

a people and Government that regarded planting and cattle breeding as an avocation and piracy as the real business of a meritorious life.



THE CORONATION BUILDINGS, KING AND TOWER STREETS

Kingston was nothing in those days. It was only the property of one Colonel Samuel Barry, who probably had got it as a grant, and who afterwards sold

it to Sir William Beeston. There are to-day a Barry Street and a Beeston Street in Kingston which perpetuate the names but not the memories of those two old Jamaica worthies. Kingston was in wood and grass, with but a handful of houses somewhere down by the seashore, that time Port Royal was a flourishing Caribbean city, with opulent inhabitants whose ungodliness, wickedness, wastefulness and thievishness have ever since made them the envy and admiration of all succeeding generations of Jamaicans. The historical descriptions of old Port Royal (strictly inaccurate) picture it as full of stone-built houses and fine churches, but if we could see it now as it was we should form a very different view of its appearance. However, we are not to speak unkindly of the dead. Port Royal died of earthquake and fire in 1692, a part of the land disappeared under the waves, a large number of persons perished. And now, in great fear and trembling, the survivors turned their thoughts to prayer and to Kingston; they enacted that the anniversary of the Earthquake should be observed with solemn services ever after, and that Kingston should be converted into a city. After a while, when terror had subsided, they forgot to pray, and if a fire had not reduced the remains of Port Royal to ashes in 1703, most of the old Port Royalists would have continued to live there and the growth of Kingston would in consequence have been slower than it actually was in the eighteenth century. But fire was again the friend of Kingston. It finished Port Royal as a city for good.

But even when Port Royal was finally deserted the colony did not make Kingston its capital. Oh no! It was not good enough or something; it represented mere trade, or it was unhealthy—there was enough unreason in the minds of the people to form a strong prejudice against the place. It was to the old Spanish city that they turned their eyes; Spanish Town became capital and metropolis, and there they erected public buildings which have stood forth proudly as masterpieces of ugliness, and there the Governor resided and the Parliament met, and the Courts sat, and the gentlemen got drunk. But, to give them their due, the gentlemen got drunk everywhere. They never carried their prejudices so far as to keep sober in Kingston. But many of them refused to live



A KINGSTON BACK STREET IN PROCESS OF RECONSTRUCTION

in Kingston; they held it unworthy of the residence of gentlemen; they only transacted business from King to Church Streets, and even before there. It was, in their view, a place chiefly of shopkeepers and folk of the shopkeeping class; on their own prototype of all-business building. This good work was properties in the country would most of them reside, hastened by the fire of 1882. But even after that and in Spanish Town would they stay when politics fire Harbour Street, from Church Street to East or other high and mighty matters brought them to street, remained what it had been since the century's

harbour Streets stood the old Town Hall and Post Office, and next to that the old Courthouse.

You will observe that in the picture these places wear a shabby appearance. They were shabby-looking even in 1825. They scrupulously maintained that appearance ever after. They were patched and repaired and painted at intervals, but the dust and sun of the city had their way with them, and they always did look rusty. They began by looking rusty, and our last impression of them was of buildings in a contented condition of decay. They would probably have been standing there to-day, still utilised as public and private structures for the transaction of business, but for the earthquake. No wonder that Mr. Bernard Shaw saw the hand of the Lord in that calamity.

We will look again at the picture of King Street as it was a hundred years ago. How entirely different it is from the King Street of our own times!

You will notice that in one of the pictures depicting this thoroughfare there is a water pump at the corner. For generations Kingston drew its water supply from wells, and if people died of typhoid they were at least happy in not knowing the origin of their ailment. There were pumps all about the town, and in the yards there were wells. These wells were fed by the underground streams of Kingston, and also by rain; they were supposed to be provided with huge wooden covers and to be kept covered when water was not being drawn. But that would, of course, not prevent some enterprising urchin from surreptitiously throwing into them, when opportunity offered, a few mango seeds, some banana peel, and even a dead cat or two; consequently the water was not always of the purest. But our ancestors took these things philosophically, and perhaps were happier than we. When they caught the erring child they half murdered him. More often than not they did not catch him, and half murdered some suspect but entirely innocent slave girl instead.

Look again at the pictures of old Kingston, of this city a hundred years ago. Pigs and goats and dogs and chickens wandered about at their sweet will and pleasure, hunting for food and making of themselves the chief scavengers; light, open carriages dashed up and down the streets, gentlemen rode to and from their work, and would stand at the street corners and on the sidewalks discussing business, clothed in high hats and long coats which would drive mad us who have become accustomed to palmbeach and other such-like suitings. You will also have noticed that in the picture showing the Town Hall and the Courthouse in Harbour Street there is a large crowd shown. The crowd is particularly thick in that part of the street which the Courthouse faces. The reason is simple: important cases are being tried to-day; nice, interesting cases of arson, burglary and murder, preferably murder. That sort of thing always brought out the Kingston crowd. In these days we still take a healthy interest in the crimes and misfortunes of our fellow men, wishing good luck to the guilty on the principle that a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind. But we do not congregate in such large numbers now when someone is



KING STREET, LOOKING NORTH, 100 YEARS AGO

into town. And thus it continued for a long while, to the manifest inconvenience of everyone. Kingston was growing and growing; clearly it should be the seat of Government as it was already the centre of trade. But no, and again no! Thus said those who had a dominant voice in such matters. And thus, for a long time did unreason triumph over common sense.

In the meantime fire was doing its beneficent work in Kingston. There are severe laws against arson, and when, in these days, a Chinaman's shop is burnt down (an accident which sometimes occurs) the Celestials are regarded with a most unfavourable eye and a bitter cry is raised against them. Yet perhaps the Celestial knows what fire has done in the way of Kingston's improvement, and who is to say that the Celestial, if any, who burns down his shop is not wholly moved by a desire to bring about architectural and other improvements in this city of his adoption? We should be slow before coming to adverse conclusions, especially when we remember what fires have done for Kingston in the past.

In former days every now and then there was a conflagration, and some of the flimsy structures perished in it, to be replaced by somewhat better ones. In 1780 and again in 1782 this happened; about fifty years after the latter year, the east section of Harbour Street and the upper portions of the town running north by west were burnt down. But this last fire, as it swept along Harbour Street, seemed to have paused at about Hanover Street, and then to have pursued its way diagonally upwards. Certain it is that the buildings which had been standing in Harbour and East Streets in 1825 and before were still standing when the earthquake of 1907 came to do its part in the reconstruction of the city. In other words, buildings which had served for public and private purposes in Kingston at the beginning of the nineteenth century were fulfilling the same functions in 1907, and a glance at the picture of Harbour Street in 1825 will give the reader some idea of how that thoroughfare looked in the first two weeks of January, 1907.

Look at the picture of King Street a hundred years ago. You are supposed to be standing in the middle of King Street and looking north—in the direction of the Parish Church. To your right and left are buildings with open verandas on the ground floor and railed verandas on the upper floor. The lower story of these buildings were of brick, the upper ones of wood; in the lower stories business was carried on, in the upper stories the merchants or managers lived. The roofs of these places were shingled; the verandas round them were from eight to ten feet wide; these verandas were supported by wooden pillars, and on them, when the sun went down, the family would sit and take the breezes of the evening, and comment on the successful dealings of the day.

But not all these upper stories were used for living purposes. They had been built for that, but prosperous merchants utilised them as storehouses and retired to their pens, or country residences, a mile or two out of Kingston, after the day's work was done. About 1862, for example, not many people

dawn. And King Street, from Tower Street right up to the Central Park, retained most of its buildings and all of its architectural peculiarities until 1907. Some new houses were built in King Street in the interval, but they were on the same plan as the old. On January 14th, 1907, the greater part of King Street was as it had been in January 1807. On January 15th, 1907, there was not a single structure left intact.

Our first illustration shows, on the left hand looking eastward, four conspicuous structures. On the sidewalks of these are standing groups of people. The street is Harbour Street, and there is no Kingstonian of forty years of age who does not remember these buildings distinctly. The first was used for business and living purposes, the next contained the offices of Messrs. Harvey and Bourke, the well-known solicitors. Dividing these from the other two edifices was Duke Street. At the corner of Duke and Har-



PART OF THE FRONTAGE OF THE COLONIAL BANK (BARCLAY'S BANK)

being tried for a heinous offence. We have now the cinema to keep us entertained; we have cricket and tennis, and Bournemouth Bath and the Hotel dances, and pigeon shooting and motor car joy rides, and other diversions. For every class there is something, and more than one thing. It was not so with our ancestors. It was not so even twenty years ago. Hence the Courthouse, called even now "the poor man's theatre," was once a great attraction to all classes of the people, and when some thrilling case was being tried the building itself and the space in front of it would be densely packed.

The crowd that we see in our illustration was probably waiting to hear the verdict on a man who had killed his wife, or, worse still, stolen a goat. (For the stealing of a goat, or any other valuable possession, was a very serious thing.) If for either offence the prisoner was found guilty he would be sentenced to death, and the punishment would be inflicted in an open space in the middle of the city, the space which now forms the wide sidewalk facing the Jubilee or Upper Market of Kingston. It was there that the gallows was erected. There was no Central Park in those days, but merely an open, arid, ugly waste of sun-scorched land called the Parade, and on it the troops were drilled. The open space of the Parade could accommodate a vast throng of sight-seers, and these never failed to attend a hanging. In these days the public is not allowed to attend a hanging. So there is something, after all, to be said for the good old times.

And the streets of Kingston? Sand. Sand and dirt, for there was no paving and precious little cleaning of the city. When the rains came the streets were transformed into raging watercourses; when the sun shone bright they became stretches of sand and dust, varied by heaps of malodorous, decaying matter, the refuse of yards and kitchens; and there was always a sprinkling of dead cats and dogs to keep the John Crows busy, and the air reminiscent of something not at all like the perfumes of Arabia. An old writer, commenting on our city of those bygone days, speaks of "streets without a plan, houses without the semblance of architecture, lanes and alleys without cleanliness and convenience." Yet Kingston was the principal town of the island a hundred years ago, and nothing could eternally keep it from becoming the capital and the seat of Government. This it was made in 1872, and ten years after that a fire occurred in celebration of the event—or, at least, one may be permitted devoutly to believe so.

Seriously speaking, it is still fires that are the potent agency in changing the appearance of the lower part of Kingston. In nearly every street we see types of structures that flourished a hundred years ago: buildings, the lower story of brick, the upper of wood; the lower story used for business, the upper story utilized as a residence. From many points of view it is desirable that some of these should be preserved, but an abundance of them is neither beautiful nor convenient. Yet no one in Jamaica ever thinks of pulling down a building to erect something better. So long as the thing can



"METROPOLITAN HOUSE," OF MESSRS. NATHAN & CO., HABERDASHERS

hang together it is patched and repaired. Then comes a fire, and the inevitable is accepted with the best grace possible, except by the insurance com-

there are Building Authorities now, and no one can do just what he pleases, as in the good old days.

Kingston no longer builds its business houses, its banks, its offices with wood, or even with brick. Ferro-concrete is the material now employed; concrete reinforced with iron; an earthquake-proof material.

The King Street of to-day, for example, is entirely different from the thoroughfare of a hundred or even twenty years ago. From the sea to Central Park there is not a residence in it, and every building is of modern type. Parts of the old street were widened by a great and beauty-loving Governor of Jamaica, Sir Sydney (now Lord) Olivier, and, before the two blocks of Public Offices, which he decided should replace the scattered dilapidated edifices destroyed by earthquake and fire, open gardens, green and yellow, are now laid out and there are walks between. In central portions of the streets, instead of the foraging pig there is the dominating policeman. With directing arm he halts or guides the traffic as it flows: motor cars, cabs, carts and thundering trucks obey his slightest gesture. He is proud of his position, being uniformed and acting with authority. He symbolises the new Kingston, for the traffic policeman of Kingston is himself an innovation.

In former days our hotels were only large lodging houses. There was a big one in King Street, and two similar ones in East Street, and the fare was heavy and plentiful and the service bad, and the mosquitoes fiendish. Now there are hotels which need fear comparison with none in any part of the tropics, and the better lodging-houses are excellent in their appointments and their food. Kingston is now being paved, every street, every lane, with asphalt, and completely sewered; soon its dust will be largely a thing of the past and its thoroughfares will be a pleasure to pedestrian and motorist alike. As for the residences of the better-off classes, those who have seen them know something about their spacious air of comfort, their well-rolled lawns, their fine gardens of green and scarlet, gravelled walks, and airy, healthy rooms. A new Kingston is coming into being. It is coming into being rapidly. More changes have taken place in the last twenty years than in the previous two hundred. This is the age of the automobile, the cable, the telephone, and of a hundred other mechanical contrivances to expedite work and facilitate endeavour. They are all having an effect upon our minds. It required an earthquake to shake the city down and to shake into activity the people of it, but the influence of that shock still endures. It took a great fire to sweep away a lot of the rubbish that was cumbering the ground, but that fire also supplied Kingston, metaphorically speaking, with an energy which has not died down. Life now is tuned to a sharper and a higher key; even customs have changed for the better. One custom only has not changed. Still do the Kingstonians of to-day maintain the old traditions of the city's hospitality, that hospitality so highly praised by William Hickey, Michael Scott, and a dozen other writers.



BUILDING OF THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY, PORT ROYAL STREET

panies. Then a new structure rises on the site of the old, in accordance with plans submitted and approved by the city's Building Authorities; for



BUILDING OF MESSRS. E. A. ISSA & CO., HARBOUR STREET

The Jamaica Nobility

OR "THE STORY OF SIR MORTIMER AND LADY MAT"

By HERBERT G. de LISSE, Author of "JANE'S CAREER," "TRIUMPHANT SQUALITONE," Etc.

CHAPTER ONE

THE NOBLES CREATED.

WHEN Mr. Marcus Garvey constituted himself President of the African Republic, which itself had not yet been constituted, he bethought him of forming a court and of creating a nobility to adorn that court. In republics honorific titles are supposed to be eschewed. Simple democratic and republican style demands only something like the Mister before the name. Thus William Bailey in a republic is merely Mr. William Bailey, and is often designated by his friends as Bill. But the hunger for distinction defeats even democratic canons, and so in many a republic a man, not being able to purchase or inherit the title of Earl, Lord, or Knight, becomes a Doctor of Laws, a Colonel, or a Professor, as is the case in the Republics of South America and the United States, even unto this day.

Mr. Marcus Garvey, however, was troubled with no scruples about consistency. He was a man of large and sweeping ideas. He had made himself the head of a nation not yet in existence, and he could see no good reason why, as head of that nation, he should not combine the advantages of monarchy with republicanism. He himself would not be Emperor or King; he would merely be President, with the chairmanship of certain co-operative business associations thrown in. From the first he obtained his dignity and prestige, from the rest he derived that revenue which even a Republican President must command. But there democratic simplicity ended. In his republic there would be Dukes, Lords and Knights. Or rather, these titled persons would be of his republic, and not in it, for Mr. Garvey's most fervent followers had no desire to visit Africa. They feared that the natives of that country might prove inhospitable.

Mr. Garvey, then, proceeded to create a certain number of new nobility, and, thinking kindly of his native land, selected from amongst his own countrymen a few to be elevated above their wildest ambitions. These persons had taken shares in the Black Star Line or had otherwise contributed, to the measure of their means, to the various funds for the liberation of Africa and the return thither of its scattered descendants; they might also be expected to contribute more. Hence, when the patents of nobility were published to the world, it was found that Mortimer Slimslam, an earnest and hardworking young waiter in one of the larger hotels in Kingston, had been made a Knight of the Nile, and that Nicholas Brimstone, who worked at the Jamaica Railway and was a competent artisan, had been appointed High Conspicuous Potentate, though of what he was potentate, and why, was not very adequately explained.

The announcement caused considerable excitement in Barnett Street, the little suburban thoroughfare in which both Mr. Slimslam and Mr. Brimstone lived. Barnett Street was one of the better living localities of the suburb, or "town," as the local term has it, in which were the residences of these gentlemen: most persons in Kingston had heard of Barnett Street in Mitchell Town, though comparatively few may actually have visited it. Certainly no one would ever have thought of it as likely to become famous; but on the day when the *African World* arrived in Kingston, and proclaimed in huge black type that of the six members of the African Republic's nobility in Jamaica, no fewer than two resided in Barnett Street, that thoroughfare awoke to a sense of its supreme importance in the scheme of things Jamaican, and not unnaturally felt that it ranked with the finest and richest residential localities of Jamaica's capital from certain points of view.

Barnett Street was something less than a quarter of a mile in length, and no house in it contained more than five rooms. The better-class residences were for the most part single story buildings, of two or three rooms, which overlooked the street. In every yard in which these little houses stood was a row of rooms, each the home of a separate family. Thus in one yard more than half a dozen families might exist in temporary peace and potential disquiet, but on the whole on fairly friendly terms.

The street itself was paved with macadam and cleanly kept; it boasted of concrete gutters and curbs, but its sidewalks were unpaved. As the traffic here was light, grass grew upon these sidewalks and gave to them a touch of seemliness. There was the inevitable Chinaman's grocery in this street, and a rum shop also, and at the upper end of the street stood a little Anglican church, built all of wood within a fairly spacious plot of land. Outside of this

church the inhabitants of Barnett Street, and of the neighbourhood generally, would sometimes assemble to discuss any really important question of the day. This had become something of a custom, so when the news got bruited about that two of the citizens of Mitchell Town had been elevated above all possible expectation by the President of the African Republic, it was natural that those who knew these gentlemen should hasten to come together before the church to talk the matter over.

It was felt by them that this was indeed a great occasion for all Jamaica and that a new era was about to dawn for the country's working classes. This sentiment first found expression in the words of Father Proudleigh, a tall, thin old gentleman of loquacious habit who had long since quartered himself upon his son-in-law on the ground that rheumatism made work an impossibility to a man who was nevertheless of such an independent turn of mind that he thirsted always to be up and doing.

"In all my born days," said Mr. Proudleigh, a pleased smile illuminating his wrinkled brown face, "I never hear before dat a man could be made a knight by anybody except de King. But we live an' larn. I live to see Morty Slimslam becomes a knight, an' Mister Brimstone a Postulate. What is a Postulate, Mister Brimstone?"

The gentleman referred to did not know, but could not in the circumstances confess ignorance. "It is something like a Marquis," he explained.

This claim to a higher dignity and position than had been bestowed upon Mr. Mortimer Slimslam did not escape the notice of Mr. Slimslam's lady. Mortimer was down at the hotel attending to his onerous but not ill-remunerated labours, and though this was an occasion when he might well be celebrating his admission to the Order of Knighthood, he had not deemed it prudent to absent himself from work without permission received. He would make his appearance later on; but Matilda, the lady to whom he had been "engaged" for five years past, and who in the interval had shared his home with him, and prepared their meals, regretted bitterly that he was not on the spot to prevent Mr. Brimstone from placing himself in a superior position from which it might be difficult to dislodge him afterwards. Matilda, who was decidedly a good-looking and rather intelligent girl of about twenty-six, buxom, tall in stature and of light chocolate complexion, knew quite well that a marquis ranked higher than a knight, though how much higher she was not certain. And she had a suspicion that Nicholas Brimstone was talking at random in defining the exact status of a High Conspicuous Potentate. Just at the moment, however, she could do nothing save laugh contemptuously at his pretensions, a laugh immediately noted by Mrs. Brimstone, who had long been an acquaintance of Matilda's. Mrs. Brimstone resented Matilda's expression of contempt. She decided swiftly that, at the first available opportunity, she must make Matilda rue it.

Without observing the discord which his innocent question had already caused, Mr. Proudleigh proceeded with his observations. He loved an audience and the sound of his own voice, and here was a subject upon which he could descant at length. He thanked Nicholas Brimstone for his information.

"Well, now," said he, "who would ever think that in me old age I would come to 'ave frien's like a Duke and a Lord? An' if we did wait till de King meek Nicholas and Mortimer lords, we would 'ave had to wait till we dead rotten, and forgotten. But Mr. Garvey go to America and meek a republic, an' de first thing we know is dat every Jamaican can look forwards to a title. Blessed be de Lord! I 'ave lived to see signs an' wonders. An' I thinks that de least Brother Morty and Brother Nick can do is to stand us a drink all round in honour of what has come to pass."

The suggestion was not favourably received by Mr. Brimstone; indeed, he affected not to have heard it.

Mr. Proudleigh sighed and resumed the burden of his discourse.

"I wonder what de King will say when him 'ear of it?" he queried.

"It don't matter what he say," rejoined a truculent little man. "We bin too long kept down by European nations; we are Ethiopians, and now that one of us has arisen an' proclaimed that Africa is to be for the Africans, we should stop thinkin' about the King and all that sort of foolishness, an' work out our own destiny. What happens to-day is going to frighten a lot of the high an' big people in this country. We have got our own steamship line an' our own President, an' we 'ave our own knights and earls. If we

A GENUINE CHARACTER



MR. E. W. F. REED

Any number of people in Jamaica know Mr. Reed, and any number of people like him. Long before the writer knew him he liked him—on account of his laugh. No man laughs more unaffectedly and spontaneously, and there is something about a genuine, hearty laugh that is very taking: a good deal of a man's character is told in his laugh. There is the laugh simple and the laugh pompous, the laugh unaffected and the laugh affected: the last kind you hear at social gatherings and at dinner parties before the wine has had time to circulate freely, after which you are likely to have the laugh meaningless or the laugh very boisterous. Now Reed's laugh is of the genuine, unaffected variety, and that is the character of the man himself. That is why so many people like him. He is true blue.

He knows Jamaica and Jamaicans well. For some time he was manager here of the Atlantic Fruit Company's business. Born in the State of Maine and educated at the Maine State College, Reed became a civil engineer by profession and was engaged on the Isthmian Canal Commission's surveys of the then talked-of Nicaraguan Canal. He learnt a lot about Nicaragua at that time, he learnt Spanish also; there he went into the banana business as an employee of the United Fruit Company, with which organisation he remained for about ten years. He was in Costa Rica, and in those earlier days of the development of Costa Rica, when Minor Keith was an active figure in the country and Mr. V. C. Cutter was imbibing knowledge and experience about bananas, one either succeeded or went to pieces. If one was not bitten by a poisonous snake, or killed by jungle fevers, one rose high, provided always that one possessed ability. So Mr. Reed, as he did not go to pieces, and as snakes avoided him or he avoided snakes, steadily and quickly mounted the banana tree of success, came to Jamaica, made himself liked and popular here as the Atlantic Fruit Company's manager, then went to Cuba to look after that Company's interests there. He has gone on climbing the banana tree since, with a tall cane stalk thrown in as extra. He is to-day the Atlantic Fruit Company's General Manager of Tropical Divisions, which includes their interests in Mexico, Cuba, Honduras, Jamaica and Cuba.

Mr. Reed possesses the New England quality of keenness and shrewdness joined to a great heartiness of disposition which makes the American (when he has it) a most likeable person. He can do a good stroke of business—New England again—and yet give the other fellow a feeling of satisfaction. He has the openness of manner of a child, but one does not become General Manager of anything American if he has only a child-like intellect; that sort of thing leads to banana-carrying, not to managing. Perhaps his temperament can best be described by the word sunny. He is bright and genial, and his laugh carries him successfully through the world. He is a great talker, indulging freely in assertions, but watching all the while the concrete facts of sugar's fall or rise in price and the state of the banana market in America. Altogether a good companion, the sort of man you would like to have at your side in a tight place, the kind of man in whom you have confidence, and about whom you do not hear expressions of disillusionment and disappointment.

only show courage we can do what we like. The King wouldn't make one of us a Duke, but Mr. Garvey make plenty of dukes in America, an' in this very locality we possess a marquis an' a knight. What does it matter to us what the King will say?"

The speaker, Mr. Nicodemus Douglass, was a stranger to most people in the neighbourhood, though to a few of them he was known by sight. He lived at the other end of Kingston and had not hitherto found it necessary to be a frequent visitor to Barnett Street. But the news which had been conveyed to him that day by the *African World* had brought him posthaste to Mitchell Town; he wanted to be present at the verbal celebration of the glorious tidings. He was in politics of sorts; that is to say, he was a follower of Mr. Garvey, though he had never contributed a penny to any of that leader's funds or causes, and he figured prominently in local political movements of a minor description. He was fiery for the instant return to Africa of all people of African descent, though, strange to say, he apparently had not perceived that the force of personal example might be infinitely greater than all the persuasion in the world. He was sharp and rapid of speech, clever at influencing others, and undoubtedly possessed some ability for organisation. Though he was a small man and almost ebony in hue, his good features and the care he took to be always well attired, made him popular with women. He had a way with them as well as with men, and his lively eyes were always quick to perceive the good points of a lady and to signal appreciation thereof. He had now put in his word at this impromptu gathering, and he expected to be applauded. But his remarks were regarded by the prudent as distinctly dangerous, while the loyal were not sure they weren't seditious. As for Mr. Proudleigh, who never willingly courted danger in the fields of sedition, and who in matters political was too old-fashioned to be anything but instinctively loyal, he strongly deprecated any suggestion that the King's views should be treated as of no consequence.

"De King is a good man, me friend," he replied to the truculent little gentleman. "Him wish us all well, and as we is born under his flag we better not talk too strong against him. P'rhaps Mr. Garvey communicate wid him before him do anything; we out here don't know all that is takin' place in a country like America. I only wish dat either de King or Mr. Garvey would meck me son-in-law, Jones, a knight, for then me darter would be Lady Susan and could take a higher place in society than she 'ave at present. An' now I wants to know what we will 'ave to call Mrs. Brimstone, for we can't go on callin' her so-so Mrs. Brimstone, or Janey, like some of us do. It wouldn't be respectful, an' it is not like what white people do."

Mrs. Brimstone heard and was delighted, and her husband also experienced a quick thrill of elation. Here at last they were getting down to solid, practical matters, for what was the use of a title if it were not to be in daily use?

"What is your title again, Nick?" demanded Mr. Proudleigh.

"I am High Conspicuous Potentate," announced Mr. Brimstone with relish.

"Den your wife must be Conspicuous Potentess," said Mr. Proudleigh, "but I never hear of a title like dat yet."

"It don't necessary to call me that," observed Mrs. Brimstone, "for if a potentate is the same thing like a marquis, which it are, we can use the feminine of marquis. The feminine of man is woman," she continued, with an obvious pride in her learning. "The feminine of gentleman is lady. The feminine of duke is duchess, an' the feminine of marquis—well, I don't know what it is, but we can find out."

"It is marchioness," explained Mr. Douglass, who had some knowledge of these things, "an' the wife of a marquis is addressed as 'me lady,' same like the wife of a knight."

"Then I am 'me ladyship,'" agreed Mrs. Brimstone complacently, "and everybody here will 'ave to call me so."

A deathly silence ensued. Here was a climax which, though it should have been obvious to all of them, had not been clearly foreseen. Everyone was ready to admit that Janey Brimstone, by virtue of being married, had a right to the title of Mrs. and should not be carelessly addressed on important occasions. But that all and sundry were now to speak to her and of her as "me ladyship," was a different matter altogether. The men did not mind it so much, but the very thought of it was gall and wormwood to the women. To see one of their own set so supremely elevated above them, and they compelled to acknowledge her social superiority every hour of the day, was enough to drive them half frantic. One girl, distinctly good looking, and therefore conscious of a natural distinction, gave voice to the feelings of the recalcitrant.

"I don't see as it is necessary that we should 'ave a change," she remarked, "as we are not stranger an' we all bin so friendly to one another this long time past. When we 'ave a particular function like a dance or a funeral we can adopt the formality which is proper, but otherwise we can go on just as we bin goin' on all this time."

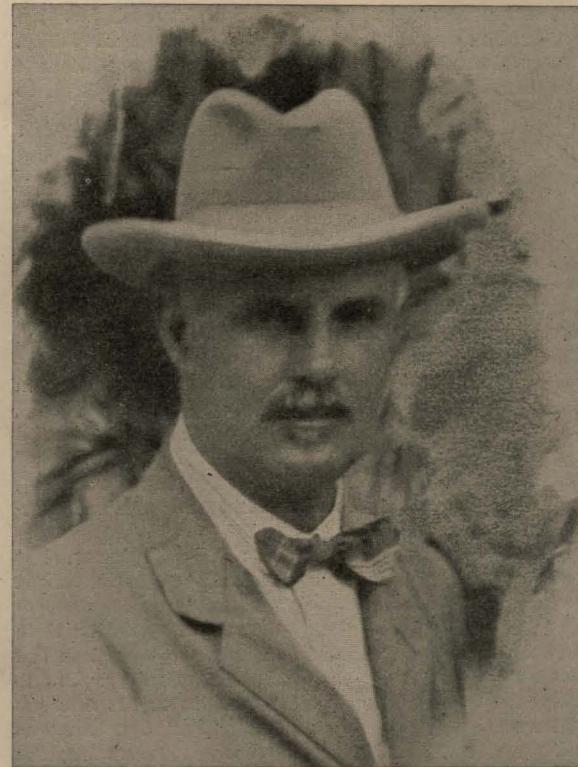
"That is just like our people," rapped out Mrs. Brimstone, who was a very stout but not very sweet tempered person. "You wouldn't hear white people sayin' that. It would be 'marchioness' here, an' 'me lady' there, and 'marquis potentate' all de time. But because me husban' is a black man an' got to work

for his livin', and I are also black, you none of you want to give him an' me our title. But we got it all the same, an' you can't take it away from us."

Here Matilda thought it was time to say a word. Remembering that Mortimer Slimslam was now a knight, she felt that she must stand up for titular distinctions. But it was not at all to her way of thinking that Janey Brimstone should have the title of "Lady."

"We will 'ave to give the gentlemen their proper title," she put in, decisively; "an' the ladies also. But a Postulate is not a Marquis, or Mr. Garvey would call him so. Therefore, so far, Mrs. Brimstone can't be

THE IDEAL DEMOCRAT



MR. HUMPHREY CRUM-EWING

Someone recently alluded to Mr. Humphrey Crum-Ewing as "an aristocrat." He is that, of course, but usually you take that fact for granted, not as a matter to be specially referred to. A man of very old family, a Scotch, English and West Indian landed proprietor, an Eton Public School boy and a graduate of Cambridge University, he is what the Spanish would call an hidalgo, which means the "son of someone," which means also that such a one is somebody in his own right and person. That is the kind of man we call an aristocrat in English, for manners and personality he can hardly ever lack.

But we have also heard Mr. Crum-Ewing alluded to as "a democrat," and that is as true of him as is the other designation. The best aristocrat is in these days of genuine democratic manner. That is to say, he may be reserved but is never arrogant, he will be well bred and never show a touch of personal insolence. It is the new-rich, the purse-proud, the man uncertain of himself, who cannot afford to be simple and unostentatious. Because he is likely to be servile to those whom he feels to be his superiors, he is haughty or inclined to be haughty to those he believes beneath him. He is never sure about his own standing. His view of society is distorted; he does not find satisfaction in himself. To be really a democratic sort of person, in the finer sense of that word, one, it would appear, must be an aristocrat. Thus apparent contradictions are reconciled.

It is not without significance that those who work for and under Mr. Crum-Ewing are devoted to him and speak enthusiastically about him. To the heads of his business in the West Indies, as well as to the humble cane and banana cutters on his estates, he is one who commands both respect and love. Highly appreciative of good service, he brings out the best there is in the men who serve him; quick to notice loyalty, he is himself profoundly loyal to those connected with him. He is a generous man. His people at Caymanas say so and they ought to know. He is a Scotsman. Thus his natural canniness would prevent him from wasting his substance on the hopelessly undeserving. We can imagine him displeased at being cheated out of a shilling: his Scotch prudence would revolt at the thought. But he would gladly bestow a pound on a deserving object, and no one save himself and his beneficiary would be likely to know of it. His benefactions in Jamaica, indeed, are substantial, but of these you do not hear from himself. Quiet, genial, friendly, kindly, and a cultured man, there are, it is to be feared, not many West Indian proprietors like him. Which is a pity.

Caymanas has been in his family for a hundred and fifty years. It has always been celebrated as a paying proposition and also as a property where the workers are treated well. Good business instinct, justice and generosity seem to be qualities inherent in the Crum-Ewing family, and the present head of that family lives up to its best traditions.

called 'me lady,' an' as there is no feminine for Postulate, or whatever it is, she will 'ave to remain Mrs. Brimstone."

"Oh, is that so?" queried Mrs. Brimstone, with ominous calm. "Is that the way *you* make it out? Well, let me inform you that at any rate I am Mrs. Brimstone, an' no one can take that away from me. But if Mr. Garvey did make the man you 'ave a duke even, you would still be so-so Matty Lashmore, for y'u 'ave no claim to the very name of Mortimer, much less to Slimslam. I am a married woman, wid a ring on me finger, an' everybody know I go to church an' get married. I don't mean to say," she continued hastily, realising that she was hurting other feelings besides Matilda's, "I don't mean to say that many who don't married yet are not as good as meself, but some are not, an' those who don't want to call me marquis, or me ladyship can do what them like. Only, when they are hard up they needn't come to me to borrow a sixpence, for I won 'ave none to lend them."

Sixpences were frequently borrowed from Mrs. Brimstone in that neighbourhood. There were some present who had formed the habit. Her threat, therefore, had its intended effect. At least half a dozen of the company rallied to her support—all women.

"I will call y'u 'me lady,' for it is your proper destination," said one, and the others echoed that righteous cry. Mr. Proudleigh saw his chance of making friends with the Mammon of unrighteousness. He never neglected any opportunity of doing so. He turned now to Mrs. Brimstone with his grandest air. "You are de Marchioness Brimstone," he announced with finality, as though he were the whole College of Heralds, "an' you' husband is a most Conspicuous Postulate. An' I say dat we should do like de white folkses an' maintain de dignity an' decorum of your position. I will set de good example, Sister Janey; you can depends upon me." A speech for which he was rewarded with a smile.

Then Mr. Brimstone, who, despite his name, was really a man of pacific disposition, reminded his wife that they had something to talk about in the privacy of their own home, and she consented to be led away. But before going she announced that she and the High Conspicuous Potentate would shortly be giving "a little fun," to which her true friends would be invited. This considerably heartened Mr. Proudleigh, who was wondering if nothing was to be done to celebrate the bestowal of titles upon two eminent citizens of Barnett Street. Mr. Proudleigh knew he had earned an invitation, and departed home with the feeling of a man who had not thought and worked in vain.

CHAPTER TWO

MATILDA BECOMES A LADY

MATILDA, "engaged" lady of Sir Mortimer Slimslam, was not a happy woman. She had been defeated in a verbal encounter with Janey, Marchioness of Brimstone, or High Conspicuous Potentess, as that lady might otherwise be called. She had been reminded by the Marchioness that she was not even married and so could not, by any stretch of the imagination, consider herself entitled to be called "my lady." For the first time since she had heard of Mortimer's elevation, she regretted that Mr. Garvey, in his love for his possible future subjects, had made Mortimer and other Jamaicans members of his new Nobility, or Orders of Knighthood, or whatever it was that Mr. Garvey called his court. But Matilda was a young woman of much spirit, and she felt she owed it to herself to make life as unpleasant as possible for Mrs. Brimstone. So far as she was concerned, she would never bestow any title upon Mrs. Brimstone.

Arrived at her residence, Matilda set about the congenial task of denigration. If Mrs. Brimstone was a person of consequence in the yard where she lived, so was Matilda in her own yard. Like Mrs. Brimstone, she inhabited a two-roomed house, not a mere "yard room," and she had a small servant or "school girl" to assist her in the household work. So she was something of a personage; she was comfortably off; she dressed well; she could go to the Palace Picture Theatre whenever she liked, and she never attended a funeral save in a hired motor car, the expenses being shared by other mourners.

In her yard, of course, there were many persons of an inferior pecuniary and social position. These invariably addressed her as "Miss Matty," while she addressed them familiarly by their Christian names. To these she now made personal appeal, for she needed their immoral support.

She explained to some of them the position: how her Mortimer had been made a knight, and therefore clearly was entitled to be addressed as Sir Mortimer; how Mr. Brimstone had been created a high Conspicuous Potentate only, and therefore, obviously, could not be addressed as Sir, or My Lord. Her sycophantic audience agreed with her, and were mighty wroth when she went on to explain, with scorn in voice and gestures, that Mrs. Brimstone insisted upon being known as "me ladyship."

"What sort of a ship is dat?" a stout female demanded to know. "I hear about steamship but not

about ladyship, an' I not callin' her anyting more than Mrs. Brimstone, which is her truly title."

Unwittingly, this woman planted a fresh arrow in the already bleeding heart of Matilda. Yes, whatever happened, Mrs. Brimstone was Mrs. Brimstone, and had a title which even the Governor of the land could not contest. While she, Matilda—! Surely all was not well with the world.

Mortimer came home at about five o'clock that afternoon for an hour. He was a pleasant-looking fellow of about thirty, not particularly bright but very willing and energetic. He would be on duty at the hotel later on, but he had hurried homeward to learn how the street and the neighbourhood had taken the tidings of his knighthood. It was only that morning that a letter from some high dignitary of the African Republic in New York, along with a copy of the *African World*, had informed him of what had happened to him, for Mr. Garvey had not thought it necessary to ask Mortimer beforehand if he would be willing to become a knight. Mr. Garvey had assumed that no man in his senses would hesitate for a moment about accepting a title; and now Mortimer wanted to know what his friends and neighbours thought about the matter.

"Them is envious," stated Matilda with luminous frankness, for she had some insight into human nature. "They are envious but they try to disguise it. Only Mr. Proudleigh an' one or two others speak well about it, and old Proudleigh is always tryin' to get what him can out o' people, so he don't count. But now you are a knight, Morty, what you goin' to do about me?"

Sir Mortimer looked at her in surprise. He was not aware that he had it in mind to do anything at all about her. He requested enlightenment.

"Well, don't you see, Mortimer, that now you are so high up, we can't go on like we going on at present? We love one another an' we get on well with one another, but we not married. I didn't mind that before, but now you not a simple man any longer; wherever you go they must call you 'Sir Mortimer,' an' when I go with you, what them to call me? Look at the Governor? He is married. He have to be, or people would talk about him. It is the same way they will talk about you, for him an' you 'ave the same title. Therefore, so far, you will 'ave to get married, for there is no other way out of it."

"Gal," exclaimed Mortimer, "What foolishness it is you talkin'?"

"No foolishness at all," replied Matilda decisively, and then she told him of the scene that had taken place a little while before.

Mortimer became thoughtful. "You see, Mat," he said, "it is like this. You and me get on very well together, for we are not married. I know you can leave me if you like, though you better not attempt it if you know what is good for you, and you know that I can leave you if I want, though I don't have no intentions that way. An' the reason we get on as well as we do is because we know what we can do. But if you an' me becomes a lawfully wedded husband an' wife it might be different. The moment you get the ring on you' finger you might begin to be stupid, and though I could still abandon y'u, you would have me name an' the ring, an' I might 'ave to support you."

"That is one part of it," returned Matilda, "but there is another. What about respectability? An' if after all these years you an' me get on so well, what you 'ave to fear?"

"Well, yes, that's true enough," agreed the gentle Mortimer. "But a woman is a funny thing, you know, an' you may change later on."

"So far, per'aps, you are right," replied Matilda calmly, "but you will 'ave to make up your mind to lose me or marry me now, for I am not stoppin' with you as simple Miss Matty. That suit yesterday, but it don't suit to-day. It is not that I want anybody to call me your ladyship,' but I won't stand 'ere and hear them call Janey Brimstone 'your marchioness' while I am nothing at all. If you wasn't a knight, it would be different, but you 'ave a title an' if I am attached to you I mus' share it. So you can make up you' mind what you goin' to do."

This aspect of the situation shook Mortimer not a little. He had not the slightest desire to be parted from Matilda. But she was self-willed, vain and ambitious, and he feared that marriage with her would cause these defects to develop alarmingly. There would then, as he had just suggested, be less necessity for restraint on her part. But he knew her well enough to be aware that, her vanity being cruelly wounded, she would desert him now if he did not make her his wife. He realised vaguely that envy and jealousy were busy at work, not only in the neighbourhood, but in the places where the newly-created potentates, knights, and other dignitaries worked. For instance, he had already announced that day, at the hotel, that Mr. Garvey had knighted him, and one of his fellow-waiters, a usually mild and inoffensive man, had nearly murdered him—at least, he had looked like murder. So he understood how difficult it would be for Matilda, attached as she was to a knight, to remain with him anywhere without a legal right to any title whatever, while the wives of other dignitaries sailed about and insisted upon being properly addressed.

After all, what difference would it make if he

did marry her? As he had told her, he could cut the nuptial cord in fact if not in law if she proved insupportable. Meanwhile, like a good and worthy knight, he would do his duty and hope for the best.

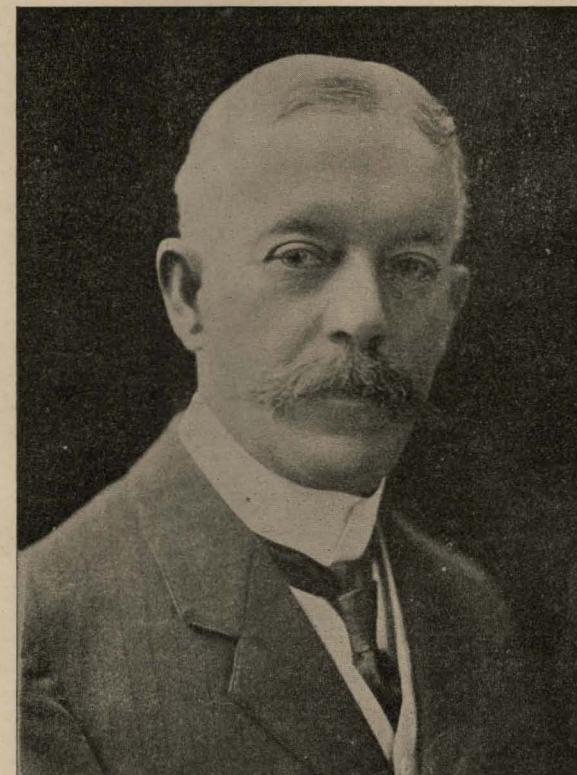
"Name the day!" he said dramatically.

"As soon as possible, Morty," she cried, excited, for she had won. "And let everybody know at once." She whirled out of doors.

"Miss Susan," she called, "Mrs. Henry! Morty an' me are to be married shortly by special license. Morty say I mus' be Lady Morty without delay!"

The special license part of the story was her own invention and had come into her head without pre-

SIMPLE AND SINCERE



HON. CHAS. HOPE LEVY

The Hon. Charles Hope Levy is one of the most likeable men in Jamaica, and one of the most liked. Familiarly known to members of his family and to intimate friends as "Pops," his genial disposition endears him to all who know him well and wins for him the appreciation of even casual acquaintances.

When he was appointed Custos of St. Thomas a few years ago, the general feeling was that a most admirable selection had been made and that Mr. Levy would perform the functions of the office fittingly. He had never filled any position of distinction before. He had been a retiring man and something of a valetudinarian. Yet those who knew him best were well aware of his sense of duty. They felt certain that they were not mistaken in their confident expectations of him; and as a matter of fact those expectations have been more than fulfilled, for no duty pertaining to the Custoship of a Jamaica parish is neglected by Mr. Levy, and the traditional and social obligations of the office have been carefully carried out by him.

Mr. Charles Hope Levy's is essentially a simple and sincere personality. You could not associate him with anything mean or unworthy. As son and nephew of two men who stood amongst the very first of Jamaicans in their day, the late Mr. Charles Levy, merchant and planter of Jamaica, and the late Mr. George W. Levy, chief editor and proprietor of the "Colonial Standard," Mr. Hope Levy has inherited not only an honoured name but a code of conduct in public relationships exacting in its demands and worthy of admiration in its fulfilment. That code he maintains; hence to the affection which he wins from his friends there is added a true and enduring respect.

meditation. Yet, why not? It would be expensive, and there could be no wedding feast. But with a special license she could be married within a day or two. She hurried back into the room. "A special license, Morty," she insisted, "for I don't want to go one hour longer than necessary before I make Janey Brimstone know who is who and what is what. Everybody understand what is a knight, for de Governor is one, but a High what-you-call-it Populate sound like stupidness to me: it 'ave no meaning at all."

"That's what I say meself," agreed Mortimer. "It is not a title they use in England, for I never hear it down at de hotel, an' there is no good havin' a title that nobody don't understand. It is only like a Lodge title; you can't make any proper employment of it. And that," he added emphatically, "is what we 'ave got to make Brimstone an' his wife to recognize"; for he was hurt at the thought of Mr. Brimstone's claiming a marquisate while he, Mortimer Slimslam, was only a knight.

Thus, in one day, the neighbourhood was electrified with two distinct yet related items of thrilling information. First there were the honours bestowed upon Mr. Slimslam and Mr. Brimstone; next came the news that in a day or two Sir Mortimer and Matilda were to be married by special license. Mrs. Brimstone was much scandalised. This last was one of the things that never ought to have happened. She was all the more bitter about it because she realised that it was her own sneer at the irregular marital condition of Matilda that had brought it about. Mrs. Brimstone, too, with her thirty years of experience in the world, was well aware that, splendid though her husband's title sounded, it would not have the same effect upon the minds of men as did the customary Sir or Lord. It was a new thing, it was a vague thing, and she felt that if people began to contend that she could not rightly be called "my lady" it would be difficult to convince them otherwise.

True, she could insist upon Potentatess; no one would deny her a right to that. But then it did not sound quite right. She had never heard of a Potentatess before. She had been to school; she occasionally read the papers, and even cheap novels; she was by no means illiterate. Indeed, among the working orders of the city she was an educated woman. And she had never heard of a Potentatess and did not believe that there could, ordinarily, be one. She cursed Mr. Marcus Garvey. Why could he not have been content with making her husband a simple lord? Then indeed her precedence of Matilda, however much married, would be unquestioned. As it was, she feared for the future. Her only solace was in the hope that Matilda and Mortimer would not hit it off well as married people, and would shortly separate, Matilda being compelled to live a life of want and drudgery, for which she was obviously unfitted, and so come by slow degrees to a dishonourable grave.

CHAPTER THREE

SIR MORTIMER'S DOWNFALL.

Sir Mortimer married Matilda, and in Barnett Street there were two ladies claiming the right to be addressed as "my lady." Neither spoke to the other, neither would enter a house where the other happened to be; and the pity of it was that, before this dignity had come to them, they had been, if not friends, at least on amicable terms.

There were other regrettable complications. Mr. Proudleigh's daughter, to wit, Mrs. Samuel Josiah Jones, and several other ladies of the neighbourhood, began to object to titles on envious, democratic, and also aristocratic principles. They argued that the only titles which they could recognize were those bestowed by His Majesty of England, who would never, they averred, have so far forgotten what was right and proper as to bestow them upon the inhabitants of Barnett Street. They openly scoffed at the new Knight and Potentate, and this did not tend to preserve cordiality. It is to be feared that Mr. Marcus Garvey had brought to many of those who had never harmed him not peace but a sword.

Lady Matilda and the Potentatess, or Marchioness Brimstone, would not, however, abandon one jot or tittle of their rights. They contended that if Mr. Garvey could create a republic, with himself as chief, he could surely create a nobility. And those who accepted Mr. Garvey would have, perforce, to accept his knights and nobles. This caused many a Garveyite to desert the fold and return to his original loyalties. There were even one or two bold and enterprising spirits who, not having been ennobled, were thinking of lifting openly the banner of revolt against the Back to Africa idea.

Lady Matty, however, and Lady Jane, urged that their husbands should more strenuously than ever preach and maintain Garveyism and insist in and out of season on being properly addressed. "Don't let anyone forget themselves with you," was the burden of their admonition. "Make them call you as you 'ave a right to be called; in time they won't try not to do it." Matilda was the more insistent of the two, and her husbands promised to obey.

At the hotel Sir Mortimer was having a hard time of it endeavouring to induce the waiters and others to speak to him with due reverence and respect. He did not suggest this to the headwaiter, for that functionary had the power of high, low and middle justice over him; that is to say, the headwaiter could dispense with his services at any time. But he would argue with his fellow-workers to show them the error of their ways in regard to him, and so, from being popular and liked, it came about that he began to be detested.

They would not call him Sir Mortimer, and he would not answer, unless he absolutely must, either to simple Mortimer or to Slimslam. Hence disagreements and controversies.

And so it was also with the High Conspicuous. The men among whom he worked for his living at the Railway laughed at his pretensions. Now and then one of them would address him as "Your Dukeship," but this was understood to be by way of ridicule. He

(Continued on Page 21.)

The Six Brothers — When Enterprise Waits on Skill

A STORY OF SOME OF MY FRIENDS

By HERBERT G. DE LISSE, C.M.G.

WHENEVER I take up an American magazine I am confronted in its pages with the biography of some successful businessman, and the suggestion to me is to go and become what he has become. Quite probably I am told that that particular person, whose commanding features are displayed at different angles in half a dozen photographs, began life by picking up a cent in the gutter, boxing down another boy and taking away another cent from him—which is an exceptionally easy way of making money if you are stronger than the other boy—and that with these two cents our hero proceeded to lay the foundations of the great business which now covers all the States of America and brings happiness to millions of homes. I like the business that brings happiness to millions of homes, though that could not have been the original motive of its existence. The reason of a business is to bring happiness to the pockets of its promoters, but if happiness can be produced as a bye-product, as it were, let it be produced by all means. Happiness is always emphasized in these biographical sketches, and the idea suggested is that if I or any other reader have only got the same sort of features which John B. Bumpkins of Milwaukee possesses, and sufficient presence of mind to box down a smaller boy possessing the cent which I desire for laying the foundation of my business, I would arrive at the unique distinction of acquiring a fortune and of bringing happiness to millions of homes.

I fear that my special abilities do not lie in the direction of establishing a lucrative profit-making organisation. I am quite prepared to box down anyone for anything I want, provided that that can be done with absolute safety to myself. But even after I had achieved that task I should still wish to know the next step to be taken, and the secret of the successful businessman is to know in a flash just what is the next step he should take. The fact is that businessmen perceive and utilise opportunities, whereas the literary man likes to write about them. My purpose in life has evidently been the manipulation of words, while the businessman's is the manipulation of things. Following my own career faithfully at this moment I want to say something about, not a group of American businessmen, but a family of Jamaica businessmen whose youth was more or less contemporaneous with my own and whose success is far more pleasing and of greater interest to me than that of any John B. Bumpkins of Milwaukee. I do not mind reading about John B; but, after all, just as a fire next door is of far more importance to one than an alleged conflagration in Mars, so are the struggles and achievements of some of our own people of greater concern to us than those of some per-

sons of whom we never heard before and probably shall never hear again.

TWENTY-FIVE or thirty years ago in Jamaica the question as to what to do with the family was a bit of a problem when the family was large and money to set it up in business or in the professions was not available. When the boys were still under the age of ten it exalted your soul and gratified your mind to speculate about what they each should become. One would be a lawyer, the other a doctor, and so forth and so on, until the age of fourteen or sixteen was reached by the eldest and the need of decision upon a career became imperative. Then indeed it was not so much a question of what you would do with the boys as of what the country could do for them, and Jamaica could do precious little for anyone unless he had plenty of grit in him, plenty of energy, and plenty of brain.

There is a great change from those days to these. Men who had money in the older times sent their boys to England to be equipped for their careers in life, and the general tendency then was to fill any important position in Jamaica, public or private, with men brought in from abroad. There was a feeling that the Jamaican could not be efficient and intelligent and hardworking, which feeling was not only shared by Jamaicans themselves, but particularly emphasized by them. The saying is that a prophet is not without honour save in his own country and in his own house. And each Jamaican looked upon the other as a sort of prophet and determined to do him dishonour. Of course, if a Jamaican had

means he was excused for being born in the island, and much might publicly be said in praise of him. But it was not he that was really being praised, it was the means that he possessed. Consequently the Jamaican without money had to begin pretty low down on the ladder of success, and there was a tremendous succession of rungs to be climbed before he got anywhere near the top, and plenty of discouragement to meet him on the upward path.

It is somewhat different and very much better to-day. Just as strikingly as the appearance of the principal centres of Kingston is altered, so that no one would recognise the King and Harbour Streets and the residential suburbs of thirty years ago as the same places at the present time, so have conditions in other respects altered almost beyond recognition. The middle-aged man knows this; and it is an illustration of how much ability and perseverance must have gone to the building up of what is for Jamaica big business by a group of boys who had nothing to begin upon but their own character, intelligence and determination, and a plan from which they never allowed themselves to depart.

I REMEMBER the Henriques brothers when they were young and contemporaries of mine. Some of course were much younger than I, but there was not one of them that had not to go out to work when not more than sixteen years of age. The two elder ones, Emanuel and Vernon, started at about fourteen years of age, and Emanuel has told me that very shortly after he commenced work he had in mind the future close co-operation of himself and his brothers in some effort to establish an independent business.

The boys went to various schools. I remember Emanuel at the Kingston Collegiate. At that time O. K. Henriques must have been earnestly engaged in playing with empty bottles and pretending they were dolls. For O. K. and Fabian were then kids at home and untroubled by thoughts of the future. Yet it is interesting to note how, as all these boys grew to an age when they must decide upon their calling in life, they selected occupations that would enable them to establish a practical working partnership between them, so that as a group they should be self-sufficient and strong.

Of course, they were following on the lines laid down for them by their father, and his own calling. Mr. Samuel C. Henriques, who is now in his seventy-first year, is by profession a Civil Engineer. He too began at the age of fourteen and was in his youth and prime associated with several large engineering undertakings in the colony. A working engineer, however, does not accumulate a great



STAFF OF THE KINGSTON INDUSTRIAL WORKS, DARLING STREET N/19D90



INTERIOR VIEW, KINGSTON INDUSTRIAL WORKS



THE MOULDING DEPARTMENT, KINGSTON INDUSTRIAL WORKS

volume of pence though he may acquire large and most varied experience. If you work for others, those others will get the pounds and you will be welcome to all the experience you may obtain. Yet the old man, although he may not have known it at the time, had really a great deal of capital in his six boys, and his experience was going to be of service to them. While he was wondering what would be their future, that future was already being determined by their character, by the occupations into which they went, and by the opportunities that, unknown to them, were coming their way.

M R. HENRIQUES was, as I have said, a Civil Engineer. We see his hand in the circumstance that Emanuel and Rudolph began to work, the first at the Engineer's Office at Up-Park Camp, the second with a firm of builders well-known in Kingston as Lang, Lothian and Dunbar. Later on Rudolph went to Purdon and Cox, where Emanuel also found himself: Purdon and Cox were Engineers and Contractors with a very wide field of operations in this country. Then Rudolph left the island for the United States, where he was engaged in scene painting for about a year, he having done some portrait painting in Jamaica for some time previously. But the call of the practical life was strong, or his practical sense was dominant, for while in New York Rudolph sat for an examination in the New York Grand Central Railway's Office, passed that examination, and then was appointed draughtsman in the office. So, when he went to Panama in 1906, he had no difficulty in obtaining a position as topographical draughtsman in the Colon Municipal division of the Engineering Works then being carried on in that Republic.

Emanuel, on the other hand, left Jamaica for Ecuador in 1901, and for some eighteen months was employed there on the engineering staff of the Guayaquil-Quito Railroad Company. When he returned to Jamaica he re-entered the employment of Messrs. Purdon and Cox, working for them along with his father on the great pipe line and dam at Bog Walk (which the firm built for the old tramway company), and, also with his father, taking part in several big jobs, such as the May Pen Water Supply, the Port Royal Water Works, the Vere Irrigation Commission's canals, etc. After this he went to Panama and served the Isthmian Canal Commission for three and a half years as inspector of machinery. Rudolph was in Panama at the same time; thus almost at the beginning of the building of the Panama Canal we find that these boys had seized the opportunity of acquiring further experience in construction and engineering work and of making some of the money which Panama afforded. Their line in life was already determined, they were to be engineers and contractors. They wanted to learn in the school of practical achievement as much as they possibly could, and no greater school for learning than Panama at the beginning of this century was to be found in all the world.

Take another brother, Vernon. From about the age of fourteen he was engaged in work on the reconstruction of the streets of Kingston begun by the Municipality in the days of Sir Henry Blake. The organisation then employed in the paving of Kingston's streets was known as the Kingston Improvement Company, and this company Vernon served for about one year. Previous to this he had turned his thoughts to the semi-literary life and had entered into competition with me for a position as assistant to the Librarian of the Jamaica Institute, which dignified situation carried a salary of not less than twelve shillings per week. There were about seventy-two applicants for the post, and I remember Vernon and I discussing the chances of each other. We were friendly rivals, but I was the elder and I felt convinced that my great natural abilities were entitled to an immediate reward, namely, the highly remunerated post at the Institute. After satisfactorily answering questions as to my knowledge of Latin and Euclid, I was appointed, and Vernon retired (compulsorily) from the field. I do not think he has ever had any reason to regret his defeat, but somewhat later on in life I again found him in the semi-literary world as a reporter on the staff of the Daily Telegraph of Kingston. That position Vernon held for three months; in the meantime he had been employed by Purdon and Cox, and there had learnt something of engineering and construction work. He must have seen, even as a boy, that while journalism might be an interesting profession, and the power of the Press an excellent thing to talk about and believe in, the pecuniary rewards were not very attractive. So he quitted journalism, went to the Eden Lumber Company, where he toiled and studied for another couple of years. Then he left for Panama, where he was appointed one of the office engineers of the Panama Canal Construction Works, and was subsequently transferred to the Panama Railroad

Company, remaining connected with that branch of the Canal Construction Works until August, 1907.

Thus three brothers had gone to Panama at a time when the going was excellent for those who could work strenuously, and who were determined to learn all that the building of the Canal had to teach to keen-minded people determined to succeed.

HORACE had begun business life in the employment of Messrs. Nathan and Company. He was in their office adding and subtracting figures, making entries in ledgers, learning to be an accountant. With them he remained a number of years, then he too went to Panama. The fact is that Emanuel had been advising his brothers to come over. Panama was not exactly a land overflowing with milk and honey, as was the Promised Land of the Biblical story, but it was a country overflowing with work and money, which after all is the practical equivalent of milk and honey. So Emanuel, having surveyed the land and found it good, exhorted his brothers to emigrate and share in the prosperity which abounded; and we find Horace as a young fellow moving over to Panama to join the others, and there he was at once employed in the Audit Office of the Panama Railroad Company as an accountant. In the meantime Owen K. Henriques, better known throughout Jamaica as "O. K." had, immediately after leaving school, emigrated to Panama, where he joined the office staff of the Panama Railroad Company. O. K. was not more than seventeen years of age at the time, but already his mind was fixed upon developing the idea of Emanuel and the others—the idea of forming into one group of partners the Henriques Brothers, and the organising of the enterprises that should be undertaken by them on a sound financial basis.

After working on the office staff of the Panama Railroad Company for some two years, O. K. was

investigate the situation; I put this suggestion before the Gleaner's Board of Directors and within a week I was on my way to Panama. There I found the Henriques brothers, and I have already told elsewhere how during my stay in that land Emanuel, with one or two of his American friends, would come over to spend the evening with me at my house in the Zone, to talk over affairs in the home country, and to entertain me with song. I enquired about the boys whom I had not seen, and learnt that they were doing well. I heard that, though they were comfortable and prospering, they yet longed to return to Jamaica: the natural longing of men who were born in the country and whose ambition was to achieve success in their own territory.

Then, as I have mentioned, came January, 1907, and the destruction of Kingston, and the boys came back.

They started at once on work of reconstruction. O. K. took charge of the business affairs of "Henriques Bros., Builders and Contractors." The work of organisation was his. They were good contractors. The whole of the north-eastern block of King and Harbour Streets, the block comprising the buildings now occupied by the Bee Hive, Canadian Bank of Commerce and the Montpelier Cigar Store was put up by them; so were the Coronation Buildings and "The Sports," which is one of the most tasteful looking structures in the business centre of this city. A large number of the new buildings in Kingston was erected by them, and when the bulk of this work was completed towards the end of 1912, the dream of many years materialised. The Kingston Industrial Works, the Kingston Industrial Garage, and Henriques Brothers, Builders and Contractors, were organised on a firm basis, with the six brothers co-operating; and ever since then success has attended upon success in all their undertakings.

BUT when this organisation took place the businesses were, naturally, by no means what they are to-day. It was while the carrying out of their building contracts was going on that the other enterprises were started, and started in such a small and unspectacular fashion that they attracted no particular attention. When one visits the Kingston Industrial Works to-day, and gazes down a huge workshop resonant with the din of activity and carrying on all sorts of operations in steel and iron and wood, it requires an effort of one's mind to go back to the beginnings of this largest undertaking of its kind in Jamaica. But I can recall the starting of the Kingston Industrial Works in 1908. The workshop was then situated in Long Road, was about twenty feet square, and was made of packing cases. It contained an anvil and a forge, and a small drill press which Vernon Henriques informed me had been bought from the Jamaica Tobacco Company for about two pounds. Vernon was chief of staff, and his staff was limited to one boy! After six months he bought a small workshop in West Street, and from that there grew up the present Kingston Industrial Works, with one hundred and thirty skilled men in its permanent employment, and sometimes with over two hundred men engaged.

In this foundry is collected every variety of machinery for the making and repairing of iron work used in Jamaica. At the entrance you are shown a crane capable of hoisting and switching to any part of the foundry a weight of anything up to five tons; you are shown an oxy-acetyline welder which is put in operation as you look, and while the steel-blue flame spouts from it on a piece of steel, you see the steel sliced and divided as though by a knife, although sparks flying in your direction and falling upon your body leave no trace. Here are men skillfully making wooden patterns for steel bands and posts and spirals and what not; here are switches being made for the Jamaica Railway; here is a machine that can at any moment be sent to any sugar estate in the country for the purpose of effecting repairs, thus enabling the work of the sugar estate to proceed almost unimpeded, and rendering unnecessary the labour and cost of transferring huge masses of estate machinery to Kingston. Here, in short, is every tool and instrument known in the founder's trade.

Once upon a time practically none of this work was done in Jamaica. It used to be sent abroad, especially to Scotland; there was but little skilled labour available in the island, and there was even less confidence in the labour that there was. Nor was it an easy matter to create a staff of skilled workers and to inspire them with the necessary *esprit de corps*. Even to-day, as is obvious, the supply of skilled and reliable labour in this, as in all highly technical callings, is limited. But in the years that have elapsed since the anvil and the drill were set up in Long Road, a splendid and efficient organisation has been established, and very shortly one piece of work which the Kingston Industrial Works is now

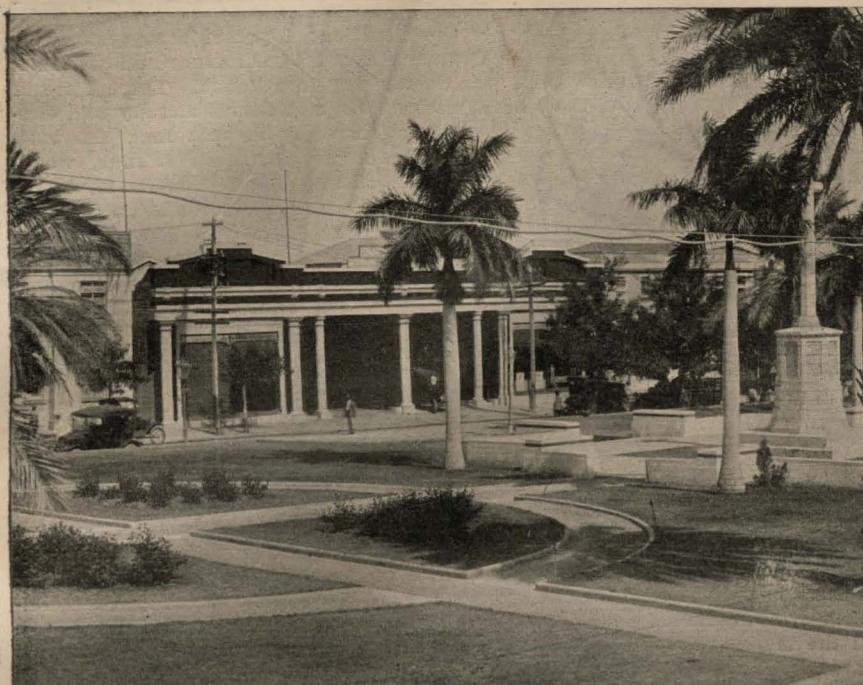


INTERIOR VIEW, KINGSTON INDUSTRIAL WORKS

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made Secretary to the Auditor of the same company, which position he held for three years. That was an education in itself. A man of natural financial ability, with a power of vision and organisation, no better stroke of fortune than this could have happened to him. As Secretary to the Auditor of the Railroad Company he came into close touch with important financial questions daily; he had to be quick and resourceful, accurate and painstaking; those five years in Panama, indeed, laid the foundations of his subsequent financial success. Fabian, the next brother, did not go to Panama. By the time he left school his elder brothers had returned to Jamaica, for now a new opportunity had opened before them. The earthquake of January, 1907, had occurred, and the Henriques boys realised that a great deal of construction work would have to be done in this city. The group of them—the solid six—represented practical engineers, contractors, architects and financial men. During their time in Panama five of them had been well paid and they all had saved something. Pooling their resources, they found that these were not inconsiderable; above all they had youth, energy and enthusiasm as their natural assets. They came back to their native land, and Fabian threw in his lot with the others. He too was to follow the profession of an engineer with structural steel work as his special department.

IT was not long after the boys had left Jamaica for Panama that I came across one or two of them in that country. I was now a journalist. There was much dispute in Jamaica in 1905 as to whether Jamaican labourers should be permitted to go to Panama to work, whether the conditions there would be favourable to them, and whether they would make more money there than in Jamaica. In the midst of this confusion of opinion I thought that the best thing would be for some one to go to Panama and



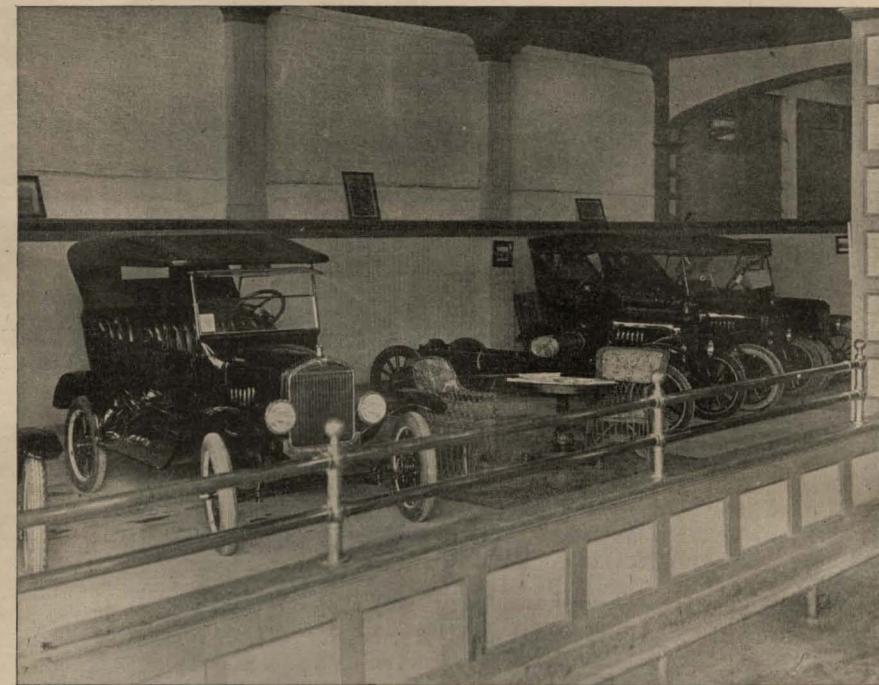
THE KINGSTON INDUSTRIAL GARAGE, CHURCH STREET

engaged upon, and is patenting, will be known not only in Jamaica, not only in the British Empire, but throughout the world. It would not be fair to the Henriques Brothers for me to specify what this is. But I can at least say that it is an invention which will be welcomed in Jamaica and by hundreds and thousands of agriculturists elsewhere.

THE origin of the Kingston Industrial Garage is one of interest. Very often large enterprises have small beginnings; indeed, most of those of which we read began in a humble and inconspicuous sort of way. They grew, they were not suddenly created; so it was with the Kingston Industrial Garage. The boys, after their return in 1907, required some means of quick transportation. They wanted to travel over the island in connection with their building contracts, and they wanted the sort of motor car that would enable them to do this travelling cheaply. They decided upon a Ford. They used this Ford for some time, were satisfied with the results, and then Horace determined to apply for the Jamaica agency of the Ford motor cars. He obtained it, and the garage was established in West Street next door to the Foundry, in a building of about thirty feet by eighty. Here Henry Ford took up his local residence and here

for a time did Henry flourish. Ford cars were pushed in Jamaica and Ford cars were purchased; the triumph of Henry Ford in other parts of the world was being repeated in Jamaica. Then Horace took over the office management of the Kingston Industrial Works, which his training and experience as an accountant in the Panama Railroad Company and elsewhere fully qualified him for, and O. K. assumed entirely the management of the Kingston Industrial Garage, while remaining identified with the Works and with the Henriques Brothers. For all three businesses are fundamentally one. All the brothers are interested in them; they are dove-tailed, so to speak; they are parts of one whole; they are the concrete manifestations of early ideas, loyal co-partnership and of an ambition realised.

To-day the Kingston Industrial Garage is one of the most up-to-date garages to be found anywhere, and the sale and popularity of Ford cars in Jamaica steadily increase. Also, while these two businesses, the Garage and the Industrial Works, were growing, the construction part of the Henriques's undertakings was not neglected, as the Kingston Theatre, designed and erected by the Henriques Brothers, and the new May Pen bridge, one of the largest and finest works of its type in Jamaica (to mention but two instances)



SHOW ROOM, KINGSTON INDUSTRIAL GARAGE

most amply testify. Building and construction indeed, demand to-day a great deal of the time and energy of the Henriques Brothers.

Here then is a record of which any group of men might well be proud. To have an aim and to pursue it, a worthy aim and bring it to success, and this while still young and able to look forward to further achievements, cannot but be a source of pride and satisfaction to any man or number of men.

In Jamaica no one can acquire an immense fortune; the field is restricted, the opportunities few. The same amount of brains and energy put into a successful business here would bring greater rewards in a larger country. But when something more than a competence has been acquired, one's chief reward must surely lie in the realisation of achievement. To have done the best that one could in the existing conditions and circumstances affords gratification of the highest, whether in Jamaica or elsewhere. So I, looking around for illustrations of success, and of accomplishment noteworthy, confine my investigations to Jamaica and my eulogy to the persons I know, feeling that if incentives are needed and are of value, and if appreciation is due, my examples can as well be drawn from Jamaica as from any country beyond our shores.

THE CITADEL

(Continued from Page 3)

haps half an hour a tropical storm would break over the town. Such storms were always of short duration but of extreme violence. He glanced at his fine blue coat with its gleaming buttons; it would not be well to let this, his best apparel, suffer from the downpour. Three squares away the Hotel de la République suggested friendly refuge. There he could dine until the rain was over.

THE long low room was crowded and the air was pungent with tobacco smoke and the smells of cooking. Officers of Christophe filled the tables, gay uniforms contrasting with the striped suits of cotton or linen of the civilians. French was their speech, a hum of Gallic words like the sound of swarming bees.

At the table next to Bush five men were dining, and he watched them with idle interest. The bottles were opened with increasing frequency and their voices grew proportionately louder as they drank. They were in uniform, officers all, and from the heavy bullion on their green coats he identified them as probably attached to some crack regiment of Christophe. They were discussing the King's great fortress and their ignorant boasting amused him. Then the talk turned to the King's court at the Palace of Sans Souci and the coarse stories of licentiousness filled him with a disgust that might have been read in his face.

One of the five, a short effeminate-looking mulatto, rose unsteadily to his feet. With amusement Bush watched his swaying figure and the filled glass in his unsteady hand slop its contents on the man at his right. He began to address a companion across the table.

"Mon cher Nicholas—" said the little man. Like a slap across the face the name galvanized Bush into rigid attention. The mulatto babbled on drunkenly, and then sat suddenly down. From his chair Nicholas rose heavily and lifted a brimming glass. He was affected by the wine that he had been drinking, but he was still in command of himself.

Leaning across the table, Bush strained his ears for the words. Nicholas was responding to the toast. In the most polished French he recounted a

coarse story. The very refinement of his voice and manner magnified its grossness. His comrades were laughing immoderately. He was still talking. Suddenly from his lips fell a sentence that for a moment made Bush sit rigid in his chair. Clear above the tumult of the room he heard the name of Virginie. The vile boast of this educated half-breed about the white girl whom he was to wed burned like fire across the brain of the Philadelphian.

With a single movement Bush leaped from his chair. There was a crash of shattered china and the small table rolled across the floor. Nicholas turned toward him a heavy white face, and between the startled eyes Bush's fist smashed like a hammer and he saw Nicholas drop at the impact across the tabletop. There was momentary silence, then tumult filled the room. Every one was standing, jostling to catch a better view. The little mulatto was screaming vile words in a high, shrill voice. An ominous note grew stronger in the roar of voices. From the table Nicholas was being lifted to his feet, his face smeared with bright red blood. A thin sword blade glittered at the side of the mulatto, and Bush saw a knife in the hand of the officer who had sat at the left hand of Nicholas. The mulatto was edging his way around the table, the thin blade gleaming in the candlelight.

Bush could not have recounted coherently what happened in the three or four minutes which immediately followed. As a white man, he was at best barely tolerated at Le Cap; it required only some act such as he had just committed to turn everything against him.

There was a rush toward him. A pistol roared like a cannon; a bullet grazed his ear, and a pall of powder smoke stifled him. With his back to the wall he swung the chair in which he had been sitting and saw the face of the mulatto sink suddenly beneath it. It was a chair solidly built and again he swung it in a half-circle that cleared an open place before him. He was now near the door. A black hand reached for his throat. He snatched a table knife and stabbed blindly. There was the door! The crowd was pressing forward. With his left hand he groped for his pistol; his fingers found it; he leveled it at the crowd.

"The first man who crosses that door I'll kill," he shouted.

Then he slipped around the door frame to the street. The rain was falling in a deluge, the road was a quagmire. From the sky the lightning quivered

ed in recurrent green-white flashes. How long would they wait before some one followed him through the door? A minute at the most. That would be his start. He ran as he had never run before, for death followed. There were no passers on the street, but here and there a light shone in a house. The rain beat against his face; in the glare of the lightning he saw the road as through a silver curtain of falling water, black-gleaming with muddy pools.

The pistol was still clutched in his hand but the priming was wet and it was worthless. He glanced over his shoulder. In a quivering flash he saw a crowd of black figures about the door of the inn. He dodged around a corner. There was the landing!

"Luke!" he shouted. The mute stepped out from the shelter of a shed.

With the negro he scrambled down to the landing stage and flung free the painter. Already Luke had the oars in the water. The boat shot forward and the dock disappeared in the blackness. In the far distance Bush heard cries and the sound of pistol shots. For the time being he was safe.

THE morning was glorious. Cool and steady, the offshore wind drove the *Lucy* northward across a sea of unbelievable blue, beneath an azure sky. On the poop-deck John Bush watched with half-shut eyes the retreating coast line of the island.

With the vestige of a smile in his blue eyes Bush recollected the incidents of that crowded evening of yesterday. Huggett had been waiting at the top of the ladder when Bush climbed on board. In the faint gleam of the anchor light his black tarpaulin glistened like glass in the downpour, a varnished straw hat threw his face into complete shadow and dripped water like a gutter.

Bush had come to the point hurriedly. The rain was stopping. On the shore more lights were moving about. Before long a boat would unquestionably be put off. If he refused to let them on board they might try to take the *Lucy* by force.

"Get the men on deck and make sail."

He measured with his eye the distance to the shore and studied the direction of the wind. It was blowing strong and directly out to sea. No time to weigh anchor. The wind would keep her offshore; they could put sail on her while she drifted. He picked a boarding axe out of the rack and went forward. As he ran, the boatswain's pipe was trilling and a sound of voices came from the forecastle scuttle, voices of men awakened from heavy sleep. There was

much swearing; then he heard them coming up the ladder to the deck. With a stroke of the axe he severed the starboard cable at the hawse-pipe, and the *Lucy* was free.

Some one had fired a gun as they drifted past the town. The stars were out again and shone on the great gray foresail that was already swelling in the breeze. They were in plain view now, the ghost of a ship sliding faster and faster over a black sea in the starlight. Then from behind the flying clouds came the moon. Far astern a longboat lay with idle oars in the soft light. He was out of it none too soon.

Bush came out of his reverie with a start; it was Huggett's voice at his shoulder. "We're all clear of the land, sir. How shall I steer?"

For an hour, while he watched the receding hills, that question had been uppermost in his mind. "Lay her well north of Tortuga and then make for the Mole," he answered. Then, squaring himself until he faced the stolid countenance of Huggett, he continued in a lower tone: "I don't know what the men think, but let it be as they will. They know well enough about what happened. I want you to know the whole yarn though, Mr. Huggett, but not now. We are going to the Mole for more coffee. That sounds reasonable, and there may be some there. Perhaps I'll have you take the brig home without me." He gave a swift glance at the distant shore. "I'm deep in something serious, Mr. Huggett. I'll ask you to serve me in your best style."

Huggett's red hand hitched at his waistband. "Captain, you ain't found Tom Huggett lacking yet." Out of the corner of his eye he caught the man at the wheel. "Keep her away there," he roared, as though repeating an order received from the captain. "Set the topsail, ye lubbers. Lively now, loose the topgallant sail."

The *Lucy* sped away before the wind, but in the Caribbean were English men-of-war, and soon one of them was bent in chase of her, for England and America were at war. The English frigate's guns carried far; they set the *Lucy* on fire, but she got away, thanks to the swiftness with which she sailed. Her day, however, was done; Bush and his men were compelled to take to the longboat, and they watched her till she sank. Then they headed for the little island of Tortuga.

IN the early morning following that night on which John Bush had so hurriedly put to sea, Virginie Goutier awakened from her quiet sleep with a presentiment of evil. Cheerful sunshine flooded the room and shone like a golden haze through the white gauze curtain of her bed. The air was still, but little household sounds came faintly to her ears. Peace seemed to brood over the roof of Leroy Mangan.

Then to her awakened brain came sharp as dagger thrusts the terrifying thoughts—would Pierre Nicholas attempt to consummate the wedding which her guardian had sanctioned before she could effect her escape, and had some misfortune fallen upon John Bush, in whom she recognized her only possible deliverer? Four days had passed since she had seen the hated face of Nicholas, but it was almost as long since that evening when Bush had been requested by Leroy Mangan to leave his house. What could be the significance of this silence? Had the aroused antagonism of her guardian followed the young American beyond the gate? She knew only too well how cheap was death and how silently it could appear in the Haitian city. She flung her face against the pillow, dry-eyed in the terror of her thoughts.

To Virginie Goutier the Philadelphian captain had come clothed in all the romance of her dreams. Never had she forgotten his stalwart figure and smiling face since the first day that they had met. In the months that intervened she had built around his memory the attributes of all the lovers of history. In the secluded garden of her life he had become her constant companion; he was the embodiment of all that earth held of bravery and gentleness and passion. . . .

But long days had gone by since that night, and still no word from him. Had something happened to him, or was he secretly planning some daring move for her rescue? To relieve her anxiety she played with the latter thought, but through the fascinating romance which her fancy wove came again and again the prodding fear: life was so cheap in Le Cap.

She breakfasted early and alone. It was customary for Leroy Mangan to drink his chocolate in bed and to arise late in the morning. In obedience to her order her carriage was waiting before the door. She gave the coachman her instructions and leaned back among the cushions.

The horses came to a stop before the warehouse of Monsieur Samatan. From the steps she could see all of the harbour. No vessel rode at anchor on the smooth water or rested against the wharves. Somewhere and for some reason the brig of John Bush was gone.

Napoleon Samatan greeted her with a profound courtesy which gave no indication of the surprise which her early-morning call occasioned. Gallantly he bowed her to a chair, and flung back the shutters of a window that the breeze might cool the room.

"Monsieur Samatan," she began abruptly, "ever

since I was a little girl you have been very kind to me. You knew my father and my mother. Can I trust you with my confidence?"

"Mademoiselle, it would be my greatest happiness to serve you."

She looked intently at the dark level eyes of the merchant and their honest and friendly gaze confirmed her confidence.

"Captain Bush—he, too, is your friend?" she continued.

"Oui, mademoiselle, there is no man whom I regard with deeper affection."

"What has happened to him?" She leaned forward, her long fingers laced upon her knees, her deep eyes imploring.

Monsieur Samatan made an expressive gesture of despair with his hands. "It is a strange story, mademoiselle. He has left Le Cap; quickly, for his safety. But I shall tell you." Then with dramatic interpretation he recounted the story, as he had heard it, of Bush's encounter with Pierre Nicholas, and of his escape from the harbour on the evening previous. When he had finished, Virginie got up from the chair and laid her hands in his as he stood before her.

"Monsieur Samatan, he will return. For my sake, he has done these things. You alone know of this. My secret is in your keeping. As his friend, and as the friend of my parents, I appeal to you to aid us if the need arises!"

Monsieur Samatan was deeply affected. "I will promise that," he said, simply.

EVER since the *Lucy* had been abandoned Bush had kept a sharp watch on the horizon. Although a sail might mean a desirable rescue he was aware that the chances were slight that it might be an American or a neutral vessel, and anything was preferable to capture by an Englishman, merchant ship or man-of-war. There was a large number of Yankee privateers at sea, however, and if one of these should chance upon the open boat nothing could be more fortunate, for such a rescue would insure their ultimate landing at an American port or, for that matter, at a neutral port, from whence he could more readily carry out his plan for a return to Le Cap.

It was accordingly with no small emotion that shortly before noon on the second day the topsails of a small brig were sighted on the horizon, apparently holding a course that within a few hours would bring her within hail of the open boat. For a long time Bush had been planning a course of action, but he had not yet disclosed his plans to Huggett or the crew. Now, however, he determined to sound their inclinations, for the scheme which his active imagination had engendered required the implicit support of all.

"If yon brig is of our people," he explained, while the rowers trailed their oars and the others sat with bearded faces turned to him, "all is well. But I doubt greatly if a small trading brig—for such she appears to be—would be in these waters unless she is English or of another country. You will remember how much alone the *Lucy* has been, these years of the war. If we are taken up by an English ship, the consequences are well known to you. Escape is impossible. But there is an alternative which, if you're the breed of men that I believe you to be, can be attempted. Are you of a mind to follow me?"

A lank sailor with sun-bleached hair broke the moment of silence that ensued. "Aye, captain, we're with ye. But what may be the plan?" The others nodded in assent.

"There are now eleven of us in all," Bush continued. "We have cutlasses and tomahawks and there are six pistols in the store chest. I would have all but three hide beneath the canvas, while the others with the sail will hold a course along the wind. If we make her out to be American or a neutral, well and good, but if English, we will signal our distress; and if once we can get alongside of her without their suspicion that others are hid beneath the sails, there's a slim chance, but our only chance, we can take her by force."

There was a murmur of approval from the men. The black face of the negro, Luke, broke into a broad smile and he wagged his head vigorously.

"And if we take the brig and she proves well laden, will there be a division of the prize money?" asked one of the men.

"There will be the usual division," Bush answered. "If she carries a valuable cargo there will be a rich reward."

A half-hour passed and the brig was now not more than a mile away. Twice Huggett had stood in the stern and waved his shirt above his head, but there had been no apparent sign of recognition from the ship. Once again he steadied himself on spread legs and shook the torn, white garment in the air. Slowly the brig swung a point off her course and as the two watches recognized this evidence that they were sighted, the red ensign was rapidly hoisted to the peak and again lowered to the deck.

Bush passed the information on to the crew. "She's English! Ten minutes, lads, and she'll be alongside. Not a sound there until I give the word; then follow me. A surprise is our only chance."

THE brig headed toward them, the blue water now and then whitening beneath her bluff bow. She was heavily laden and in the light breeze laboured almost as though water-logged. Bush had concealed his glass beneath a thwart, for now he could clearly scan her deck with his naked eye. A sailor in the bow was the only sign of life that was visible. Apparently their appearance had created no particular interest. In an undertone Huggett called attention to the gun ports pierced in the low bulwark. Peaceable as was her appearance, the brig, like the *Lucy*, was evidently armed to take care of herself. Another sailor now joined the watcher in the bow. Bush waved his arm to them and one of the men lifted a coil of line above his head. So slowly was the brig moving through the water that it was evident that the sailor intended to cast a line to the longboat and bring it alongside without stopping his own progress. Huggett gave a quick look of satisfaction at the captain. To be picked up in this fashion would not necessitate the presence of officers or men on deck.

It may be questioned how a man of the integrity and courage of John Bush could purpose to take by force a peaceful merchantman thus proffering a service of mercy to two castaways in a small boat in an empty sea. But it must be constantly remembered that a war of singular bitterness was then in progress between England and the United States and that the impressment of Yankee sailors by British men-of-war had played no small part among the causes of that struggle. Accordingly, in the eyes of John Bush, this slow-plodding English merchantman was fair game to bag if he were able to do so by the ingenious strategy that he had determined to execute.

In another minute the high, blunt bow of the brig loomed above them. An order was bawled aft by the sailor to the steersman, the coil of rope came singing through the air and Huggett, catching it over his arm, made fast with a hitch around a forward thwart.

The gunwale of the longboat touched the brig's planking and as he felt the slight shock Bush whipped a pistol from beneath his coat and sprang for the channel, his hands grasping the chains that secured the dead eyes of the shrouds. As he leaped he gave a shout. "Now then!"

But the men needed no word of action. The sails were thrust back and from the bottom of the boat they followed their captain with a rush into the chains. So sudden and so unexpected was the attack that not one of the ship's crew for a few vital seconds resisted their onset. With a leap Bush cleared the bulwark and his feet struck the deck. Already Huggett was at his side. From the poop came the roar of a pistol and a bullet sang past his head. He saw the man who fired and the roar of his own pistol was the instant answer. With a rush one of the brig's crew flung himself against them, a long pike in his hands that buried its lance-like head in the chest of the last man to leave the longboat just as his body appeared above the gunwale. Cutlasses were clashing. Two, three, four more pistol shots roared viciously. A man dropped at Bush's feet and rolled screaming into the scupper, his head cloven with a cutlass. Two others were crumpled on the white planking. Of the brig's crew who had been on deck but one remained, and he was climbing now for life to the maintop. The brig was taken.

During the next hour Bush inspected his new command and interviewed the prisoners. "Hercules" was her name; a brig about the same size as the *Lucy*, but designed along the broad, bluff lines of an Indiaman rather than according to the sharp, fine mold of the little Philadelphia blockade runner. She was English-built and English-manned and had sailed four weeks previous from Portsmouth for Port Royal with a mixed cargo of merchandize.

The armament of the *Hercules* was a matter of no small importance and Bush observed with satisfaction that five carronades comprised her main battery, in addition to two small brass cannon on the poop. Obviously no match for a privateer, she was still by no means defenceless, and for the plan which Bush now deliberated her armament was all that he required.

CHAPTER IV

RISING sharply from a sea of glittering blue, the island of Tortuga flung its green shadow against the pale band of the horizon. Early in the morning the lookout in the foretop had announced the landfall to the deck, and a few minutes later Luke had roused his master from the heavy sleep in which he had sunk, wrapped in a greatcoat in an angle of the poop bulwark, to see the bearing of the now clearly visible land. His eyes were still heavy with sleep and for a moment he stood in stupefied bewilderment, uncertain whether to believe the mad procession of dreams from which he had been awakened or to accept the reality of the day.

He had preferred to stay on deck during the night and in the hours between midnight and the dawn he had again walked in the garden of Monsieur Mangan with Virginie's white shoulder beside him gleaming in the moonlight. They were happy dreams.

(Continued on Page 17)

THEY are buggy people," said Martha to Mary in tones of respect. She was referring to the folk who lived not a hundred yards from them and who were visited by friends in single and double buggies, drawn by single or pairs of horses, and who, of course, also had a buggy or two of their own. Martha and Mary, like Lilian and Lucy, or any other two or more young ladies of this quite modest class, neither owned a buggy nor boasted of relatives who did so. They were mainly tram-car people, who occasionally hired a bus or cab, and to them the possession of a buggy indicated a definite social status, and acquaintance or friendship with "buggy people" was a privilege not to be despised.

This was about twenty years ago.

The externals of social superiority then were, as now, a fine residence, many servants, and freedom to attend the dances at the best clubs and hotels. But the chief external or obvious hallmark of such superiority was a buggy, preferably one which could accommodate three or four persons besides the driver and which was drawn by a pair of high-stepping horses that champed the bit and seemed otherwise conscious that they were symbols of a great and mighty state.

Even then there were persons with buggies who were not in society or not on the way to that sphere; nevertheless the two-horse vehicle remained the outward and visible sign of inward social grace and happiness, and there was a gulf fixed between those who had buggies and those who had them not, about as impassable as that which divided Lazarus from Dives.

THE years passed, the buggy slowly began to give place to the motor car, and in some countries it was said that a new gulf had opened between the rich and the poor, between the people in society and those not in society: this was said especially in England, for in America Mr. Henry Ford had made it impossible for the rich to monopolise the motor car.

It was said in Jamaica also. Those who owned carriages (which was another and grander name for the larger-sized buggies) but who could not afford a motor car, spoke bitterly of the horseless conveyance and declared loudly that they would never trust themselves in one. More, they affirmed that they much preferred a carriage to a motor car (which was just as well, seeing that they had not the latter), and they pointed out the superiority of the horse to a mere machine. All of which did not prevent motor cars from steadily becoming more fashionable. It did not prevent the gulf between Lazarus and Dives from widening and deepening. The buggies had to give place to the motor car upon the road when the car sounded its haughty warning and demanded right of way, and it was most humiliating to have to let the car rush past, especially as it always left the buggy people in a cloud of dust thoughtfully stirred up by the deliberate opening of what is known as the motor car's "cut out."

The world of Jamaica then became divided into four main classes: motor car people, buggy people, tram and cab people, and walking people. The walking people were for the most part disregarded. They being only the majority who grew food and performed for a trifling remuneration the most necessary operations of a country's life, did not need to be considered. They would always walk anyhow, and walking was no doubt good for them, whereas it was highly detrimental to persons of a finer and more exquisite physical and mental organisation. The folk of this finer and more delicate organisation needed exercise, it is true, but they could get it from cricket, tennis, golf; and as golf courses were few in Jamaica, and would always be so, the motor car folk took to golfing as their chief form of recreational exercise. This further served to mark them off from other classes of the population. And if they were compelled to walk, they did it under protest, or rather, with an excuse, and never for more than a hundred yards at once.

The tram and cab people were mostly the better-class wage earners, who always spoke of their pay as "salary." They too had the highest social aspirations and any amount of pride, but they had not, and thought then that they never would have, the purse which, with pride, would have landed them among the buggy folk or the motor car hierarchy. They watched these from the outside, so to speak, with an envy that was almost socialistic. Why, they asked themselves, why should some people have buggies, and others motor cars, others quite as good had perforce to content themselves with the ordinary street car and an occasional cab; and to this question neither heaven nor earth returned an answer. But their bitterness was nothing to the bitterness of buggy folk when these saw persons of more or less the same social sphere, or lower, rolling along the streets and roads in motor cars. It seemed then to the buggy people that Providence had fallen asleep or had forgotten its duties. It was clear that something had to be done to right the existing wrong and

THE MOTOR CAR

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to readjust the sorely-disturbed balances of social justice.

AND something was done. The buggies began to disappear. The cost of a car, and of its yearly maintenance, was much higher than that of a buggy or even a carriage; yet it was met. More cars appeared than there had been buggies; garages began to spring up all over the island, horses died of a broken heart, the four classes of society were again reduced to three. It seemed as though the balances of social justice and propriety were being nicely adjusted once again, and that the outward and visible signs of superiority were about to become even more immutably fixed than before.

It might be that some who had no right to own motor cars did have them. It might be that men and women who, quite obviously, should ride in the trams or in the cabs had actually been able to purchase motor cars, and to pay cash for them too—which was setting a bad example. All this was deplorable, yet on the whole there was a difference established, a difference which went about splendidly upon wheels and spattered mud about during and after rain. "They are motor car people now," said Martha to Mary in tones of awe. The buggy people had become completely transformed into higher and more celestial beings.

But no one can foretell the future. When we say that "this is a democratic age," we use words the full force and significance of which we do not understand. Democracy really means that everybody wants to do just what everybody else, of the best class, is doing, and does not see why everybody who is not doing it should not do it. Thus when a labourer strikes and at the same time protests against the idle rich, what he means is that he wants to be idle himself. And of course he wants to be rich, but simply is not sufficiently intelligent to become so. When Martha ceases to regard with awe those who own motor cars, she begins, and that quickly, to feel that she and Mary should have a car also: at this stage she denounces people who have motor cars and wonders loudly "how they do it." The suggestion is that they do it on a basis of credit, and the hope indubitably is that bankruptcy will shortly supervene. Twenty or twenty-five years ago Martha and Mary would not have thought it possible to become buggy folk, but democracy had not then made its appearance in Jamaica. It has since then. And that is just what the orthodox buggy people, transformed into motor car people, never took into consideration. This class has never been able to foresee the future.

In the days of buggies in Jamaica, about which some erudite scholar will one day write an unreadable book, coachmen had to be employed, and no gentleman would have dreamed of being his own coachman. He might drive his own trap occasionally; but his coachman would always be seated at his side. Then there usually had to be a groom for the horses, unless the coachman could be bribed, by "feeding" in addition to wages, to perform the functions of a groom. For horses one required stables, and for the buggy or buggies there had to be coach-houses. Then the coachman and the groom slept as a rule on the premises, and for these there had to be out-houses. All this required a lot of space, and the expense of maintaining a couple of buggies was not inconsiderable; which partly explains why the richest of the buggy people were able at the beginning to transform themselves into motor car people. But when those not of the richest class determined that, cost what it might, they would have motor cars or perish in the attempt, it dawned upon some of them that they would have to perish did they insist upon having chauffeurs, who were the equivalent of the original coachman and groom. Then it was that the spirit of democracy began to touch them. Why not drive their cars themselves? And as an old stable would make a suitable garage, and as out-houses once given over to the service of coachman and groom could be hired out to the lower classes and so become a source of irregular revenue (the lower classes having always a strong disinclination to the paying of rent), a motor car might be maintained and social standards upheld in the very teeth of adverse financial circumstances.

TO groom a horse and wash a buggy, to drive that vehicle also, was a menial occupation. But to drive a car required skill and might be regarded as a gentlemanly occupation. "Every man his own chauffeur" therefore became the unuttered motto of many; the boldest led the way; the others followed; and as even men with chauffeurs often drove their own cars and delighted in doing so, no social stigma rested upon those who had no chauffeurs and so

perforce had to drive their own cars or keep them on exhibition in the drawing rooms at home.

But a revolution was still to come, the revolution which is now in progress among us and beside which that fomented by Lenin and Trotsky in Russia is mere child's play.

In Jamaica we used to be sticklers for the proper thing on the social side of life. We still are, to a certain extent. But when the highest classes change, and the classes just below the highest follow suit, then the classes just below the classes that are just below the highest deem that they can change also—which is true democracy. This never occurred to the men who first set the example of "every man his own chauffeur." These did not see that young men who could never have become coachmen and grooms would consent to become their own chauffeurs. Yet so it has been, and this change has been facilitated, even brought about, by the appearance of a phenomenon known as the second-hand motor car.

It is like this. After having used a car for three or four years, a gentleman's family finds that it is no longer fit to be seen. Which means that they no longer care to be seen in it. It has become shabby-looking, it makes more than the usual amount of noise that is expected from any decently-conducted motor car. It is not as nice-looking as Mrs. Richly's six-cylinder Buick, or Mrs. Showem's balloon-tyre Dodge, or even Mr. Desplay's Ford Sedan. This causes the Richlys and the Showems to look down on a man's family, and that is the sort of thing that no man's family can stand. So a new car has to be got for love or credit, and as love does not go very far in the business world the system of purchase on the instalment plan has to be evoked. But in the meantime some ready cash is desirable. Indeed, it is absolutely necessary. So the old car is announced as for sale, and people who once would have been considered as condemned irrevocably and forever to the cab and tramway class come forward with practical offers. Thus cars that were originally purchased for three hundred pounds might change hands for fifty or so. The popular Buick, the appreciated Dodge, can be had second-hand. Fords that originally fetched a hundred and twenty pounds have been known to pass into new ownership for a bare twenty. Mr. Jenkins buys one. He has saved with just this end in view. He cannot drive a car himself and never will: it would be suicide for him to attempt to do so. But his son can: Robert has learnt; more, Robert can take a car to pieces any Sunday and fix it up afterwards, and that is often Robert's occupation on a Sunday afternoon. So all the Jenkins of this city and island have their eyes on motor cars, and not they alone. All classes think in terms of motor cars. "My one ambition," says a man who uses the tram habitually, "is to have a motor car." He is going to realise his ambition. It is a compelling ambition, an utterly absorbing one, and no man who sets his mind upon an object not impossible will fail to attain his end.

THUS has the motor car shattered, or bids fair to shatter, the structure of a well-organised society. The outward and visible signs of social distinction are disappearing. The very thing that twenty years ago was thought to make the most striking difference between the classes is now helping to obliterate that difference. Go anywhere, stand anywhere, and you will see that this is so. Comes a splendid seven-seater automobile, and its occupants loll back in their seats like gods and goddesses of ancient religions. Comes immediately after a Dodge or a Buick that has seen better days but is still serviceable. It is crowded to its utmost capacity, which is to say that it is overcrowded; it carries eight persons instead of the five it was built to accommodate; it was bought second-hand, it has been tinkered again and again, it is rickety, it is noisy, but it moves and makes a dust, and those who are in it, enjoy themselves quite as much as those in the preceding new motor. They love their car as much as you do, sir or madam, who paid a thousand pounds for yours. They drive it themselves—all the boys can drive, and the girls are learning also. They can go anywhere in it, and they make sacrifices to obtain the necessary oil and gas to supply the power. The roads are all open to them, and they open their "cut outs" to you when they rush past you on the road. They signal you to give them the way, they race you, they enjoy leaving you behind. And perhaps you ask, astonished and indignant, "how do they do it?" Well, how do we any of us do anything? By wanting sufficiently much to do it, for where there is a will there is a way. The motor car has evoked more will power than any other factor in Jamaica. The motor car, which was at first the exclusive appanage of the better-off classes, and the symbol of social superiority, has now become the token and manifestation of a triumphing democracy. The horse is going. The donkey will follow suit. In time everyone will ride in motor car, taxi or motor truck.

THE CITADEL

(Continued from Page 15)

and reality came with a dull shock as he blinked his eyes in the sunlight.

Bush ate the bread and coffee that Luke brought to him on the poop deck, and by the time he had finished, the lofty mountains of Tortuga were sharply defined against the sky. The men were all on deck except the watch which had just been relieved and had gone below. Forward, a guard was sitting on a bitt near the forecastle hatch, a cocked and loaded pistol across his knees; there was no other indication that the *Hercules* was not the peaceful merchantman that she had seemed until the recent occurrences.

"Mr. Huggett!" he called. The first mate hurried aft. "Muster the prisoners on deck."

One by one they appeared from the forecastle, a sullen little group that stared boldly into the faces of their captors and slouched nonchalantly against the bulwark. Bush walked forward and faced them.

"By afternoon," he said, "we shall be off Tortuga. At that time I shall free you and place you in the longboat with the necessary arms and provisions for your sustenance. I shall instruct your captain to proceed immediately to the shore and shall suggest that you make your way to the harbour on the south side of the island where you can obtain shelter and, ultimately, passage."

LATE in the afternoon Bush gave the order to the steersman to bring the *Hercules* into the wind. All day the breeze had steadily freshened and at four o'clock the sudden rending of the fore royal into a fringe of flying ribbons told Bush that he must shorten sail if he would save the old and rotten canvas. Slowly during the day the green mountains of Tortuga had risen higher and higher above the torn blue of the sea, a long rolling range that stretched away to the eastward from the lofty rounded peak on the western end of the island. Not more than a mile of water now intervened between the brig and the shore. It was rough but the seas were not breaking, and as they were now in the leeward of the land a boat could make the passage with safety.

"Lower away the long boat, Mr. Huggett," slowly, the falls were let go through the creaking sheaves and the stern of the heavy boat dipped in a wave that slid beneath her. The next moment she was riding alongside the brig, rising and falling on the passing seas.

From the poop Bush watched the operation and silently enumerated the various stores that were piled high in her bow and stern.

"Have you everything necessary in the boat?" he inquired. "Then muster the prisoners!"

One by one they emerged from the forecastle and stood whistling and talking in a little group at the hatchway.

Hugget glanced at Bush and saw him nod in answer. "Over you go, lads!" he shouted.

The line was let go and fell with a slap across the bow of the longboat. Riding low in the water, the boat slid slowly past the poop.

In silence the men on deck saw the longboat grow small in the distance until Huggett's order to man the braces brought them to their stations. Slowly the sails filled as the *Hercules*' head fell off before the wind and with her mast again staggering under the crowding sails she resumed her course to the southeast, her bow pointing defiantly toward Le Cap Francaise.

About mid-afternoon Bush called Huggett to the poop and led him aft to the stern rail where they could converse out of hearing of the steersman. The *Hercules* was sailing with considerable movement and the stern rose and fell in long upward rushes and abrupt descents that caused them to steady themselves by a firm hold on the rail. Beneath the counter the wake churned out in a wide path of pale green and soapy white water, a long trail that extended in sinuous curves far behind them in the ultramarine of the heaving sea. The air was strong and cool, heavy with its burden of moisture and ocean fragrance.

BRIEFLY Bush again outlined his plan to Huggett, who listened with tacit acceptance; but in his rugged face and honest eyes Bush saw a disapproval of the proposed venture. He was tempted for a time to argue, but he realised that the mate's convictions were seldom open to compromise and the alternative of his own retraction quite naturally could not occur to him. Then for the first time there was a tinge of emotion in his voice.

"You will instruct the men, Mr. Huggett, to shoot caronades and these small ones"—he kicked the carriage of one of the two brass guns that swept the stern as he spoke—"with grape. Have three charges of powder on deck and break out the magazine. Also serve out cutlasses to all hands and have pikes and axes ready to repel boarders. I want this done before we cross the bar. You will wait for me until noon to-morrow. At that time, if I do not return, you will sail immediately for Philadelphia, where you will report the ship and her cargo to my uncle, Mr. Gilder-sleeve. In the desk in my cabin you will find the

necessary papers to authorize your command. Serve a double grog to all hands before we enter. I shall rely on you to see that the men conduct themselves properly."

The first mate regarded the sail over the horizon and then the now prominent landfall of Le Morne, but his thoughts were quite evidently not concerned with either.

"Have you anything you wish to say?" Bush concluded.

Huggett hitched at his belt, his usual preparatory movement before speaking. "Well, sir," he finally muttered, "it's not for me to say, but I tell ye, Captain Bush, this is bad business. I've seen good heads turned afore by a pretty face. The devils they be, and the innocent they be, the worse they be. It's yourself I'm thinking of, Captain Bush. There's gals in every port; fine gals and yours for the choosing. Ye asked me for my say; I've said it." He spat over the stern with the emphasis of a period to his words. It was a long speech for Thomas Huggett, the longest that Bush had ever heard him make.

"Mr. Huggett, I thank you for what you've said," he finally answered. "Your words bespeak your loyalty. As for what I purpose, that I shall carry out as I have described to you. You can show your loyalty by carrying out my orders to the letter."

"That I'll do, captain."

The afternoon was wearing to a glorious close. High around the horizon the great creamy cumulus clouds piled one upon another up to the blue vault above. Beneath them was the sea, a moving, living surface of deepest blue. And on the right lay the high shores of Haiti, bright green in the mellow light. The western clouds were flaming with unbelievable colour. Sunset was but a short time away.

The sun was low as the *Hercules* crossed the bar, its slanting rays striking for a brief minute the red flag of England that whipped out straight from the halyards at the peak. In a final conflagration the sun dipped beyond the horizon. In the east the smooth white clouds glowed pink in the reflected light. Then the day ended. Two miles away a few lights already gleamed like fireflies among the trees of Le Cap. There was the warm fragrant smell of land in the air. A mile offshore the *Hercules* came about and with topsails aback ran slowly until the splash of the anchor told Bush that the next chapter in his adventurous career was at hand.

AS SOON as he had assured himself that the brig was in readiness to sail on a moment's notice Bush went down to his cabin. On the table Luke had placed bread and meat and a bottle of brandy. He ate quickly and sparingly and washed down the dry crumbs with a gulp of smarting liquor. He dressed carefully and with a quizzical smile on his lips surveyed in the small mirror the fit of his coat and the effect of the black military hat that he had taken from the Englishman's cabin. From his chest he took a flat leather case and opened the cover. A pair of finely chased dueling pistols lay gleaming against the leather. Carefully he loaded and primed them and secured them in his belt beneath the fold of the greatcoat. Next from the locker of the former captain of the *Hercules* he provided himself with a slim dagger that he had noticed there when he had rummaged the cabin the day previous.

"Tomorrow morning," he muttered to himself, "we shall be again at sea—we!" He spoke the word slowly. Then he added, "If all goes well."

As he came on deck Bush glanced at the sky. Overhead the stars were shining, but the east was banked with clouds. The moon would rise late, and if the clouds remained it would be later still before it climbed into the clear. The darkness would prove a friendly aid. A number of the men were loafing about the deck, and he felt their eyes fixed on him. Somehow their unabashed gaze gave him an unaccustomed sensation of self-consciousness and embarrassment. A lantern had been swung near the gangway and he saw Huggett's face stolid in the light and behind him the black features of the mute, his eyes white and staring against his ebon face.

"You have my orders, Mr. Huggett," he said simply.

"Aye sir," the mate answered.

Bush landed at a small wharf north of the main landing-stage, a rough unfrequented structure used chiefly by the native fishermen. Already he could feel the warm breath of the heated land in his face, and in the stillness faint indefinable sounds crept out over the water.

"Luke, you will wait here until it is light. Then, if I do not come, go back to the ship."

The small waves slapped and cracked among the piles of the wharf and a fishy smell impregnated the damp air. Quietly Bush swung himself up to the top of the wharf. Beneath it already Luke was tying the small boat. Unconcerned, Bush realized the negro would sleep there unseen until dawn.

The little wharf was deserted, as was also the narrow beach on either side of it. Behind the beach was an empty field. Beyond was a black row of palm trees, and then the road. Cautiously he crossed the strip of open land and gained the trees. They were lofty coco palms and from behind a huge bulbous bole he peered up and down the white road. It was empty. No one had seen his solitary landing.

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Boldly he pushed through the undergrowth and struck out north along the road. He had come ashore north of the main part of the town; the houses here were fewer and more widely separated. Ahead on the left a high white wall rose among the palms; the ruin of a French residence. The entrance to the grounds edged the road, a lofty arch on massive pillars. Suddenly his heart began to pound violently for in the shadow of the arch he saw the dark figure of a man. Resolutely he walked on. Through the ruined gate a light shone dimly; a native hut, doubtless, in the grounds of the devastated mansion. From the corner of his eyes as he passed he watched the man in the gateway. There was no movement of indication of interest. Again he felt a distinct relief; his presence on the road at least excited no comment.

FOR fifteen minutes Bush walked steadily. Then ahead he saw the white gateposts at the entrance to the grounds of Monsieur Leroy Mangan. Beyond the entrance all was darkness. He had not expected to see a light, for the intervening barrier of the giant mangoes concealed the house from the road, but the silence and blackness of the place disconcerted him; and he stepped into the shelter of the trees to determine his next step. The warm, still air was fragrant almost to suffocation with the perfume of a guava tree somewhere near by in the darkness. It was very still. As far as he could see in either direction the road was deserted.

He stepped out again, and now walking more slowly and with conscious caution, turned into the drive, his shoes crunching noisily on the gravel. The sound of his footsteps alarmed him and he almost precipitately sought the enveloping darkness of the trees. Here there was no betraying sound, his feet fell noiseless on the heavy turf.

Out of the night came a sound, so clear and so near that he stopped abruptly. Some one was playing on a pianoforte; sweet and sharp the notes sounded, a fragile overture. Then, plaintive a woman's voice rose above the tinkling accompaniment of the instrument. It was a French love song. Clear and distinct the words fell on his ears. It was Virginie.

Through the bushes Bush could now see the house clearly. On the side a light shone out against the trees. Noiselessly he crept around the corner. Three wide French doors opened on the lawn and through them the yellow glow of many candles came. The whole interior of the room was visible. Then, against the wall on the right, he saw her, her dark hair coiled about the small head; her bare shoulders very white in the candlelight. She was sitting on a chair before the pianoforte with her back toward him. Unseen by her he was able to scan the room. Deliberately his eyes searched it. Each detail vividly impressed him; the dark portraits against the gray walls; the massive escritoire with panels of crotch mahogany, and leaded glass doors in the high bookcase above; the table with claw feet of brass; the gilded chairs, the vases of flowers, and the yellow tongues of the candles behind the screens of glass.

With impetuous determination he strode to the centre doorway. She did not hear him, for his feet made no sound on the grass, and as he stood hesitating her fingers ran again along the keys. Fascinated, he waited, but the little run died away in silence.

"Virginie!"

He barely breathed the word but at the sound she turned, rising from her chair with a little startled cry that ended with a quick intake of her breath as her eyes found him.

"John!" As though to warn him from her, she held out a hand, palm toward him. He ignored her gesture and came across the floor, his steps sounding lightly on the polished boards.

"I have come," he said. "I have come as I promised. You must go with me, now, this very moment, or it may be too late!"

"Go with you?" Her great eyes sought his face. He had taken her hands in his and she was so near that he could hear her quickened breathing and see her breast rise and fall beneath the white bodice of her dress. "Go with you, now?" she repeated.

"I have a ship in the harbour; a boat is waiting. I shall take you away, where you will be safe. You trust me?" He knew he did not need the question; he could read the answer in her face, in the pressure of her fingers caught about his own. Still dazed by the shock of his coming, she regarded him, unable to grasp the reality of his presence.

"Virginie!" The sound of the name on his lips brought her to herself. With a sob she released his hands and Bush felt his arms encircle the smooth white shoulders; the fragrance of her hair was in his face; her warm body clung to him. Then slowly she lifted her face. In an intoxication of emotion he bent over her; their lips met.

He felt her head sink forward upon his breast; then with a sudden movement she slipped from his arms and thrust him from her.

"Mon Dieu," she breathed, "I love you! It is you of whom I have dreamed; that you would come; that you would take me with you; that I might be yours always."

His arms reached for her but she eluded him with a half-step backward. "And you have come," she continued. "Yes, I shall go. Oh—" Her voice trailed off in a little cry.

From an adjoining room a footfall sounded. Then the tapestry across the door was flung back and Leroy Mangan stepped into the candlelight.

CHAPTER V

TO WHAT, may I ask"—Monsieur Mangan spoke slowly and with cold distinctness in every word—"do I owe the honour of this visit?"

So unexpected had been Mangan's coming that he could not fail to read the startled look on Bush's face as he stared at him. With a superb effort Virginie turned toward the intruder, her chin uplifted, her eyes fearless in their level gaze. Her lips moved slightly as if she were trying to speak, but the words did not come.

Then instinctively her eyes turned toward Bush. There was desperation in her glance, a combination of resolution and appeal. Imperturbable and almost casual in his manner, Bush stood beside the great mahogany table, the fingers of one hand drumming lightly on its shining surface. There were even the wrinkles of a smile about his lips. Only the blue eyes, half shut, were hard and cold.

"Monsieur Mangan," he said in a pleasant tone, "denied by you with, I may say, scant courtesy, the privilege of calling on your ward, I have, I admit, somewhat informally come without invitation for that same purpose."

The two men stared fixedly into each other's eyes as though trying to win the mastery.

"I will even say," Bush continued, "that an affair of the heart should require no explanation. I would desire, monsieur, to ask of you the hand of Mademoiselle Virginie in marriage."

A slight colour for a fleeting moment stained the white cheeks of Mangan and his eyes strayed from those of the captain to the slender girl.

"You are aware, Captain Bush," he said coldly, "that my ward is affianced to another?"

"I am." The smile withered on the captain's lips.

"And you, sir, a mere American peddler of merchandise, presume to intrigue behind my back and tamper with the affections of this young girl whom I consider as I would were she of my own flesh and blood."

Before the eyes of John Bush the tall white-faced man across the table appeared suddenly as though seen through a blur of flashing light. He felt the blood pounding furiously through his veins. He was trembling. A mad fury overwhelmed him. With a quick movement his hand felt for a pistol at his waist. But as he snatched at the pistol grip the white arms of Virginia enfolded him and he heard her entreat from lips half buried in his breast that he would spare the life of her guardian.

Not once during the scene had Leroy Mangan evidenced the various emotions that must have possessed him; not even when Captain Bush sought the pistol and Mangan read the desire to kill in the tense blue eyes, did the pale face change its cynical expression; nor did the fingers of the lean hand betray him by an involuntary movement. Rather, like a distinguished and slightly supercilious spectator he regarded the drama that was acted before him.

"Come," he said finally. "These heroics, although excellent examples of the emotionalism of youth, can accomplish nothing." He walked slowly around the table toward them and instinctively John Bush tightened his arm around the white shoulders of the girl. Mangan touched her lightly on the arm. "This cannot be, Virginie. It is late. It would be best perhaps for you to retire to your room. Hard words have passed. Perhaps Captain Bush will join me in a glass of wine. Alone, we can discuss this weighty matter to some purpose."

Reluctantly the girl allowed Bush's arm to release her, and with her face half hidden in her hands she turned toward the door. Then, unexpectedly, she lifted her head sharply and regarded with passionate scorn the cold features of Leroy Mangan.

MONSIEUR MANGAN, I hate you!" Her voice was high-pitched but calm. "In spite of all that you have done for me, I despise you! It is possible that you may separate us"—she gave Bush a fleeting glance—"but I shall seek death rather than become the bride of Pierre Nicholas!"

With her head high she walked across the floor. Bush saw her arm very white against the tapestry as she drew it aside; then the hanging fell back into place. She was gone.

"And now," said Mangan, "will you be seated, monsieur? Perhaps calmly we can discuss this matter that so deeply concerns you. Cold reason is an excellent antidote for passion and there has been tonight a preponderance of the latter." He waved his hand toward a low deep chair beside the table and drew another chair up to face it. "But before we begin to talk, if you will excuse me, I will get a bottle of Bordeaux wine from a shipment that has been recently sent to me." He moved toward a door in the end of the room as he spoke. "It is late," he added; "my servants retire early. I will get the bottle and glasses myself."

Bush did not reply. This unexpected turn in Mangan's attitude confounded him. In the suave hospitality of the man he sensed an unpleasant reaction

which he could not analyze. He distrusted him now more thoroughly than ever; the man's strange smoothness repelled him. Not less had Virginie's display of spirit taken him aback. In her hot flare of anger and in the burning indignation in her eyes he had caught a glimpse of a strong and passionate nature which, like his own, would dare all danger in the great emergency. From the next room came the clink of glasses and through the open door he could see the high white room. At the far side Mangan was bending over the sideboard, a huge mahogany piece on the top of which Bush's eye caught the glint of glass and silver.

Virginie returned to his thoughts and he wondered how he could reach her if a chance to escape should come. His hand wandered beneath the coat and fastened on the hilt of the slim knife. That was one way. A quick stab; there need be no sound, and then to the boat and away before the murder was discovered. The thought shocked him. Extreme as was the situation, there was no justification for that. Perhaps he could antagonize Mangan to a point where he would attack him; then the homicide would be justifiable in the light of self-defence. Again he recoiled at the thought. After all, that, too, would be murder. There was also a flaw in the plan. Mangan was difficult to antagonize; it was he, Bush,



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who doubtless would flare first. That had been the case before.

Across the room a marble clock struck twelve with sweet lingering strokes. What could keep Mangan so long? He had apparently left the dining-room for John could no longer see him nor hear him fussing with the glasses. He examined the room in which he sat with roving eyes. The door at the other end led to the dining-room. On his right was the entrance to the garden and opposite it hung the piece of tapestry which concealed the doorway to the hall. As he regarded the green and brown weave, it seemed to flutter slightly as though shaken by the breeze. Instinctively he leaned forward that he might glance along the floor, to see, if possible beneath its folds. By a few inches the hanging cleared the floor and in that scant aperture he saw in the faint candlelight a woman's foot shod in a white satin slipper. The foot was withdrawn noiselessly. It was Virginie's.

Why was Virginie hiding behind the curtain? The answer was obvious. Was not she as much as he absorbed in the mystery of Mangan's sudden affability? To her even more than to Bush the outcome of this awaited conversation was of vital import. His first inclination was to steal quietly to the door and warn her to caution, but that would probably only disclose her presence, for he now heard Mangan crossing the dining-room.

With a smile the other man laid the silver tray on the table. There were two glasses on it, fine thin glasses with fluted stems banded with dull gold. Beside them a bottle of yellow wine reflected the light like molten sunshine and threw dancing gleams of amber on the bright surface of the tray. Both glasses were filled.

"I am glad," Mangan said, "that you will reasonably discuss with me the problem which your presence and your personality have created." His cold eyes rested on Bush as he talked, and although his lips moved his features were immobile as though cast in plaster. Only the lean right hand gave movement; the long fingers carelessly toying with the fluted ruffle of his stock. "Pierre Nicholas is my friend," he continued, "which I realize forbids in you a remark which could not fail to offend me. But, ah, monsieur, permit me to anticipate what you would say: that in my friend Nicholas there is a touch of colour which offends your cold, northern code. It is true. Yes, but is it not possible that we may differently regard these things here in this far country?"

NOTWITHSTANDING the obvious courtesy of Mangan and the patient tone of his voice the younger man realized that there was something which he could not fathom behind his smooth speech and manner.

"Monsieur Mangan," he said at last, "I am frankly puzzled by this sudden graciousness. Can it be that you will discuss coolly with me that question which is uppermost in my mind? Will you fairly consider the qualifications which I can offer and compare them with those of this Nicholas, whose pretensions to the hand of your ward cannot be thinkable to a gentleman, the guardian of a defenceless woman?"

Mangan, who was still standing, pointed to the tray. "Perhaps, Captain Bush, you will honour me by drinking a glass of a wine, of which, I am proud to say, there is none better to be had." He lifted a

glass by its stem between his strong, thin fingers. Bush rose from the chair and glanced down at the tray with his hand extended. Against the silver the yellow wine and sparkling crystal made a bright flash of colour. Then beside the base of the glass his quick eye detected a tiny fleck of powder; yellow, it was, like a bit of pollen fallen from a flower. His eye caught it, but there was no reaction in his troubled brain. He lifted the glass.

As Bush's gaze rose to meet that of Mangan, his glass upheld, his eyes fell across Mangan's shoulder toward the mantled door. Slowly the tapestry parted and in the opening he saw Virginie. Their eyes met. As he looked, she raised her hand to her lips as though to drink, then shook her head and seemed to dash from her hand an imaginary glass to the floor.

It was over in a flash, and as he looked Bush saw again the fleck of yellow powder on the tray. Here was the answer to this studied hospitality, to Mangan's long absence from the room.

"Monsieur Mangan," he said with spontaneous gaiety that came with the realization of danger so narrowly averted, "may I not exchange glasses with you? I beg that you will grant so small a concession to my curious desire to drink from your glass rather than from my own?"

The speech was blunt and there was no opportunity for Mangan to escape the significance of Bush's words.

"Captain Bush, I hesitate to remind you that you forget yourself. In your words there is an implication that I hold as an insult to my hospitality, an implication that I can scarcely allow to pass unnoticed. Drink, sir, and let the act excuse your words."

He raised the wine to his lips, but Bush set his own glass firmly on the table.

"Monsieur Mangan, I believe that glass of wine to be poisoned. I accuse you of the attempt to kill me. I dare you to drink the wine that you have poured for me."

"Your impudence, Captain Bush, demands more than an apology." For the first time the colour flushed Mangan's cheeks; his eyes closed to narrow slits of gray, while his hand nervously fingered the ruffled neck-piece. "Drink, damn you!" he snarled.

In the same measure that Mangan's former calmness had tantalized Bush into a display of passion, so now the breakdown of the elder man's control established Bush the more securely in his easy defiance and irritating good humour.

"Perhaps," he said with a pleasant smile, "you would permit Mademoiselle Virginie to sip from the glass which I distrust?"

"Virginie is not here." Monsieur Mangan was plainly startled.

There was a rustle behind the tapestry; the heavy hanging was brushed aside and from the darkness of the hall Virginie stepped into the candle-light. She was very pale, but her small chin was uplifted and her large eyes surveyed the room with an expression of infinite disdain. For a moment her gaze rested on Mangan and her lips parted as though she had intended to speak; but there was no sound. Then she walked to the table.

"How long have you been there?" Mangan demanded, confusion and anger in his voice.

She gave him a scornful look, and then, with her eyes turned from him: "Ever since you requested me to retire to my room." After a slight pause she

added: "It is indeed unfortunate that there should be such disagreement between you. First I, unhappily, am the cause of your quarrel, and now a glass of wine. *Bien!* Give it to me; perhaps both causes of disagreement can be removed by so simple an act. I shall drink it gladly."

MANGAN held the glass from her hand. His lips were twitching and there was an ugly look in the half-closed eyes. "You shall not drink it," he cried. He turned to Bush. "Leave my house, sir, and thank your God that I have spared your life."

"Easy, easy, monsieur. An hour ago your order would have perhaps been justified. Now, however, I refuse, until this little matter is settled."

Mangan laid the glass on the table and took a step toward Bush; but the latter again leaned against the chair-back, the irritating smile still bending the corner of his mouth. What Leroy Mangan purposed can never be known. But at that moment he heard a movement behind him. Like a startled cat he flung himself toward the table. Across it stood Virginie and in her uplifted hand the glass sparkled in the light.

"So!" An odd smile, sneering and malevolent, seared his face. "So!" Mangan continued. "You defy me. Drink, mademoiselle, be it for love or for death; I shall not restrain you."

Slowly, her eyes on the faces of the two men who stood shoulder to shoulder across the table, Virginie raised the glass. In Bush's brain there was a seething that for the second left him powerless. Would Virginie in desperation drink the poisoned wine? Was it, after all, poisoned? Then he saw the smooth, round arm, the glass, and above it the great dark eyes with the tragic appeal that he had once before fathomed in their depths. With a scream of warning he dashed around the table; his outstretched hands clutched hers. With a tinkling crash the glass shattered on the table top.

In his arms Bush felt her body tense and cold. Her head was thrown back against his shoulder. He looked down into her face; the lips were parted, and in a whisper that sounded loud in the still room he heard her speaking.

"It was true," she said wearily. "From the door I saw him stir the powder in the glass. Then he brought it to you. I warned you."

Mangan was fumbling with one hand beneath the table. He pulled out the drawer and his fingers sought for something among the loose papers that filled it.

"Quick!" she gave a frightened cry and tore herself from Bush's arm. "The pistol, there!"

It was none too soon that Bush received the warning. There was no time even to reach for his own weapon. Even while Mangan still groped among the papers he was upon him. Then in Mangan's hand he saw the glint of steel. He had found it. The table shook as the two men crashed violently against it. With his left hand struggling with the right wrist of Mangan, Bush sought his adversary's throat with his right. His left hand had slipped down until he, too, held the pistol. Once he felt it pressed against his side but he thrust it from him. Locked in their struggle, they reeled against a chair which crashed beneath them. Lithe as an animal, Mangan writhed and twisted. In Bush was the strength of youth, but in the lean body of his adversary he felt a power, the existence of which he had never dreamed; a sinuous, baffling power that equalized their strength.

Once Bush wrenched his hand upward; almost within his touch was the corded, panting throat. His fingers tore at it but Mangan forced back his hand. In his face he felt the hot breath of Mangan. The sweat poured from his body; with a rending sound his coat ripped from his shoulder.

Back and forth in the dim room they struggled. Mangan was now half naked to the waist; his lean, white body glistened in the soft light. Backward he reeled against the table. His strength was yielding. Youth, that unconquerable ally, stood at the shoulder of the younger man. Slowly the long body bent forward. Above him the face of Bush seemed as the face of an avenging angel.

There was a tremendous roar, and a flame leaped from the locked hands beneath the table rim. Acrid smoke filled the air. Mangan had fired, but still the supple body pressed down on his now yielding strength. With a twist Bush tore loose his right hand from the other's grasp; the fingers seized a leaden inkwell and raised it above the white, drawn face that was now gazing up at him from the dark gleaming mahogany. And then straight between the eyes down crashed the massive metal block. With a quiver Mangan's muscles relaxed, his arms dropped useless. Swaying unsteadily, Bush lifted himself upright. Mangan's face was bright with scarlet blood; without a sound his limp body slid from the table to the floor.

"Virginie!"

She stood beside him. "I dared not try to aid you." She dropped to her knees beside the body which lay in the table's shadow. "He is not dead?" she cried. Her fingers sensed the heartbeat of the bare hot breast. "No, he lives!"

(Continued on Page 30)



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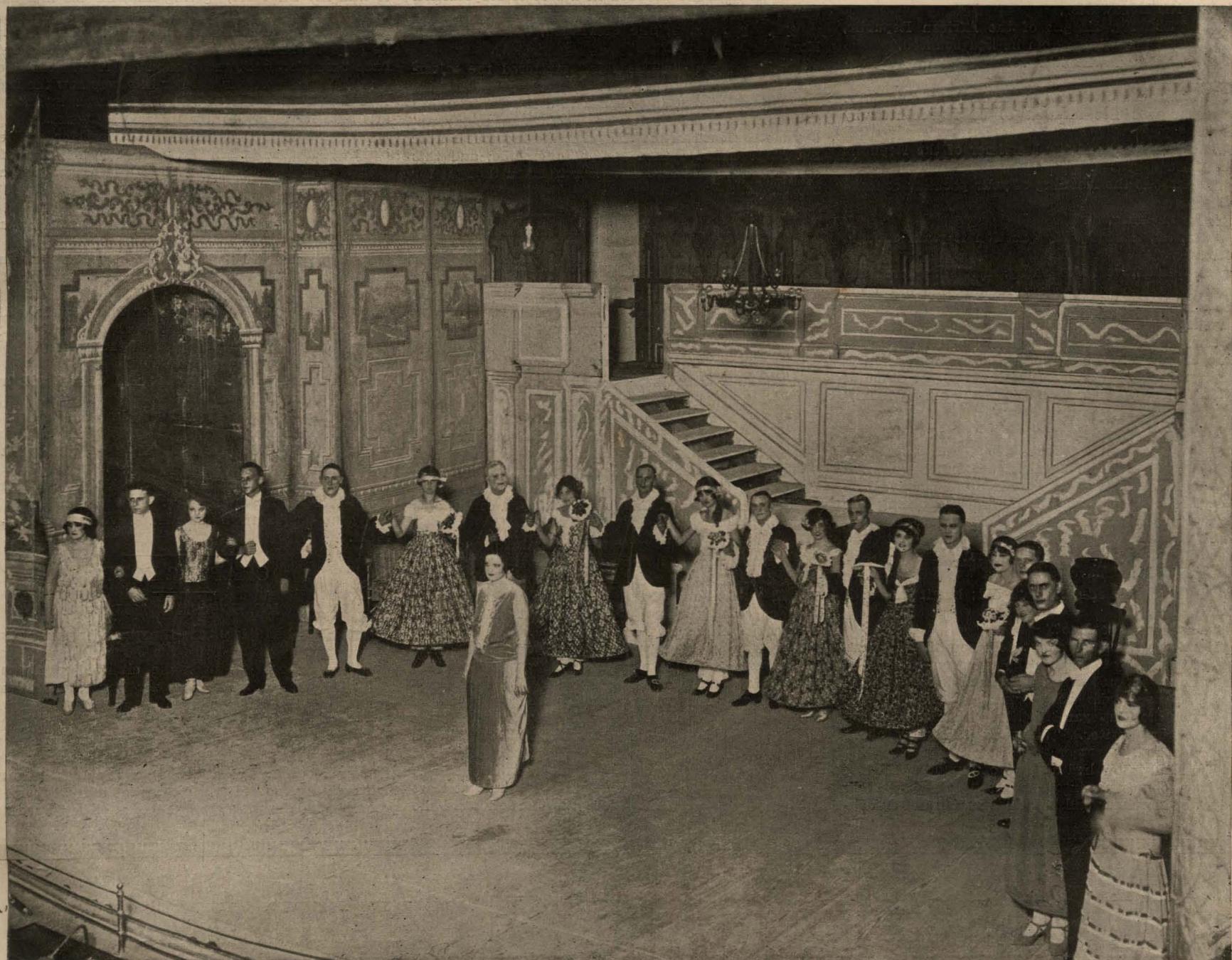
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The above is a picture of a scene from one of the performances of the Fireflies, the well-known Jamaica company of amateurs who have done so much to brighten the colony's life. Founded by Mr. Lindsay Downer some years ago, the Fireflies have developed much artistic ability and their entertainments are greatly looked forward to by thousands of persons. Singing and dancing form the major part of the exhibitions of the Fireflies, interspersed with little one-act farces and comedies. It is hoped that later on they will undertake to produce on the Kingston stage more ambitious programmes, their previous achievements having been of such an order of excellence as to lead their admirers to believe that they can win greater successes if they choose.

The Jamaica Nobility

(Continued from Page 11)

offered to compromise on the title of Sir Nicholas, but they would have none of it. He told them bitterly that Jamaicans would never succeed because of their envy and hatred of all those who were distinguished among them, and they wanted to know why he should think himself more distinguished than they. Thus the battle raged, and the poor High Conspicuous Potentate almost began to wish that Mr. Garvey had not marked him out for such high and remarkable honours.

One night Mortimer communed with his wife on the future.

"Mat," said he dejectedly, "I don't know what to do. Those boys down at the hotel make me life a burden to me, till I feel like leaving the job. But it is a good job, an' I don't know where I would go if I give it up. I am just sick an' tired of me title, an' I would like to drop it. What you say to that?"

"I say you would be a coward if you did anyting of the sort," replied Matilda firmly. "After all, you have only to show perseverance an' you will succeed. Try, try, try again, Morty. If you give up now, you can never be Sir Mortimer again, an' then you will look foolish. Don't you think Mr. Garvey had his own troubles before he become President?"

"But I don't see he is really President of anything," said Mortimer dejectedly, at last showing a gleam of commonsense.

"Yes, he is," asseverated Matilda. "He is getting up a lot of money, and as soon as he have enough he will go back to Africa, an' then, if you still 'ave you' title, him may make you something there. But if

you show youself a coward in Jamaica you will 'ave to stay here till you dead, for a coward man can't do well in Africa."

"I 'ave no wish to go to Africa," replied Mortimer truthfully. "Here is good enough for me. But if things don't change at the hotel, I goin' to drop the title, for it not doing me any good that I can see."

And in this he was prophetic.

He did not know, as he spoke, that that very evening there had registered at the hotel a Sir Mortimer and Lady Cranbourne, just arrived on the last boat from England, and come to stay a few weeks in the island. Even had he known it, he probably would still have insisted, the following day, to his colleagues at the hotel, that his proper designation was Sir Mortimer. However that may be, it happened that when he was moving about the hotel's dining room a couple of days later, he heard, at last, and for the first time in those precincts, the magic words "Sir Mortimer" pronounced, and believed that it was a brother-waiter thus addressing him.

Some things go to the head like wine. Who does not thrill with pride to know that, at last, success has attended one's strenuous efforts and that the world is to be at one's feet? Swiftly, without even waiting to hear who spoke, Mortimer loudly answered "yes!" His surprise caused him to speak far more audibly than he would ordinarily have done, hence his reply reached the ears of those for whom it was never intended. Then he did also what he would never have done under ordinary conditions: he turned abruptly to see who it was that had thus properly addressed him, and, turning, bumped into another waiter hurrying forward with a tray filled to its utmost capacity with dishes.

Mortimer, too, had been bearing a similar tray. The encounter was a shock. Both men slipped, both

trays were hurled with a hideous clang and clatter to the floor of the dining room, and one dish with some gravy stuff, flying off at a tangent, emptied its contents full in the face of the authentic Sir Mortimer.

Such a catastrophe could not but create confusion even in the best regulated dining room. All the guests—and the room was full—turned round to stare; all the chief-overseeing waiters hurried up to the scene of the disaster; the manager himself, who was in the room when the accident happened, seeing that no less a person than Sir Mortimer Cranbourne, a baronet of great wealth, was engaged in the unusual occupation of removing gravy out of his eyes, sped to the baronet's table with solicitude and consternation expressed in every feature of his face. Words failed him, indeed; he could find nothing to say about such a calamity.

But Sir Mortimer Cranbourne was vocal enough.

He had heard his name distinctly mentioned. He had distinctly heard a waiter answer to the name. But why the man should have fancied himself spoken to as Sir Mortimer, and should have turned in the direction of the sound with such imbecile abruptness, Sir Mortimer Cranbourne could not understand, except on one hypothesis. The waiter was drunk.

He explained to the manager. "Someone called me, and that ass of a waiter answered. Is his name Sir Mortimer?" And then another waiter standing by, frightened perhaps, and without evil intent, replied hastily, "yes, sir."

"Go out the room and don't make a fool of yourself," commanded the manager; and then he himself assisted the ill-used baronet to leave the table.

Usually, an accident, even so serious an accident, would have been dealt with by the headwaiter. But on this occasion a great man had been almost in-

jured, and the employee responsible for the misfortune had been alleged to be Sir Mortimer. Clearly, therefore, this was a case for investigation by the highest authority in the hotel. The investigation took place that same afternoon, when there were present:

- (1) The Manager,
- (2) The Headwaiter,
- (3) Mortimer, Knight of the African Republic,
- (4) The man into whom he had bounced,
- (5) The man who had volunteered information as to his name.

It was a court with one man as judge and jury. Defendant was not allowed to be represented by counsel.

The manager eyed Sir Mortimer of the Republic calmly and asked:

"What was the meaning of your peculiar conduct to-day?"

"The meaning, sir?"

"Yes, the meaning. My question is plain enough, isn't it?"

"It didn't have no meaning, sir," stammered the knight, who had been vainly racking his brain for some adequate excuse or explanation to offer to the justly incensed head and chief of the institution; indeed, poor Mortimer felt that if he had never beheld a Potentate he was now in the presence of one.

"I understand that you answered to the name of Sir Mortimer when you heard it in the dining room," said the manager; "is that true?"

Mortimer would have denied it had he dared. But he was surrounded by a cloud of witnesses. There were too many men in the hotel who had heard him insist upon being Sir Mortimer for him to declare vehemently that the idea of being Sir Mortimer had never once entered his mind. He saw himself reduced to the miserable expedient of telling the truth, which is the last thing that a defendant or one of his witnesses ever dreams of wanting to do.

"Well, sir," he admitted; "I did; but it was with qualifications."

"What qualifications?"

Mortimer remained silent. He saw the hopelessness of attempting to explain the situation to a gentleman who might not even understand his claims to knighthood, and who would certainly have no sympathy with the Garveyan Nobility. The manager turned to the headwaiter. "What do you know about this?" he asked.

The headwaiter had a sense of humour. He had just been enquiring into the strange and peculiar conduct of Mortimer and had elicited full and damag-

ing information. Of course, he had heard something about the knighthood business before, but had regarded it as merely a joke. Now he knew that Mortimer had taken it seriously. Questioned thus directly by the manager, he told with brief dryness, though with a smile in his eyes, the story that he had heard, while the manager listened in a sort of stupefaction which merged into anger as the tale went on.

"My good man," he demanded, looking full at Mortimer, "is this true?"

"Well, sir, it is like this," stuttered the miserable Mortimer. "As Mr. Garvey make me a knight, I just mentioned it so to speak to a few fellows here and elsewhere, and being as I was busy to-day an' became confused in me thoughts, the moment I hear me name called I turn sort of quick-like, and this other man bounce into me. But if I had thought for the moment—"

"Are you sure you are quite sane?" interrupted the manager sharply.

"No, sir."

"You don't think you are, do you?"

"No, sir."

"You have been sending money to America to support this propaganda, perhaps?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then it is clear you are not sane."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, it is quite impossible for us to have in this hotel a man who calls himself a knight, who throws down trays and injures guests, and who admits that he is not sane. I am sorry for you, Slim-slam, but it is out of the question that you can remain here. Everybody will doubtless hear that you are a knight, and this is a hotel, not a comedian's hall."

He made a slight gesture of dismissal, and Mortimer knew that his minutes in that hostelry were numbered. At the back of his head he was aware that he had been given a hearing which he might not have had and could not have demanded, but that brought to him no solace. He was dismissed. For claiming his titular rights he had lost a good situation—that was how he put it to himself, for at the moment he had forgotten the damage to Sir Mortimer Cranbourne's eyes and the sensation in the dining room. He could find no words to utter, no argument to urge on his own behalf; he knew that in another few hours it would be known that he, a knight, had been sent about his business for answering to a form of address which he could claim, if not by right divine, at least by Garveyan creation. Without another word he

turned and went, with the dazed feeling that somehow justice was being defeated in this world.

The news flew rapidly among those who had objected to his knighthood. But now there was no longer any ill feeling felt or expressed towards him. All his colleagues were sympathetic; two even spoke to him as "Sir Mort," giving him, for the first time in their lives, the title which, but a few hours before, would have sounded so sweetly in his ears. But he gave no indication that he noticed it; he merely bade them farewell, and turned his feet in the direction of his home. His wonder now was how the Lady Mat would take his downfall. He was inclined to attribute it largely to her indirect influence.

"There is no justice in the world for us!" exclaimed Matilda when he told her his sorrowful story. "My God! you didn't do anything at all, an' them send you away like that. If I was you I would write to Mr. Garvey about it!"

"What good is that goin' to do?" Mortimer wanted to know.

"Well, I would write all the same, so far. And perhaps you could take out a warrant for unlawful dismission."

"That wouldn't help me, for I am lawfully dismissed," confessed Mortimer. "Them could always get rid of me, but it is unjust all the same."

"Then what you going to do?"

"Get another job, if I can; if I can't I will 'ave to go away, and that is all."

"An' in the meantime that fool at the Railway is a High Postulate and all that sort of foolishness," commented Matilda bitterly. "My God, this is not a just world!"

But even as she spoke thus the High Conspicuous was having his own troubles. It was not safe to be too conspicuous in a Jamaica Government Department.

CHAPTER FOUR

MR. DOUGLASS MOVES

THREE had for some time been rumours of approaching strife at the Jamaica Government Railway. All over the civilised world men were striking for higher wages, and the employees at the Railway perceived no good reason why they should not do the same. As a matter of fact, their mere threats to strike, on previous occasions, had brought the authorities down to business; their demands had been granted; but, as the appetite grows with eating, so did the desires of the workers increase with the prospect of success. They were now

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considering another strike, and as a prelude to it were displaying an unwilling and somewhat surly attitude. Naturally, news of what was pending soon came to the ears of the Railway's Director, who almost had a fit when the situation was explained to him.

He was a man of choleric temper. He believed in action first and reflection afterwards, such reflection taking, if he did indulge in it, the form of commendatory justification of his acts. This threatened strike, he determined, should not occur, not if he had to discharge every man at the Railway and stop the running of every train. He himself would do the striking first and thus prove that he was not to be trifled with. In the meantime he demanded from his leading subordinates the names of those they thought likely to be at the head of the trouble, and, naturally, Nicholas Brimstone was mentioned.

Not that Nicholas was in any way responsible for the agitation going on. As a matter of fact, he had nothing whatever to do with it. He was just then unpopular, and so had not been consulted; but various spies and talebearers knew that he was one of the Garveyan nobles, and they had suggested to those higher up in the Railway hierarchy that a man so intimately connected with Mr. Marcus Garvey must of necessity be at the root of any annoyance or disorder, past, present or to come. This sounded plausible, reasonable, and therefore when it was laid before the Director that there was in the employment of the Jamaica Railway a man who was nothing less than a High Conspicuous Potentate of the African Republic, the Director forthwith decided that that man should seek a livelihood in Africa, or elsewhere if he liked, but certainly should not continue to obtain it at the Railway.

"I," said the Director, in an explosive burst of anger, "am going to be the only Potentate here, and you can tell that d—d mischievous fool so. Give him two weeks' notice! And watch what he does, for I am certain that he is the ringleader of all this nonsense you have been telling me about."

The notice was handed to Nicholas in due form and with something of ceremony. It was to begin from the first day of the succeeding week, but it was handed to him on the very day that the Director pronounced his fate. This was intended as a solemn warning to all other malcontents; it was announced that notice would be given to every man who wanted to leave, or who had it in his mind to strike. It was reported that the Director was anxious, eager, to discover more discontented persons to whom, without a moment's delay, he could hand a notice of dismissal.

This energetic and even savage way of attacking without waiting to be attacked had its effect; no intending striker but suddenly found that he for one had never had any intention of following the evil advice of trouble-makers. A scapegoat had been found, let him bear the sins of the Railway people. He was a Conspicuous Potentate, anyhow, and exalted position connoted self-sacrifice for the good of others. Nicholas took quite another view of the matter; he felt, and rightly, that if any man could plead not guilty to a charge of striving to dislocate the working of a Government institution, it was he. But who that counted would have believed such a plea? Clearly there was nothing to do but to submit to the sentence passed upon him, which sentence had been uttered two days after that which saw Sir Mortimer reduced to a jobless condition, through being a knight.

So in Barnett Street that evening, and in the vicinity of that residential thoroughfare, there was again excitement. The decline and fall of Slimslam and Brimstone was discussed at length in many houses, and then discussed some more, and the misfortunes of these two personages formed the text for some wise observations, such as that pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall, and that "when trouble catch bulldog, monkey's breeches fit him." It was old Mr. Proudleigh who gave chief utterance to these observations. There were some friends gathered in his son-in-law's house that night, and it seemed to Mr. Proudleigh that now was the time to lay the world under an obligation to him for further wisdom.

"I never did t'ink much of all dis lord and duke business," he declared with emphasis. "How could a man like Garvey meek anyone a duke? Here am I, a 'umble pheasant, and there is Mortimer, who to-day is not much better than meself, an' yet Morty tell me him is a knight! Don't y'u see de foolishness of it? An' now that Morty lose him job, an' Nicholas will soon be kickin' stone in de street, who care whether them is lord or god? Man poor, his word poor. If you doan't 'ave quattie* to you' name, you might as well be dead, even if you call youself a prince. Morty and Nick was good friends before they come to be nobility, an' now them doan't speak to one another. What is the use of title if it only meek you enemies?"

"Well," remarked his daughter, Mrs. Samuel Josiah Jones, judicially, "at any rate the title make Matilda a married woman to-day, and that is something."

"Me dear darter," replied Mr. Proudleigh, "it all

depens. Marriage good for some people, but it don't good for all. If I was Morty I would never married Matilda, for I can see them will soon divort. Now dat Morty lose him job, and even a dawg wouldn't call Matilda 'me lady,' Matty will soon get disgust an' leave 'er husband, which is what I bin expectin' all de time."

"Yet, old massa," said his son-in-law good-humouredly, "you was the first to call them 'me lady this,' and 'me duchess that.' And only last night I hear you address Morty as 'me noble prince.'

"That is true," agreed Mr. Proudleigh, in no way disturbed. "If y'u find that foolishness please a man, give him foolishness. It doan't do you no harm, an' as Morty offer me a drink of anisou las' night, which I did really need, an' *you* wasn't gwine to give me, him was really a noble prince. But he not goin' to be a noble prince no more, for he won't have a penny for bread, let alone a warmin' drink."

"And will not that be a disgrace?" passionately demanded a voice.

The speaker was Mr. Douglass, the turbulent, the man who had originally hailed the bestowal of Garveyan titles in Jamaica as marking a new era. He had since become acquainted with the Brimstones, but had not yet been able to get on friendly terms with the Slimslams. He had made up his mind to do so, however, for he had formed a very high opinion of Matilda.

"Isn't it a disgrace," he continued, "that a man who hath been singled out for high distinction by the head of the African Republic should now be reduced to penury and want merely because he answers to his indubitable title? Do you think any other people but we would stand that? We see oppression and we cringe under it; would the Haytian do that, or the Cuban?"

"But what would them do?" queried another of the guests. "What can y'u do when an advantage is taken of you?"

"Oh," cried Mr. Douglass, "you admit that an advantage is taken of Mortimer and Nicholas, do you?"

"It seem so, upon a second t'ought," agreed Mr. Proudleigh, who always believed that nothing could be lost by being upon what seemed to be the popular side. "Now that I teck another t'ought, I see dat a distinct advantage has been took of Mortimer, an' no doubt it is de same wid Lord Brimstone."

"But what can anybody do?" persisted the man who had first answered Mr. Douglass, "what would them do in Cuba?"

Douglass glanced round the room carefully, and read hostility in the eyes of Mrs. Jones, Mr. Proudleigh's fiery daughter. He knew from experience that what she thought her husband was likely to think also; while her father simply did not count. He concluded that it would not be safe to say then just what he had in his mind. They might not be exactly inimical to him, but they might not be friendly to his ideas. He rose.

"What I think we ought to do," he said, "is to bring about a reconciliation between Slimslam and Brimstone, which quarrel because their wives couldn't get on togather. But now that they are both in the same boat, they will 'ave to be friends. Let us go an' play the part of peacemakers, for it is written that we shall be called the children of God."

Anyone looking less like a child of God than Mr. Douglass, it would have been impossible to imagine. But the men in the room were ready to become the children of anyone so long as that gave them the opportunity of discussing the martyrdom of Mortimer and Nicholas with the two martyrs themselves. Mr. Douglass, however, did not include Mr. Samuel Josiah Jones in his invitation, and acquiesced with alacrity when Mrs. Jones remarked to her Samuel, "you better remain where y'u are, Sam." Mr. Proudleigh, of course, rose hastily to accompany the departing visitors to the respective homes of Sir Mortimer and the High Conspicuous, so as to be able to report unfaithfully later on upon all that he might see and hear. But, knowing quite well his intention, Mr. Douglass assured him earnestly that the night air would be bad for his constitution and refused to agree that he was as strong as an ox. Only five men, therefore, left the Joneses on the proposed peace-maker's mission. And after they had gone Mr. Proudleigh consumed an hour in expressing the most uncomplimentary opinions on their characters and lives.

Nicholas Brimstone's house was the first visited. Mr. Douglass and his friends found Mr. and Mrs. Brimstone, or, to speak more correctly, the Potentate and the Marchioness Brimstone, alone. The Marchioness was in a state of high anger; she was blazing with wrath against the Government generally and the Railway administration particularly. Brimstone was silently angry, but she was shrilly vocal. For some five minutes her visitors had to listen in silence, but with approval, to the flood of invective which she poured out. Then, because she was temporarily exhausted, she paused, and that gave Mr. Douglass his opportunity.

"We have come, High Potentate," he began with solemnity—for he was in the habit of addressing public meetings—"we have come to offer you our condolence an' to assure you that you 'ave the sympathy of the entire people. The white men may think nothing of you, and we all see how they have spite-



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fully used you. You are to be nothing an' they are to be everything; but never mind. A day will come! It is coming now. And what we say is that we must stand by one another and work for that day. We must be friends an' brothers in prosperity and adversity; wherefore I say unto you that we must reconcile our differences an' join together."

"I am no High Potentate, Brother D.," sighed poor Mr. Brimstone. "If I was a High Potentate they couldn't kick me out of me job like they doing, for nothing at all."

"I don't agree with you, Potentate," answered Mr. Douglass firmly. "Look around, an' what do you see? Everywhere crowns are tottering and the high brought low and the low ones high. Look at Germany, look at Russia! Look at Africa! Garvey is making a Republic there, and if we 'elp him here"—he paused significantly.

"Yes, if we 'elp him here?" repeated one of his friends interrogatively.

"Then we will see what we see," replied Mr. Douglass with a short laugh.

"But how will that help me to get back me job?" demanded Nicholas, who could not perceive the drift of these remarks.

"You won't want a job like that," Mr. Douglass assured him. "You will 'ave a position befitting your Potency. All we want is to trust one another, to work togather, and to keep silent. It is cock's own mouth that kill cock. If we don't talk, no one will know what we doing. In the meantime, let us all join in friendly communion an' break the bread of fellowship tegather."

For a moment, Mrs. Brimstone did Mr. Douglass the injustice of supposing he was suggesting a little supper at her husband's expense. This, at such a time, she considered most unreasonable; indeed, monstrous. But his next words reassured her.

"I am asking you both," he continued, "to bury past and future animosities and to make peace with Sir Mortimer and Lady Slimslam."

It was not supper he had in mind. That was now clear to the Marchioness. But he was proposing something even worse. She gazed at him as at one who utters rank blasphemy.

"Do y'u means to tell me, Mr. Douglass?" said she, "that you teck the trouble to walk all this way to me 'ouse to tell me to make peace with that forward woman that say she 'ave a title an' I don't have none? Let me tell you, me friends, that though poor Nick will shortly be out of a job, yet I am glad that Matilda Slimslam's 'usband is kicked out, for that was what I bin praying for. Brimstone can get another job easy; he are a good mechanic, an' I am not afraid. It is not the work, it is the injustice that boil me blood, an' if I could lay me han's on the Railway Director, an' the law wouldn't do me nothing, his own mother wouldn't know him when I done wid him. But I hope to God that Matilda Slimslam will walk her foot to come an' borrow a sixpence from me, an' then I will throw it at her an' curse 'er about it. You mark me words."

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord; I will repay," quoted Mr. Douglass unctuously. "I agree with all you say, Lady Brimstone, but there is a time for all things. This is a time for the leading members of our race to come togather, and if you and the Potentate are not leaders, who are?"

"Not Mortimer Slimslam," said the Marchioness emphatically.

"Well, but he has bin selected, you know," objected Mr. Douglass soothingly. "He has been taken and another left. We must put aside personal feelings. Have you not noticed what white people do when they want anything, Lady Brimstone?"

"What them do, Mr. Douglass?"

"They join togather and fight for one another till they gain what they want; after that they fight against one another. That is history, Mrs.—I mean, Me Lady—an' y'u know that I am a man read plenty of history. But they never fight for black people: they more ready to join togather to rob us, which they doing all the time. Why don't we do like them? Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation. You are a titled person, for Garvey is still alive, an' if you went to America to-morrow all the African folks there would call you 'lady.' Nobody can take that away from you. But don't you see how foolish it look that you and Mrs. Slimslam should be fighting one another when you ought to join up your forces against the oppressor?"

"It's really foolish," commented one of the men with him."

"Only we do it," said another, "but if we were united, being we are in the majority here we would be in a different position."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Douglass; "now you talking! Now you saying what I bin wanting to say! United we stand; divided they will kick us out of every job we have if they can get a white man to fill it."

Three months before, Nicholas Brimstone, though he might not have contradicted such a statement, would not have identified himself with it. But a man in a situation and a man who has lost one, take very different views of the same question, and Nicholas was not now the man he had been. Besides the natural feeling consonant with his new honours and dignities, he was suffering to-night from a sense of

deep injustice. Therefore he agreed with Mr. Douglass.

"What you say is quite true, Mr. D., an' they mean to do us worse," he said. "It will go on till we won't be able to breathe as we like in this country."

"Then we ought to stop them from breathing firs!" volleyed his wife. "If this was another country—"

"Just what I say," cried Douglass triumphantly; "but it won't be another country so long as our chief people in it won't even speak to each other through a little disagreement which they ought to oblige and bury in oblivion."

This, so to speak, brought the Marchioness up against it. Mr. Douglass had made it apparent to her, by suggestion, that Jamaica might be made another country if only she would consent to hold out the hand of amity to the Lady Matty. Douglass saw her face change and instantly pursued the advantage he had won.

"I am inviting you to come with me to pay a call to Sir Mortimer and Lady Slimslam to-night," he insisted, "before the sun goes down upon your wrath. Let not the sun go down upon your wrath. It is gone down already, but I am speaking metaphorically, so to speak, for, you see, Marchioness Potentate, that as you and your husband are really in a higher position than Morty and his wife, in that you 'ave a bigger title, it is in your place to hold out the holly branch. They can't do it, but you can. Will you come with us?"

This admission of her superior position, coupled with curiosity to know what plan Mr. Douglass had in his mind to bring about a different Jamaica, decided Mrs. Brimstone.

"If you say so, and as I am a Christian woman, Mr. Douglass," she answered, "I will go with you to make peace, although I must tell you truly that I 'ave no sort of good feeling for that Matilda Slimslam at all. Me 'usband will have to answer for himself."

"I will go if you go," said Nicholas, perceiving that she had already decided.

"Well, that is signed and sealed," said Mr. Douglass heartily. "So long as Africa and her descendants stand together, we need fear no foe. A man's enemies are of his own 'ousehold. Let us go to see Sir Mortimer and Lady Slimslam without delay."

CHAPTER FIVE

A CONFEDERATION FORMED

"**A** SHILLING a month is not too much to pay," insisted Mr. Douglass; "but females can be sixpence."

"I will pay a sixpence a month, though me 'usband is not working regular now," said Matilda, "an' if the subscription was more, I wouldn't say a word against it."

"But you 'ave a title, an' you will get more out of anything we do than the rest of us," objected another lady. "Howsoever, I will give sixpence a month, for, after all, we pay a sixpence to go an' see a picture show, an' we can do the same for the abolition of oppression."

"Abolition," corrected Mr. Douglass, but with infinite tact, for he did not want to offend anyone with sixpence a month to donate towards the funds of his newly-formed society, even though he was well aware that many of the members would be shortly in arrears. Sixpence per month, paid irregularly, and with much grumbling, and only after repeated solicitation, was nevertheless a sum of money not to be despised in the alleged interests of racial propaganda, and it was for nothing less that Mr. Douglass had hurriedly organized his Up and Be Doing Confederation of the Oppressed, of which he had had himself elected Perpetual President and Minister Plenipotentiary.

Mr. Douglass had been successful in effecting a reconciliation between the Brimstones and the Slimslams six weeks before. Brothers in misfortune, Mortimer and Nicholas had recognized the silliness of remaining enemies in the face of a disaster common to both of them. Their wives had tacitly agreed to admit the right of one another to formal titular distinction, and now addressed each other punctiliously as Lady Brimstone and Lady Slimslam. This had set a good example to others, and even the woman in Matilda's yard, who had vehemently proclaimed against any sort of "ship" save a steamship, had consented to say "your ladyship" to both ladies on learning that a mysterious movement was on foot whereby these ladies might become very great and prosperous personages indeed.

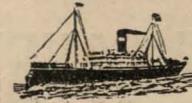
What was that movement?

No one knew exactly. Douglass was a clever man in his way; he realized that an element of mystery made for success, especially when one was dealing with a people that revelled in the mysterious. He instinctively understood the psychology of his class. No sooner had he brought Mortimer and Nicholas and their wives together, than he propounded to them a scheme. This was to institute a society or Confederation of the Oppressed, the aim of which was to be the uplifting of the working classes of Jamaica, the putting of them in touch with Jamaicans resident in Cuba and in Central America, the affiliation of the Confederation with Mr. Garvey's

greater society in America, and "the freeing of Jamaica from all shackles."

What did those last words mean? Mr. Douglass had enunciated them with a sort of sinister emphasis, with a bitter intonation, which had frightened the timid, shocked the loyal, and thrilled the foolhardy. But he had never explicitly explained them. He was a bitter man; to a certain degree he was a bold man; but he would not venture so far as to make crystal clear his meaning, for fundamentally he was a coward. Let everyone read into them his own implications: that would be enough. But some took the shackles to mean the hold of the British Government upon the country, and when these said so openly Mr. Douglass did not contradict them. He simply talked on some other subject, smiling the while significantly.

The Confederation had been formed. At this meeting they were discussing a matter which he had discreetly left over for a later occasion. The first thing he had had to secure were a couple of men with a real grievance, men who had been exalted by one of the great leaders of the neo-African movement, namely, Mr. Marcus Garvey, and who had been ignominiously hurled out of their situations because, not being of the dominant race, they had dared to accept titles which made them superior to the



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highest in the land. Next, with their active co-operation, he had had to draw together a number of men and women, animated with a sense of grievance or filled with vague ambitions, who would consent to support personally and financially a propaganda which could be developed as time and circumstances permitted. Douglass left unexplained the end he had in view. But there was something in his mind that every now and then betrayed itself in words, and when he let slip some remark about the sixty thousand Jamaicans in Cuba who must have learnt how the Cubans fought, and about the ancient successful struggle of the Haytians for complete freedom, there were not a few to feel that he looked forward to the day, not distant, when a great crowd of Jamaicans in neighbouring lands would come flocking back to Jamaica, all secretly armed, to set up in the island a part of that African Republic about which so much had been heard in recent days. Most of those who took this view determined to allow their attitude and action at that time to be determined by conditions. At moments of emergency they could always fall ill and be forced to remain at home. They would gladly leave others to fight actively the battle of the oppressed. In the meantime they were enjoying the sensation of heroism.

But even the most noble and distinguished cause needs money in these materialistic days, and Mr. Douglass was too practical a man not to recognise this.

Indeed, the collection of money had been his immediate principal aim in forming the Confederation.

Mr. Nicodemus Douglass loved to work hard—with his tongue. Manual labour did not appeal to him. He preached its virtues, for it is necessary that there should be manual workers if men of the mouth are to live; he insisted always upon the dignity of labour. But he was willing that other people should have all the dignity of actual labour, and nothing moved him to greater concern than the possibility of any of his numerous friends and acquaintances being out of a situation. He always saw oppression in that, oppression of himself incidentally, for he felt that, indirectly, he was bound to be a sufferer.

He had formed several societies before. For some six months The Awake and Be Alive Association had been a very flourishing concern, but the members went to sleep again and subscriptions failed. His scheme for the Repatriation of Indigent Jamaicans in Panama had worked very well, though

no indigent Jamaican had ever been repatriated. Mr. Douglass regarded himself as a sufficiently indigent Jamaican to need all the assistance that his countrymen could possibly afford him, and he had not hesitated to appeal to Jamaicans in Colon for necessary donations. These had come in liberally enough for over a year, and then, as in all these societies, the interest had died out. But Douglass was an indefatigable man, and shrewd also; he had studied the progress of the Garvey movement in America and had recognised that the head of that movement was never content with a static position. Always he was moving forward. Always he was doing something new. Always he was generating enthusiasm by some more daring scheme than before, some striking proposal. If he, why not others? Anything was possible in these days. A Nicodemus Douglass, conscious of his desire to uplift the people—for Mr. Douglass never doubted his own motives—might effect wonders if only he obtained sufficient support.

He was happy this evening. He and his helpers had summoned a meeting of those interested in the Abolition of Oppression, and no fewer than two hundred persons had attended. Sir Mortimer had not been able to put in an appearance; he had obtained employment for the evening at a small hotel where a dinner was being given, and he had concluded that he would be oppressing himself did he neglect to take this opportunity of earning a few shillings. But Mr. Douglass had insisted that Lady Slimslam should be present, and had taken her to the meeting in a cab; and the High Conspicuous was there with his wife, and many other persons of importance and eloquence. The High Conspicuous had, as Lady Brimstone had predicted, found another job which was almost as well remunerated as that which he had recently lost. But his sense of grievance remained, and he was one of the foremost members of the Confederation and its best financial supporter.

"One shilling a month from males, sixpence a month from females—that is decided," announced the Permanent President; "and now, ladies and gentlemen, I have something else to tell you. Our High Conspicuous Potentate, who, as everybody know, is a man with means, in spite of what the Railway do to him, has decided to contribute to our Fighting Fund no less than twenty pounds—twenty pounds, ladies and gentlemen—and Mr. Sharksey and Mr. Green have given five pounds apiece, and, though a poor man, I will give ten pounds; thus we will 'ave a fundamental Fighting Fund of forty pounds to begin with."

When the applause had died away, Mr. Douglass again rose, as though struck suddenly by a happy thought.

"Ladies an' gentlemen," he said, "I know that most of you would be ashamed to leave the heat and burden of the day upon just a few of us. I am therefore proposing that each man in this audience shall contribute a dollar as a sort of counterblast to the big sums I have mentioned, just to show that every member of us is independent in mind and pocket. I will appoint Lady Brimstone, Lady Slimslam and six other ladies to go round at once an' collect this amount, and those who 'aven't the ready money—though I am sure such gentlemen as I see around me to-night are not poverty-stricken—can give a faithful promise to send it in to-morrow: in fact, I will call and collect it meself."

The applause at this was not quite so enthusiastic as it had been before. Indeed, an impartial observer would have said it was remarkably feeble. Yet no man in the audience wanted to appear mean or poor, so, in spite of the general feeling that something of an advantage was being taken of the situation, at least fifty persons contributed a dollar each on the spot, and about fifty others made promises which they hoped to be able to break. The women were asked to give nothing by way of initial contribution. Mr. Douglass was too wise to venture too far.

When this collection had been taken up, Lady Brimstone, without waiting for any further announcement from the Permanent President, reminded him that a treasurer had to be elected and hinted that this matter had been privately discussed before.

"Why, yes," he agreed instantly, "and no one better fitted for that most exalted post can be found than the Potentate. A man who gives so liberally can be entrusted, with all due and proper safeguards, with the funds of this Confederation. Gentlemen and ladies, I nominate the High Conspicuous Potentate to be our Most Exalted Treasurer."

This nomination was immediately accepted, and then Brimstone, acting on his wife's suggestion, remarked that it should be decided at that meeting who should draw money out of the bank for the purposes of the Confederation.

"Quite right," agreed the President. "You, Most Exalted Treasurer, will have the right to do so, on being presented with a certificate of authorisation from me to that effect. This certificate will be duly handed to you whenever the Committee of Management expresses their desire that money should be drawn. Thus you and me will act in unison at the dictates of the Confederation."

This seemed quite proper to the audience. But Lady Brimstone, whose familiarity with indigent

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SPANISH TOWN	TROJA
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persons borrowing sixpences had rendered her somewhat suspicious of human nature, was not so satisfied.

"Will the money be lodged in me 'usband's name?" she enquired.

"I am afraid that that would not be constitutional, Lady Brimstone," replied Mr. Douglass with gentle depreciation. "You see, you have all done me the honour to elect me as Permanent President and Minister Plenipotentiary, and I must have some function, otherwise I am become as a mere figure-head and as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. I am responsible to each and everyone of you, and if the Exalted Treasurer could both lodge an' withdraw the funds, where would my responsibility be? The money must be lodged in my name. But I can't withdraw it—not even me own ten pounds. Only the Treasurer can do that on being authorised by me. Those who agree will please hold up their 'ands."

Most of those present held up their hands. Mr. Douglass's reasoning appeared quite sound to them, and in any case they had not much to lose. Matilda, indeed, shouted "hear, hear," enthusiastically; she had strongly supported Mr. Douglass throughout the meeting, and this had not tended to make Lady Brimstone any the more satisfied with the proceedings. But that lady felt the influence of the enthusiasm that prevailed. Mr. Douglass was regarded as a new Leader, a second Mr. Garvey, and it would not have been wise to question too closely the plans that he proposed. But there was her husband's twenty pounds, which could not now, with decency, be withdrawn from the general fund. Lady Brimstone began to feel that the liberation of the oppressed might be purchased at too high a price.

Douglass saw that she was dissatisfied, and adopted the best means available to divert the attention of the audience from her. He launched out into an impassioned speech on the iniquities of oppression, upon the glory of titles bestowed by Mr. Garvey, and then he made an announcement he had been keeping back for the proper dramatic moment.

"I, though a poor man, through working for the Cause, am determined to make further sacrifices for the uplifting of my people. Ladies and gentlemen, it is my intention to go, at my own expense, to Cuba very shortly, to get members for our Confederation, to preach the virtues of unity, and to raise money for our Fighting Fund. At me own expense I will do this; I refuse to allow a single penny to be voted for the purpose." He paused to give someone an opportunity of contending that the general fund should pay at least part of his expenses, but it was clear that everyone there was willing, nay, anxious, that he should wear undiminished the halo of financial sacrifice. Not a single voice was uplifted to urge that he should not carry out his campaign at his own expense. Matilda did open her lips to say something, but she caught the tone of the audience in time, and refrained. So Mr. Douglass proceeded.

"No; don't ask me to take any of your money," he vociferated, "for I will not. Me mind is made up. When I go, I want our High Potentate Brimstone to act in my place, and as I am going shortly, any money received in me absence will be lodged in his name. To-morrow, ladies and gentlemen, all the cash we collected here this evening, an' what we get before, will be in the bank, and I want you to select half a dozen people now who will go with me and see me safely put it in the bank."

Six men were deputed to perform this important function, and then, after some further desultory talk, the meeting broke up. Old Mr. Proudleigh, his son-in-law, Jones, and his daughter, Mrs. Jones, started to walk to their house in Mitchell Town.

"Mr. Douglass is a man who can talk!" exclaimed the old man in tones of admiration. "An' the more him talk, de more Matilda look 'pon him as if him was a noble prince, which is to say dat he is, for he give ten poun's to-night as if it was notten at all."

"Hum," observed his practical daughter, Susan, "but what I don't understand is that him alone is to lodge all the money: why him alone?"

"But Brimstone is to teck it out of de bank, Sue," her father reminded her. "Dat is a fair arrangement."

"I suppose so," said Susan, who did not understand matters of high finance.

Jones laughed. "It sound all right, perhaps," he remarked, "and as them only get a dollar out of me, which I didn't originally intend to give, an' don't mean to pay anything more, I didn't say anything to-night. But don't you see, Sue, that there is nothing to prevent Douglass from drawing money lodged in his name? Who is to prevent him? The bank won't know anything about Exalted Treasurer Brimstone, or you, or me. Them will take the cash, an' when Douglass want it they will be bound to give it back to him. He have the whole thing soft!"

Light broke in upon Mr. Proudleigh. "Den," he exclaimed, "Mister Douglass is notten but a dam t'ief! I was thinkin' so all the time meself, but didn't want to say it, for if a man did say one word against Douglass to-night at dat meeting, dose people would ha' beat him to death. Lord, Jamaica folkses foolish! But I didn't gie him a quattie, an'

if you had taken me advice, Sam, you would have you dollar in you' pocket now."

"I didn't hear you givin' me no advice, Old Massa," returned Jones dryly; "you must be dreaming. Well, I can spare a dollar, an' I rather lose it than look mean. But I didn't say Douglass was goin' to rob the people; I only say he can draw the money when he like. I never hear anyone call Douglass a thief yet; he only live by his brains. I guess the cash is all-right."

"I wonder what Matilda say about it," put in Susan; "she looks like she agree with every word Douglass speak."

"Did you notice dat, Sue?" demanded her father eagerly. "It is what I bin noticing meself. Scandal an' me doan't walk togher, an' nobody ever hear me say one word 'gainst anybody's character. But if I was Mortimer I would teck a t'ought an' watch them two night an' day. Mister Douglass is round at Mortimer house very often now, especially when Morty gone out. Why him goin' there so frequent? I took a walk towards Morty's place only yesterday, 'bout de hour I know Mister Douglass was likely to be dere, an' I hang about outside to see if God would 'elp me to hear anyting, but them was so quiet inside—no mouse could ha' beat dem—that I 'ave a suspicion which, howsoever, I keeps to meself. But I doan't like it. It's not my business, an' from I was a boy I larn to mind me own business, ever since a man nearly broke me back because I follow him one night to see where him going. But—"

"Mind how you talk, pupa!" warned Susan, but immediately made up her mind to repeat faithfully to her numerous friends all that her father had just said and hinted. "Mind trouble! Mr. Douglass is a powerful man, an' he so popular now that if you say a word about him, them may make you sorry for it. It is Morty's business, after all, an' if he don't mind if Mr. Douglass is always round at the 'ouse when he is not there, why should we mind? No man is comin' all the time to see me when Sam is gone out, an' that is enough for me. Don't let us say anything more about it. I wonder if when Douglass take Matilda home to-night him went inside, or only teck 'er to the gate? I would really like to find out."

"P'rhaps I could teck a step roun' to de place, an' enquire 'bout somet'ing as a sort of excuse, an' find out?" suggested Mr. Proudleigh hopefully. "What y'u t'ink of dat?"

"I am not telling y'u to go," said Susan, "an' I can't tell you not to go, for you are a full-grown man. But if y'u go, be careful."

Mr. Proudleigh not unnaturally interpreted this speech as implying consent, and immediately departed from the company of his son-in-law and daughter. "I wi' see you later," he remarked hurriedly, and proceeded in the direction of Mortimer's house.

CHAPTER SIX

HINTS TO SIR MORTIMER

MORTIMER'S residence, which consisted of two fairly large-sized rooms looked out upon the street, its frontage being flush with the premises' boundary. To enter it you had to go through the yard, for both rooms of the

house opened into the yard, whose gate formed the principal portal of all those dwelling in this typical Kingston tenement. Mortimer's house, indeed, was the most considerable single building in that yard of tenements, which circumstance had always placed Mortimer and Matilda socially above the other people in the yard, and had helped to render them the equals of such persons as the Brimstones, the Joneses, and those others in Mitchell Town whom fortune and a superior ability had assisted to success.

The foundations of the little building stood high above the level of the thoroughfare it overlooked. Decades of erosion had worn down the surface of the street some feet below its original level; therefore anyone standing in it and endeavouring to gaze into the interior of our knight's little domicile, was compelled to look upwards and must needs stand on the opposite sidewalk to do this with any degree of convenience. Even so, the range of his vision, in his effort to discern what was afoot within the place which piqued his curiosity, was restricted; and as it happened that curtains shaded the two sash-windows of the house, a further bar was erected against one's natural anxiety to learn what the occupants of that discreet home might desire to conceal from the outer world.

It seemed to Mr. Proudleigh that his worst suspicions of Matilda were confirmed as he stood outside the little domicile and strove in vain to catch a glimpse of Mr. Douglass and the Lady Mat. He saw absolutely nothing of them; therefore he concluded that they were hiding from him, or from others, and he was justly scandalised by such an endeavour on the part of the suspected persons to cheat him of the evidence which his sense of sight desired. Why did Matilda live in a place into which you could not easily peer? Why were those curtains so arranged that they obscured the view? Why was the large kerosene table lamp so placed that it did not illuminate just those corners which Mr. Proudleigh would have loved to explore? Why were there no steps leading up to a front door, at which a righteous seeker after information might have silently and cautiously placed himself, in the hope of hearing something of an incriminating nature, before loudly knocking and demanding admission like an ordinary familiar visitor? It is true that Matilda had not built the house, and that it was Mortimer who had rented it; but at this moment Mr. Proudleigh was not disposed to be impartial and just. After all, in spite of his rheumatism, he had walked some distance quickly in the hope of being able to gather data of a character damaging to the reputation of Lady Slimslam, and it was most unfair to him to find that he had taken all this trouble for nothing. A feeling of virtuous indignation filled his breast. He knew that he was being badly treated.

He did his best on this unpromising field of operations. He crept up against the side of the house and listened. He heard a murmur of voices but no distinct words. He went over to the opposite side of the street, balanced himself dangerously on the top of a large stone lying there, and strained his eyes in the effort to discern even a shadow from which he might be able to draw some positive conclusions as to lover-like embraces proceeding at the moment. But no silhouette, however faint, appeared.

(Continued on Page 42)

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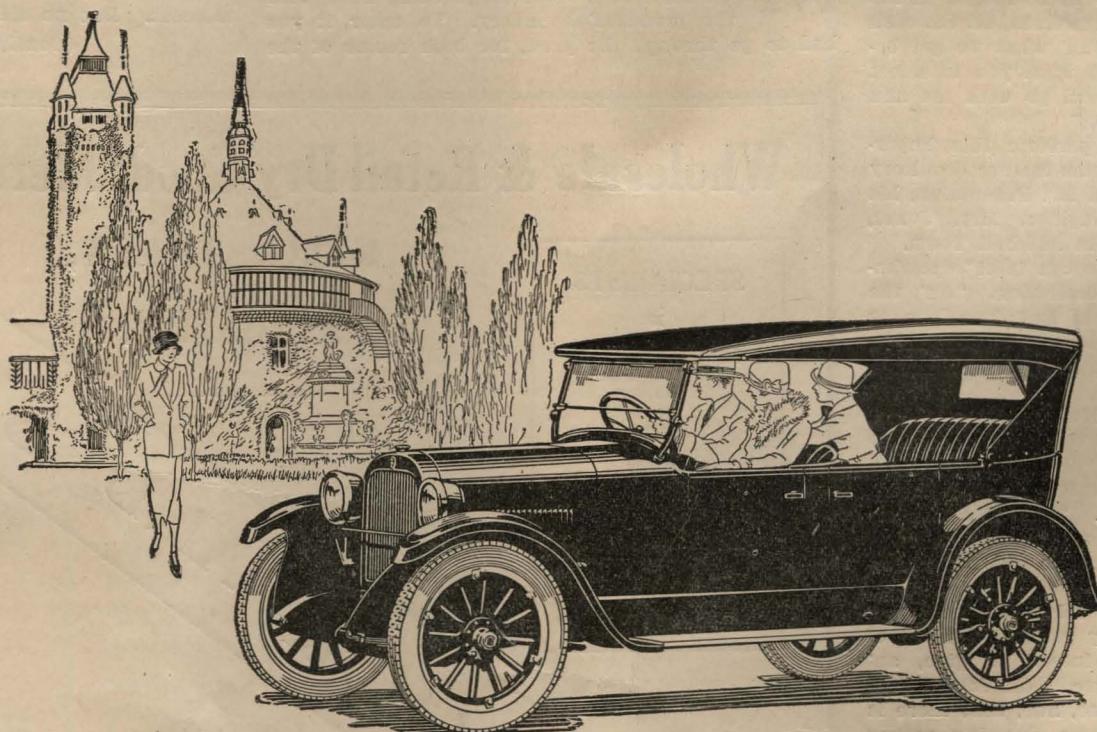
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THE STORY OF THE LINDO BROTHERS

The Lindo brothers, eight in all, emigrated from Jamaica when mere boys to seek their fortune in a foreign and undeveloped country. They came of a family well-known in Jamaica and intimately connected with the island's history and fortunes. The father of the subjects of this sketch was for years a merchant of Kingston, coming originally from the northside of the island where the Lindos had been settled for generations. One uncle was Mr. Abraham Lindo, the head of a large business in Falmouth, which at that time, as the chief town of that section of the island in which the sugar and rum industry flourished, was the commercial rival of Kingston. To-day Falmouth is much decayed, but a large number of its closed and ruined houses and business establishments attest to a former prosperity. With the creation of that prosperity the Lindo family had a good deal to do, and prominent among them was Mr. Abraham Lindo, the intimate friend and adviser of sugar planters, and the proprietor of what was in its time the colony's leading journal of influence.

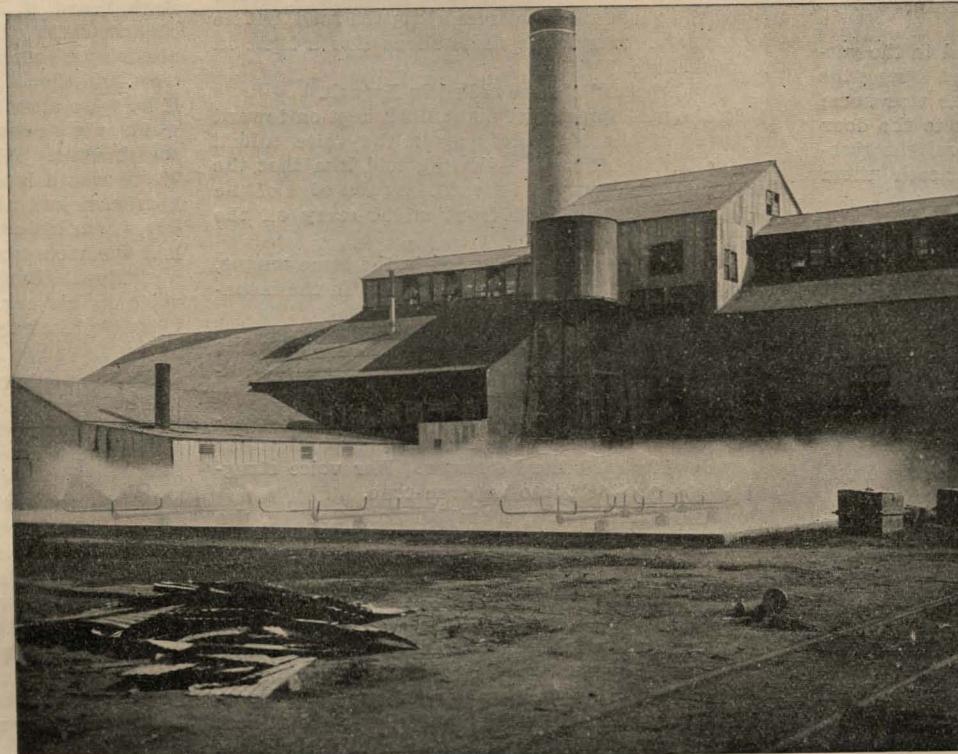
Abraham Lindo was himself a writer of marked ability. He was a man of liberal and cultivated mind, great moral courage, and of a wide and sustained philanthropy. Another brother, Mr. David Lindo, was even more distinguished. David Lindo had the tastes and aptitudes of a scientist and owed his scientific training largely to his own endeavours. Business was his vocation, but chemistry was his avocation and the love of his heart; unaided he made important chemical discoveries which were welcomed in English scientific circles. His portrait shows him to have been a man of deeply reflective mind, a broad brow suggesting love of a pursuit of knowledge, which was indeed his dominant characteristic.

But sugar fell upon evil days, Trelawny and St. James decayed, and most of the ablest men of the northside were compelled to leave their ancient home. Some went to other parts of the island; a few members of the younger generation determined to try their fortunes overseas. Amongst these were the Lindos who went to Costa Rica. There they devoted brains and energy to the tasks that came to their hands, acquired wealth, and in 1916 returned—many of them—to settle in their native land once more.

At the time of their return to Jamaica everyone in the island was talking about the prospects of the island's sugar development and the necessity of adopting modern methods of sugar manufacture. The cry was that the Government should establish one or two central factories as an example and encourage-

This year is the Centenary of J. Wray & Nephew.
The Firm was Established in 1825.
It now starts to work for its next century.

ment to possible investors. The Lindo Brothers, however, without waiting for Government example or encouragement, and probably with the idea in



BERNARD LODGE CENTRAL FACTORY

their minds that any business enterprise which had to depend upon Government initiative for a beginning would never materialise, went straight ahead and established, in co-operation with Mr. A. L. Keeling, the first sugar central factory in Jamaica, now known as Bernard Lodge, on the St. George's Plain of St. Catherine.

The estates of the late Colonel Ward were then upon the market. Colonel Ward, and his uncle Mr. John Wray, had built up a flourishing rum business, and had done much to make the already famous name of Jamaica Rum still more famous for high and reliable quality. The Lindo Brothers entered into negotiations for these estates and business, acquired all of them and continued operations under the old name of J. Wray and Nephew. It was all done in a very little while and done with that energy and thoroughness which they had shown in all their business activities. They went into business largely in Jamaica as they had done whenever practicable in Costa Rica. They are believers in considerable ventures and they never allow themselves to be depressed by adverse conditions.

The firm of Lindo Brothers consists of Mr. Cecil Lindo, whose headquarters are in Costa Rica, and

who travels constantly between that country, Jamaica, New York and London in the interests of the firm; Mr. Percy H. Lindo, who is the general resident manager of the business in Jamaica, and Mr. Stanley Lindo, who is the resident manager of the Costa Rican branch of the Lindo Brothers. Two other brothers in Jamaica, Rupert Lindo and Robert Lindo are connected with the firm of J. Wray and

Nephew, and one Mr. August Lindo, has retired and now lives in the United States. Mr. A. L. Keeling is the only man not of the family associated with the Lindo Brothers, being a partner in the Bernard Lodge Central Sugar Factory. Mr. Keeling is also a Jamaican. Thus a small group of Jamaica gentlemen are entirely responsible for the initiation of the Sugar Central Factory movement in Jamaica, and for the carrying on of a large Jamaica business with long and honourable traditions.

Bernard Lodge is equipped with modern sugar making machinery, and the output of rum on this and on the other estates of the Lindo Brothers is so great year by year that a special Rum Store to the west end of the city has been allocated to their use by the Government. One of the illustrations appearing on this page shows a part of this Rum Store; but a considerable portion of other Government Rum Stores is also occupied by the

product of the Lindo distilleries. Here are stored rums made but yesterday and rums that have been maturing for over thirty years. The care which J. Wray and Nephew displayed in keeping up the reputation of their firm for matured spirits is assiduously observed by the Lindo Brothers, who are determined that Jamaica rum shall never lose its name, if they can conserve it, in any country in which it has won a deserved reputation. In Jamaica itself the seal of J. Wray and Nephew on any bottle of liquor is a guarantee of that liquor's quality, the ambition of the Lindo Brothers being to uphold and, if possible, surpass the standards they inherited in taking over the business at the head of which the late Colonel Ward stood for so many years.

No more hardworking Jamaicans are to be found than Mr. Cecil Lindo and Mr. Percy Lindo. It is the universal feeling in Jamaica that they deserve the success which has come to them as the reward of hard work and striking forethought. Beginning life with but an excellent name and the knowledge of what their ancestors had stood for in Jamaica, they have placed the family fortunes as high as ever they stood in this country; they have shown themselves in no way unworthy of those who bore their name before them, and Jamaica feels that their return home from Costa Rica was a good thing for this country.



AN INTERIOR VIEW OF THE LINDO'S RUM STORE



SPECIAL RUM STORE FOR STORING THE LINDO'S RUM

THE CITADEL

(Continued from Page 20)

Bush lifted her to her feet. "Come! There is no time to lose."

Even as he spoke there was the sound of running feet in the hall, the tapestry parted and a black face peered with staring white eyes into the room.

"Back!" Bush shouted.

Bending, he snatched the empty pistol from the floor and levelled it at the door. The face disappeared and the opening closed.

"We must go now," he whispered, "while there is yet time."

With the pistol butt he shivered the glass globe that surrounded the candles, and extinguished them. Calm and white the moonlight fell in wide bars of light across the room. Mangan lay in the shadow of the table, with his feet protruding into the light, two small, black-shod feet motionless as in death.

THEY turned to the open door that led to the garden, but already a tiny light bobbed among the trees. From the servants' quarters in the rear some one was coming with a light. Bush ran to the door through which he had entered. The moonlight bathed the dark mangoes with silver; beneath them slept the night.

Half supporting Virginie, he ran across the strip of silent turf. They were now in the shade of the trees, but her dress showed very white against the darkness. Their feet crunched sharply on the gravelled drive. Ahead, between the gateposts, was the road, bright in the moonlight. Behind them in the house, a wild cry of terror startled the stillness; lights flashed in the darkened windows; there was the sound of excited voices.

A cluster of banana trees leaned long, broad fronds across the road, and in their shadow Bush stopped and drew the girl into his arms.

"Beloved," he whispered, "Luke waits for us. The brig is ready to put to sea." He buried his face in her hair and breathed its fragrance. "Will you go with me? Will you be mine, forever?"

She did not answer, but he felt her head sink back; he saw her face white in the dim light; he felt the sweetness of her lips. His arms crushed her to him and her heart beat palpably against his bare breast where the coat had been torn from him. Then he felt her warm body grow suddenly limp and yielding,

and he lifted his head as though in defiance of the world.

"Come, we must not linger; already perhaps they are following." He caught an arm about her waist and half running, half walking, they hurried down the road in the moonlight.

From the trees beyond a broken wall a dog barked sharply and ran yapping to the gate. Then far behind them Bush heard faint but clear in the silence a voice. The sound inspired a new vigor, and he began to run. At his side he heard Virginie breathing heavily and his own breath was rasping in his throat.

The road bent slowly to the right and crossed a stone culvert. From the sea a coolness struck their heated faces. Bush had marked the place mentally; it was half-way between the house and the waiting boat.

He stopped and listened, panting for breath. Ahead, clinking on the metalled road just beyond the turn, was the sound of horses' hoofs. The sound grew suddenly loud and clear, and then two horsemen turned the corner, riding abreast, black figures in the night. Bush seized Virginie in his arms and turned toward the shadow of the trees along the road, but he was too late. Her white dress shone like a light in the moonshine.

"Stop, there!" a voice called in French.

In the mad impulse of flight Bush kept on toward the cover of the roadside; again the voice called, and the clatter of hoofs following told him that the horses had been spurred forward. At the edge of the road he paused. A bold front might carry off the situation.

"Who are you," he demanded in the same tongue, "that you should stop a man who walks in the moonlight with his sweetheart?"

The man on the horse laughed. "Come into the moonlight," he demanded. "It is late for love-making on the highway."

In the circle of his arm Bush felt Virginie trembling. Then she flung his arm from her shoulder and walked toward the horsemen. Her voice struggled to steady itself into an even tone.

"If you must know, I am Virginie Goutier, the ward of Monsieur Leroy Mangan. Is it necessary that I must report myself to any man whom I meet on the highway before the door of the house of my guardian?"

There was a momentary silence. "Perhaps," said the other man, who had not yet spoken, "we have been in error to have halted you but, mademoiselle, the roads of Le Cap at this hour are at best unsafe. You would do well to return to the villa of

Monsieur Mangan. You are far in your walk from the gate."

Bush silently regarded the two horsemen as they sat motionless in the moonlight. They were in uniform, for the cold light glittered on the epaulets and caught glints of fire from polished buttons and sword hilts. Now and then their faces lifted as they spoke and he saw that they were men of color, officers of the Emperor, returning doubtless from some late celebration in the town.

"Bien! Let's on! Pardon, mademoiselle. Our regards to Monsieur Mangan!" He touched his horse with the spur and the animal sidled toward the roadside. "Eh, what?" There was another tone to his voice. "Monsieur, there, out into the light with you."

Stolidly Bush stood his ground. The man who had spoken reined his horse nearer.

"Philippe!" he called. "This fellow here, have a look at him." The two men rode nearer.

AS THEY inspected Bush, puzzled by the torn coat and the signs of his recent encounter, there was a sound of running feet coming down the road. Bush heard it, but there was no indication of his consciousness of this new danger. Escape was yet possible; a quick dash into the dark cover of the trees and then a cautious retreat to the waiting boat. If he were alone that would be a chance at which he would not hesitate, but he gave no consideration to the thought. With Virginie it would be impossible; There was a loaded pistol in his belt, but the two horsemen had already sensed the situation and the one whom his companion had called Philippe already had Bush covered.

"Run! The servants are coming." He heard her voice in his ear, but already the pursuers were in view, two dark figures coming swiftly along the moonlit road.

"It is too late," he answered. Protectingly he drew her to him, his arm about her shoulders. "Don't be afraid; there will be a way out, somehow."

She clung to him. In spite of the hopelessness of the situation there was something in his calm and quiet assurance that gave her confidence. It was perhaps that curious combination, the Quaker imperceptibility and the romantic daring; the blending of cool sagacity and impassioned action.

As they approached, the two servants appeared to hesitate. Then they saw Virginie's white dress and the uniforms of the two horsemen. In an instant a torrent of explanation burst from their lips. Mangan had been murdered. In passionate French sentences they narrated the details, and the story sounded black enough even without embellishments.

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Bush shrugged his shoulders. "Let me speak, gentlemen," he addressed the two officers in French.

"Enough of this exaggeration. I and Monsieur Mangan disagreed and blows were given. That I would have escaped, I do not deny; nor shall I conceal the fact that this lady was to accompany me. There are authorities in Le Cap Francaise to whom I shall be taken; let us be about our business, if that is your intention."

The calm, even voice was not without effect. He put his other arm about her and drew her close to him.

"Virginie, you must return. Be brave." Then in a lower voice he whispered: "God protect you, Virginie. Be ready when I come again for you." He felt her lips against his own as her arms drew him down to her.

"Must I go back?" she questioned. "Yes, there is nothing else possible." Then with an impulsive passion she clung to him. "John, John!" she cried softly, "I love you, I love you."

As he walked down the white road to Le Cap he glanced over his shoulder; a few yards behind him the two horsemen loomed monstrous. There was no sound but the click of the hoofs on the stony road and the jingle of the bridle chains.

"It is necessary," said one of the riders, "to keep your eyes to the front. And," he added, with an ugly inflection to the words, "the murderer of Monsieur Mangan need expect no quarter if he is so foolish as to attempt escape."

CHAPTER VI

IT WAS with a feeling of perplexity that John Bush awakened the following morning. His mind groped at first for an explanation, for health and youth had given him a brief but dreamless slumber from which he slowly aroused himself; then in a flash the experiences of the past night were vividly recalled and he became acutely conscious of the aching shoulder where Mangan's shot had given him a superficial wound.

From a small window set in the stone wall he could see between the iron bars a patch of blue sky and through the aperture a cool breeze blew steadily, clean and invigorating. Around him the massive walls, dingy and scratched with French names and coarse phrases, supported a low-arched ceiling. Opposite the window was a door of worn mahogany with a small barred opening in the centre. The floor was paved with great uneven flags, moist and cold; and set into the wall in one corner was a pair of iron rings to each of which was attached a short length of iron chain. The straw on which he had been sleeping was piled deep and matted in a corner of the cell, and he sat up quickly as his nose became conscious of its musty, acrid smell.

Stiffly he got to his feet. His body was sore and aching, and his shoulder pained with burning twinges. He regarded his hands, black and grimy in the slanting bar of sunlight, and discovered when he touched his face that the stubble of a beard was all too evident. He walked to the low window and peered through the opening, his lungs drinking in the cool air from the water. Before him in the morning sunshine the harbour extended blue and sparkling far to the east, where a smooth green peak reared like a sentinel from the sea. Almost furtively he thrust his face into the deep opening until it was pressed against the bars. Now around the edge of the stone he could see where the *Hercules* had anchored. The blue water glittered empty; the *Hercules* was gone. Perhaps she had been brought nearer to the land; more likely, she was standing out to sea. The jutting stones and iron bars made it impossible for him to see.

With his eyes fixed on the distant shore, he recalled the last few hours of the previous night. He wondered, how Mangan fared that morning. He could not have killed him. Hard as was the blow he had struck with the leaden inkwell, it was not a blow that carried death. It would leave a mark, however, on that cold, impassive face, an ineradicable mark. The thought pleased him.

At the edge of the town his captors had awokened a guard of soldiers; black, barefoot and half-dress-

ed, the guard had stumbled out of the thatched shack where they had been sleeping, guns with fixed bayonets trailing noisily. He was a criminal, a murderer, caught with considerable difficulty, so the officers implied, a dangerous man whom they should watch carefully. He had demanded that Monsieur Samatan be notified, but they had laughed at him. Still, he reflected, Samatan would know soon enough; it would not be long before all Le Cap learned of what had happened.

With his hands tied behind him he had been hurried down to the old fort, a bayonet now and then pricking him forward when his feet lagged defiantly. And now from a barred window he regarded the empty bay. He walked across the room and put his shoulder to the door; it was locked firmly; there was no give to the iron-studded planks. A bar of sunlight fell on the stone floor beneath the window. The sun was high; it must be late in the morning.

Purposely he had kept his thoughts from Virginie. She was safe, he was confident. Leroy Mangan, intuition told him, would not hold against her the escapade of the evening past; he would try to mollify her and win her back to obedience. But what would be Virginie's reaction? Unhesitatingly John Bush knew that she would suffer no retreat. Her words and her eyes had told him; her lips had sealed their covenant.

It was characteristic of his nature that he would even yet hold her apart from the situation which involved him, although she was the central figure in all that now concerned him. All his life he had lived with men and the inheritance of his Quaker ancestry had given him a coldness of manner that his life had intensified and hardened. But beneath this austerity that found its only apparent relief in occasional displays of reckless daring burned the fire of a romantic nature of which he alone recognized the existence. Often in the lonely hours of solitude in his cabin or on the heaving deck of the brig he had allowed his imagination to draw himself the central figure in desperate adventures in which always figured a girl of his own imagination, a girl such as he now saw in the living body of Virginie.

Strange as were all the happenings of the recent past, there was nothing new in them to surprise him. Never before had he felt the warm moist lips of a woman given freely to his own, and yet often he had imagined that delicious moment; so often and so clearly that it seemed a realisation of something he already knew. Not yet had he given himself entirely to Virginie; there was a surface that he had not broken through that still separated them. Not yet had he bared to her the hot love of his passionate inner nature.

THERE was a sound of feet in the passage and two voices indistinct through the thick walls. Then a key scraped, feeling for the lock; it clicked in the keyhole and the door pushed slowly open.

The jailer and Monsieur Samatan entered. For a moment the two men regarded Bush as though startled by his appearance, and they might well have been, for the young man who confronted them with dishevelled and matted hair, unshaven face and torn and bloody coat presented a contrast to the always immaculate Captain Bush whom they had known. Monsieur Samatan was dressed in white linen and carried a closed basket in one hand and a bamboo cane in the other. He handed the basket to the jailer and bowed with a flourish of his broad-brimmed hat.

"I have come," he said, "to the assistance of my friend, although I must be cautious because of the feeling that the injury to Monsieur Mangan has engendered. Gubo"—he pointed with thin, dark fingers to the jailer—"may be trusted. We can speak freely."

"Tell me," Bush broke in, "how serious is this injury that it was my privilege to inflict on Mangan, and what is the price that I must pay? How long can I be confined here? What will happen to me?"

"Leroy Mangan will not die," the other answered, "but feeling is high against you. Pierre Nicholas demands your life and there are others who would have you shot for your attempt on the life of a man who holds great prominence here. Escape is impossible. Could I aid you, I would do so. But that cannot be.

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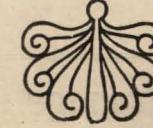
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I would suggest, my dear captain, that you plead for mercy and forget speedily the unfortunate attachment that has brought this difficulty upon you."

The suggestion brought a flush to Bush's cheek. The thought that such a remark could be made to him by this man of colour affronted him. Then he saw in the brown eyes of Samatan a friendliness that he knew to be genuine; it was a look that came out to him like a helping hand; a look that brought his gratitude instantly to the fore. He put a hand on Samatan's shoulder.

"My good friend," he replied, speaking also in French, "I cannot tell you how deeply I appreciate your coming, although what you tell me promises little for my security. You have referred to Mademoiselle Goutier; that is indeed reason for my presence in Le Cap and without her I shall not leave, even if my freedom be given me."

Samatan shook his head sadly. "Captain Bush," he said with evident emotion, "we have been friends, yes? I am a man of colour, but you have not noticed my skin; you have seen only my blood, which is red like your own. You have been honourable with me and we have made money together and drunk wine together and we have eaten at the same table. And now you are a prisoner in my country. I cannot tell you how greatly I desire to aid you and how difficult

it is for me to do so. Be strong, monsieur, but be not foolhardy. The good God, whom we both know, will not desert you." Then in a lighter tone he continued, taking the basket in his hand and removing the cover. "Here is a fowl and bread, some fruit and a flask of wine. The fare of Gubo is coarse, but the best he can offer you, so I bring you these trifles."

Bush took the basket and set it on the floor; then he clasped the hand of Samatan in his own. "My friend," he said, "I thank you."

Samatan averted his eyes.

"But what have you heard?" Bush continued. "You have not told me all. Tell me the truth; it is a kindness. You know what is my fate?"

The merchant walked slowly across the stone floor and stood looking out through the barred window to the sea. In a corner Gubo squatted on his haunches, a bunch of huge keys that hung from his belt tinkling against the stones.

"I do not know," Samatan said finally, "what has been finally decreed. As yet there is no decision, but, my good friend"—he turned and faced Bush—"if you believe in the God of your fathers, I bid you pray to him, for from what I hear and from what I know of my people, you will not see Mademoiselle Goutier again, or any others of your friends."

"YOU mean," Bush interrupted, "that whether or not this dog Mangan dies I am to be killed?"

"Yes. You were captured red-handed, monsieur, escaping from an act which can find no justification in the eyes of my people. You were captured in the company of the ward of the man whom you attacked, attempting to abduct her from those who consider themselves her rightful guardians. And in the persons of Captain Nicholas and Monsieur Mangan you have given insult and personal injury to two who are among the highest in the kingdom of Christophe."

"Does Mademoiselle know of what has befallen me?"

"She will know soon enough. Mangan will live. Your assault was painful but not fatal," he added.

Bush glanced at the jailer squatting in the corner. "Perhaps when I am taken from here there will be a chance. A quick dash. My ship; that is she, the *Hercules*; she flies the English flag."

Samatan shook his head. "I carry but evil news, my captain; the vessel of which you speak is gone. At dawn she sailed. You must find another way to your freedom."

"She has sailed!" Bush shrugged his shoulders. "Yes, that was the order. And yet! Huggett—I would not have thought—but then—." He slapped Samatan lightly on the shoulder. "Come, my friend, there are yet cards unplayed although we may not know their faces. Go now. I will not compromise you by your presence here. Perhaps I may need you later. I thank you for your friendship which bade you come."

The two men clasped hands. Gubo, seeing that the meeting was at an end, unlocked the door and pushed open the great oak panel. They were gone, and Bush heard the key click in the lock and the sound of their retreating feet melt into the silence.

Casually he turned to the basket Samatan had brought. Beneath a bit of white cloth was a roasted fowl, two oranges, a half-loaf of wheat bread and a quart of wine. Then his fingers encountered a knife—a slim sharp dagger blade in a leather sheath. With a furtive glance he concealed the knife in his breast. Then he turned his head quickly, his ears catching hold of the silence. There was the sound of feet in the passage.

EQUALLY silent was the house of Monsieur Mangan that bright morning. From a cloudless sky of burning blue the sunlight flooded the house and garden. In the penetrating light the plastered walls flamed white against the vivid green of banana palms and mangoes.

Monsieur Mangan's bedroom was darkened. It was a great room on the ground floor with white walls and a high ceiling. On one side tall green latticed doors, now tightly closed, opened to the garden, and through the chinks little needles of sunlight penetrated, tongues of still flame, to the inner gloom. Opposite the doors and on the far side of the chamber was an enormous bed of red mahogany designed after the new fashion of the Empire with graceful curved head and foot. The white mosquito bar was drawn back and caught in a brass hook against the wall. Some French chairs and a table, all of red mahogany, one chair placed at the bedside, comprised the furniture, except a massive wardrobe that stood at least eight feet high against the wall on one side of the room.

In the centre of the other side and facing the wardrobe was a small white-panelled door. The brass latch lifted quietly and as the door opened Virginie entered and stepped softly across the waxed boards to the bedside. As in death she saw the outline of the long lean body beneath the sheet.

Tall and commanding as Leroy Mangan invariably appeared, the white expanse of the great bed dwarfed him almost to insignificance. He lay upon his back, his head sunk deep in a single pillow, his face covered, except for the lower half, with a folded napkin. Below the cloth was visible the mouth, a straight, thin line formed by two bloodless lips, and the sharp jaw now blue with stubble of the night's

growth. His hands folded on his breast beneath the sheet increased the suggestion of death, an effect which would have been complete were it not possible to see the even rise and fall of his breathing.

"Virginie!" His quick ear had caught her quiet footfall even before she reached the bedside.

"Monsieur?"

"You will sprinkle some water on this cloth from the basin." His was a strange hard voice, a voice seemingly devoid of tenderness or love or pity, a cold dead voice, judicial, impersonal. "Perhaps," he said, "you may wish now to explain some things that have happened, in order that I may plan how best to consider the future."

The girl lifted the basin from the table and carried it to the bedside. With slender fingers she spatulated the water on the cloth. She did not answer.

"**H**AS this Bush been taken? You will at least answer a question?" There was an unexpected glint in his voice, a hardness that made her instinctively turn from the bed and replace the basin on the table.

"He has been taken," she echoed.

"You are aware that I shall ask the extreme penalty?"

For a moment dizziness caused her to put out her hand to steady herself. A numbness held her body.

"You will ask that?" she answered faintly.

"Can I forget that this man has sought to thwart my wishes, that like a thief he entered my house, that he tried to kill me and escape with a member of my household who, moreover, aided him in his vile purpose?"

She heard his hands rustle the sheet as he unfolded them and thrust them out straight on each side until he lay stark as a heroic crucifix. The thought held her and she cowered against the door as though from a blow.

Back through years of memory she recalled him. To others, he had always been cold, cruel and unfeeling. But she had never before associated this aspect of the man with herself. To her he had been a distant yet splendid person whose casual caress had warmed her affection. Never had she forgotten her obligation; to him, she admitted, she owed all. One incident alone that stood out from the even retrospect; that was the night he had told her of his decision that she should become the bride of Pierre Nicholas. She remembered the stifled cry of terror that had escaped her lips, how she had fled finally to her small white room and on her knees sobbed out her misery before the ivory crucifix above her bed. It had relieved her, that impassioned hour of communion. But she had risen from her knees mentally numbed into a blind fatalism. She had tacitly accepted her guardian's edict, but in her inner heart she knew that the good God to Whom that evening she had wept out her prayer would never permit the final fulfilment. And so with a blind, unreasoning, unheeding faith she had gone on, accepting the burden of each day, buoyed by the hope of an ultimate and miraculous liberation.

She recalled in a passing flash of thought the evenings that Nicholas had spent in the house of her guardian. Not once had she permitted the slightest breakdown of the barrier. She realized that the suave Pierre Nicholas felt embarrassment

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in her presence, and she raised higher the wall between them. To him she was inaccessible, incomprehensible.

Then came that evening when John Bush had walked across the waxed floor of the candle-lighted room and his clear blue eyes had sought her own. The touch of his hand had sent a tremor through her. Vaguely she wondered if this was the answer to her prayer; if this Yankee sailor in his bright-buttoned blue coat was the hand of God stretched down for her deliverance. She remembered him vividly from the years before when he had visited Le Cap. With the passion of budding womanhood she had seized upon him and heroized him in her daydreams, her lover and her champion. Ever since she had first met him, two years ago, she had played with his memory. So in the very hour of her need he had come to her. Surely he had come by the dear God's direction.

Wearily she regained control of herself. She felt weak but strangely calm and composed.

"Virginie!" The low incisive voice startled her. She crossed the room to the bed.

"There is something I can bring to you?" she asked.

"No. It is this: Until you receive my permission, you will not leave this house. Under no circumstances will you try to communicate with this man or with any one concerning him. You will obey me implicitly?"

"I shall not promise."

From the bed came no sound or movement. She watched the lean jaw protruding from the damp napkin and the thin, firmly closed lips. She knew those lips. Not a month past she had watched them close in silence. That was the last night she pleaded with him to release her from his promise to Nicholas. At first she had sensed his weakening. In a cold way Mangan loved her as an austere father loves his child. But his resolve could not be shaken; he had closed his ears to her entreaties.

Mangan's long, white fingers groped along the sheet for the bell cord. Bending slightly, she put the green tassel in his grasp. Far off in the house she heard the metallic jingle as he pulled the cord.

That was all then. She knew he would not speak again. "I am going," she said. "If you require me, I shall be in the drawing-room. The doctor will come again in the evening."

In the hall she met Lucien, her guardian's manservant, a small black man whose snow-white hair and wrinkled face gave an indication of his great age. He was barefoot but wore long and heavily starched white cotton trousers and an old plum-coloured velvet coat which had been at one time the property of his master. The old man shrank back against the wall as Virginie passed, two rolling, white eyeballs following her as though he expected to see in her some new and unexpected apparition as terrifying as the happenings of the night before.

As though suddenly recollecting something, he lifted a black finger to his lips, his frightened eyes still rolling grotesquely.

"Mademoiselle Virginie, man waiting to see you in my house." His voice was a rasping whisper and the French words came almost incoherently from his toothless gums.

THERE was no door to the cabin, built against the wall with half a dozen others; the small whitewashed buildings with their thick-thatched roofs of palm presented a row of open doors to the hard-trodden strip of earth that was the recreation ground of Mangan's servants. Now only three small, naked black children played quietly in the shade.

It was dark inside the cabin and for a few seconds she stood in the door frame adjusting her eyes to the half-light. Then she saw a gigantic negro rise from a bench in the corner and advance toward her. She had never seen him before and instinctively she shrank back a little. Then she noticed a look in the brown eyes that reassured her.

"Who are you?" she asked.

The man raised a hand and pointed at his mouth. Then he shook his head violently and a queer clucking sound came from his throat. With slow fingers he fumbled in his belt and produced a crumpled paper. Eagerly Virginie took it and spread it out.

If you would save the life of your friend you must not delay. It is within the power of either Monsieur Mangan or Captain Nicholas to spare.

A FRIEND.

Impetuously she raised her face to the negro, a dozen questions on her lips, but the mute shook his head. Again she read the paper. Vaguely she realized that vengeance moved swiftly at Le Cap.

"Can you understand me?" she asked. "Can you hear?"

The negro's thick lips parted from his gleaming teeth and he nodded, smiling in affirmation.

"Remember then," she continued, "no one must know that I have seen you except the friend that sent you. Tell him, whoever he may be, that I shall do all that I can. You cannot speak, but you can hear. They will question you. You will shake your head, yes. You understand?" He nodded again.

"You will perhaps see Captain Bush? Yes? . . . Then, if he asks you, I am well and no harm come to me. He must not risk his life again for me."

She turned and retraced her way beneath the leafy roof of the garden path to the house. Who this strange negro was or whence he had come did not for the moment occur to her. Her mind could grasp only the single thought which those few written words implied. The life of John Bush was forfeit and if she would help him her assistance must be immediate. Leroy Mangan and Pierre Nicholas—either of them could save him. But would the man who had been assaulted in his own house aid his enemy? There were men who even under such a circumstance might be moved by her entreaty, but not Leroy Mangan. Nicholas? Perhaps; there lay her solitary hope.

In the dining-room Lucien was setting the table. It must be noon, then. The day was half gone. Already probably John's fate had been decided. Perhaps by sunset all would be over. The horror of the situation seized her with all its terrible significance; her helplessness, the fate that awaited her and particularly the fate of this man who had become to her a personification of all the strength and beauty of which she had ever dreamed.

THE sound of a horse's hoofs startled her. Some one was coming up the drive. There was silence. Then a man's step scraped on the floor of the vestibule. She could hear it plainly in the stillness. The steps came down the hall. In a moment the tapestry would be parted and he would enter the room. Only a few of her guardian's most intimate friends came so unceremoniously. She turned her head as she heard the rustle of the tapestry. Pierre Nicholas stood in the doorway, mopping his beaded forehead with a yellow handkerchief. He was immaculately dressed in the uniform of the bodyguard of the Emperor; high black boots, white breeches, and a green coat heavily ornamented with gold. His waistcoat was of cream-coloured satin with brass buttons, and the high white stock about his neck met in a heavy ruffle of soft white fabric.

"Mademoiselle," he said, bowing low, "a vision in white in this quiet house is cooling on so hot a day. I trust that you are in health and happiness."

Virginie studied him and his glance dropped before the gaze of her deep dark eyes. She saw before her in the doorway a man of perhaps five and thirty; tall, well built and alert in his every movement, his shallow face slightly inclined to heaviness. His hair was black and straight, the nose narrow above but

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widened slightly too much at the nostrils; the mouth was large and the lips, full and sensuous, were drawn back slightly from a row of perfect teeth; the chin was heavy and there was an indication of fatness about the jaws.

"Will you please be seated?" she said finally. "There is something I would say to you."

With a slight indication of surprise he walked across the room and sat down before her.

"You are, of course, aware of all that has happened in the last few hours? The colour was gone from her face and her nails whitened as her fingers clenched the table rim.

"Yes, the story of these unhappy occurrences has been brought to me."

"I love Captain Bush."

Nicholas had not expected her statement. His heavy face twitched with agitation. With a forced calmness he said: "I can imagine that a more than ordinary interest in this man prompted your action—may I say, mademoiselle, your most ill-advised and incomprehensible action."

"What is to be the fate of Captain Bush?"

A look of malevolent satisfaction glinted in Nicholas's eyes. He did not answer her question immediately, but watched the bar of sunshine that lay like glowing metal on the floor before the door. Then he answered almost casually:

"The Captain, this Bush, has now twice offended. He has without provocation attacked an officer of the Emperor, and later, last night, he attempted the murder of Monsieur Mangan in his own house and the abduction of his ward. He is now a prisoner in Fort Picolet. It is ordered that he be shot at sunset."

A gasp, a quick intake of her breath, came from the girl's lips. She swayed slightly, then she flung herself into the great stuffed chair of Leroy Mangan and her body quivered with the torrent of her emotion. Nicholas got up and walked to her side and laid his hand on her shoulder. As though touched by a hot iron she recoiled. Like a wounded animal she cowered deeper in the chair as though to escape him.

"Calm yourself, mademoiselle. This frenzy cannot save your lover. There are other things that can do more. Let us talk sanely and perhaps to some purpose."

SLOWLY Virginie straightened herself. Her dress had slipped from her shoulder but she was unconscious of the smooth, white curves that it disclosed. With a steady gaze of appraisal, Nicholas regarded her. His eyes were fixed on the white skin;

he saw her breast rise and fall beneath the sheer bodice.

"He is to die to-day" she repeated, "at sunset?"

"Yes, mademoiselle, unless—"

"Unless—" the word came from her with a little cry. "You mean, monsieur?"

"You have forgotten our wedding day?"

"Our wedding day?" She repeated the words without understanding.

"It has been set for Easter—"

"If I die by my own hand, I shall never marry you!" Her voice rose in a high scream as she spoke. "No, never! Oh, the very thought is impossible! You, you—I hate you! I loathe you! I shall die before you touch me. Go!" Quivering, she regarded him, a flame of terror and anger scorching her cheeks.

"Softly, mademoiselle. Hard words are evil messengers. You would save the man you love? Bien! That yet is possible. I would marry you." He leered at the bare shoulders. "There are reasons other than yourself. Our wedding day is long to wait for. A week, perhaps, and so you will promise me, and this Bush lives! Oui? You say you love him, and you loathe me, Pierre Nicholas, intimate of the Emperor. How much do you love?"

Her momentary passion had passed. Dumb and stunned, she looked at him. The shifting eyes dropped before her. With an attempt at nonchalance, Nicholas flicked the dust from his boot-top with the yellow handkerchief.

"You will barter his life for my body?"

He did not immediately answer.

"Do you not understand, monsieur, that I do not love you, that the thought of such a marriage is a terror to me and that I love this man whom it is now in your power to save? You ask me to marry you; you desire that? If some esteem for me prompts that desire, can you not be generous and earn my eternal gratitude? Oh, monsieur, I beg of you, I implore you, be merciful!"

Nicholas shifted uneasily in his chair. Then a cunning look came into the shifting eyes.

"You have my proposal, Mademoiselle Goutier. My orderly is at the gate. Time passes. I go now to Monsieur Mangan. Your answer will send my orderly to Fort Picolet and his life will be spared. Persist in your resolve, and I shall not again offer an alternative. The life of your lover is in your hand. Is it yes or no that I shall hear?" He walked toward the door. "Eh bien," he continued over his shoulder, "it is best that this Yankee cur should die. Oui?"

"Monsieur," she said, hardly above a whisper, "you will swear by the good God that this is the truth, that his life will be saved?"

"Yes, if—"

"Yes," the word burst from her, "I consent."

With a smile Pierre Nicholas thrust aside the tapestry and walked down the hall to the room of Leroy Mangan.

CHAPTER VII

THE sound of feet that John Bush had heard from his cell grew loud in the corridor. The noise stopped abruptly before the door. An order was given, gun butts rattled on the stone, a key clicked in the lock.

The young lieutenant who entered wore a worn, green uniform and a gilt scabbard hung at his knee; the bare sword he carried in his hand. He was a tall, thin-hipped, wide-chested negro with skin so black that his face might have been cut from a block of ebony. Behind him a guard of six men stood at shambling attention.

"Monsieur Bush," he said courteously in excellent French, "you will accompany me, if you please. The commandant desires your immediate presence." He bowed and Bush returned the formality.

The little room to which Bush was escorted was damp and odorous. On the whitewashed walls, names and obscene French words and phrases were scratched or written with charcoal. Through the narrow windows was a glimpse of the green of palm trees and a fragment of blue sky. Dirty straw littered the floor and in one corner a low cot was piled with soiled bed linen. A small table stood in the centre of the room, and behind it, in a gilded chair upholstered in crimson brocade, sat Antoine Pelletin, commandant of the garrison of Le Cap Francaise.

In the slanting light from the windows Bush saw a small man with close-cut gray hair and a face striking for its unmistakable stamp of cruelty. He was not so black as the young lieutenant of the guard; there was an ashen colour to the wrinkled skin that hung in pouches beneath the yellowish eyes, an ashen colour accentuated by a stubble of gray hair on the broad square jaws and across the upper lip. The mouth was loose and sensuous and the half-opened lips disclosed a row of teeth sharp and irregular. Then he raised his head and regarded Bush with a look in which hate and satisfaction were clearly dominant.

"You are convicted," General Pelletin began as though he read from the paper in his hand, "of as-

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sault with intent to kill on the person of the Emperor's officer, Captain Pierre Nicholas; of attacking with the same purpose Monsieur Leroy Mangan in his own house, which you entered by force; with the attempt to abduct the ward of Monsieur Mangan, and with other acts of violence against officers and subjects of the Emperor." He turned his eyes to the lieutenant. "The firing squad at sunset."

Under his torn coat Bush felt his heart pounding; the sweat trickled in hot drops from his forehead. The horror of the situation sickened him. Then he flung back his shoulders. He must not let this man sense his agitation.

"So, I understand," Bush said with a studied slowness, "that I, a citizen of the United States of America, am sentenced to be murdered without trial or hearing. Mark you"—he pointed a finger at Pelletin—"my country will not suffer this insult to pass unpunished."

"Bah!" General Pelletin spat on the straw. "What is it, these bragging United States, a race of traders and upstarts. Do we, who have run the French and the English into the sea, listen to the boasts of an American? Where is your flag? Have not the English driven it from every ocean? Do I fear a country such as that? No!" He glanced at the lieutenant. "To the compound. You have heard."

From the corner of his eye Bush estimated the distance to the nearest soldier. With a leap he could reach the table. He could feel his fingers tighten about Pelletin's throat. It was an idle thought; death would only come the more swiftly. A few hours at least of life remained. The lieutenant touched his elbow. Pelletin's head was bent over the strewn table. There was nothing now that he could do or say; with his head erect he walked out into the corridor; behind him he heard the feet of the guard rustling in the straw.

LE CAP was simmering in the sunshine; even the palm trees seemed to droop in the breathless heat. In the long street that edged the harbour, dust rose from beneath every passer's feet and hung, a yellow cloud, in the air. From the water the sun was reflected as from a sheet of metal, and down from the high, green wall of Le Morne it was flung back again on the stifled town.

Outside the walls of Fort Picolet a dozen negroes crouched in the shade. With languid interest they watched John Bush and the guard emerge from the entrance and turn down the street.

His hands were tied behind his back and Bush could feel the cord bite the flesh. From his forehead salty drops of sweat coursed down into his smarting eyes. His body ached and yearned for rest and sleep. A few hours more, he thought, and then perhaps it would be over, and a long rest begun in a shallow pit on the marshy plain.

Several times in happier days he had ridden past the barracks, a collection of long thatched buildings against the southern entrance to the city. There also was the wide field of sun-baked clay where the troops of the Emperor drilled, a dusty field, or a quagmire of slimy mud, in accordance with the weather. From the drill ground the plain extended twenty miles to the south, where abruptly the range of towering mountains piled up a precipitous barrier. And there, on a high peak overlooking the plain, was the citadel of the Emperor, and in the green valley of Millot under the shadow of the fortress was the palace of Sans Souci.

The dust caked his tongue and the cord about his wrists pained cruelly. At the roadside people stopped to gaze at him. They were black, of various shades and types of features, and all regarded him with unfriendly eyes. A feeling of despair depressed him. Never had he felt so desolate; in all the world there could be no place so alien and remote as this crowded street of the Haitian capital. He did not blame them. The terror of the days of French slave rule was all too fresh in their primitive minds. He was just another white man, an intruder in a black man's country won for the black man and by the black man through bloody sacrifice.

A few small ships were at anchor in the harbour. By now the *Hercules* was doubtless well out to sea. There would be a breeze there, beyond the island's lee. On the left the water came up close to the road. There was Samatan's warehouse; there the *Lucy* had discharged her cargo. On the right a continuous row of buildings lined the street. There was the Hotel de la République. It basked in the sunshine; within the closed shutters the air would be cool and damp and there would be things to drink. He could hardly swallow for the dust in his throat.

One of the soldiers pricked him in the back with the point of a bayonet. A tall, black girl at the roadside laughed in a high, clear voice. The ignominy of his position made his face flush hotly. It was at least good to realize that Virginie could not see him, a dishevelled captive driven by a band of black soldiers to the place of slaughter. She was safe; he realized that she must be again secure in Mangan's keeping. She had been brave, and she had dared all for him; he felt her clinging lips, her limp, young body in the shelter of his arms. Would she marry Nicholas? Somehow the thought no longer disturbed him. He had felt her courage; he knew her love, he was assured that Virginie would die before she would surrender to Pierre Nicholas.

High, ruined walls flanked the right side of the road. Through tall windows Bush could look at the sky beyond. The masonry was blackened with smoke, the stones cracked with the heat of flames. The roofless rooms of what was once the finest mansion in Le Cap were now tenanted by a dozen squatter families. In that wide doorway Raymond Ferrier had died holding the entrance against the revolutionary mob that filled the street, a black flood that poured with fire and sword into the frightened town from the distant hills and from the smoking ruins of plantations on the plain where but a few days before they had been slaves.

BUSH often had heard stories of that terrible night. Now it was his turn, but not to die fighting; he was to meet death standing before a whitewashed wall, shot down by a squad of ragged negro soldiers. He wondered when his uncle would hear of it. Perhaps never. No, Huggett would report to him. But perhaps Huggett would not know. What did it matter? Virginie? He put the thought from him; it could not, no, would not, be withheld from her.

The tall lieutenant ordered a halt in the scant shade of a fig tree.

"Monsieur," he said softly in Bush's ear while the men squatted on the ground, their guns dropped as a child throws down a toy, "it is hot; a minute of rest will refresh you." There was a friendly glint in the black eyes, an expression of pity in his face.

"Merci! Can you but loose the cord a little? My hands are swollen with pain." He gave the lieutenant a look of appreciation and a friendly smile curved his lips. "That is better, my friend. I thank you."

Again they marched on. The buildings of the town began to give way to native huts. Ahead was the plain, shimmering with heat waves. There were the barracks. A high wall surrounded a number of buildings, a solid wall of masonry built of blocks of stone evidently robbed from ruined houses in the town. On each of the four corners was a sentry box and in the centre of the eastern wall a low doorway gave ingress. A couple of sentries in uniform slouched about the entrance, which was further guarded by two bronze cannons placed on either side and covering the road.

One of the soldiers pushed open the door and in single file they went through it. As Bush passed the shadow of the arch he experienced again the sense of hopelessness that had possessed him when he stood before General Pelletin in the little room in Fort Picolet. It was another step, irrevocably taken, in the progress of his destruction; another door had closed between him and the liberty that had always been the very essence of his existence.

An indescribable stench greeted his nostrils—the sweet, sickish smell of decaying refuse, the smell of a place long frequented by unfortunate humanity. In the shadow of the walls they swarmed like flies, two or three hundred prisoners, men and women, their half-naked bodies decked in the pitiful rags of former garments. With sullen eyes they regarded him, not as a fellow sufferer in their misery but as an enemy, a hated white man. An old woman, her face obliterated by disease, clutched at his coat as he passed and cursed him in a rasping voice. On the distant side of the compound were the buildings where the more desperate prisoners were confined. It was there, he sensed, that he would be placed.

They crossed the compound and the lieutenant dismissed the guard and conducted Bush to a small room foul with refuse of former occupants. There was no light except through the barred window in the door through which the gloom of the hall feebly penetrated.

The lieutenant put a friendly hand on Bush's shoulder. "I am sorry," he said simply, "that this must be. It is not wise that we should incur the hate of another nation. If your friends hear of this they will be angry, eh? Perhaps a ship of war from the United States will come and ask for you. An answer would be hard to find."

"I am afraid," Bush answered, "that is not likely. We are at war with England. Her great navy surrounds us. There are other matters of far greater importance to the United States than the fate of a single one of her people. You are my friend?"

The lieutenant looked guardedly behind him. The corridor was empty. "Yes, I am your friend, but that cannot save you. At Fort Picolet Monsieur Samatan talked with you, and so I dare to be a friend to you. He knows the order that has been given. Perhaps he can help, for he is strong. He

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wears the ring of Dessalines. But you have angered Nicholas, and he, too, is a great man."

FROM the compound came a wild cry that filled the little room, a long wail of anguish, terror and anger. It was the sound of human voices, but in it was an animal note that dominated. Higher and higher it sounded. Bush looked inquiringly at the lieutenant.

"What is that?" he asked.

"The prisoners," the other answered. His voice was reluctant and he turned as though to end the interview.

"They cry because—"

"You will hear the guns presently. The condemned are being marched to the wall. They, whom you saw in the compound, sing their death march."

"They will be—"

"Oui, monsieur. It is hard to speak of these things to one who is soon to take part in them. They go even now to the killing place. Twice each day they march. Sometimes but one or two, more often many. There is always discontent among the people." Again he looked down the hall and his voice lowered to a whisper. "Christophe is hard on his people. These are political prisoners that die thus. They have talked too freely. They are many."

WILD and terrible, the wailing rose and fell; then as though by the closing of a door the sound

ceased. Even more fearful was the silence. Neither spoke. Each waited for the ensuing sound. Quick and jarring came the rattle of a volley of musketry. Then a few seconds later three pistol shots. Shriek and piercing followed the scream of hate from the compound. Pandemonium had broken loose.

"It is always so." The lieutenant spoke wearily. "They, too, will die, but in another way. They starve there and the sickness comes. Even the strong man, he does not last; it is too difficult to live. The bullet, it is more quick, and best, perhaps." He put his hand on Bush's shoulder. "I must go," he said. "Courage, my friend!"

Time passed with incredible slowness. Outside the barred door two ragged soldiers stood guard over their prisoner. For a while Bush tried to overhear their muttered conversation, but the few fragmentary sentences that he caught were meaningless. Slowly he paced up and down the little room. The heat was stifling and from the foul floor and its covering of straw came a moist, acrid odor that at times almost overcame him.

Not yet, even, had he recognized the fact that in a few short hours death awaited him. Throughout his life John Bush had constantly experienced dangers that held irrecoverable alternatives. With a twisted smile on his lips and a steady look in his blue eyes he had played with life and death daringly, it had been a game to him, this existence that had been thrust upon him, a game in which the highest colour seemed to glow when the danger was the greatest. He had made money readily, and he had distributed it again with a free hand. There had been nothing for which he had desired wealth; no one at whose feet it might be laid. Then had come Virginie.

At the thought of her his face softened and he stopped his nervous pacing and leaned against the wall. So, that was over. If only her problem were as completely solved as his own! He would walk out in the mellow evening light; there would be a volley from the squad of ragged soldiers, and then it would be over. He would not even hear the howls of the prisoners that would follow. That would be all! But Virginie would still face her living death.

There was a scuffling of feet in the passage. Some one was coming; the two soldiers assumed an awkward attitude of attention. A voice inquired the location of the cell of John Bush; he recognized the voice of Pierre Nicholas.

"This is where you keep the white man who is to be shot?" he asked. "Oui? Bien! Open the door." The lock was turned and the door opened. "Back there, to the far end of the passage, you!" Nicholas continued to the soldiers. Then he stepped into the cell and pulled shut the door behind him.

"Bon jour, Monsieur Bush." He swept a half-bow at the silent man who stood watching him. "It is unfortunate, indeed that we meet under circumstances such as these."

Steadily Bush regarded him. There was something in the man's insolence and daring that almost attracted him. Nicholas was the bigger man, but Bush knew his own strength. A sudden rush! It could be done. But Nicholas doubtless was armed. Not otherwise would he dare to close the door behind him and stand alone before a mortal enemy.

"Perhaps you will explain why you are here?" Bush spoke slowly; distrust and scorn were evident in his words.

"Ah, Monsieur Bush, that is simple. With so little left of life perhaps you will listen to friendly advice, eh?

"Friendly?"

"Is it possible that I could have another motive?" He glanced about the cell. "It is too bad that we cannot sit, and over a bottle of wine, perhaps, talk more easily. You would like to live?"

"Your question is offensive. I have asked no mercy. I would accept none from you. If that is all, please respect the short time left to me. Solitude is infinitely preferable to your company."

The fleshy face of Pierre Nicholas reddened perceptibly and a forced smile disclosed his white teeth. "I am conscious of your dislike for me, but possibly you would consider the intervention of another. I have talked with Mademoiselle Goutier; we made plans for our wedding day. She is so young, so tender in the heart. It gives her pain that the death of a friend should be necessary at such a time. She has asked me to make other disposition—you understand, eh? Perhaps now you will hear me?"

"I have made my answer, Captain Nicholas." The desire again possessed Bush to reach at the other's throat; a passionate yearning to destroy this creature who taunted him. Would it not be better, he wondered, that they both die here on the mat of filthy straw on the cold damp stones, than that Nicholas should live to carry out his designs? Death waited him a few hours hence against the white-washed wall. What matter if it came sooner? Then he was conscious that Nicholas was again speaking. He listened to him, his eyes studying the other's throat.

"It is that you will instantly leave this country; that you will never return. Mademoiselle this morning repents her actions; she has asked the forgiveness of her kind guardian and myself."

"You lie!" Bush spat the words from his lips.

NICHOLAS ignored the interruption. "She is tender," he continued, "and begs you to accept your life on that basis. She desires never again to see you."

"I repeat: You lie! That Mademoiselle has interceded for me even to you is possible; the rest is falsehood."

"So you decline, eh?" Nicholas turned slowly toward the door. "You forget, monsieur, that you are young. The world is filled with young women. Is it not childish to throw away your life for one young woman you can never have? It is a fine gesture that you make and a useless one."

"There is the door. You will honour me by availing yourself of it."

Nicholas wheeled suddenly and thrust forward his face. "Bah! You fool! You try to interfere with Captain Nicholas and you see the consequence! I shall think of you on my wedding day. You refuse my mercy. Bien! We shall see who is the stronger. The guns shoot and some one digs a hole for you. No, that is not my revenge. You must be alive; you must say to yourself, 'This is the wedding day of Nicholas.' So! This is the night that Virginie becomes the bride of Pierre. It is not my pleasure to have you dead. No, it is more pleasant for me that on that night you are alive to think of me. You live, or you die, it is as I wish. A week from today I shall be wed. I beg of you to think of me."

As he spoke the last words Nicholas backed swiftly to the door. With a jar it closed behind him. Then for a moment his face appeared in the window. "I hope you will enjoy yourself. It is true that I give you life because a woman has asked it of me. It is yours, such as you will find it."

It would seem only natural that this sudden reversal of Bush's fate would have lifted him, at least for the time, from the despair that had settled about him; but it is to his credit that it was not so much his own life or death that then affected him as the words of Nicholas which told him of the impending marriage. In the main he believed what Nicholas had told him. To be sure, he had detected the obvious falsehood that Virginie had desired him to leave the country; she would sacrifice herself, he knew, for his safety; it was the way that Nicholas spoke that betrayed the lie. But the wedding day—that was different! There was something in the voice of Pierre Nicholas that bespoke verity. And the staying of his sentence beyond that day—there was a fine cruelty in the act. Doubtless Virginie had persuaded Nicholas to exert his influence and delay the sentence, but undoubtedly the girl had never realised the sinister advantage that Nicholas would take of the fulfilment of his promise.

Vaguely he wondered what would happen to him, but always his thoughts turned back to the slender girl with the great dark eyes in whose black depths he had seen burn the glint of love as she had held her face up to him. Again and again he saw her, but never could his fancy complete the picture. There was one sharp detail and then another, and occasionally a haunting, tantalizing vision of her that, when he tried to see it more vividly, faded completely. He could see her mouth, the full, red parted lips and the white teeth; and now he felt again their warm pressure against his own, and her hair against his forehead. His arms were about her; her breathing body suddenly became limp as she relaxed in his embrace . . .

In the compound a tom-tom was beating, a weird, monotonous booming. The cell was almost unendurable with the heat of the afternoon sun that flamed down on the flat roof. He sat down cross-kneed in the corner, faint with the heat, with lack of food, and with infinite weariness.

Again his thoughts recalled the past. Never had he loved before; this was the first expression of the pent-up emotion that he had stifled since boyhood. And because it was the first, it seemed as though his love rushed from him uncontrolled. Suddenly the gates of reserve had been opened; uncontrolled his love poured out from his very soul.

Outside, the wheels of a wagon rumbled in the compound. He heard horses' hoofs.

But Virginie—never before had he imagined a woman could so master his will. Not by any one thing did she hold him; it was the rare blending of her character that had turned the whole direction of his life. In her was all the breeding of ancestry, and the culture of France combined with that tremendous emotionalism that reflected the fire in her soul. She could be calm, gentle, clinging in apparent weakness, and she could grow white with anger, and love with a passion that left him shaken by its intensity. Now she was to become the bride of Nicholas. Clearly he saw and understood; she had bought his life, bought it with her delicate white body.

If only she had let him die! But no! That would not have saved her, unless by her own hand she had chosen to join him in death. In seven days! It was so soon. "Seven days; seven days!" He repeated the words; then he got quickly to his feet. There was the old light again in his wide, blue eyes. Seven long days in which to eucrhe Fate. Love and life were the stake. Flung in his face was the challenge. In some way he would find her, would save her from Nicholas. Again he saw the great, black eyes, brave but appealing. A smile quivered his lips.

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CHAPTER VIII

DOWN the corridor came footsteps. The door opened, and the lieutenant flung his arms about Bush's shoulders. As he began speaking in a voice thick with emotion, he released Bush and regarded him at arm's length. The black face was alive with gladness.

"Monsieur! Mon ami, there is an order from Captain Nicholas, an official order, that your life is to be spared. Mon ami, it is a miracle that he who hated most should show such pity."

"He has himself told me."

"Ah, he has been here in his mercy. But you do not know." His face grew grave. "It is not freedom yet. On Le Bonnet l'Evêque the Emperor completes his citadel.

"Five thousand labour there, of whom many are prisoners. It is there that you are to be taken, monsieur. Be brave; be strong. It is not a certainty of life that has been granted you, for thousands have died at that bitter work; but it is at least a better thing than a bullet, and"—he kicked a hole in the straw—"a grave that is not deep enough to keep out the dogs."

"I go?"

"Now! The day is late. Already the sun is low against Le Morne. To-night the prisoners march along the highway to Millot and the citadel. It is with them that you will go."

He fished beneath the gay coat of his uniform for something at his belt. "I am sorry," he said, "that it must be so." He held out a slender chain that terminated in bracelets of rusted steel.

Bush held out his hands. The warm smooth circlets embraced them.

"Good-by." The negro held out his hand. "We cannot speak again but perhaps some day we may meet; you may find freedom and you will not forget Jean Riou, who had only friendship to give."

Their hands met. "I shall not forget, I thank you."

"Come." He led the way to the door. "You will walk ahead with the guard."

On either side a ragged soldier fell in beside Bush. No one spoke. With eager lungs he drew in great breaths of the warm air of the corridor. After the stifling heat and stench of the cell it seemed pure and almost invigorating. A glare of sunlight struck his eyes as they passed through the door to the compound. There in the late light of the afternoon it lay much as he had seen it in the morning a few hours ago, hours that seemed as long as so many days. Only the black swarm of prisoners had shifted their position; now they clustered in the shadow of the western wall.

With the guard shuffling at his side he marched toward the gate. The thought of escape was uppermost in his mind, but it seemed not the time. Then he began to wonder how they would get to Millot, and when the gang of prisoners would start. He was thus speculating when a familiar sound made him look sharply behind him. From the western wall of the compound the weird cry that he had heard at noonday welled louder and louder in the quiet air. More even than the first time he had heard it, was he struck by the strange, animal note in the massed voices. There was no tune or rhythm. It was a wailing sound, plaintive, melancholy, awe-inspiring.

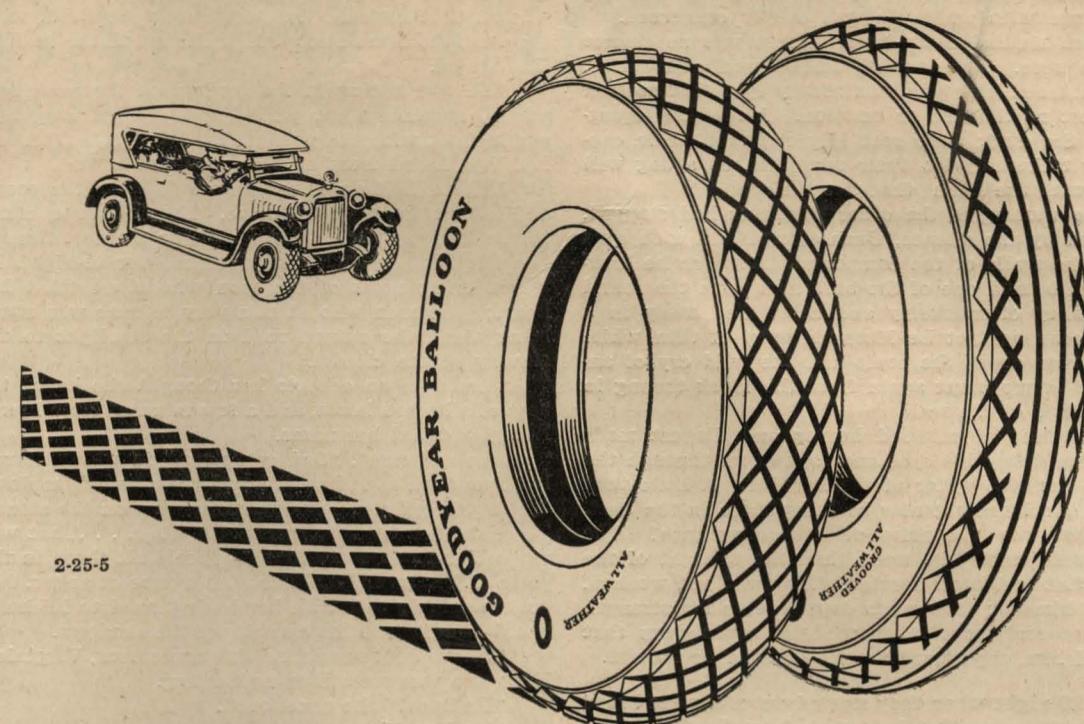
FROM one of the buildings three men guarded by a dozen soldiers walked across the compound at right angles to the direction in which Bush was being taken. Curiously, he watched them approach as their paths converged. All three had their hands pinioned behind their backs; all were hatless and the disorder of their clothes suggested some days at least of imprisonment. They were black, but he who walked in the front showed in his lighter skin a crossing of white blood which was also evident in his almost aquiline features. All were obviously persons of some intelligence and standing in the community.

One of the soldiers turned to Bush, a grim laugh in his throat. "That man there"—he indicated with a toss of his head—"he, all three, go to die." Then he added, with ignorant awe in his voice, "Christophe is strong."

They passed. "Christophe is strong." The sentence rang in Bush's ears. Like a reincarnated Nero, this black despot ruled his kingdom. Under him the people, ignorant, superstitious and cowed by fear, slaved at his harsh command. The power was placed in the hands of a few chosen officers. And the firing-squad, or death in some other form, awaited those who dared question the right and justice of the Emperor.

The sun had sunk well below Le Morne, which now rose exaggerated in the blackness of its shadows. Behind the clean-cut crest the light of the sunset flamed up into the blue, bars of golden light that radiated and faded imperceptibly, a luminous haze as from the door of a mighty furnace. And now with the evening came a tremor of air from the sea; an air faint, cool and saline that stirred among the fronds of a royal palm before the gate, moving listlessly the green plumes as though with idling fingers.

Inside the gate a dozen men were collected, manacled in twos, wrist to wrist. All were negroes, big powerful blacks with broad shoulders and lean limbs.



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It was evident that the Emperor fed only prisoners of intelligence to the firing squad and conserved the young and strong offenders for the great building operations with which he was chiefly concerned.

Bush studied their faces. There was no chance of help here. Low-browed, thick-lipped and sullen, they returned his gaze from steady eyes that seemed to reflect no thought or emotion. A few had squatted in the dust; the rest idly regarded their captors or tinkered with their manacles, as a dog will worry with the leash that ties him.

The wailing of the other prisoners had stopped. Arrested by the silence, Bush turned and with eyes swept the walls of the compound. Even as he looked, from behind one of the buildings came the sound of a volley of musketry and as it died away in a feeble echo against Le Morne a wisp of thin white smoke rose above the roofs and the wild cry of anger and terror burst again from the black throng in the shadow of the wall.

A feeling of mingled horror and disgust made Bush turn away his eyes and look down through the gate to the blue water of the harbour. A little turn of fate and he might now be lying there in the dust. But what was the price of his deliverance? The thought sickened him more than the thought of the death that had been averted. He must not weaken, he told himself; too much depended on his strength and resourcefulness in these brief seven days that awaited him, days fraught with disaster or success.

IT WAS night when they started out along the broad white road that led south from Le Cap Francaise to the mountains. On the left, the harbour lay smooth and black in the starlight. Salt marshes were on the right, dark blotches of low vegetation broken here and there by expanses of saline soil that glittered like snow. Far ahead under the pale blue night sky the long wall of the mountain stood as though offering an impassable barrier to the people of the plain, a towering frontier behind which despots might find security from all the world. White lay the road, a long wide band of whiteness, curving slightly from the harbour. The dust was thick and soft and irritating. Here and there great flags of cut stone indicated that the way had once been smoothly paved. Now it was rutted and broken, another tragic memory of a departed civilization.

A dozen soldiers marched with the prisoners, and in the rear followed an officer on horseback. Without order they marched, a black cluster of human beings stumbling forward in the starlight. No particular attention was paid to the prisoners by their guards; the shackled wrists made escape impossible.

And in this strange company John Bush found himself, each mile that passed putting him that much farther from the house of Leroy Mangan and the girl who at that moment was watching with tired, wistful eyes, the same stars which illuminated the road to the citadel.

She was sitting in the garden, on the same seat where, another night which now seemed long ago, she had sat with the young Philadelphia captain and had first heard from his lips words of love.

Within half an hour she would hear the sound of Nicholas' horse on the drive. Then he would stand in the doorway and call to her. For the first time in her life she desired his presence, for to-night he would bring news of the man who alone filled her heart; the man who at this very minute was stumbling along the ruined road in the starlight to the slavery of the citadel.

Then like an echo to her thought she heard the beat of a horse's hoofs, and a few minutes later Pierre Nicholas called her name.

She answered, "Oui, monsieur," in words scarcely above a whisper, but he heard them and came down the low, broad steps, his spurs jingling on the stones. Then she felt him sit down beside her. . . . That was where John had sat; that he should sit there in the place of her lover filled her with a flare of anger. She got up quickly and with her back turned to Nicholas gazed blindly into the capacity of the shadows.

"I have kept my part of the agreement, Virginie." His voice was smooth and placating.

"He lives?" she questioned.

"He lives!"

"Is that all you have to tell me?" she cried.

"That he lives, mademoiselle—is not that enough? But I shall tell you more. Already he sails on his way to the Mole and from there he will by some ship reach America without difficulty." He paused, but the girl made no sound; and he continued, evidently satisfied that she was accepting his story. "I wish you could have seen his gratitude, mademoiselle: it was touching. That bravado of the American was gone absolutely. The fear of death was in his face. He could not start quickly enough, I assure you."

She turned and faced him. "Pierre Nicholas, I do not believe this. Too often in little things have I known you to forget the truth, to believe now this incredible story. If John Bush lives—and that I doubt—he has never left Le Cap in any manner such as you describe. What proof do you bring me that he lives?"

With scorn she watched the heavy lips struggle for an answer. In the starlight his face seemed very white, a bloodless mask.

"John Bush lives, I swear it. But for the last time you have seen him. That I have preserved his life is sufficient. Now you must keep your part of the bargain." He spoke slowly and with a tinge of anger.

"Bah!" Virginie tapped the stone with the tip of her slipper. "I do not believe you. Bring me proof that he lives. Your word means nothing to me."

As though to strike her, Nicholas sprang from the seat, but the girl stood motionless, her impenetrable eyes steadily fixed on his.

"So!" His voice was thick and the words came like a snarl. "This is a woman's trick! A proof! You but seize on this to crawl from your promise. But I, too, little one, can play the same game. A week? A week from to-night? Oui? Perhaps the time is too long for you to wait. If you would delay, I would hasten."

He turned and took a step toward the house. "I go to talk with Monsieur Mangan. In my absence, mademoiselle, remember my words. It is not well to cross too far the will of Pierre Nicholas."

MOOTIONLESS as a statue, Virginie stood until he was gone; then she flung herself on the bench, her face buried in her hands. Was John Bush alive? The horror of the uncertainty numbed her brain. The story of the sailing vessel and his gratitude for the opportunity to escape was incredible. But if he had not left the island, where could he be concealed? There were dungeons in the foundation of Fort Picquet where he might be put away to linger and to die. That was more likely. But what reason was there for her to believe that Bush was alive? Surely, for the purposes of Nicholas, it were better that he were dead; Leroy Mangan, she knew, would have no compunction.

There was a faint crunch of gravel on the path. She peered into the inky shadow. That was a footfall—there could be no mistake in the sound—but no servants used that path. Who could be spying upon her at this time and place?

"Who is there?" she called in a low, firm voice.

There was no answer, but from the blackness a man came into the starlight, silently as a moving shadow. There was not even a perceptible sound of his feet on the stones of the path. She retreated a step with a little startled intake of her breath. Then she recognized him. It was the man who had come to her that same morning. She pointed to the house where the open doors glowed with the bright yellow light of candles and raised a cautioning finger to her

(Continued on Page 49)

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WHEN the members of the Parliamentary Delegation, headed by Mr. J. H. Thomas, came to Jamaica in January, 1925, one of the places that some of them visited was the tobacco manufactory of the Machado Company in Victoria Avenue. Those who did so expressed themselves as most interested in what they saw, and one can well believe them. For this is one of the modern establishments of Jamaica, a native manufactory conducted on up-to-date lines and yet so arranged that it combines tropical beauty with business efficiency and convenience.

THE building itself looks like a long, low, single-story house with many windows, not like a structure designed especially for the making of cigars and cigarettes. In Havana, for instance, when one asks where is the great tobacco factory of that city, one is shown a high stone building, hard and white, which might easily be a warehouse and perhaps was one at some former time. In Kingston, when one wants to visit the city's tobacco factory, one is taken to a long house, with red roof and green windows, open and airy and situated away from the dusty thoroughfare. In front of it is a spacious lawn with hedges on either side, the lawn itself being separated from the street by a low ornamental iron-work fence and a broad strip of concreted sidewalk. The hedges, all vivid green and scarlet, the smooth lawn, the bright fresh paint of the building harmonise with the blue and gold of the sky above, and it is here that the famous Jamaica cigars and cigarettes are made. But the lawn is not for spectacular purposes alone, it has a very definite and particular use. Pass by this factory in the afternoon, any time from four o'clock, and you are sure to find tennis being played. The players are the employees of the factory. The lawn was made for them. It was intended for their recreation, just as the factory building was designed with a view to their comfort and convenience, for this Tobacco Company has recognised that a happy spirit means a good worker and that pleasant surroundings conduce to efficiency.

YOU enter the factory any time from eight in the forenoon, and you will find the men and women at work. The making of cigarettes is done by special machinery, machinery which almost seems to think, but which is tended and guided by skilful hands. The making of cigars is a matter for the hand only, and each brand of cigars has its own clever workers. These are paid by results, and as the cigar maker is a skilled workman the pay is good. When there is great demand for Jamaica cigars these fellows have a lordly time, being proverbially generous with their money. They are also known as a most intelligent class of citizens, taking an interest in public matters beyond what the uninformed stranger might expect.

The room in which they work is airy and well-lighted. A part of it is shown in one of the illustrations on this page. Often a hum of conversation is heard; but often a worker is too absorbed in his

occupation to pay attention to anything save the job to be accomplished. He is dealing with expensive materials. Mistakes will cost the factory dear. So brain as well as eye is concentrated on the work, and from shaggy, shapeless masses of tobacco swiftly emerge long dark rolls and then the perfect cigar as we know it. These are taken to another part of the factory to be banded and packed into boxes made from cedar and excellently finished. Then these boxes are sent to the downtown selling depot, in King Street, to hundreds of places in the island where the Machado products are sold, and to different countries. Some of the cigarettes go as far as China. And so, in scattered quarters of the world, the name of Machado is known.

You can buy these cigars in the Strand or in Piccadilly to-day, you can buy them up in San Jose de Costa Rica, they are in great demand in Panama. They have an excellent future in England. With the preference now given by England to Empire tobacco, the Jamaica cigar and cigarette should steadily win to popular favour with English smokers. For the Jamaica tobacco is of very fine quality and has only to be known to become a serious rival of the famous Havanas.

MESSRS. Machado are, of course, a branch of the British-American Tobacco Company, but the Jamaica factory enjoys an individuality of its own. It is under the personal management and control of Mr. Pedro Machado, a Vice-President of the British-American Tobacco Company, and a direct descendant of the original founders of the business in Jamaica. Emigrating from Cuba some sixty years ago, when Spanish misrule had driven all the Cubans of the better classes to vigorous protest, the Machados settled in Jamaica. They had capital, brains, energy, and an unequalled knowledge of tobacco culture and manufacture. They started in business here; they, and other emigrants from the neighbouring island, made the tobacco industry of Jamaica. They found that Jamaica possessed excellent tobacco soils; they trained the natives; they began to supply the local market with cigars and cigarettes and then to create for these articles a market abroad. Other factories came into existence. The well-known Golofina Cigars were manufactured, the capital being British-American. Then came the merging of the Golofina and Machado factories, with a saving in expenditure; but cigars bearing the names of "La Tropical" and "Golofina," respectively, are still manufactured, though the direction and factory are under one management.

The tobacco industry is an important one to Jamaica, and it will grow. Mr. Machado says that there is plenty of good tobacco land in the country, and constantly he is experimenting at the production of new varieties of leaf. He has succeeded in cultivating a leaf for cigarettes of a golden hue and exquisite flavour; he believes that what Virginia can do Jamaica can also do, and he is going to prove it.

IN Cuba and Porto Rico the native cigars and cigarettes are heavily protected; in Jamaica they have to bear an excise duty more or less corresponding to the import duty levied on the foreign article. Thus the industry cannot be said to owe anything to Government assistance. It has had to stand on its merits alone; and those merits had to be high for it to survive. At first, and up to quite recent days, it was apparently not regarded as a very important industry to Jamaica. But opinion has changed; its potentialities as well as its actual position are being recognised; the attitude of England towards Empire tobacco is regarded as likely to have a highly beneficial effect upon the Jamaica tobacco industry. Indeed, Jamaica cigar manufacturers could of late have done a larger trade with England had they agreed to make cigars to be sold there under the name of some English manufacturer. But this they have consistently refused to do; Messrs. Machado especially contending that every cigar purporting to be Jamaican must be of a quality that will uphold the reputation of the Jamaica cigar, and this could not be guaranteed unless the name of a Jamaica factory were stamped upon it. By the care of this firm for its reputation Jamaica benefits. And she will benefit still more in the future.



THE PACKING ROOM WHERE THE VARIOUS BRANDS ARE SORTED AND PACKED

The Jamaica Nobility

(Continued from Page 27)

ed to reward his virtuous exertions. Reduced to despair, he was about to stroll homewards, having, as he expressed it to himself, been made a fool of by Douglass and Matilda, when, a little way up the street, he caught sight of a man standing still and evidently observing his movements closely.

Mr. Proudleigh's heart gave a violent leap. The old gentleman, though animated by a curiosity which was almost religious because of its intensity and of its origin in a firm belief in human depravity, and though ready sometimes to indulge that curiosity at the risk of serious personal consequences, was not a man of the type from which the heroes of adventure are drawn. You could never think of him as leading a forlorn hope; you would rather feel that at moments of rapid retreat he would always be ready to show the way, in person. He was ready to show the way now, to himself, but apart from the fact that his knees were trembling and his legs evinced a strange disinclination to obey the command of his will, an instinct warned him that to attempt to move off would assuredly render him liable to grave suspicions and perhaps an unpleasant encounter with the police. The man watching him might be a detective, his prolonged scrutiny of Mortimer's residence might be regarded as a professional burglar's survey of a crib which he intended to crack later on in the night, when all honest folk should be asleep. These reflections came crowding into Mr. Proudleigh's mind and determined his line of action. Inwardly cursing that devotion to the cause of marital fidelity which had led him to try to spy upon Matilda, the old man tremblingly walked towards the silent watcher with the intention of asking that person if he knew exactly where Sir Mortimer Slimslam lived. An answer in the negative or in the affirmative would have sent Mr. Proudleigh to the gate of the house in question, and the detective, waiting to see what should happen, might be a witness of his polite even if not over-cordial reception by the Lady Matilda herself.

But as soon as Mr. Proudleigh got near enough to the man he dreaded, he experienced another shock of surprise. Standing there was Mortimer himself, whose comparatively early return from the scene of his night's duty Mr. Proudleigh had never once taken into consideration. Mortimer had perceived in the semi-darkness of the street a man reconnoitring before his premises, and had, not unnaturally, paused to observe what the fellow intended. His recognition of Mr. Proudleigh took place a second or two before the latter was aware who it was that had been remarking his movements, and as Mortimer had nothing on his mind he was not disconcerted as Mr. Proudleigh was.

"Hallo," said he to the old man, "what you doing before me house at this time o' night? Anybody sick at home?"

For one wild moment Mr. Proudleigh thought of announcing the terrible illness of Samuel his son-in-law, or of Susan, but even as the thought entered his mind he knew that that story would not do. For if it were believed, he could only explain his presence there as due to a mission of appeal for help, which would infallibly bring Mortimer to Jones's house at once.

"Nobody sick at 'ome, me dear Sir Slimslam," Mr. Proudleigh assured Sir Mortimer volubly; "not a single soul sick. In fact, them is all quite well and will come to see y'u as soon as dem can. How is you'self? A man like you ought to 'ave perfec' good health, for y'u work hard and you is a noble gentleman."

Here Mr. Proudleigh paused in the vain hope that the conversation of the night would be entirely confined to the subject of health and its everlasting continuance.

"But," laughed Mortimer pleasantly, "I sure you didn't walk all this distance from you' house to my 'ouse to ask me about me health, Old Massa. Something must be hup. What bring you out here so late to-night?"

"Mr. Mortimer," replied the old man firmly, "it is a very nice night."

"The night is all right," answered Mortimer, now slightly puzzled and wondering if Mr. Proudleigh had been looking upon the rum when it was red with too loving and prolonged a gaze. "The night is fine. But you didn't leave you' comfortable 'ome to come an' tell me so. Yet you must ha' been waiting for me, for I notice you was trying to peep into me place an' make no effort to go inside. What is hup?"

"I wasn't trying to peep into you' house, Brother Mort, my most noble lord," asseverated Mr. Proudleigh. "You know better dan anybody else dat I wouldn't do a t'ing like dat. I was only lookin'. An' if a man have eye, him is supposed to look."

"That is all right," Mortimer readily agreed. "But a man will only look if him see something or expect to see it. An' if you walk a long distance to come an' look into me house after ten o'clock at night, it mus' be because you expect to see something. Why you afraid to tell me what it is?"

"You t'ink I would be afraid of you, my mighty

duke?" gasped Mr. Proudleigh, whose terror was now getting the better of his wits. "I would throw myself upon your supplication instead of run away. You are de sort of man dat—" But, for the moment, Mr. Proudleigh could not decide what sort of man Sir Mortimer was, and so left this important matter in perpetual obscurity.

Sir Mortimer was not a person of giant intellect. He had not the intuitions of genius. He was merely a very competent young waiter who had made in salary and tips a comfortable living, and who had been recently elevated to an Order of Knighthood, which doubtless he adorned quite as well as, in their respective spheres, other knights of other Orders did. But it required no giant intellect or flash of genius for him to grasp that Mr. Proudleigh had come to his house that night for some special reason he was endeavouring to conceal. This conviction, not unnaturally, made him resolve to find out what Mr. Proudleigh had in mind.

"See here, Mr. Proudleigh," he said with a perceptible note of anger in his voice, "you can't fool me. Here I am, comin' from me work to-night, an' I find you outside me domicile like a thief in de dark, prowlin' about an' peepin'. An' when I see you, y'u run towards me to tell me the night is a nice night, an' that you wasn't peepin' but only lookin'! What it all means I got to find out, for this is police business. I know and respects y'u, and I knows you' son-in-law and daughter, and all you' fambily, but them can't be aware what you doing to-night, an' if I call a policeman an' give you in charge for suspicious conduct, them won't blame me for it, they will say it is your fault. So you know now what I going to do."

Of course, Mortimer intended to do nothing of the sort. He was much too good-natured a fellow to adopt any such course; besides, he would not have offended Mr. Proudleigh's family for worlds. But Mr. Proudleigh, fear gripping at his heart, could not have been expected to reason calmly at that critical moment of his life. He did not realise that no policeman could possibly arrest him for merely looking at another man's house. Sad to relate, he allowed himself to be bluffed completely. He felt that he would have to tell the truth, but must tell it in such a way as to show himself to the best advantage.

"Sir Mortimer, me lord," said the old man, "it is because I respec' you dat I am here to-night."

"Thank you, Mr. Proudleigh," said Sir Mortimer calmly.

"I am you' frien'."

"Go ahead, sah."

"I doan't like to see nobody teck a mean advantage of you."

"I don't like it meself," said Mortimer with conviction.

"An' when I see de way Mister Douglass put you' wife in a 'bus to-night an' drive 'er home, I say to meself, 'if Sir Mortimer was 'ere, Douglass wouldn't do dat, an' him not acting fair and square to my noble knight."

"You mean... you mean?" queried Mortimer. "What you mean?"

"I doan't mean a t'ing, my frien'," Mr. Proudleigh hastened to assure him, for he did not like the tone in which Mortimer had asked his brief but pointed question. "I doan't mean a single t'ing. But I teck t'ought an' say to meself, I must protect my frien' Sir Mortimer interest. You doan't know what kine of man I am yet, Mortimer. I are a good man. You ask anybody about me an' hear what dem say. But I will 'ave to tell y'u good night now, for I feelin' tired, an' me foots is even weaker dan when I was in Colon. So ef you will excuse me—"

"I not excusin' you a dam!" said Mortimer brutally. "You will 'ave to say more since you say so much already. What do y'u mean about Douglass putting me wife in a 'bus an' bringin' her 'ome? Is that all you means to say, or you 'ave something more in you' mind? Why you come all this long way to peep into me 'ouse from de outside? Why you try to tell me a lie 'bout how the night is fine? What you tryin' to say? What do you know? What you see Douglass and Matty doin'? Remember, I don't forget you are a old man, but don't go too far with me. I advise y'u to be very careful to-night, Mr. Proudleigh, for sometimes ole people gets 'urt."

Mr. Proudleigh already knew that only too well. Once or twice he, as an old man—it seemed to him he had always been old—had got hurt badly, and he desired no further experiences in that direction. But what was he to do?

"I only wanted to see fo' meself, Marse Mortimer," he murmured brokenly. "I didn't means no 'arm."

"Y'u mean," said Mortimer, "that as you want to mix up me wife name with scandal, you, a old sinner that ought to be in you' grave, come all this way to-night to spy upon 'er. That is what you mean. Why didn't you go inside, you wort'less ole feller? Why you stay outside like a thief in de dark? You old Jezebel! You not ashamed of you-self?"

"I more than shame, Mister Morty," wailed the old gentleman. "I feel so shame dat I could sink into de ground. But doan't teck no notice of me; let de pore ole man go 'ome to him bed, an' God will

bless you. Wish you a good night, Marse Mort, an' sleep well, me son, sleep well! I gone home, y'u hear?"

"No, I don't hear," snapped Mortimer. "Don't you dare to move yet. I am thinkin'." And so Mortimer was.

What had Mr. Proudleigh seen? What had aroused Mr. Proudleigh's suspicions? Mortimer had come into contact, in the course of his daily and nightly duties, with hundreds of ladies and gentlemen, and he was well aware that they mixed freely with one another, did not appear to harbour mean suspicions, and would think nothing whatever about a man taking home a woman from an entertainment. That people of opposite sexes, whether married or single, could be on the friendliest terms with one another and no scandal or innuendoes result, he knew; and, unconsciously, he had been influenced by their way of thinking and acting. Besides, he was not himself suspicious by nature. But here was Mr. Proudleigh, whom only the prospect of a free drink ever stirred to unwonted physical exertion, confessing that doubts as to the conduct or intentions of Douglass and Matilda had brought him forth as a spy that night, and surely Mr. Proudleigh's people must know something about the old man's mission. And perhaps it was not merely this night's bringing home of Matilda by Douglass that had given

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rise to the Proudleigh suspicions. Mortimer himself had known that his wife would be going to the meeting on behalf of the Oppressed, and Douglass had informed him that he would call for her and take her home. He had been pleased with such attentions from a Permanent President and Minister Plenipotentiary; they had seemed to him to show the due and proper regard of one high dignitary for another. But other people, evidently, were taking quite a different view of the matter. What did they know, or believe?

"Since you want to know what is goin' on in me house, Mr. Proudleigh," said he at length, "you better come with me an' see. But I advise you to keep a wise tongue between you' teeth. It is not me alone, but Douglass an' Matty you 'ave to deal with."

"I would preffer to go 'ome," Mr. Proudleigh earnestly assured him.

"I not thinkin' of what you preffer," replied Mortimer, "you coming inside wid me."

As they approached the house, they heard the sound of conversation quite audibly conducted; indeed, Mr. Proudleigh could have remained outside and made out distinctly most of what was being said. Fifteen minutes ago he had striven vainly to catch a single definite word; now whole sentences were being showered upon his ear by Mr. Douglass.

Mortimer walked very quietly, advising the old man sternly not to make unnecessary noise. It seemed even to Mr. Proudleigh's frightened understanding that Mortimer wished to come as close as possible to his own residence undetected. But the couple in the little hall were apparently oblivious of the proximity of Mortimer, Mr. Proudleigh, or anybody else; they were earnestly discussing the affairs of the Confederation, and Mortimer and Mr. Proudleigh heard Mr. Douglass protest that he would never be satisfied until his friend, Sir Mortimer, whose brain and character were superbly above the average, consented to accept a distinguished position in the Confederation.

"I won't leave here to-night, Lady Slimslam," asseverated Mr. Douglass, "until I see your 'usband an' persuade him to take office befitting his knighthood and intelligence. That's what I am waiting for, though he is much later than I did originally expect. It is true that Conspicuous Brimstone has donated twenty pounds to our funds, which shall be lodged to-morrow with all due point and circumstances; but we want intellect as well as money; we want sterling character; we want prespective. Your 'usband must consent to 'elp us. There is a cry from Macedonia, 'come over and 'elp us.' That is my cry to him. Please use your influence with him

to accept, for I cannot carry on this mighty work alone."

Then the door opened, and Mortimer and Mr. Proudleigh entered.

If Matilda observed that her husband was angry and disturbed, she gave no indication of that. As for Douglass, he was in ecstasies that Mortimer had arrived at last, and was very pleased indeed to see Mr. Proudleigh. Immediately after an exchange of greetings, he implored Mortimer to share with him the burdens and honours of office by becoming Permanent Vice-President and Acting Minister Plenipotentiary of the Confederation of the Oppressed. While Mortimer hesitated as to what he should do, Mr. Douglass asked Mr. Proudleigh if he thought his son-in-law would be up at that hour. "For if so, I will take a walk with you, sir, an' discuss with him some business of the Confederation. No hour is too late when one is working for 'is people."

"I believe," returned Mr. Proudleigh, "dat Jones is not as sympathising wid your movement like I am."

"I may be able to persuade him," said Mr. Douglass. "I shall be glad to accompany you."

Mr. Proudleigh dimly wondered if Mr. Douglass also desired to put him through a catechism as to why he was out that night; and knowing something about that truculent little gentleman, Mr. Proudleigh feared that the subsequent proceedings might be unpleasant. But he could only say, "You can come ef you like, Mister Douglass, though I t'ink Jones must be gone to bed by now."

"And you, friend Mortimer," asked Douglass pleasantly, "will you be Permanent Vice-President?"

"I am sure he will," cried Matilda; "after all, I want to see me 'usband important. He deserve it, especially after the wicked way he been treated."

"Don't talk of that," exclaimed Mr. Douglass passionately. "It makes me blood boil. But we will get even; we shall 'ave a word or two to say to that. Well, Sir Mort, you agree, eh?"

And Mortimer agreed, now once more restored to something like good humour, and Mr. Proudleigh assured him that no man was better fitted for the Vice-Presidency of the Oppressed than he. Thus they parted cordially, with but one cryptic observation from Mortimer as to the wisdom of elderly gentlemen keeping silent tongues between their teeth.

Mr. Proudleigh made up his mind to be very circumspect. He would say nothing definite to his friends and acquaintances. He would merely hint things, for he was by no means certain that the conduct of Douglass and Matilda was altogether what

so high a moralist as he would naturally desire it to be.

CHAPTER SEVEN

LADY BRIMSTONE ANGERED

DOUGLASS is an ungrateful man," asserted Lady Brimstone, and Mr. Proudleigh signified his agreement by vigorously attacking the dish of salt-fish and ackee, sweet potatoes and roasted yam, that she had placed before him. Mr. Proudleigh did not want to commit himself in so many words to an opinion of Mr. Douglass, but the vigour with which he assaulted the food before him suggested that he was trampling metaphorically on the carcass of Mr. Nicodemus Douglass.

"And you youself, Mr. Proudleigh, hear him say that Mortimer 'ave more sense than me husband an' must be Vice-President, for all that me 'usband have is money!"

"But, me dear Mrs. Conspicuous," implored Mr. Proudleigh, "I beg you not to tell a soul dat I tell y'u so. If it wasn't dat I love you an' you' husban' I wouldn't ha' said a word, but I couldn't hear what I did hear an' not let y'u know."

"It wouldn't ha' bin a friendly act for you to keep it secret away from me," agreed Lady Brimstone. "An' though Mr. Douglass say that he want character an' intellect in his society, he were quick enough to teck me husban's money, an' God only knows what become of it."

Mr. Proudleigh filled his mouth with salt-fish as a sign of his sympathy with the fears of Lady Brimstone.

"An' you think," continued the lady confidentially, "that there is really something between Douglass an' Matilda, eh?" You have the same thought like me, eh, Mr. Proudleigh?"

"I wouldn't suspicion anybody, Lady B.," replied the high-minded moralist, "but after I leave de house dat night I teck a thought an' say to meself: how it is dat when I was so long outside at firs' I couldn't hear a t'ing, and dat when me and Morty was goin' in we hear dem talk so loud an' plain? What was them talkin' about so before that them didn't want nobody to 'ear? It is not my business, an' if dere is one t'ing I do, it is to mine me own business. But it have a funny look, me dear Lady Brimstone, an' nobody can teck dat out of me mind."

"Tcho!" sneered Lady Brimstone, "I know from long ago that it was goin' to be so, an' I said so. I know Matilda Slimslam more than 'er own mother know her. Morty is not doin' so well now as he was

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before, an' Douglass dress up and 'ave plenty of flattery an' talk; an' Matty don't 'ave no principle. So what you to expect? When puss gone out, rat run about. Morty is out very frequent, night as well as day, an' President Douglass can call around to see how Lady Slimslam getting on. He know very well how she getting on all the time. Both of them are getting on quite sweet. So it is President Douglass this, an' Lady Slimslam that. *Lady Slimslam!* Y'u ever hear such foolishness?"

"But you are a Lady Potentatess," Mr. Proudleigh reminded her, anxious that she should understand that he respected her title and position, and not unmindful of future meals.

"Me dear ole gentleman," cried Mrs. Brimstone bitterly, "it is only we foolish Jamaica people that talkin' about title and Potentate an' the rest; but since when you ever see black people wid a real title? Don't you see it is all foolishness? Who call me Lady? You? Yes; but even you don't believe in it, an' when them find out at the Railway that me husban' is a Marquis or whatever it is, they marquis him of the place before he could say, 'jump!' An' what Mortimer Slimslam get for being a Sir? A kick out of his job. What's the sense of that?"

"But Mister Douglass say—"

"Yes, Mr. Douglass say a lot; but he are the only one that getting anything out of all this title and Confederation foolishness. He got me husban's twenty pounds, an' a lot more money, and I want to see how I can get it back! And all he think of me husban' was to tell Mortimer and that wretch, Matilda, that Mortimer 'ave sense an' me husband have none. He don't too far wrong either, for if we did 'ave any sense it is we an' not Douglass who would have our twenty pounds to-day. But perhaps Morty losin' something too—though Matty was never much."

"You t'ink you can get de money back, Sister B?" asked Mr. Proudleigh eagerly, for it came to his mind that, if she did, a tiny but highly acceptable windfall might be coming to him.

"I can't tell y'u yet, Mr. Proudleigh, but I 'ope so. But go on, no! Tell me! When last y'u see Matty an' Douglass togather?"

"Only yesterday. I took a walk down town, an' was standing at King Street an' Harbour Street corner, an' who should come along in de street car but de two of dem! Them was talkin' quite confidential an' sweet to one another, an' look like them was drivin' quite up to Hope Garden."

"An' meantime Mortimer was workin' hard for that wretch," commented Mrs. Brimstone. "Y'u goin' to tell him what y'u see?"

"Me, Mrs. Brimstone?" cried Mr. Proudleigh, "me? I wouldn't do such a t'ing! I would never come between 'usband an' wife. I doan't meck mischief. But if I could get a sort of hints to pore Morty I would do it. Ef I could tell somebody dat wouldn't call me name, I would really do it, for it not fair to Morty dat Mr. Douglass should be caryin' on wid his wife. It don't respectable an' he wont 'ave de blessing of God."

"So long as he can get the blessing of Matilda, Douglass won't mind nothing else," commented Mrs. Brimstone cryptically, "an' he have the blessing of my twenty poun's in the bargain."

Then the conversation ended, for Mr. Proudleigh had completely consumed his meal. In the meantime other opinions on the intimacy between Mr. Douglass and Lady Slimslam were also being expressed. Mr. Proudleigh's wedded daughter, now long a matron, was scandalised, but nevertheless she became a more frequent visitor at the Slimslams than ever before. She wanted to see what she could with her own eyes, so to speak. Perhaps Susan had inherited some of her father's faculty of curiosity, which, it is said, is the parent of scientific investigation.

All this whispering and prying could not possibly escape the notice of Matilda and Douglass. They were neither blind nor dense, and Mr. Douglass especially was quick to observe signs and gestures that many other men might have failed to perceive. He it was who, on the night when Mr. Proudleigh had imparted his suspicions to Sir Mortimer, had prepared for the reception of these two gentlemen in the manner hereinbefore described. The fact is that he had dimly perceived the spying figure of Mr. Proudleigh on that same night, and, looking cautiously forth, had seen him meet another man farther up the street, whom he had rightly guessed to be Mortimer. His whispered suggestions to Matilda had been followed faithfully, and since then both of them had been on the lookout for indications of suspicion on the part of friends and neighbours, and of Mortimer particularly. They were highly indignant at all this prying and gossiping. Very often they expressed their outraged feelings to one another.

"That is the worst with our people," said Mr. Douglass about a week after Mr. Proudleigh had imparted his views to Lady Brimstone. "They 'ave base minds. They suspect everybody; they spy an' they lie, an' they carry-go-bring-come, an' make trouble. I feel like chuckin' up the whole thing an' deserting them. I don't know why I waste me time on them."

"I don't know why, either," agreed Matilda. "You are a great man, an' y'u work for them, an' all them do is to talk you an' me behine our back."

You see how low they are? "Y'u would think they was pure like snow an' spotless like a lamb themself, they so fond of suspicing other people. Why they think we doin' anything wrong?"

"We do nothing wrong!" protested Mr. Douglass stoutly. "I can't 'elp loving so sweet a female like you, an' if you care for me, who is to blame? Love come as it likes, an' if you 'ave the misfortune to be tied up, well, that is not our fault. Let him that is without sin cast the firs' stone. If I was to tell what I know about some of them, a lot that's going to church and singing loud wouldn't hold up their 'eds."

"Me, too," asserted Matilda. "We not doing anything worse than other people, an' therefore them have no right to talk about us. But them talkin' all the same. An' suppose Morty teck a suspicion of us, what we going to do?"

Mr. Douglass had a shrewd idea that Mortimer had already become suspicious. Mortimer had let fall certain little hints which Douglass had been quick to understand. Some of the ladies in the Confederation had also grown jealous of Matilda, who now spoke with authority at the weekly meetings, confident of the support of the Permanent President. He, indeed, realised that she acted indiscreetly in this, but Matilda loved to show off and would risk much to gratify her vanity. She delighted in being a Lady, she delighted even more in being the favourite of the Permanent President who, as head of an organisation with funds in the bank, was in her eyes a much bigger man than a knight who was out of a regular job. Mortimer had foreseen, more truly than he himself had grasped, that as soon as Matilda had secured the position of a lawfully wedded wife she would develop in not desirable directions. She thought less of her position as a married woman than she had believed she would do, and Mr. Douglass's advent on the scene had caused her to think much less of Mortimer. She had an element of the adventuress in her composition. She found a constant thrill in her intrigue with Douglass. That had come to a climax on the very night when Mr. Proudleigh had started to spy upon them; it was while that gentleman was prowling outside the house, in a spirit of disinterested virtue, that Matilda had taken Douglass for her lover definitely. Mr. Proudleigh had a flair for such things;

he had sensed more than Mortimer had done. But the seeds of suspicion he had planted in Mortimer's mind that night had never withered and died; and since then there had been kindly friends, anxious to bring about quarrels and separations, to suggest to Mortimer that the State of Denmark was not in perfect condition.

"That old man, Proudleigh, is making a lot of mischief," said Douglass slowly. "He begin all this."

"Can't y'u do something to stop him, then?" demanded Matilda. "Y'u not goin' to let him teck away me good name as he like?"

"No; but he gone pretty far already," admitted Douglass thoughtfully. "An' Brimstone going on very peculiar. Trouble may be coming, Mat."

"Then what you going to do?"

"I can't say yet. We mus' watch it. Perhaps it will be all right; I will soon know. But in the meantime I am going to get that old rascal, Proudleigh, to keep a silent tongue, if I 'ave to frighten the soul out his wits." And as he said this, the little but fierce and overbearing President of the Oppressed looked quite capable of oppressing Mr. Proudleigh until that gentleman should collapse with fear.

He had not long to wait for his opportunity. A couple of days after this conversation Douglass met the old man strolling aimlessly, as it seemed, in the direction of Mortimer's house, which seemed to have for Mr. Proudleigh an almost deadly fascination.

"Hey, you!" Mr. Douglass hailed, and Mr. Proudleigh gathered from this form of address that all was not well.

"Yes, my noble—" he began; but Douglass cut him short.

"Don't want any compliments from you, sir. I merely call you to tell you that I am a bad man. You understand? A very bad man!"

Mr. Proudleigh understood him very well indeed. In his case, as in so many others, a guilty conscience needed no accuser. He wanted to protest that he thought Mr. Douglass a good man, a very excellent and virtuous man, but the words would not come fluently. So he waited to hear in what particular manner the badness of Mr. Douglass now proposed to express itself.

"I hate a liar," said Mr. Douglass; "I hate a man who go about an' make mischief. I am not afraid of anybody; I who don't afraid of the British Govern-

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ment of this island, and who will soon make the Government afraid of me, is not likely to care a brass farthing about any old brown rascal knocking an' bumming around this neighbourhood. I will cut out the tongue out of his head if he interfere with me, or say one word I don't like. You hear?"

Mr. Proudleigh gulped desperately, by way of intimating that he was all attention.

"That is all I 'ave to say," concluded Douglass. "You can do what y'u like now. I am ready for all an' sundry, for I have people in Cuba and Hayti who, if I only tell them come, will come over here and lick into eternity anybody I want to teach a lesson to."

Without another word Mr. Douglass turned and walked away. Mr. Proudleigh breathed again, though with difficulty. He had been explicitly threatened. Men were to be brought over from Cuba and Hayti to cut out his tongue and to "lick" him into eternity, a place or state whose acquaintanceship he had no sort of desire to make. Mr. Douglass was a bad man. That had been emphatically stated. So he must walk warily lest hideous things befall him.

He would. He made up his mind fervently that he would. But no man can fight against his nature, and it was an imperative law of Mr. Proudleigh's being that he should confide his fears as well as his hopes and beliefs to sympathetic and even unsympathetic ears. He had to talk. Silence might be golden, it might mean precious personal safety; but garrulity was diamant, and the expression of his feelings could never be entirely controlled. There was one person, he thought, he could trust. Mrs. Brimstone would not betray him. She might even assist him to escape from the wrath which he was now certain would fall upon him, for only that morning he had been saying scandalously libellous but perfectly true things about Douglass and Matilda, and some to whom he had expressed sorrow at the behaviour of those two erring friends would surely communicate his remarks to one or other of them. Mr. Proudleigh felt that the world did not treat fairly those self-sacrificing souls in it who constituted themselves its moral mentors and kept their eyes open for the more unsavoury episodes of private life. He knew himself to be a good man unappreciated, and certainly unrewarded. He had a conviction that he would shortly be a good man punished; he believed that Mr. Douglass would not stick at murder, vicariously performed. In his distress he determined to take counsel with the Potentate as soon as possible. She was a woman of sense as well as a woman of sixpences.

CHAPTER EIGHT

LADY JANET AND LADY MAT

"VISITORS always comin' here now," said Matilda. "Not a day pass but somebody come to see how I ham. Them never wanted to know how I was before; an' if I was dyin' them wouldn't mind. But because as I am quite well, an' them know it, them come one by one an' two by two to henquire about me. Them must think I am a fool if they believe I don't know the reason."

"It looks like a conspiracy," observed Mr. Douglass, with high anger flashing from his eyes. "I never expected to be thus treated by me own people, for which I 'ave done so much an' am projecting so much more. It isn't me great work they are thinking of, but what they can find out about me an' you to whisper an' talk about. They prefer a scandal to elevation."

"I did know from the beginning that y'u couldn't do anything with them," said Matilda sagely. "Y'u can drag them as high as y'u like, but them will always go back to what they was. Y'u could give them Jamaica, an' yet they would be peepin' under the 'ouse to see what you an' me doin'. An', mark you, we not interferin' with them. We live an' let live."

A rap at the hall-door sounded, and Matilda whispered grimly: "another one." Loudly she said, with some attempt at hearty welcome: "Come in!"

The Lady Brimstone entered. The Lady Brimstone's portly form obscured the afternoon's sunlight as she stood for a second or two in the doorway; then she walked forward and accepted the outstretched hand of the Lady Matilda, and shook with apparent cordiality the hand of the Permanent President.

"Thought I would drap round to see y'u, Lady Slimslam," she announced, as she deposited her solid flesh in a rocking chair and fanned herself vigorously as though she thought that her flesh was on the point of melting. "My, the sun hot! Yes, I come around to pay y'u a social visit, knowing as that you' husband is gone to the country, per'aps you might be lonely. But I see y'u 'ave company, so I won't be stayin' long. My! it is hot!"

"Y'u walked it all the way from you' house to here, me lady?" asked Matilda.

"Yes, me lady; I can't afford to take a 'bus every time I go hout in these days, for Nicholas not doin' quite so well now as when he was employ at the Railway, an' since he donate twenty poun's to the Oppressed we 'ave to be economical. How is the Oppressed getting on, President?"

"They are flourishing," replied Mr. Douglass shortly.

"I are glad to hear that, an' I know you doing you' best for them. And how is Sir Mortimer, me lady?"

"Quite well, I thank y'u, me lady," returned Matilda, also in her best society manner, for Lady Brimstone was doing her utmost to play the great dame role.

"I hear he bin away for three or four days now," continued Lady Brimstone, "doin' a little waiting down in the country, an' I so glad to hear. But it must be 'ard for you to be left alone so often, night an' day, me lady, although, with a kine friend like Mr. Douglass, y'u can always 'ave company."

"It is my mission to keep in touch with the members of the Confederation," explained Mr. Douglass.

"Yes, night an' day, President, y'u do you' work," agreed Lady Brimstone, "an' the ladies appreciate it. Sir Mortimer mus' be glad to know how y'u look after me lady when he is not at 'ome. I don't know what some of us would do without you, Mr. Douglass."

An unpleasant pause ensued. Lady Brimstone fanned herself more vigorously than before. Her lips were smiling, but there was a hard look in the eyes of that lender of sixpences. The weight of twenty pounds was on her heart.

"I am afraid, me lady," she resumed, turning to Matilda, "that if me 'usband was to go to the country like yours, I wouldn't 'ave such nice gentlemen like Mr. Douglass comin' to see me. Them wouldn't bother with me."

"Very likely," replied Matilda.

Lady Brimstone's lips set tight. She had not expected this sort of reply. She had meant, without being too open, to inflict verbal chastisement upon Matilda and Douglass for their manifest violation of high moral principles, and she had believed that, feeling themselves in a peculiar position, they would accept her castigation meekly for fear she should speak scathingly about them to Mortimer and others. In other words, she had counted upon their dread of exposure. But while she was right enough in her estimation of the way Mr. Douglass would take her biting innuendoes, she had forgotten that Matilda was not the kind of young woman to put up with too much.

Douglass himself felt that Matilda was too reckless. He threw himself, metaphorically, between the two women.

"If the Potentate was away from y'u, me lady," said he, "you would see me at your house often. You can take that from me in all sincerity."

"But perhaps me 'usband wouldn't like it," Lady Brimstone reminded him. "It is not every man that like a single gentleman to be with his wife night an' day when he is absent."

"Mr. Douglass is not with me night an' day, Mrs. Brimstone," Matilda sharply corrected her. "He come to visit me same like you do to-day, an' sometime he bring me 'ome from a meeting or the Palace Picture show. Only two places I go to when Morty's not home: the Palace Picture show and the Confederation, an' I mus' have somebody to bring me 'ome. Is there anything in that?"

"I didn't say there was, me lady. I mean nothing by what I say. Hi! Why y'u teck me up so hot?"

"Beg parding, I didn't teck you up at all. Only askin' a question, y'u see, as I didn't quite understand

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what y'u mean. But since y'u don't mean nothing, I can't mean nothing, too."

"No; we are all of us friends and united in a great cause," interposed Mr. Douglass with a short, affected laugh. "We are too united to take one another up. I wanted to see the Potentate to-night at the meeting—"

"Don't bother call him Potentate, Mr. Douglass," interrupted Lady Brimstone. "He is no Potentate, an' I are no Lady."

"But, me lady—"

"There is no but about it, Mr. Douglass. Brimstone an' me talk over the whole matter quite a lot, an' he come to see how foolish it is for people like we to call ourself lord an' potentate when we 'ave to keep humble if we to keep our job. Mr. Garvey is all right, an' you is all right, but when B. lose his job he will be all wrong, and I don't prepare for him to be all wrong agen. So we dropping all title, an' I beg you to call me plain, so-so Mrs. Brimstone in the future. An' Brimstone is plain Brimstone, or Nick."

A look of fear swept across Mr. Douglass's face. This abdication of a noble position meant more, he felt, than appeared on the surface.

"I think you makin' a mistake," he said heavily.

"Well, maybe," replied Mrs. Brimstone calmly, "but we goin' to make it."

"I never did care for no title," defiantly put in Matilda. "It can't make me better than I am."

"No," agreed Mrs. Brimstone sweetly.

"An' I am as good as anybody else," added Matilda hotly.

"Now, yes, y'u are," agreed Mrs. Brimstone. "For you married to Sir Mortimer Slimslam, an' as long as y'u are his lawful wife people mus' look up to you. If y'u was to lose the position, of course, it would be different. But it is a high and respectable position, an' a decent woman—like you—would never do anything to lose it."

Another uncomfortable pause. A short, affected, deprecatory laugh from Mr. Douglass. Mr. Douglass felt that there was no need for undue emphasis to be laid upon respectability. There were other topics of conversation in the world.

"Oh, about our meeting to-night, Lady Brimstone," he remarked. "Are you coming?"

"Yes, Mr. Douglass; but I beg y'u not to forget that henceforward an' forever I am so-so Mrs. Brimstone. Yes; I are coming to the meeting to-night, for there are some question I wants to ask, an' Brimstone 'ave to get some explanation likewise. Yes; we both coming to the meeting."

"That's right!" cried Mr. Douglass, with an effort at heartiness which almost choked him. "Be regular in attendance an' all shall go well. Ask for any explanation y'u like, Mrs. B.; it shall be forthcoming."

"I 'ope so," returned Mrs. Brimstone doubtfully, then rose to take her departure.

"I suppose, me lady, you will be at the meeting too?" she enquired of Matilda.

"I coming like everybody else, of course," asserted Matilda. "But since you say you don't want nobody to call you Potentatess or whatever it is Mr. Garvey make you' husband, it is just as well to call me plain Mrs. Slimslam also, Mrs. Brimstone. Y'u needn't call me, 'me lady.'"

"Just as y'u please," smiled Mrs. Brimstone. "A married woman's lawful title is the best, after all, so

long as she keep 'er name unspotted fram the world like I do."

"Would you like me to walk 'ome with you, Mrs. B?" enquired Mr. Douglass solicitously. "I would be gratified to see you 'ome."

"That wouldn't be right to Mrs. Slimslam," objected Mrs. Brimstone. "Hi! How could I come 'ere an' take away her guest? After all, she is lonely here, an' I 'ave me husban' waiting for me at 'ome. Good afternoon, Mr. Douglass. I will see y'u to-night."

"You hear what she say?" demanded Matilda, as soon as Mrs. Brimstone had disappeared. "Y'u see what I 'ad to do to keep me temper wid dat woman? She was stabbin' me every time she open her mouth."

"It wasn't you alone," said Mr. Douglass sadly.

"But y'u are a man, so it don't matter so much to you. It is me them want to injure, just as if I was interferin' with them."

"It's not you alone Mrs. Brimstone come here to talk to, Mat," the sagacious Mr. Douglass assured her. "Don't you notice how she speak of 'er husband's twenty pounds? Don't you hear how she say she want explanation to-night? Don't she say she don't want her title any longer? Don't you see that she mean to make trouble, an' not she alone? Trou-

ble coming, Matty. I always know when trouble coming."

"Well, let it come!" rapped out Matilda defiantly. "What can them do me, after all? If I don't 'fraid for Morty, I not likely to 'fraid for them. An' I don't suppose you rob their dirty money."

"No," said Mr. Douglass; "every penny can be accounted for. I 'ave the bankbook with me here."

He drew the book out of his pocket, and showed a credit balance of about eighty pounds. "Every penny we pay out pass through Brimstone's hand," he said.

"Well, then, what y'u 'fraid for?"

"They want the money back," he asserted positively. "I know me own people; they never stick to anything long, an' that is why they can't get on."

"True. Then what you going to do?"

Mr. Douglass scanned thoughtfully the tall, buxom form of Mrs. Slimslam, and noted with renewed appreciation her undeniable good looks. A wave of affection surged through him. He would trust her with his most secret plans. He brought his chair closer to hers and sank his voice almost to a whisper so that no one listening outside should hear his words. These he poured into her receptive ear, while every now and then she puckered up her brows in

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thought and nodded approval. After a while the nods became more frequent and emphatic. She was agreeing to his plan entirely.

CHAPTER NINE

MR. DOUGLASS PLAYS A TRUMP

MR. DOUGLASS had quite correctly sensed the fact that trouble of some sort was brewing, and even the kind of trouble he must expect. He had not been for so long a leader of men not to recognise the signs and omens of approaching friction and annoyance. The members of the Confederation of the Oppressed were scattered all over the city, but they were more or less always meeting one another, and an Opposition, or party somewhat hostile to Mr. Douglass, was springing up. Had there been a rival society all would have been well. It would have denounced Mr. Douglass and the whole Confederation, and this would have kept the Confederation together as one, the latter's critical and antagonistic energies being devoted to the denunciation of the rival society. Had there been some mild but unfavourable comments on the Confederation in the newspapers, this too might have cemented the union of the Oppressed; they would have experienced the delicious sensation of being publicly oppressed without any unpleasant personal consequences; they would have walked proudly in the limelight; they might have stood solidly together, behind their Permanent President, feeling that they had won a great place in the world and were accomplishing a wonderful work. But no rival society had made its appearance, the Press took no notice whatever of the Oppressed, and the Confederation itself, though it held weekly meetings, made no dramatic movement, did nothing to maintain that first fine ardour of its members, and was distinctly inferior to a Palace Moving Picture Show as a source of entertainment. No wonder that it was developing an Opposition within itself. For one of the characteristics of human beings is that, in the absence of absorbing action, they must find someone or something to quarrel with and to denounce.

Besides, the dissatisfied members had some solid ground for discontentment. Mr. Douglass had not made his promised visit to Cuba, at his own expense, to recruit more members and collect large funds for the Confederation. In spite of his brave if vague talk as to the ultimate aims of the Confederation, that organisation was the most peaceful and non-belligerent of its kind; even the President's speeches lacked their former fire. What was the reason? Most

of the members knew. Mr. Douglass had fallen under the spell of the Lady Slimslam and gave more attention to her charms than to the noble work he had taken upon himself. Like Samson of old, and some more recent strong and mighty leaders of their people, he had grown weak through the wiles of a woman.

Theoretically, the discontented members of the Confederation did not care a brass farthing whether Mr. Douglass was in love with a married lady, or half a dozen married ladies. They argued that that was really his own business, and that while they were free to talk about his liaisons, in the way of admiring gossip and laughing comment, the mere intimacy between him and the spouse of one or more of their number was nothing to be surprised at. But they also argued that he should not allow pleasure to interfere so much with business; it was not his alleged relations with the Lady Slimslam, but the effect of those relations on the Confederation, that moved them to anger.

These critics were those who had contributed money to the Fighting Fund. They were those who had paid in two monthly subscriptions and now felt that there was no good reason why they should pay in another. This reluctance to part with their hard-earned cash had much to do with their critical attitude. For it is noteworthy that the supporters and defenders of the President were precisely those members who were in arrears and who had every intention of remaining so.

But, as they were in the majority, Mr. Douglass could always count upon outvoting his opponents. And Mr. Douglass knew it.

He loved to collect subscriptions, but he had long since learnt the value of the non-paying members and adherents of a society. These were always among the faithful. What they lacked in the way of rendering financial assistance they more than made up for, at critical moments, by their devotion to the chair.

The meeting that night, at which Mrs. Brimstone had signified emphatically her intention of being present, for explanations among other things, was a well-attended one. It had got about that a stormy scene might be expected, and men and women looked forward to that with great appreciation. A breezy quarrel, the hurling of reproaches at one another, excited members springing up and offering impossible resolutions; an orgy of recrimination and noise, in a word, followed by the decline of the society into oblivion—they were well accustomed to that. And they always enjoyed it. Another society could easily be formed whenever anyone thought

the time was ripe for another great effort at progress, and there were ever able leaders and speakers to think the time was ripe.

With happy smiles of anticipation, therefore, did the members of the Oppressed file into the little meeting room where the weekly re-unions were held. Everybody of importance was there. Old Mr. Proudleigh came early with his son-in-law and daughter; the High Conspicuous, now conspicuous no longer, by decree of his wife, came accompanied by that lady; Mr. Green and Mr. Sharksey, who each had donated five pounds to the Confederation's fund, were very much in evidence. And, as if by pre-arrangement, the members of the Opposition seated themselves in one aisle of the room, thus forming a solid bloc.

If Mr. Douglass was inwardly nervous, he did not show it. He had long ago appointed himself Secretary to the Confederation, and now he clearly read out the minutes of the last meeting and asked that they be confirmed. One or two persons would have liked to question the accuracy of the minutes, but as they did not quite remember just what had taken place last week, nothing of importance having really taken place, they agreed that the minutes should be confirmed.

That done, there was a stir among those who occupied the same bench with Mr. and Mrs. Brimstone. Mr. Proudleigh, who sat behind those two friends of his, noted this and prepared to act at the proper moment in accordance with the dictates of prudence and reason. Mr. Proudleigh knew that an effort was to be made that night to depose the President, break up the Confederation, and recover the contributions, and he entirely approved of it. But he knew also that the President regarded him as one of the causes of these present misfortunes, and he had a vivid recollection of a certain threat regarding the appearance of men from Cuba and Hayti to inflict condign punishment on a really meritorious and virtuous old man. Therefore Mr. Proudleigh, while hoping that the worst might befall Mr. Douglass, resolved to applaud his speeches loudly and to make it appear as though the whole soul of Proudleigh was filled with admiration of Douglass. The Brimstones would understand his motive. And, even if they did not, Mr. Proudleigh was taking no chances with those men from Hayti and Cuba.

Mr. Brimstone was about to rise, when, to his surprise, Mr. Douglass quickly rose from his chair and announced that he had a personal statement

(Continued on Page 58)

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THE CITADEL

(Continued from Page 40)

lips. The man retreated a few steps into the shadow and she followed, her white dress marking her.

With an imperative gesture he held out a great black hand and she saw a bit of white caught between the fingers. She took it, wondering. It was a small square of paper folded many times. In the light of the doorway it would be possible to read what the message contained; she hurried across the court and up the low, broad steps to the door. Guardedly, she unfolded the paper. The note was in French, and it was signed "A Friend."

One who dares not openly assist begs you to believe that effort will be made to secure the freedom of our mutual friend, who is safe but in captivity.

Once again Virginie read the brief message; then she thrust the paper in her bosom and walked with affected slowness back to the place where she had received it. There was no one there. As mysteriously as the messenger had come, so silently had he disappeared.

Then Nicholas had not wholly lied to her! John Bush was alive and a prisoner somewhere. The realization made her feel weak. The suspense was temporarily broken. For a little while, if only for a few hours, she could rest.

To any one familiar with the well-kept books of Monsieur Samatan the writing of the note which Luke had thrust into Virginie's hand would have been easily recognizable. Shortly after sunrise he had been awakened from his sleep by a low and persistent tapping on the door of his house. From a window unseen he had carefully examined this early caller and had recognized in the huge black the personal servant of John Bush, a negro on whose faithfulness and integrity the captain had often commented. Slinging a linen gown about him, he let Luke into the house, and in pantomime the mute endeavoured to narrate the story of Captain Bush's capture and imprisonment. It was this information that had led Monsieur Samatan to confirm what he had conjectured.

tured, and later to call in person on the unhappy Philadelphian in his cell in Fort Picolet.

There was much of the white man in the character of Monsieur Samatan. How far back had occurred the infusion of white which lightened his blood, no one knew or bothered to calculate. A planter of the nobility, the owner of one of the great estates that had once made a garden of the plain of Le Cap, had owned his grandmother. Probably that was the source of his light color and particularly of the sharp, active brain beneath the close-cropped head.

Monsieur Samatan was rich. Furthermore, he was lucky. The gray-green scarab of his gold finger ring had come from Egypt, but to the superstitious negroes and men of color the curious beetle possessed an unknown but sinister significance. It was a little thing, this bit of ancient carving, but in former years Dessalines had worn it, and men did not forget that death inevitably followed his accusing finger—always the finger which wore the ring. It was the sign of death. So, without doubt, it was the guardian of the wealth of Monsieur Samatan, perhaps even more powerful than he himself realized. No one had ever beaten him at a bargain, and never had he lacked the means to finance any transaction which promised profit. He was hard and cold and yet he had a weakness; there was in the world one man whose friendship he valued above all things. And that man was John Bush.

So it was with an interest more than casual that Monsieur Samatan uncovered the details of the misfortune into which the precipitate Quaker had projected himself. Monsieur Samatan was rich and his wealth was safely secured; he had powerful friends among foreigners and on his hand he wore a ring of very particular significance. All these things carried weight not alone with his fellow citizens of Le Cap, but with the leaders and even with the all-powerful Christophe. He recognized these things; they were factors valuable to him, but he was too sharp a trader to play his cards carelessly, too often, or for a stake too small.

WHEN Monsieur Samatan left the fort he hurried to the Hotel de la Republique, and here in

a far corner, a glass of wine at his elbow, was the man he sought, Pierre Nicholas. The meeting was cordial, and after a second glass of fine Bordeaux, Monsieur Samatan stated his desire. It was that Nicholas should intervene and secure the life of Captain Bush. The request was based on a statement eloquently expounded of the friendship existing between himself and the Philadelphian. Humbly Monsieur Samatan implored the intercession of the friend of the king. No mention was made of a sum of gold long since borrowed by Nicholas from the thrifty merchant, or of the interest now due, and perhaps none too convenient to be met. Nor was the green scarab mentioned, although it was the ring hand with which Monsieur Samatan most frequently lifted his glass.

It was very evident that Pierre Nicholas did not welcome the proposal with pleasure. John Bush, a very irritating thorn in his flesh, had been, or was soon to be, disposed of in a manner that was final and satisfactory. It was annoying to contemplate the possible continued activities of this extremely fearless and foolhardy American.

The name of Virginie was not mentioned. The question of the reprieve of the prisoner revolved entirely on principles of justice and politics. In every instance the argument favoured Nicholas. Monsieur Samatan as a loyal citizen could not but admit the impropriety of his own proposal. White men were not wanted; fire and massacre had, not long before, registered the black man's wishes in the matter. L'Ouverture, Dessalines, and now Christophe, had fought to break the rule of the foreigner, to conserve Santo Domingo for the negro. And so it seemed highly improper that this white man should be permitted to run wild and unreproved.

Monsieur Samatan hinted at the possible effect on the United States of the summary execution of an American citizen, but Nicholas smiled with gracious toleration at the jest. So long as England continued at war with the young republic the life of an occasional citizen would never be missed. Monsieur Samatan agreed; and agreeing, he again lifted the ring hand with a health to his companion. It was but a whim, this desire of his that John Bush should live. Perhaps on that ground alone Captain Nicholas would

give his aid. But now behind the heavy, pallid face of Nicholas a thought was suggesting interesting possibilities. Sooner or later he must yield to Monsieur Samatan's wishes; the debt necessitated that, the green bug was already unpleasantly affecting him. But if he must yield, why could he not capitalize his magnanimity with Virginie? She need not know that other motives had influenced him. The thought enticed him. He was already eager to be off to the house of Monsieur Mangan to test its effect.

"It is a pleasure," he answered the merchant abruptly, "to be able to render so insignificant a service. I have already given orders that Bush be shot at sunset, but I can easily change the sentence. What would you have done with him?"

Monsieur Samatan thought for a minute. With his left hand he absently moved his glass on the wet table-top, describing a series of moist circles. From the corner of his eye, Nicholas furtively followed the gyrations of the beetle. Sincerely he wished that the interview might terminate.

"They are sending prisoners to work on the citadel, eh?" Monsieur Samatan finally queried.

Nicholas was surprised. He had anticipated that the merchant would propose giving Bush passage on some outgoing vessel, or at the worst a continued imprisonment in Fort Piccole. Prisoners employed at the citadel died off with appalling rapidity; a sentence to that work was not much more than a death sentence deferred.

"It shall be as you suggest," he agreed.

On his return to his house Monsieur Samatan dispatched Luke to carry to Virginie a message of encouragement. The presence of Luke in Le Cap would excite no interest or suspicion. His inability to speak protected him; it would be presumed that he had come in from another part of the island. He explained this to Luke with much gesticulation, and the big black nodded his understanding.

The next step would be more difficult. In the quiet darkness of his house he considered how he would proceed. Then, with a plan half formed, he blew out the candles and went to bed. And while he slept the object of his solicitude stumbled along the rough road that led south from Le Cap toward the citadel.

THE experience of that terrible night was to Bush a stretch of interminable hours punctuated here and there by vivid and unforgettable incidents. Trivial incidents in a sense they were; pictures flashing out of the luminous night, a fire burning back among the banana trees, the liquid booming of

drums, a dead man lying across the road, a patch of moonshine on the ruined wall of a sugar mill. Like a continuous stream life flowed down the highway toward Le Cap. The air was resonant, the world seemed filled with life.

They marched slowly, for the guards were showing no desire unduly to exert themselves, but Bush was exhausted before they left the outskirts of the city; his feet were sore and swollen, his whole body ached, his head throbbed with dull, continuous pain. No one spoke. At his side, ahead, and behind, the other prisoners plodded doggedly. Manacles clanked monotonously.

It was midnight when the first halt was made, and the men threw themselves on the dry, hot earth at the roadside, too exhausted even to seek the relative softness of the grass a few yards beyond.

For perhaps two hours they slept, flung limp and lifeless on the ground. Then the prodding gun muzzles awakened them. Groaning and muttering strange vileness, the prisoners got to their feet and found the road. The clanking manacles resumed their monotonous theme.

There was an enervating dampness in the air. Like white clouds the night mist hung over the plain. For long spaces the air would be sharp and clear, then the mist would dim the starlight and the darkness would become chill and tangible.

Dawn was paling the night, and the smaller stars were disappearing from the sky when the second halt was called, and again they dropped almost where they stood into a stupor of sleep. When John Bush again became conscious of things, the sun was flaming hot in his upturned face and his body glowed with heat. From panniers at his saddle, the officer had taken a ration of coarse bread, and a large hard cake was doled out to each of the men. They ate, crouched on their haunches, and washed down the dry particles with water from a stagnant pool at the roadside.

THE food and water refreshed Bush and his sleep had relieved the pain behind his temples. With a characteristic revival of interest he looked around him. White and glaring, the road swung by their resting-place, appearing and ending on either hand in the varying green of tropic foliage. Again he studied the mountains. On a sheer peak on the right a white block of stone seemed superimposed on the very summit. Distinct through the clear air he could see it as though through a spy-glass. It was the citadel, that tremendous fortress which under the direction of English engineers was nearing completion for

the king, Christophe. A hundred, and in some places two or three hundred, feet, the solid walls of masonry towered against the sky. Black squares in long lines indicated ports for the cannon that Christophe had obtained for its defense. And in the centre Bush could see higher towers and parapets uprearing from the mass, a final pinnacle against the sky.

But now the road began to twist on a slightly increasing grade among the low foothills. Slowly the march was resumed; slowly the little band of prisoners and their guards toiled forward. Black faces were white with dust save where rivulets from sweating brows had coursed black gleaming lines. The guards, wearied and irritable, lagged in the rear, occasionally prodding the hindmost prisoner with a bayonet or urging all forward with a curse. A band of officers, courtiers from the palace, passed them, gold-encrusted uniforms sparkling in the sunlight, and silver chains and spurs clinking sweetly. The uniforms flared gorgeously against the green, and their black faces seemed very black beneath their brazen helmets. The prisoners crowded to the roadside to let them pass, heads bowed and eyes downcast before this evidence of the power and magnificence of the despotic king.

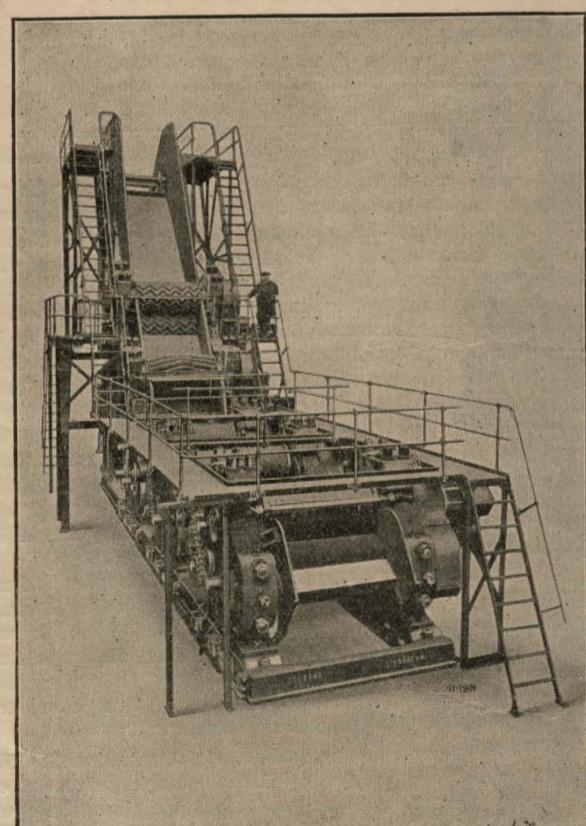
It was mid-afternoon, and the more frequent huts along the road indicated that they were entering the town of Millot. Now and then Bush caught sight of ruined villas or sugar mills among the trees. High gateposts of finely carved stone marked the entrances. Here in former days the French had cultivated their great estates from these splendid dwellings, slaves by the hundred thousands had tilled the rich soil irrigated with water drawn down from the hills. Sugar, rum, coffee, all the produce of the tropics yielded wealth immeasurable. A third of the income of all of France came from the island soil. Each year the linen of the royal court was carried across the broad Atlantic to be bleached to snowy whiteness in the Santo Domingo sunshine. Here had been life with all the wealth and splendour and indolence and viciousness of the capitals of Europe blended with the golden sunshine. Here had been song and laughter, culture and beauty. And then up through the thin crust of an effete civilization had been thrust a gaunt black hand. Toussaint l'Ouverture had led the revolt and died finally in a prison in far-off France. Then the dikes that held in check the human flood burst open. Fire came with sword; terror by day, and by night horror indescribable. Lust, cruelty and hatred swept before their savage rush the implanted civilization, and the looted villas flamed far into the night. The black hordes reigned. The revolution of the slaves had triumphed.

And so it was that as John Bush tramped doggedly along the broad road in the heavy heat of the late afternoon, his thoughts turned back to those days of which he had heard so much, and a feeling of sadness oppressed him. The savage history of the years that had intervened since the revolution recurred to him. Again and again the untrained armies of black patriots had risen against French and English invaders. Again and again Le Cap Francaise had lighted the night skies with the glare of her burning buildings. Napoleon's picked veterans had finally abandoned the vain attempt to subdue an aroused people. Dessalines, following the patriot Toussaint, had become emperor. He was assassinated, and now Christophe ruled, a king. In Port au Prince in the south, Petron disputed Christophe's title, and a constant war existed. In the brain of Christophe there was increasing fear of the death which had become so frequent an event in the land he ruled. And so he was now completing an impregnable fortress where, if the need came, he could withstand his enemies.

In the quick twilight John Bush saw the glory of Millot. Wide and grassy the broad central street opened from the winding road. Ahead the mountains cut a dark silhouette against the saffron sky of sunset. From rich gardens came the intense colour of the bougainvillea and the flamboyant banana trees drooped giant fronds over ruined walls. There was a stir of life everywhere. Men and women moved incessantly up and down and across the wide way. The air, so still, and clear, seemed to reflect the sound of limpid French words, the sweet notes of a song, the jingle of silver-mounted harness. Bright uniforms made spots of vivid color among the white garments of the common people. All was life, and serenity and beauty. But, footsore and weary, the little band of prisoners stumbled along the rutted green-sward unnoticed.

There were cries and a smart tinkling of bells. Four white horses, their shining harness heavily ornamented with silver, came at a fast trot down the street. Behind them, swung on long leather springs, was a French chariot. Outriders in crimson livery mounted the off-horses; on a high seat behind the chariot rode two black footmen, arms folded, also in livery of crimson. And in the soft cushions of the deep seat lolled a woman of perhaps forty years, a dark mulatto, dressed in the elegance of the latest Parisian fashion, the queen of King Henri Christophe.

The prisoners huddled at the roadside while the carriage passed. With curiosity dulled by infinite fatigue, Bush watched it disappear into the soft cloud of dust that rose from the horses' hoofs. More slowly they proceeded again. Their destination now at



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hand, the guards no longer pressed them forward. Then at the end of the street Bush saw the palace, and in spite of his weariness its unexpected magnificence absorbed his attention. On the left the dome of a low building rose among the palm trees, and beyond the entrance on a high terrace formed by a long level hill was the palace of the king, a tremendous chateau of French architecture four stories high, surrounded by a garden of indescribable splendour.

Like a man drugged, Bush slept that night on the earthen floor of a thatched building on the outskirts of the town. Sleep came slowly, for although he was now freed of the manacles his wrists ached and his feet and legs were swollen with walking. All about him on the floor lay his companions, black bundles of rags from which now and again a tossing arm swung in sleep in the gleams of moonlight that fell white and clear through crevices in the roof. Through his tired brain past events marched again and again in interminable succession. He felt the swinging deck of the brig beneath his feet; he saw the honest face of Huggett, the shining ebon countenance of Luke, he saw Nicholas' sneering lips and small eyes peering at him; he saw Leroy Mangan, cold and inimical, and then he felt the moist warm lips of Virginie; he felt his arms around her yielding body, and with a tremor he aroused from his half-sleep to see again the moonlight and the tossing forms of the sleeping men.

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CHAPTER IX

THE dew was heavy on the grass. Some parrots fled screaming in level flight from a copse of banana trees. The light was clear and mellow with dawning day. Along the worn and rutted road behind the sleeping palace they marched in straggling file, a hundred and more prisoners, black, mulatto and quadroon, and one white man, John Bush. At the roadside were the brickyards where for years had been made the red brick for the citadel. Everywhere were the cabins of the workers and huge barracks where the prisoners were quartered. And among the buildings the white boles of the palm trees reared immaculate to their clustering fronds.

The road wound in and out among ravines and gullies. Streams of sparkling water gurgled down over shallow fords, the broken rivulets glittering in the sunshine. Steadily the road climbed the side of the mountain, and at each turn a new view of the valley was disclosed, a vista of green-clad hills and a great wedge of azure sky between.

They halted on a level stretch. Lashed to massive carriages with solid wooden wheels a half-dozen bronze cannon lined the roadside. With his eyes Bush measured their bulk; their weight was enormous. They were guns of the greatest size from a ship-of-the-line, or perhaps seige guns purchased from the French, guns that had spoken at the bidding of Napoleon before the walls of some invested city.

The prisoners were divided into squads. In and out among them a dozen petty officers of the king, burly blacks in sweat-stained uniforms, hustled officiously. All the soldiers were armed with brass-mounted flintlock pistols and sidearms, and each carried in his hand a lithe whip tipped with a bit of sharp iron. Loud and strangely discordant their vituperative orders rose above the steady purring sound of the stream, and like animals the men dumbly obeyed.

Bush found himself in the middle of a long double line of men harnessed to the traces attached to the foremost guns. There came the sharp order to start. Slowly the black shoulders bent against the inert mass behind. From corded necks strained muscles appeared like twisted rope; beneath the glistening black skin of broad backs the lacing sinews stood out taut as the resistance of the tremendous weight flexed the struggling bodies.

"Allons!" The long whips cracked smartly. On the shoulders of the man before him Bush saw the black skin open beneath the lash into a red gash from which the tiny drops of crimson trickled like sweat.

A negro in stained red trousers tucked into high boots of Spanish leather galloped up and down the line on his horse and screamed invectives at the straining men under whose concerted urge the wooden wheels of the carriage squealed finally into life, and slowly for a dozen yards the gun moved heavily along the road. Then a cross rut intervened and the broad backs doubled in futile effort.

There was the heavy report of a pistol. With a dramatic gesture the soldier lifted the smoking barrel above his head. In the road the leader of the gang writhed for a moment and then stretched stiffly with a convulsive tremor beneath the feet of the man behind him, his temple shattered by the leaden ball.

"Pull!" shouted the negro. "Pull, or I kill the next man, too." He took a second pistol from his belt.

With the terror of death driving them, the long lines of taut bodies leaned against the traces. Once more the greased wheels of the gun carriage protested as they turned. The gun was going forward. The road dipped slightly. A momentum was attained. With a rush they gained the succeeding slope. At the end of each ascent there was a brief rest; then the next incline was taken.

The edge of the road dropped away abruptly in a precipice of two or three hundred feet. Standing near the edge, Bush peered over into the depth. down beneath the sheer wall of rock was the thatched roof of a native hut; a thread of soft gray smoke rose from it in the sheltered air; there was the sound of voices, clear but very distant.

His eyes wandered to the man who laboured at the traces just in front of him, whose back had been so cruelly scarred by the vicious iron-tipped lash. He was crouched on the ground, staring off into the infinite distance through small, dark yellow eyes. He was a negro of powerful build, an enormous man with finely moulded limbs, but the head was small and round, and there was an expression of hate in the coarse features of the face. Conscious of the stare of the white man, the black lifted his eyes toward him; there was a malevolent glare in the small eyes, a snarl on the thick, red lips.

BEHIND him and below a bugle cut the stillness with three thin rising notes. In an instant the soldiers were on their feet. The officer on his horse waved his sword wildly about his head in a frenzy of excitement.

"Back," he shouted, riding at the prisoners who had flung themselves along the road when the order to halt had been given. "Back! The king comes."

Whips sang in the air. Wickedly the lith

thongs snicked against human flesh. Before the onset of the guards the men crowded against the cliff, leaving clear between them and the precipice the narrow road.

A mythical being Christophe had always been to the Philadelphian from the day of his first voyage to Le Cap. Throughout the island it was the king whose name recurred most frequently in every conversation. He was a hero, the saviour of the country, an invincible and magnificent monarch at whose touch the armies of the great white war-loving nations faded as the mist over the plains melted before the rising sun. Once a waiter in a tavern in Le Cap, this uneducated black by his inherent genius had become the leading general of his predecessor; and when an assassin had struck down Dessalines it was General Christophe who had become president and later by his own edict king of Santo Domingo.

Bush recalled fleeting fragments of the countless anecdotes he had heard of him. To his subjects the ruthless king was a demigod. With the characteristic tendency of a simple people, his tyrannic power had won for him a mute affection. They boasted of his cruelty, of his bloody revenges, of his mad licentiousness. And yet through all the sequence of anecdotes were occasional instances of rude justice and of rewards justly given for faithful service. By the rule of fear Christophe was king, but there was another side to his nature that infrequently gave itself expression.

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Up the incline came the foremost of the king's escort. Their black horses were lathered with sweat; foam clung like froth to their champed bits. Polished brass and silver shone in the sunshine. They were in the ornate uniform of the king's bodyguard; tall, thin-hipped, broad-chested men who rode their horses like centaurs. Eight, Bush counted, riding in a single file. They passed with only a casual glance at the prisoners and a mere recognition to the salute of the self-conscious officer who sat on his horse at a fixed salute, the sweat coursing in shining rivulets down his face.

There was a little space behind the last horseman. Then over the crest came a huge white horse, magnificently caparisoned; and on its back rode a man who, Bush instantly knew, must be the king. He was a full-blooded negro of middle age and of medium height, for his stirrups were drawn high against the crimson saddle-cloth. Lolling easily in his saddle, his massive body swayed with the horse's gait. But it was not the graceless body or the broad face that held Bush's attention, although the face was one that, once seen, was impossible to forget. Beneath a wide-brimmed velvet hat encrusted with gold and ornamented with a tuft of snowy aigrettes Bush saw a pair of black eyes that moved with a nervous rapidity in contrast to the gross inactivity of the heavy body; the whites of the eyes were prominent and intensified the blackness of the pupils. They were

eyes in which could be read all of those characteristics that had made Christophe the hero of a thousand tales. In them were boldness, vanity, cruelty and fear. Uneasily they shifted as though they feared the fidelity of the men of his own bodyguard. Then they fell on Bush and for an instant the two men regarded each other with mutual interest and surprise. In that brief period Bush also saw the wide cheek-bones and the heavy, sensuous mouth, thick lips parted, revealing large white teeth. It was a gross, bestial face, but the eyes so dominated it that the other features at first glance passed unnoticed.

DIRECTLY opposite the prisoners Christophe reined in his horse and with evident satisfaction regarded the gun lashed to its crude carriage. Slowly his eyes shifted from the huddled men to the broad panorama of the green valley and the distant plain of Le Cap. In the stillness Bush could hear the white horse pant heavily; he could hear the sound of the approaching rear guard as hoofs clicked on stones. Then directly beside him Bush saw the body of the negro who had toiled ahead of him, the man who only a few minutes before had turned on him a face filled with hate and passion, crouch as though to spring. It was the movement of a tiger, a movement that he did not comprehend. In a flash the realization of the purpose of this lithe, straining creature just in front came to him. He saw the body

lean forward, poised on bent, black fingers, the bare feet working a firm toehold on the road. With a strange apathy he watched the muscles of the half-bare back tighten until the contracting flesh started again the trickle of blood drops from the dust-caked cuts left by the merciless lash. Cautiously the round black head lifted and the yellow eyes stared fixedly before him. Bush followed their gaze.

Sitting on the white horse, the king wiped the sweat from his forehead with a bit of gaudy yellow silk. He had taken off the velvet hat and uncovered the mass of crinkly black hair that was brushed back from his brow and gathered in a tight cue tied with a black ribbon at his neck. From his comfortable saddle Christophe gazed off through the twilight, and perhaps to gain a better view, he edged the horse slightly over toward the rim of the precipice. It was a striking picture against the back-drop of the sky; the superb animal, the magnificent equipment and the powerful figure of the negro gazing off across his domain.

The crouching black drew back slightly for a spring. On the brink of the precipice the king, unaware of danger, continued to feed his eyes on the distant scene. Then as though impelled by some subtle and intuitive force, he turned his head abruptly. The cruel, penetrating eyes met the glare of the crouching negro. His hand shot to his belt. It was too late.

As though flung from a catapult, the prisoner leaped from the road. There was no one between him and his prey. One blow from that hurtling body and horse and rider would perhaps be flung into the void. In the brain of the assassin consequences undoubtedly were unconsidered; better, perhaps, that he too might fall spinning and turning through the limpid air than to die later at the hands of the king's guard.

There was no motive or thought behind Bush's action. It was the instinctive act of a man prepared by stern training in daily emergencies to act on impulse. Possibly history might have been better served if he had remained passive and watched this terrible episode without interference. But that did not happen. The whole act had been a matter of seconds. Unreasoningly, instinctively, as the prisoner sprang at Christophe, Bush leaped simultaneously; and as the negro flung past him he caught in midair the legs of the man and crashed with him on the road.

With maddening strength the negro struggled to tear himself loose from the binding arms of the white man. Writhing and turning, the two twisted on the rough stones. Through the dust Bush saw the pinkish palm of a hand reaching for his throat. A pistol thundered in his ears; acrid smoke stifled him. In his clenched arms the body of the negro struggled with a final effort that nearly tore him loose; then he felt the strength flow from the giant frame like water from a punctured skin. Heavily the man rolled limp on his side. From beneath the dead weight of the body Bush pulled his entwined arms and sat up, looking dully about him, his head still ringing with the pistol's detonation.

Unmoved, Christophe looked down at him from his saddle, a pistol smoking in his hand. Already the king's bodyguard had leaped from their horses and were gathered about him. With a long sword one of the men pricked the breast of the dead man; no tremor of animation greeted the thrust. Stiffly Bush got to his feet. There was a sudden excited flood of voices; men until that moment silent through tension gave tongue to pent-up emotion. But silently Christophe regarded John Bush, his unflinching eyes appraising the white man, his thick red lips drawn slightly back from his strong white teeth.

Fearlessly Bush met the gaze of the king. No line or movement of the broad, black face indicated what might be passing through Christophe's mind. Only the parted lips suggested a friendly recognition of the impulsive act.

"**W**HAT are you doing here?" Christophe spoke in a hard, throaty voice, enunciating each word with distinct native accent. It was not the French of Nicholas or Mangan, but the French of the Santo Domingo slave.

"I am a prisoner, your Majesty." There was a drawl in the inflection, and the corners of Bush's blue eyes suggested a smile as he spoke the word "prisoner."

"A prisoner?" Christophe seemed to ponder for an explanation. "It is not usual for me to see white prisoners here. You are an American?"

Bush nodded. "I am a Philadelphian."

Behind the broad, black forehead of Christophe thoughts seemed to be struggling for expression. Then his eyes turned to the dead man in the road. He waved his hand expressively toward the cliff. The body of the would-be assassin was lifted from the road. There was a sharp command and it fell, turning slowly over and over, arms and legs flapping loosely, down toward the distant tree-tops. Perhaps there was something in the sight of that falling object that crystallized the thoughts of the king. Had it not been for the quick act of this white man he, Henri Christophe, might now be lying a broken thing beneath the trees. A king by virtue of life, but the sudden thrust, and he, Christophe would be no more than the mangled carcass of the slave. Perhaps such

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was the train of thought that possessed him, for the hard eyes softened a little, the parted lips broadened to a smile.

Again Christophe turned toward Bush, who stood silently watching the slowly changing expression of the king's face.

"Why are you here?" he asked.

"A number of unfortunate circumstances, your Majesty. Some actions of mine, although well intentioned, have brought down on me the enmity of several of your subjects."

"You are a man of education?"

Bush bowed gravely.

"Possibly you have had the command of men?"

"For the better part of my life I have commanded men. The brig of which I was both captain and part owner was but recently sunk as the result of a skirmish with an English frigate."

Again the black face reflected the slowly working mind. "Your name?"

"John Bush, your Majesty." The repetition of the title was not without its effect. Again the strong white teeth gleamed between parted lips.

"Captain Mitchel!" An officer on a black horse at the king's side saluted. "This man goes to the citadel with me. He is pardoned." Christophe turned to Bush. "Your offenses were serious, perhaps?" he questioned.

"Not murder or a crime against the state." The blue eyes seemed to demand respect, to defy a further questioning.

"Bah!" Christophe waved a square black hand, thick fingers heavy with gold rings encrusted with jewels. "What is a life worth unless it is the life of the king or of one whom the king regards with favour? I pardon you, John Bush. I do not ask your offense. It is a reward that I give you for the service you have rendered to the king. But there is further service that you can do me. I shall not forget. I reward. . . . Captain Mitchel! A horse for Monsieur Bush. There is a horse."

He pointed at the red-clad officer who sat at a respectful attention in front of the prisoners—the officer who not a quarter of an hour before had cursed the white man who struggled at the traces. With alacrity he scrambled down from his mount and came forward, the bridle in his hand. He was abject in servility, but in his lowered eyes Bush caught a glance that indicated the resentment that his involuntary sacrifice inspired.

So it happened that once again John Bush found himself plucked from the veritable depths of despair and placed in a position from which he could sur-

vey the future with reasonable hope and equanimity. With characteristic light-heartedness he fell instantly into the spirit of the new adventure and began mentally to cast about to determine what possibilities it afforded. It had been on his tongue to ask Christophe for his safe conduct to Le Cap, but his intuition told him that another motive than mere gratitude had prompted the king's action. Undoubtedly he believed that the young American could be of further service to him.

What that service might be, Bush did not attempt even to imagine. The court of Christophe teemed with men imported from every capital of Europe to assist him in the rule of his black subjects, men who for the most part contributed more largely from a knowledge of the vices of civilization than from a familiarity with those virtues which alone can create through a just and enlightened ruler a happy and prosperous people. Undoubtedly in John Bush, Christophe had sensed a man who might be valuable to him. The future would disclose the answer.

There was another reason why Bush had hesitated to plead for immediate freedom. In Leroy Mangan and Pierre Nicholas he recognized enemies of not insignificant character. Both stood high in Christophe's favour. There had as yet been no mention of names. If Christophe realized that it was the displeasure of these two men that Bush had incurred, the case might well be altered. Sooner or later he would learn of it, but for the immediate present Bush would be safe, and what was of greater importance to him, he would be in a position to attempt an escape with Virginie.

So it was that his resilient disposition responded to his unexpected trick of fortune with a flood of high spirits, and again he was planning his next move almost as soon as he had swung himself into the saddle of his late captor.

A SORRY figure was John Bush in this new company. Half naked, barefooted, gray with dust, he rode surrounded by the very flower of the officers of the king. Polished metal sparkled; gay coats flamed against the green roadside. The spirited black horses completed the contrast. Only in his face could be seen that which neither rags nor dust could conceal. Among his companions he rode, a man who demanded recognition, a gentleman.

For the first time Bush found opportunity to look around him. Although he rode now a privileged character in the midst of the king's men, there was no converse between them. In their eyes, he realised, he was still a prisoner, relieved from menial servi-

tude to a more agreeable but none the less hazardous position in the household of the king. And so there was time for thinking and an opportunity to study the astounding setting of this mountain fortress.

Up from Millot on the southern slope the road to the citadel had been cut back and forth, ever ascending to the three-thousand-foot pinnacle. The road swung in a wide curve. Perpendicular above them rose the walls of the citadel, a tremendous face of brick and stone pierced with innumerable gun ports, row upon row to the summit of the walls.

Around the foot of the prow they rode on a narrow graded path. Another level platform opened and above it was the south wall of the citadel, flanked to the east and west by the towering turrets. A row of light field-guns commanded the approach. The bare earth of the platform was crowded with tethered horses, piles of saddles and equipment. Everywhere were the black soldiers and officers of the king.

Through iron-studded doors of oak they entered the base of the eastern tower. Soldiers had taken their horses. On foot they passed under the high stone lintel. Inside it was dark, and from the galleries a chill wind blew steadily and made Bush conscious of his wet and heated body. In iron braziers inset in the stone tawny flames of oil-soaked wood accentuated the gloom. Up broad stone steps, turning steadily, they mounted. At each landing Bush had a glimpse of long black torch-lit galleries receding into gloom. Everywhere there was the sound of voices and of foot-steps. The vast fortification seemed with life.

From the upper landing they turned into a cavernous corridor and then through a door into an open court. Above, the first stars were faintly flickering pin-points of white in the luminous sky that flooded the court with a soft radiance. On all four sides rose the battlements of the citadel, completely enclosing the spacious area. It was the heart of the fortress, the inner fastness of Christophe's impregnable retreat.

CHAPTER X

IT WAS eight o'clock and in the dining-room of Leroy Mangan a dozen candles in silver candlesticks gleamed on the white linen and sparkled in the polished glasses. In his dark green livery, old Lucien moved noiselessly about. Virginie sat alone at the foot of the table. Opposite her, set as though he were expected to be present, was the place of Leroy Mangan.

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The girl's hand trembled slightly as she lifted a glass of claret to her lips. Monsieur Samatan had called a half-hour before; he was in her guardian's room. She had been dismissed when he entered, but she had stood for a few minutes outside the closed door. Somehow, she knew that it was of John Bush that he was speaking, but she could not hear the words, only a tantalizing murmur, dulled and unintelligible.

Monsieur Samatan, she realised, was a true friend of the captain's. Perhaps it was to plead his cause that the merchant had come to Mangan's bedside. Perhaps he would have a message for her.

Except for the promise which Pierre Nicholas had given her she had no word of Bush since the day previous. Had Nicholas lied to her—and she felt scant confidence in his word—the threat of her guardian might already have been carried into effect. In that case life would be over for her also. The keen stiletto that for years had rested in her guardian's cabinet was concealed beneath her pillow. That morning she had tested the sharp point against her white breast. A little thrust, a very little thrust—that would be all.

There were steps in the corridor; Monsieur Samatan was leaving. Stealthily she pushed back her chair, and hurried through the drawing-room to intercept him at the door. Monsieur Samatan was immaculate in starched linen and a high white stock on which his chin rested. He was agitated and pulled nervously at his long pointed mustache.

"Monsieur Samatan!" Virginie spoke low and hurriedly. "Does he live? Is he safe?"

The merchant glanced over his shoulder down the dark corridor as though he feared to answer. "Oui, mademoiselle." His voice was hardly more than a harsh whisper.

"Where is he? Tell me all. What has happened?"

Monsieur Samatan edged toward the door. "Monsieur Mangan forbade me to speak with you. He knew you would question me."

Virginie raised her voice slightly and there was a tinge of anger in her tone. "Monsieur Samatan, you will answer me. You have claimed the friendship of Captain Bush. It would be his wish that you tell me all."

"Do you doubt my desire to serve you, mademoiselle? Have I not twice already sent the dumb man with a message to you?" He walked slowly through the door as he spoke and Virginie followed. As they passed from the confines of the house the restraining influence seemed to fall from them.

"He is alive, mademoiselle," the merchant continued more easily. "It was ordered that he was to be shot but I persuaded Monsieur Nicholas to order a reprieve. There is a matter of some money between us, and Monsieur Nicholas was amiable."

"Where is Captain Bush now?"

Monsieur Samatan made a gesture of despair. "It is the only thing that could be done, mademoiselle; he is sent with the prisoners to the citadel."

She gave a little cry and covered her face with her hands as though to shut out the picture of her imagination.

"Oh, monsieur! Death is as certain there. Would it not perhaps have been best for the good God to take him at once?" She was sobbing softly and her fingers were wet with tears. "Have I not seen them go, hundreds and hundreds of them, every week for years, to die at that cruel work!"

Monsieur Samatan put his hand on her arm. "Hush! The trees are listening and they will repeat. Hasty words can only bring certain ruin to the man you would save."

"Can he be saved?"

"Perhaps. Monsieur Mangan does not know that he still lives. Later he will learn. Then perhaps you can win him to give his release, if he will leave here never to return."

"Captain Bush will not do that."

"Then, mademoiselle, what more can be done for him? I have gone further than even my position permits. I have saved his life and I shall still try to save him, but—"

A thought occurred to her. "Would Monsieur Nicholas have prevented the execution had you not talked with him as you did?"

Monsieur Samatan shook his head. "Monsieur Nicholas desired his death. He had taken no steps to prevent it."

"Thank you, monsieur, for all that you have done. God will reward you."

She went at once to her room and from its hiding-place took out the stiletto and again tested its point against her breast. He lives! Yes, and he might some day return to her. But in five days Nicholas would exact of her her promise. She thrust the knife back. At least a little time remained of life and hope. Then, if necessary, here would be her answer to Pierre Nicholas.

IT was ten o'clock when Virginie finally flung herself on her bed and sank almost immediately into a sleep of exhaustion. And it was ten o'clock when John Bush, bathed and refreshed with food and wine,

lay down to a troubled repose in a room in the private apartments of the king in the lofty citadel.

At this same hour, under the warm, starlit night, two men might have been seen walking steadily along the white and dusty highway which led from Le Cap Francais to the town of Millot. They were an ill-matched pair; for one was a negro of unusual height and intensity of colour, while the other was a white man, short, stocky, and with the tarred pigtail and varnished straw hat of the sailor. No conversation passed between them, but occasionally the white man made some audible comment on the character of the country through which they were advancing, at which the black would nod vigorously, shaking his head until the wide brim of his woven palm hat flapped violently.

"Luke," said Huggett, "I think the captain must have found this a hard passage, beat up and out like he was."

The negro made a throaty sound and the hat brim fanned his face.

"Must he be two hours since we left that trader, Samatan," Huggett continued. "White he is, says I, if he be black. Eh, Luke, my man?"

Again the negro signified agreement. Huggett hitched at his waist and his fingers confirmed the presence of his sheathed knife inside the wide sash around his hips. Then he thrust his hand inside the open front of his shirt. Suspended from a piece of line around his neck, a small package rested against his hairy chest.

"Samatan sure sets a heap of value on that ring." His blunt fingers pinched the small package as he spoke. "Stone bug, that's all it be, except there be magic in it."

The whites of Luke's eyes rolled excitedly and he made a gesture with his arm which Huggett either ignored or failed to recognize.

"Says if we gets on a lee shore and hard put to it, to open the package and show the ring, but on no account to give it to no one 'cept the captain, and to him the sooner the better."

THE light of the new day had already touched the citadel when a bugle aroused Bush from his dreams. With a start he lifted himself on his elbow and looked about him. In this lofty mountain fastness he was, if not a prisoner, at least unable to follow the one desire that motivated his every action—to return to Le Cap.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, he examined the clothing that one of the king's aides had brought to him the night before. The high black leather boots were of French make, and the white knee-breeches,

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from the fineness of the material, were obviously from the hands of some Parisian tailor. The coat was of crimson broadcloth lavishly adorned with bullion, and the shirt and stock were of the finest linen. It was the uniform of the king's personal guard.

Was it the intention of Christophe to hold him indefinitely? Carefully he considered his situation. Possibly this was simply an attempt to reward him for the act that he had performed. At all events, he realized, he must not seem unappreciative of the honour tacitly conferred upon him. And at a suitable time he would plead for his release.

Then he saw again the leering face of Nicholas and heard the boast of the wedding day. The recollection galvanized him and he sat on the bedside trembling with a powerless fury. Two days had gone by; this was the morning of the third; whatever might be done must be done instantly. There was no time to lose.

He dressed slowly, pondering meanwhile. To conceive a plan was impossible. Out of his present situation there seemed to be no loophole by which he might effect his own escape, much less the rescue of Virginie from the power of Pierre Nicholas.

There was a knock on the door, and an orderly entered.

"Monsieur Bush?" He saluted as he spoke.

"Yes?"

"The king requests your immediate presence."

They followed a short corridor and passed into the circular room in which Bush had last seen the king on the evening before. The interior was as yet unfinished, for the white plaster walls were devoid of paneling or ornament. The ceiling was circular, rose to a dome that gave an exaggerated effect of height. On the highly polished floor a dozen gilt chairs were clustered in disorder around a large table of yellow mahogany on which were piled maps, books and a great clutter of papers of every description. A fire was burning in the hearth although warm air was already flooding in from the courtyard through the open door.

Against the fireplace with his back to the hearth stood Christophe. His legs were spread lightly and his hands were caught together behind his back. He was quietly dressed in black knee-breeches and black silk stockings which seemed to emphasize the powerful muscular development of his legs and his large flat feet were encased in low leather slippers with silver buckles. He wore a loose shirt of fine linen and the open throat disclosed the thick, corded neck and powerful chest.

All these things Bush noticed in a sweeping glance, but it was always the face of Christophe that caught and held attention. Negro in its every characteristic, there was something in the low forehead, the penetrating eyes, now defiant and now furtive, and the large, sensuous mouth with its array of strong, white teeth that made the face unforgettable. It was the face of a tyrant, merciless and cruel.

"You wear well the uniform of my favourites, monsieur." His voice was harsh but there was evident in the tone a desire to express friendliness.

Bush bowed. "You do me much honour, your Majesty."

Steadily Christophe regarded him without speaking. From the courtyard came the sound of feet and the sharp order of command. The troops were at drill. Another order, and musket butts clanked against the pavement.

"You can write well, eh?" Christophe spoke at last. "You are something of a scholar, perhaps?"

"I can write, yes, English and French. Of Spanish, a little."

"Yes? That is good. Paul Dulac, it is he who does those things for me; he is sick. Until he returns you will write for me."

IN A flash Bush recalled the gossip he had so often heard of the illiteracy of the king. Formerly a waiter in one of the cafes of Le Cap, he had risen during the reign of his predecessor to the rank of general by the sheer virtue of his power of leadership, and on Dessalines' death had by that same domination brought about his own election to the presidency, an office which he had soon afterward changed to that of king. In his rapid rise there had been no time for educational advancement. It was said that the waiter-king could neither read nor write. The future would soon tell.

An hour passed. Bush had breakfasted and returned to the circular office of the king. Before the fire, which had burned down to a little heap of white and faintly smoking ashes, Christophe stood in Napoleonic pose, one hand concealed beneath the soft white ruffles of the shirt front. From time to time an orderly entered and with a click of his heels and a smart salute announced the name of some one who would see the king.

All who presented themselves were necessarily officers stationed at the citadel. Their reports were apparently daily affairs whenever the king was present, a personal contact by which Christophe intimately followed the operations of his armed forces and under which the entire kingdom was operated. A tropic rainstorm the night before had caused a leak in the magazine and a barrel of powder had been damped. Christophe personally was informed of the occurrence and of the fact that the powder was

now drying in the sun. A short, fat officer, whose gray, grizzled beard hid the black skin beneath, reported a rumour of revolutionary talk among certain men at Limonade. The king's eyes narrowed to a slit and his lips bared the big white teeth. A company of fifty men would proceed at once. No one, however slightly suspected of the treason, should be allowed to escape. Their execution must be reported to him as quickly as possible. Another officer followed: two sentries had slept at their posts. Again the eyes of the king closed, catlike; again the lips retreated from the pink gums. It was his expression indicating death. In curt rasping words the confirmation of their immediate execution followed.

Constantly the sinister figure of death seemed to stand at the shoulder of the king. Instant execution was his prompt solution of every problem. His power was the fear of his subjects; and his symbol of might was the leaden bullet of the firing squad, or the assassin's knife.

The papers through which Bush had been wandering, his attention half occupied by his interest in the conversation of Christophe, were of a miscellaneous character: reports from various officers in charge of villages and districts, statements of taxes received and military disbursements, confidential communications containing reports of secret agents and occasionally a plea for the mercy of the king from some high officer caught in the web of the espionage system, which, next to the actual military forces, seemed to be the king's most potent arm of strength.

"Does your Majesty desire to read any of these papers?" Bush inquired.

The eyes of Christophe rested heavily on him, but Bush met the stare with a look of bland innocence. The king waved aside the proffered papers Bush had selected.

"Later, my young friend, you may read to me whatever I should hear." He had relapsed into the native dialect which he invariably used when he talked familiarly, and the mongrel French words and pronunciation seemed to confirm his ignorance.

"Write," he commanded, "to Captain Le Brun at Le Cap and say that he shall report at once to the citadel, and I shall put at the bottom my name, the name of Christophe." The heavy chest swelled perceptibly beneath the white ruffles.

"And also," he continued "write to Captain Pierre Nicholas."

The quill suspended in Bush's hand did not tremble nor was there a perceptible flutter in the blue eyes. Calmly he waited but underneath the crimson coat his heart was pounding with suppressed excitement, for suddenly there had occurred to him a plan which the next few minutes might make possible, a plan which would perhaps circumvent the designs of Nicholas and give to Bush the opportunity to attempt another flight with Virginie.

"You will say," Christophe continued, "that he will remain at Le Cap and by this order is advanced to the command of Fort Picolet. Also write to General Fourneir, who now commands the fort. Let him come to me at once. Bah! That man, there! He is a pig. I will teach him how to follow the commands of Christophe."

In his bold flowing hand Bush wrote the three orders. Then he sanded the drying ink and carefully read what he had written. The penmanship was ex-

cellent and the flowery phrases of the orders seemed in keeping with the distended chest and Napoleonic bearing of the king. A second time Bush read the third letter; then he pushed back his chair and with a grave bow presented the three sheets of paper to Christophe.

The king waved them aside. "Read to me what you have."

Slowly Bush read the letter he had composed to

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and Cheese.

Captain Le Brun; then the one to Captain Nicholas, and last, the order to General Fournier to report in person to the citadel. He read distinctly and with exaggerated emphasis the rounded phrases, but there was a slight difference between what was written and the words his lips uttered, for the letter dictated to Nicholas to take command of Fort Picolet was addressed to Captain Le Brun, and that letter which should have summoned Le Brun to the citadel was intended to Captain Pierre Nicholas.

"YOUR signature, your Majesty." It was the crucial minute. Carefully Bush spread out the letters on the table and dipped the quill in the ink. Then he pulled out the chair that Christophe might seat himself.

From a distance the king studied the three squares of paper as though undetermined whether or not he would obey the suggestion of the young American. Then with dramatic dignity he paced across the floor and sitting heavily in the chair, took the quill from Bush's hand.

One by one he appeared to read the letters before him. Behind the chair Bush, fascinated, watched the powerful black hand that clutched the long white feather.

"Bon! My young friend, that is good."

Awkwardly as a child's the short fingers traced a large "C" at the foot of the letter to Le Brun. For a second the fingers paused suspended above the paper. Then in irregular letters he traced the word 'Rex' behind the "C." Once again he inscribed the grotesque signature. Then he dipped the quill in the ink. Only the letter to Nicholas remained.

"My friend, the king writes!" he commented with dignity.

Again, and for the third time he traced the letters. It was signed. With affected leisure Bush folded the sheets and thrust them in his breast.

"They shall be sent by courier, at once, your Majesty."

The king had once more taken his position before the fire. He nodded assent. With his cheeks flushed with the success of his coup, Bush bowed and went through the door to the courtyard.

The first act of John Bush, after leaving the apartment of Christophe, was to search out the officer in charge of the King's couriers and start on their way the three letters bearing the royal signature. Then, with a natural curiosity to which his position granted ready gratification he began an apparently casual, but, as a matter of fact, intensive examination of the citadel.

It was noon when he sat down with a dozen of the officers of the king's bodyguard for the midday meal. In the first few hours he had completed as far as possible his first survey of the fortress. In size and in the completeness of its equipment it far exceeded even his most highly coloured expectations. In the endless galleries and barracks five thousand men could easily be housed. The magazine contained casks of powder apparently sufficient to serve the guns of the fort indefinitely. In the vaulted rooms of the armory were innumerable stands of muskets, bayonets without number, and cases piled high to the roof containing flints and spare locks and gun barrels. A system of stone cisterns fed by springs supplied water in quantity and of the greatest purity, and in the commissary were stored provisions to

serve the garrison for a year at the most conservative calculation.

As yet the citadel was incomplete. In the long galleries which rose in four stories one above another on three sides, only a few of the great guns were in place. Slowly these were being hauled from Le Cap, huge smooth-bore pieces of bronze; guns bought by Christophe from the French; guns which now from their stanch carriages were to point their black muzzles down at the green valleys from which at any moment the king might expect to see the armies of Pétion fling themselves against his final refuge. Alongside the guns that were in place were piled pyramids of round shot and beneath the wooden hatches in the floor close to the trail of each gun the powder hoists dropped down to subterranean passages where the buckets could be loaded directly from the magazines.

It was late afternoon when Bush had completed his investigation of the interior of the fortress and found himself in a tower that rose, the apex of the structure, high above the southern battlements. As he reached the top and first gazed about him the magnificence of the scene broke upon him with a force that almost dazed him.

On every side, from the ramparts of the citadel the world seemed to drop abruptly into a void. Like a tremendous tower crowned by the fortress, Le Bonnet Eveque rose almost perpendicularly three thousand feet from the surrounding valley. To the south and west, across the dark valley far below, the mountains of Santo Domingo blue-green in the slanting light tumbled like an angry sea of torn earth, forest-clad, wild and desolate. Clouds drifted among their summits; far as the eye could see they extended, a tremendous relief map upon which John Bush gazed down from his manmade aerie.

Slowly he walked down the successive stairways to the broad parapet on a mighty buttress that was built out from the body of the fortress overhanging the cliff upon which its foundation rested. For three hundred feet the wall of masonry rose perpendicular and below its base the cliff, a face of torn rock, dropped four hundred feet more to the tops of the distant palm trees that crowded up against its base.

CHAPTER XI

DI ZZY from the consciousness of altitude he drew back and crouched on his heels. Here on this giddy height a year before, Christophe had displayed the subordination of his troops to three horrified officers of the French army. Bush could see them in his imagination crowding back with blanched faces behind the black king who with bared gums and slit-like eyes gave the harsh order of execution. To the beating of drums, in ranks of five, fifty of the king's troops in full equipment marched down the parapet!

"Squads left." The foremost rank wheeled. Tramp, tramp, pounded their shod feet. A French officer gave a little startled cry. With left feet lifted the front rank had disappeared over the brink. The second followed. The third too was gone. Four, five, six—ten; the parapet was bare!

"Voilà mes amis!" There was the smile of a beast on Christophe's lips. "My troops obey, eh?" He made no mention of the worse than death which would have followed their disobedience!

There was no limitation to sight. Miles away in the plain John Bush could see the thread of the road appearing and then disappearing among the trees. By now the courier should be clattering into Le Cap. The orders he carried were imperative. No one dared delay on the command of Christophe. As soon as horses could be saddled Pierre Nicholas would set out for the citadel. By dawn of to-morrow he should report to the king.

What then? Bush in his imagination constructed the probable sequence of events. It must be he, Bush, who would first meet Nicholas. After that? He shrugged his crimson-clad shoulders.

A soldier was approaching him along the parapet. Ten feet away he stopped and saluted. Bush rose and returned the salute.

"Monsieur, a man is held at the guard-house who wishes to speak with you."

"Lead the way."

Who could the man be? Who was there in all the world who could desire speech with him? The guardhouse struck an ominous note. It must be some one from the outer world. A messenger, perhaps. Instantly he thought of Virginie. Could it be from her that this stranger had come? The possibility quickened his steps.

(Continued on Page 67)



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"WORLD-WIDE"—the activities of the House of Myers are limited only by the extent to which this phrase applies. And in order to bring their business in line with the most up-to-the minute methods available, Messrs. Fred L. Myers and Son this year spared no effort to make their exhibit at Wembley second to none.

We are giving a short outline of Messrs. Myers' exhibits, as we think that the best way of describing a modern progressive organisation is by observing on their latest creative ideas for their development.

The House of Myers' Stand in the 1925 British Empire Exhibition reflected very clearly the up-to-date and go-ahead nature of the "Home Sweet Home" of Sugar and Rum, the famous firm of "Buyers and Suppliers."

There are two main features in the exhibit: a magnificent set of mahogany panels representing the Rum, Sugar and Produce trade of Jamaica and a striking set of rotary model scenes dealing with Jamaica Rum and the House of Myers.

The largest of the panels—about ten feet long and six feet high—shows the island of Jamaica on a vivid background of blue; the map of the island being formed of various grades of sugar—a different grade for each parish—let into the background to half an inch, and the name of the firm inlaid in letters of Muscovado Sugar across the map. The position of Kingston—and of course "The Sugar Wharf"—is indicated by a small red electric light which can be turned on by the visitor.

For the description of the Island and perhaps the most striking panel—a photograph of which we give on this page—we quote from "The Wine and Spirit Trade Record," one of the most influential trade papers, in its issue of 13th June, 1925:

"In the West Indies Pavilion Messrs. F. L. Myers and Son have done much to make their stand attractive. Not the least interesting is the panel illustrating the production of Jamaica Rum, i.e., from sugar to juice; the clarified juice; the syrup; the *massecuite*; after-products of sugar; molasses; residue of the stills dunder; the uncoloured Rum; and, finally, the coloured Jamaica Rum as most of us know it."

The third panel gives specimens of the different articles of Jamaica produce arranged in twenty different compartments.



ONE OF THE MYERS' PANELS AT THE WEMBLEY EXHIBITION

The Rotary Model Scenes were built by a famous modelling firm in England.

As you can see in the picture the different kinds of Rum are shown in specially constructed glass tubes and the different products were obtained from Sugar Estates in the island, and carefully shipped to England. The pieces of sugar cane in the panel representing hoops—are REAL cane with the ends sealed up to prevent drying and the outside well varnished. We are sure you will agree that this is a most attractive, ingenious and novel display and it appears to have attracted much attention.

There are four scenes, separate from each other, and which revolve in a stage inside a glass case. The tableaux represent first two jolly old smugglers drinking rum on a shady beach of the Spanish Main, then a model of Myers' Wharf in Jamaica, then a Sugar Factory in full swing, and last the ingredients necessary for Rum Punch.

The ingenious mind of Mr. A. R. Cawood, the firm's representative, who worked out most of the arrangements for the stand, also conceived that some further local colour could be obtained if some chairs and tables were made out of oak-casks and these have added considerably to the attraction of the Court.

The Myers' exhibit of 1925 certainly shows the producers as a firm who are willing to seize every opportunity for bringing themselves up-to-date with modern requirements, and by their continuous support of the British Empire Exhibition, they have proved that they have the interests of Jamaica and the advertising of all that Jamaica is, at heart.



A BUSY DAY AT MYERS' SUGAR WHARF, HARBOUR STREET, KINGSTON

The Jamaica Nobility

(Continued from Page 48)

to make which had better be made at once. Without waiting for any comment, he proceeded.

"My friends, and ladies and gentlemen," he began, "I have good reason to believe that my administration as President of the Up and Be Doing Confederation of the Oppressed is not considered satisfactory by some of you." (Murmurs of dissent from those who had not paid and would never pay subscriptions; grim silence from those who had pecuniary interests at stake.) "I am not aware whereby I 'ave given cause an' effect to bring about this feeling against me, but I am not complaining. I know me own people; I 'ave worked too long for them not to know them. I 'aven't much to say tonight, except that I will continue to work just as hard for you as I have hitherto and formerly done. But I will no longer be your Permanent President. I want to be a humble worker, a simple member, paying me subscription and giving me life to the cause. I am therefore resigning my position."

A storm of dissent broke from those in the audience who were on his side. The Opposition was silent, confused. It had come to attack and was, instead, in a way, being directly attacked. What it had determined to accomplish, thereby securing the distribution of the funds among those who contributed them, was being proposed by the very man whose downfall had been planned by them. Even Mr. Proudleigh felt that he was taken unawares. How could he applaud Mr. Douglass now? That gentleman might hear him and might conclude that Mr. Proudleigh did not want him to remain as Permanent President. After that, the speedy advent of the bloodthirsty gentlemen from Cuba and Hayti would be certain.

Mr. Douglass continued resolutely.

"My friends, the Confederation is not going to die because I am no longer President. I tell you I am going to continue a member and to work for it; an' perhaps I can do more that way than if I remain as the head of it. What is the use of me being President if some of you don't think I should be? We want unity, we want co-operation, and that is what you won't 'ave if some people object to me." He ignored the cries of those who assured him that they were with him to a man. "Now," he went on, "the first thing we 'ave to do is to see that all the money you 'ave contributed is safe an' sound in the bank, and whether all that has been spent has been spent right. My friend the Potentate will oblige me by coming up on the platform an' examining the bankbook and receipts with me, and I couple with him Mr. Green, Mr. Sharksey and Mr. Samuel Jones. Gentlemen, will you please step up this way?"

Those named stepped up in silence. They examined the little Savings Bank Book. They looked at the few receipts. Everything was in order. As Exalted Treasurer Mr. Brimstone announced this fact to the audience. Even some of those who had come prepared to overthrow Mr. Douglass now began to feel that he was a badly treated man. Their easily excited emotions were being aroused on his behalf.

The examiners went back to their seats.

"The rules of our Confederation," proclaimed Mr. Douglass, "says that the retiring President must 'old office until his successor is appointed, and notice of the nomination of a new President must be given at least one week in advance. I 'ave therefore, however reluctantly to continue in office for another week; but I beg to announce that I nominate Potentate Brimstone for the post of Permanent President and Minister Plenipotentiary, than which no one is better fitted to fill it. He is now Exalted Treasurer, an therefore he ought to be the next President. At any rate, friends, an' ladies and gentlemen, I am going to claim me right to put him forward, an' you can elect or reject him as you please."

This was another bolt from the blue. His leading rival and opponent was being advanced, boosted, supported, by Mr. Douglass. Jones was heard by Mr. Proudleigh to mutter: "That man have brains, me son!" and it seemed to Mr. Proudleigh that all the audience was rapidly veering round to Mr. Douglass's side.

"You can nominate anybody you like, you know," continued Mr. Douglass, "and so can I. We are all equal here. So I think Sir Mortimer Slimslam should be Exalted Treasurer in the Potentate's place. I don't nominate Sir Mortimer because he is a friend of mine, one of the people that trust me an' have confidence in me, an' ask me to be a friend of his family in times of tribulation, but because he has suffered oppression like the Potentate, and has wrongs to grieve over. I think we should show him appreciation an' sympathy, but I leave the decision to you, ladies and gentlemen."

Another thunderbolt. Mr. Douglass was boldly claiming Mortimer as a close friend and confidant of his, was enlisting Mortimer on his side, was fighting as it were, the battles of an absent brother, though no one had thought of attacking that absent brother. But here it was that Mrs. Brimstone thought she was called upon to interfere.

"Why Mr. Slimslam should be Treasurer?" she demanded. "Why not somebody else? What is the attraction?"

A few persons laughed outright at this question, but Mr. Douglass was quick with his answer.

"If you don't want me friend, Sir Mortimer, Lady Brimstone, who do you nominate? You can nominate anyone you like. Speak out!"

"I nominate Mr. Jones," cried Mrs. Brimstone boldly.

"Not me," said Samuel Josiah. "Horse don't 'ave business in cow's fight."

"I nominate"—she hesitated—"I nominate Mr. Green."

"Who seconds?" asked Mr. Douglass.

But now a hubbub arose, a discussion among the several members. Why should the Presidency go to Mrs. Brimstone's husband, and the Treasurership to someone nominated by her? Who were the chief movers against Mr. Douglass, anyhow? The Brimstones. What was the real reason? Clearly the reason, now discovered, was to get the Presidency and Treasurership in the hands of the Brimstone circle, who would then be able to do with the funds what they liked. The mere thought of anyone else being able to play with the Confederation's money was maddening to every member of that organisation, and not least of all to those who had contributed nothing. Suspicion was always rife amongst them; it now reached fever heat. This was a conspiracy against Mr. Douglass, who seemed to have displayed remarkable rectitude in his financial dealings with the Confederation. Few had really believed that some of the funds had not mysteriously disappeared. Many now thought that all of them might disappear if the Brimstones had their way. Man after man began nominating someone else for the post of Exalted Treasurer. And the names of all of these Mr. Douglass duly wrote down.

And now Mr. Proudleigh saw his opportunity. He realised that the meeting was going in favour of Mr. Douglass, that the Brimstone cause was steadily losing ground, that the Opposition was being shattered by the astute management of Mr. Douglass. He slowly rose to his feet. Mrs. Brimstone would have to forgive him or not later on, as she should choose: he had to save himself from murderous assaults delivered by Haytians and Cubans. He must enlist forthwith under the victorious banner. "Frien's, an' ladies and gen'lemen," he cried, following Mr. Douglass's form of address. "What I want to say is dis. Why should we meck a noble man like Mister Douglass resign fram amongst us? I nominate 'im as President, for nobody fit for it like him."

For the first time in many years Mr. Proudleigh had the gratification of hearing a speech of his greeted with ringing applause. He wanted to rise and make another, but already a reaction began to influence him, and he grew afraid of what Mrs. Brimstone might say after the meeting. His words, moreover, had had an effect which he could not foresee. A few of the oppositionists immediately began to wonder whether the readiness of Mr. Douglass to resign, and his support by Mr. Proudleigh, were not merely parts of a trick to keep Mr. Douglass in an all-powerful position. The tide in the latter's favour began to ebb somewhat. One man rose and suggested some other member as President. Mr. Douglass carefully wrote the name down.

"Any more nominations?" he asked.

There were none. And now it dawned upon some in the audience that at next week's meeting Mr. Douglass was sure to be re-elected, since Mr. Brimstone and the other man—a mere nonentity—would have no chance. In the meantime no effort could be made to smash the Confederation; Mr. Douglass could not forthwith be compelled to surrender the bankbook to a committee of persons interested in seeing that the funds were distributed. Mr. Douglass was still master of the situation; he would urge next meeting that Mr. Brimstone should succeed him, knowing that Brimstone could not secure a majority; he had probably made a friend of Mortimer by his remarks on that gentleman during his absence in the country on his legitimate if unknighthly business of waiting at table. Mr. Douglass's star was still in the ascendant. His brain had secured this victory.

"Well, it is alright so far," said Matilda to him, as they drove away in a cab.

"Yes, but as I told you this evening, it only begins now," said Mr. Douglass. "Mrs. Brimstone don't done with us yet. But I don't done with her either, as she and the whole of them will find out soon."

Matilda laughed. "You are a dam' clever man," she said admiringly.

"It is all for you an' because I love you," gallantly replied the Douglass.

CHAPTER TEN

MR. PROUDLEIGH HAS A PLAN

THE next day was Saturday. To many in the city it represented a strenuous time devoted to preparations for Sunday's leisure and sumptuous meals; to others it signified a half holiday, for the public offices would close at one o'clock, and some of the business houses also. But to a few comfortable souls Saturday was a day of rest and idleness, for they had nothing to do. Like the lilies of the field, they toiled not, neither did they spin, and if some of them were clothed in dingy garments, unlike those in which Solomon was arrayed, that did not in any way detract from their enjoyment of a life lived at other people's expense.

Amongst these favoured few was Mr. Proudleigh. As an old man, he might be considered entitled to spend the remainder of his days free from work and carking care, his daughter seeing to it that he should not know want. Saturday was therefore to him what Sunday was to others, and every other day of the secular week was to him like Saturday. But on this particular Saturday Mr. Proudleigh was not happy. It was the morning after the night before. He had come into the limelight at the Confederation's momentous meeting; he had drunk of the heady wine of popular applause; he had actually been permitted to occupy the centre of a great stage for about the period of a minute. Yet he was not happy. As he walked home on the previous night he had grown less and less contented with the prospects of the future. On Saturday he viewed those prospects with sober and apprehensive eyes.

He may have pleased Mr. Douglass. That was quite possible. But he must also have mighty offended the Brimstones, and the Brimstones were or had been his friends. He may have placated Mr.

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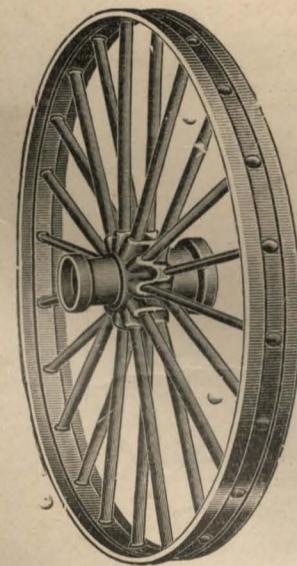
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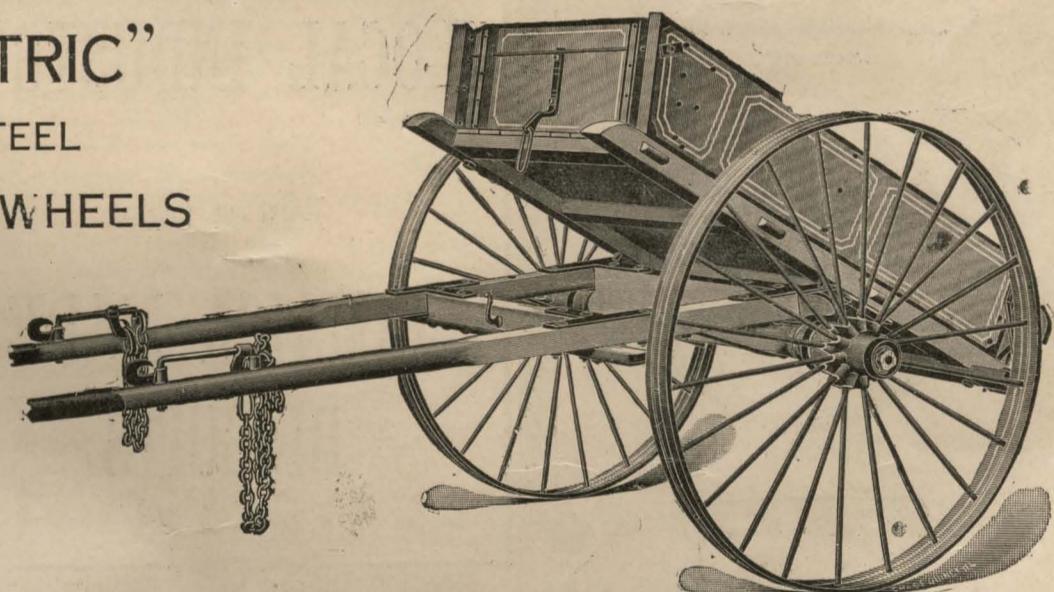
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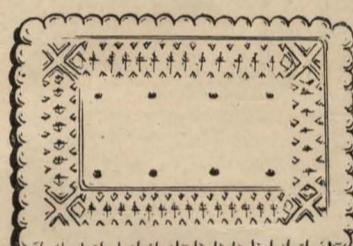


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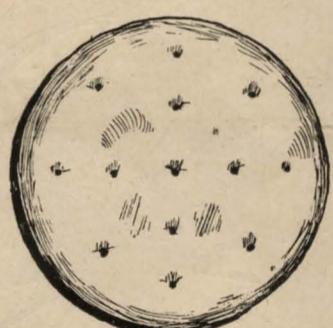


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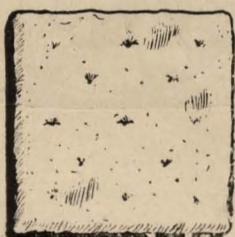
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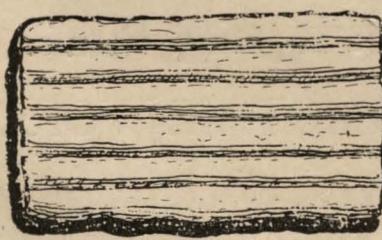
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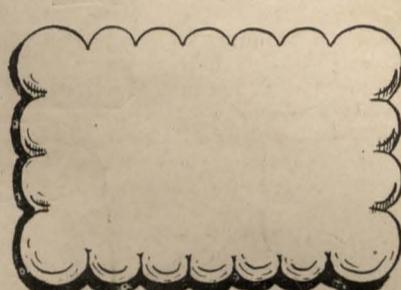


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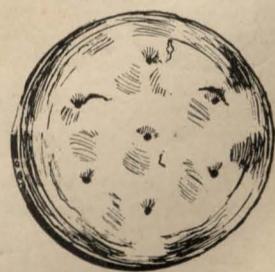
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Douglass. But Mr. Proudleigh had lived sufficiently long in this world, and had had enough experience of men and their habits, to realise that good deeds are too often taken as deserved and then ignored, while injuries (real or imagined) are remembered with peculiar vividness. Gratitude is temporary, resentment long-lived. And Mr. Douglass was selfish and ungrateful. Probably he had planned that someone else should insist on his re-election as President. Therefore he would not be very thankful to Mr. Proudleigh. On the other hand he might still remember that Mr. Proudleigh had said unkindly things about him and Matilda, and though he might not now proceed to the infliction of injury on Mr. Proudleigh's person, he would scarcely regard that gentleman as his benefactor.

So Mr. Proudleigh ruefully concluded that he had lost two valuable friends, or patrons, and had gained nothing in return.

To the other side of the account he put his probable escape from murdering Haytians and Cubans, a class of persons he detested, chiefly because he knew next to nothing about them.

There was therefore some gain, but the loss stood out colossal and formidable; and actual loss always seems greater to the mind than misfortune averted. One is subconsciously inclined to believe that, after all, there had not been so much misfortune to dread.

Behold Mr. Proudleigh, then, on Saturday, a day when he should have been complacently looking forward to the Sunday feast with speculative anticipations—behold him on this day filled with sorrows and regrets, bemoaning a fate that was almost unbearable.

In these circumstances, it was natural, inevitable, that Mr. Proudleigh should "teck a thought" to see if some means of re-establishing cordial relations with the Brimstones could not be discovered. He was not remarkable for thinking out anything clearly, yet he was possessed of a kind of cunning that had often stood him in good stead. For instance, when he was only fifty he had induced many people to believe him to be quite sixty; he had used his rheumatism and his grey hair as proof of his claim to old age, and that had won him physical support from the younger members of his family. He had, some years before the establishment of the Confederation of the Oppressed, succeeded in transplanting himself from Jamaica to Panama, where his daughter Susan then lived, on the perfectly foundationless assumption that Susan wanted him there and had even indirectly invited him over. Again and again he had gained his petty objects, his little goals, by the exercise of an ingenuity which he regarded as equivalent to genius. And now, once more, he was "taking a thought" to find a way out of his present difficulties. The end to be gained was good. After all, Brimstone was a man generous with drinks, and Mrs. Brimstone might be likened to a land overflowing with sixpences. Why then should he reck of the means?

In the afternoon of Saturday, then, Mr. Douglass, if he had been in Barnett Street, might have seen Mr. Proudleigh slowly walking towards that section of the thoroughfare where dwelt the ex-High Conspicuous, who had so recently abdicated his position in the yet non-existent African Republic. If Mr. Douglass had kept his eyes on Mr. Proudleigh, he would have observed that gentleman pause before the gate of Mr. Brimstone's little house, hesitate, then push it open slowly and disappear inside. But, as a matter of fact, if Mr. Douglass had been there to see all this he would not have seen it. For Mr. Proudleigh would rather have perished from lack of friends than have allowed Mr. Douglass to catch him entering the house of Mr. Douglass's enemy that day.

"Marning, Mrs. B.," cried Mr. Proudleigh on the threshold of the Brimstone's two-roomed home and castle. "Marning, Mister Brimstone! I thought dat as to-day was Saturday, an' I know Mister Brimstone doan't work on Saturday afternoon, being as he is a man who can afford not to work all day Saturday, I would teck a walk to 'ave a little talk about one t'ing an' another. How you do?"

Mrs. Brimstone came to the door and bulkily surveyed Mr. Proudleigh with cold, critical and hostile eyes. She looked him down and she looked him up, and, but that he was a very thin and narrow person, she certainly would have looked him across. Mr. Brimstone, remaining inside, returned no answer to Mr. Proudleigh's greeting. He left it to his wife to undertake the extinguishing of old man Proudleigh.

"Well, you 'ave a face!" exclaimed the justly indignant lady. "You 'ave a face to come roun' here after what y'u do las' night. Some young people 'ave no shame, but an' old man like you, looking for the grave, is worse than anyone else I ever know in all me born days. What y'u come roun' here to-day for?"

"Mrs. B.," implored Mr. Proudleigh meekly, "don't insult me before de whole yard. I are old enough to be you' gran' father, an' y'u might really wait to hear what I 'ave to say before you go on like dat. I not a fool, Mrs. B., as y'u will say when I tell y'u what I 'ave in me mind, but I can't talk out here, for wall 'ave ears, an' if anybody ever tell Mister Douglass dat I come roun' here to consort wid you

to-day—Lard me God! Dawg wouldn't pick up me bone!"

This speech of Mr. Proudleigh's, the low tones in which it was spoken, the evident fear of the old man lest his visit should be reported to the omnipotent Douglass, excited the curiosity of Mrs. Brimstone. Perhaps he had heard some fresh scandal about Douglass and Matilda, and who would not delight to hear that? He was better than any newspaper for gossip; the newspapers indeed never retailed gossip and scandal, which showed that they did not appreciate the public's taste.

"You can come in, if y'u want to," she said, but with no cordiality; "but I mus' tell y'u I have no further confidence in you."

"Doan't say dat, Mrs. B.," Mr. Proudleigh protested, after he had taken himself indoors and seated himself in a comfortable rocking chair. "Y'u doan't know yet what kine of man I am. I know y'u thinkin' 'bout how I get up las' night an' say Mister Douglass should be President, but y'u doan't know why I do it."

"I really don't," remarked Mrs. Brimstone grimly.

"I gwine to tell y'u," proclaimed Mr. Proudleigh. "I are not a fool, Mrs. B., an' I saw las' night dat Douglass come to de meeting to 'ave him own way, an' if I didn't get up an' say, 'you must be President again,' somebody else would ha' done it. Dat is why I do it."

"But you didn't 'ave no call to do it," objected Mr. Brimstone. "You could 'ave let Douglass frien's do what them like. Why you interfere?"

"Because everybody know I am your frien', an' when them an' Douglass hear me talk like dat, them will think there is no conspiracy between us against Mister Douglass, an' we doan't want them to know dere is any."

"You doan't want them to know, y'u mean," said Mr. Brimstone, "but we don't mind what anyone choose to say. Besides, I never hear of any conspiracy between you an' we 'gainst Douglass."

"Dere is goin' to be one now," unctuously announced Mr. Proudleigh, lowering his voice and assuming an air of mysterious cunning.

"Y'u mean something 'bout Matty?" queried Mrs. Brimstone, eager for entertaining information.

"Better dan dat, I say, Mrs. B. When I was at de meeting las' night, I see dat, doan't matter what y'u do, Douglass gwine to keep you' twenty poun's. Derefore I say to meself, suppose we meck him remain President, which him gwine to do whatever we try, an' suppose we meck him think him is all right, an' then, before he know where he are, we could go to de Government an' tell dem all about his society, an' de Government will broke it up an' meck Douglass give we all our money back!"

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Brimstone.

"But stop! Y'u know you 'ave sense!" cried Mrs. Brimstone.

"Shhh! Doan't talk too loud," counselled Mr. Proudleigh. "We mus'n't meck Douglass 'ave a suspicion of what we gwine to do. 'Softly, softly, ketch monkey,' me frien'. De only way you gwine get back you' money is de way I tell y'u, an' dat is why I talk like I talk las' night. Monday marning, y'u should teck a walk roun' to de Government an' tell dem how Douglass meck a Confederation to oppress de Government an' bring people over from Cuba an' Hayti to cut out Jamaica people tongue. Meck de Government know dat white people gwine to be kilt if Douglass succeed. Tell dem everyt'ing."

"I wouldn't keep back a thing," agreed Mr. Brimstone virtuously. "Y'u right, Mr. Proudleigh. This is the only way I can get back me money. Douglass know very well last night what he was after, an' him work it so that we couldn't take the bankbook from him."

"An' even if you did get get it," his wife reminded him, "you couldn't draw a gill,* for every dam' cent is in his name."

"We mus' go to the Government," repeated Brimstone firmly. "Monday, as soon as I go down to work, I goin' to ask for the afternoon, and if between two an' five o'clock I don't fix up Douglass, me name is not Brimstone. Old Massa, 'ave a drink. We bin doin' you a hinjustice. We say to ourself that you was a wort'less ole traitor, but we didn't know what was in you' mind."

"Ah, me son," sighed Mr. Proudleigh, "many a time I sit down to 'elp me frien's while them cussing me, but I know dat God read me heart an' see dat it is pure. An' so long as de Lard is on me side, I doan't care who is agains' me. Tenck you, me frien', I really need a drink after de hot walk to come 'ere."

The knowledge that they were in a deadly "conspiracy" against Mr. Douglass, a conspiracy that could not but succeed, was vastly delightful to the three conspirators. This was something that Douglass could never have anticipated, and so, in the very hour of his most glorious triumph, he would be struck down. Denounced as a dangerous character to the Government, he would be watched by the police if not actually arrested; he would be compelled to hand the bankbook over to those who desired to have

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their donations and subscriptions restored to them, and his power to inflict injury on anyone, even on Mr. Proudleigh, would disappear forever.

"An' the *Lady Matilda* will 'ave to get another sweet'eart," laughed Mrs. Brimstone. "For Morty is sure to find 'er out, an' Douglass will 'ave more than he can do to look after himself."

"Old Massa," said Mr. Brimstone to Mr. Proudleigh, "you mus' go with me to see the Government,

on Monday. Y'u can come round here an' we will walk go together."

Mr. Proudleigh did not like this arrangement. Like some of the great men of history, he preferred to wield secret power, leaving it to others to acquire the glory of success or bear the punishment of failure. But Mr. Brimstone was insistent.

"We'll 'ave to see either de Attorney General or somebody like that," he explained. "We can't see the Governor. An' they not goin' to listen to one man alone as quick as them will listen to two. You will be my witness, an' I will be your witness, an' we will substantiate one another."

"I would really like to substantiate y'u, Mister Brimstone," said Mr. Proudleigh, caught by that polysyllable and warmed by the generous drink of rum-and-water he had just swallowed. "Substantiality is what I like myself. But if Mr. Douglass ever hear dat I go wid you—!"

"Who is to tell him?" asked Mrs. Brimstone. "We doan't want him to know a thing till the Government come right out an' put him where he ought to be. You will 'ave to go with me 'usband, Mr. Proudleigh, an' if you keep a silent tongue in you' ead, not a soul will be the wiser."

It was extraordinary how many people were continually urging Mr. Proudleigh to keep a silent

tongue in his head. That unruly member was always being referred to, and not in the nicest terms at times. But on this occasion the advice was from a friend, and Mr. Proudleigh knew that did he neglect it he would probably suffer in all directions. So he agreed to accompany Mr. Brimstone to the Government offices on the next Monday, and he promised that not one word of what was afoot should be breathed to anyone not already in the "conspiracy." And he kept his word. Not even his daughter Susan had a suspicion of what was in her father's mind when he announced on Monday that he was taking a walk round to the Brimstones' house.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

A BOMBSHELL

MR. BRIMSTONE'S discreet enquiries on Monday morning had confirmed him in his belief that, in a matter concerning the maintenance of His Majesty's peace in the island of Jamaica, the proper person to interview was His Majesty's Attorney General. That high and mighty functionary had his offices in the great block of public buildings situated on the east side of Kingston's principal thoroughfare, looking north. Mr. Brimstone was not sure that he would be accorded a hearing; yet he sagely concluded that he could only know if he tried. So on Monday afternoon, at about half past two o'clock, he and his friend Mr. Proudleigh arrived at the public buildings and entered its precincts at the lower or Tower Street end.

They climbed the stairs to the first floor and began to walk upwards along the lengthy corridor that led to the Attorney General's rooms. Mr. Proudleigh had never been inside this edifice before; hence he was impressed by the number of people he saw moving about, noted with respect the numerous uniformed policemen that stood outside the court rooms—two courts being now in session—and gazed with something like awe on the gowned and be-wigged barristers of whom he caught a glimpse through open doors as he and Mr. Brimstone proceeded on their way. He was a trifle nervous, but the presence of a friend, and the knowledge that he was bent upon the noble and disinterested mission of helping the authorities to crush possible sedition, sustained him wonderfully. In spite of his nervousness he was conscious of a curious feeling of elation.

This is not always the happiest feeling to experience. It is so often the prelude to depression and even disaster!

Thus, stepping along, more than half-way up the corridor now, Mr. Proudleigh and Mr. Brimstone found themselves face to face with a man who stood out suddenly from the rest of the people congregated there at that moment. And the man was Nicodemus Douglass.

Had Mr. Proudleigh's heart been searched for just then, it would have been found in the region of his boots. The unexpected was always happening to him, and here it was once more, in the person of the very man in all Jamaica whom he did not wish to see. Even Mr. Brimstone did not feel easy in his mind, though he had no reason to be afraid of Mr. Douglass. No one cares to be caught, red-handed as it were, in an effort not calculated to benefit, but deliberately designed to injure, the person who comes unexpectedly upon the scene. Mr. Brimstone would have passed on with a curt nod, and even with no greeting at all, but Mr. Douglass paused with a friendly smile and enquiring glance, and Mr. Proudleigh's legs gave every indication of refusing to perform their normal functions. He experienced an almost overwhelming impulse to take a seat forthwith on the corridor's cemented floor.

"How is it?" asked Mr. Douglass cordially. "What you two gentlemen doing here to-day? Come to hear some cases in the court?"

Blessed question! Mr. Proudleigh, metaphorically, sprang at it, seized it, clung to it, and made the answer his own.

"Jus' what I teck a t'ought to do, Mister Douglass. I never come into dis big courthouse yet, an' as Mister Brimstone was comin' dis way I beg him meck me walk wid him, so as I could come inside."

"But y'u passing the court room," Mr. Douglass pointed out. "I will take y'u inside if you like." He looked enquiringly at both of them.

"I not goin' to hear any case," said Mr. Brimstone shortly. "I come down 'ere to pay some taxes."

"But the tax office is in the building on the other side of the street," explained Mr. Douglass; "you come to the wrong place altogether. Well, if Mr. Proudleigh want to go into the court-room he can come with me; I will put him in a seat."

Mr. Proudleigh was willing to be led away. Mr. Proudleigh was anxious to sever all relations with Mr. Brimstone just then; the influence of the dominant Douglass was simply overpowering. But Mr. Brimstone had no intention of facing the Attorney General with no one to corroborate his charges, and he would not allow Mr. Douglass to dislocate his plans. "The old man can keep me company while I are at the tax office," he explained briefly, "an' I can bring him back here if he still want to hear a case. Good-bye."

This was dismissal, and Mr. Douglass, with a

cheerful "good-bye," went on his way. But Mr. Proudleigh, glancing fearfully backwards half a minute later, noticed that Mr. Douglass's head was also turned over his shoulder, and knew that Mr. Douglass was watching their movements. He uttered a prayer to Mr. Brimstone that they should straightway make for home, but Mr. Brimstone would not hear of that. He consented to a compromise, however. He and Mr. Proudleigh left this block of offices to step across the street to the other group of Government buildings, and while on their way thither they saw Mr. Douglass walking downwards at a fairly rapid gait. Douglass had seen them leave for the tax office, they knew. And, clearly, he was no longer interested in their movements.

They noticed that he turned into Tower Street, going east. That was obviously in the direction of his home. They lingered for a few minutes outside the buildings in which the official tax gatherers collected the dues of a reluctant people, but no Douglass reappeared. Even Mr. Proudleigh was satisfied that Mr. Douglass had finally departed, with, it would seem, no suspicion of them whatever. He plucked up heart and accompanied Mr. Brimstone back to the building from which they had been compelled to retreat a little while before. But Mr. Proudleigh was not the man he had been but an hour ago. There was that about his knees which might be described as weakness.

The Attorney General's clerk was informed that these two men wished to see the Attorney General. He asked their business, but they assured him it was for the Attorney General's ear alone. He decided that they were not in the least likely to see the Attorney General that day or any other day on an errand that they could not or would not state, but he took their names and went to inform his chief that two very ordinary-looking visitors wished to have an interview with him. Thus, judging merely by appearances, we make strange mistakes at times, for, after all, Mr. Brimstone was a Potentate.

"What's that?" said the Attorney General. "Two men to see me? Well, couldn't you have asked what it is about, Jerome?"

"They wouldn't say, sir."

"Well, I cannot see them. These people seem to think I have nothing else to do but see them. Tell them I am engaged. What did you say their names were?"

"Brimstone and Proudleigh, sir."

"Oh! That's very strange, Jerome. I wonder what they have come here for. Tell them to come in at once."

"The Attorney says you can come in," the clerk informed our two friends when he went back to them, and motioned them towards the Attorney General's room.

Seated in front of a desk covered with papers bound together with red tape or lying singly, with formidable-looking lawbooks on a table near to this desk and in a revolving bookcase, sat an elderly quiet man, with a calm enquiring countenance, who fixed his eyes intently on Mr. Brimstone and Mr. Proudleigh as they halted midway in the room. To his friends and acquaintances the Attorney General was a pleasant man of easy, unaffected manners. To the two men who had come to pour a tale of danger to the state into his ears he seemed the awful em-

"Clothes Maketh The Man"



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bodiment of Justice, a sort of earthly Jupiter wielding the dread thunderbolts of the law.

And to complete this impression, the Attorney General was wearing the wig and gown in which he would shortly appear before the court.

He had not much time to spare and this interview must be very brief.

"Your name is Brimstone, yours Proudleigh?" he rather stated than asked, glancing from the younger man to the older. "I suppose you have come here because you guessed that I, or the Inspector General, was going to send for you. You have saved us that trouble, and it is just as well; and now I must warn you that you are pursuing a very dangerous line of action, and that the Government is well aware of all that you have been doing, and of your intentions."

"No, sir!" cried Mr. Brimstone aghast at this speech. "The Government don't know."

"Very likely the Government doesn't know everything," replied the Attorney General coldly; "but what it doesn't know now the police will very shortly find out." His voice became stern. "I will have detectives at every one of your future meetings, Mr. Brimstone, and I propose to keep you under surveillance. I shall also have this old man kept under surveillance."

This, to Mr. Proudleigh's ears, sounded like a sentence to some hideous form of torture. Police surveillance could only be the first long step to jail. But how... why... wherefore? And he had "walked his own foot" into this deadly snare!

Brimstone, however, conscious that there was some mistake, and knowing that he had broken no law, stood his ground manfully. He was afraid, but he was not demoralised. He must straighten out matters. He must make this gentleman understand the true position.

"Please, sir," he began nervously, "it is like this, what we come to see you about. There is a society—"

"Yes, the Confederation of the Oppressed, you call it. Yes."

"Yes, sir, and we think it is likely to become dangerous."

"I am glad you think so. That is exactly my opinion."

"Yes, sir, and that is why we come to tell you about it. Its President is one Nicodemus Douglass, and it was he who started it. And he is not going on right. He wants to make trouble, an' we think you should know about it before it get too far."

The Attorney General looked piercingly into Mr.

Brimstone's eyes. He began to question him in a sharp, crisp tone, quite unlike his usual easy manner.

"This Douglass is or was the President: which?"

"Well, sir, he is still the President, but he resign."

"And you are to be the next President?"

"He wants me to be, sir."

"That is because you wanted to be, isn't it? Did you refuse the nomination on Friday night?"

"No, sir," admitted Mr. Brimstone.

(The Attorney General seemed to know everything! Had there been a detective at the meeting?)

"And you want the society to have political aims, don't you? Douglass was opposed to that, and you and your friends tried to overthrow him and he agreed to go. I am telling you all this so that you may see that the Government is not so much in the dark as you have been imagining. People like you two, who try to stir up trouble in this island, believe that you can continue your dangerous work undetected. Let me disabuse your mind of that idea! Your coming here to-day suggests that you are frightened, and as you do not seem to have done anything yet that renders you liable to prosecution, I am speaking quite frankly to you, as a warning. But the next time I hear that you want to strike what you call the shackles of the Government off the people of this country, I will have you both arrested for sedition. It is good for you that you yourselves have come here to make an open confession, and now, if you are sensible, you will leave all this sort of nonsense alone."

Before he had ended this long speech, Mr. Brimstone had grasped just what had happened, and Mr. Proudleigh's terror-stricken mind began to see light also. Now it stood revealed why they had met Mr. Douglass in the corridor a little while before. Evidently that gentleman, to be revenged upon them, had taken to the Government's chief law officer much the same tale that they themselves had intended to tell, but had substituted their names for his own! Such traitorous conduct they could not have imagined! Such baseness had been beyond the reach of their worst suspicions! It did not occur to them that Douglass might also have considered them traitors and base. Mr. Proudleigh felt that he had to protect himself finally against possible assassins from Cuba and Hayti, and Mr. Brimstone had his twenty pounds to recover. They were, then, in a manner of speaking, acting in mere self-defence. But Mr. Douglass had added awful treachery to premeditated violence and robbery. What a scoundrel!

Alas, they did not know that often before the Attorney General had had men come secretly to him to denounce their colleagues in the hope of protecting themselves. There have always been traitors in the camps of patriots. The Attorney General had long since learnt how to deal with these. Some stern talk, a severe and serious attitude, a terrible warning, and then peace, perfect peace. There was never reason after that for prosecutions for sedition, but there was always possibility of police arrests for assault and battery among those who once had been determined to stand and die together for the elevation of the people.

The stern-looking gentleman made a gesture indicating that the audience was over. He would shortly have to be in court. But Mr. Brimstone stood his ground.

"You 'ave it all wrong, if y'u please, sir," he earnestly asserted. "If you would only let me tell you the truth—"

"But, my good fellow," said the Attorney General impatiently, "you are not going to deny, are you, that you were made a Potentate or something of the sort by Garvey, and that you are connected with him? You are not going to deny that you were discharged from the Jamaica Railway because you were making trouble there? And you gave money to this Confederation of yours for—"

"Yes, sir, I gave them my money, an' it is my money I want back again."

"You mean you are not allowed now to do what you like with the funds, and that you wish to get hold of them, is that it?"

"No, sir; it is only me money that I want back. I don't ambition to be any President, an' I finish with the Potentate. It only bring me loss an' botheration, but I don't see why Mr. Douglass should keep me twenty pounds, an' then come here an' tell you lies about me an' this pore ole man, who is as innocent as new-born infant."

"Yes, Mr. Attorney General," pleaded Mr. Proudleigh, "I are as innocent as a babe."

The Attorney General rose. He had to go now. But he had not been an examiner of witnesses for nothing; he knew sincerity when he saw it; he recognised the authentic accents of truth. There was evidently a dispute about money between the man Douglass and these two, and Brimstone was trying to get his donation back. There was nothing to be feared from the Confederation; he would probably never hear another word about it. So much the better, but he could spare no more time to his visitors.

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"You will have to go," he said, but not unkindly. "If you have given your society twenty pounds, I don't well see how you are going to get it back; your Confederation isn't a business or anything of that sort, it seems, so you can only resign from it. I am afraid I can't help you, my good man; it was very foolish of you to hand over twenty pounds so freely to anything; you must be very generous. I couldn't afford to do it myself. This will teach you to be more careful in the future, I hope; and if you take my advice you will keep clear of sedition. You might ask my clerk to come in as you pass out."

"Jerome," said the Attorney General, as he handed his clerk some papers, "these people are very amusing; they are always quarrelling among themselves over funds and subscriptions. That poor devil—the younger one—has just lost twenty pounds and thought he could get it back by coming to me!"

Then he too left the room and dismissed the affairs of the Confederation entirely from his mind.

CHAPTER TWELVE

THE END OF THE MATTER

MATILDA was laughing heartily. Mr. Douglass was not at all a bad hand at telling a story, and this one interested them both personally. Matilda immensely enjoyed it. "You should have seen their faces," said Mr. Douglass chuckling. "They thought I didn't know where they was going, an' yet they were so frighten that it was all I could do to keep from laughing at them. Then when I said to the old man that I would take him into the court-house, he was ready to come like a lamb. An' all the time it was the Attorney they wanted to see—about me!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Matilda; "but y'u didn't think before that them was going to do that?"

"I am used to those kind of people, Mat, an' they will do anything low. You can never trust them. Yes, I had a suspicion that some of them would try to get behind me, though I didn't know which of them it would be; so I give a few names to the Attorney, and especially Brimstone an' old Proudleigh's. What an old feller! He is as coward as a rat, yet he always interferin'. When I meet him to-day he nearly tumbled down. Frightened! Why, if I had said 'boo' to him, he would 'ave had a fit."

"Wish he had," unkindly remarked Matilda. "An' now, what them going to do next?"

"Something," said Mr. Douglass positively. "They vext so much that now they must do something. I would like to 'ave bin there when the Attorney was

talkin' to them! He thanked me for coming to tell him about them an' the Confederation, an' when I told him I wouldn't let them 'ave the moncy to squander as they like, he said I was quite right."

"But suppose they go an' tell that you went to the Attorney and complain about them an' the Confederation?" asked Matilda. "Not that it will matter; but they may be doin' it now."

"I don't think they so foolish as all that," said Douglass, with a shrug of indifference. "People would want to know how *they* know I done it, an' they couldn't very well say that they went to do it themself! Besides, the Attorney wasn't going to call my name to them. He wouldn't tell them a word about me. They can only suspect, because they saw me near his office to-day. But if they only hint anything, which is all they can do, people will say it is because they want to kick me out. No; I 'ave them soft. But if I could meet that old hypocrite, Proudleigh to-day, I would give him another fright. It is fun to see how that old feller shake all over when I look at him an' tell him I will cut his gizard out. He think it is out already!"

Both laughed; then Matilda said: "Y'u know what they going to do?"

"No; tell me."

"Them goin' to tell Morty about you an' me as soon as him come back from the country. That's the next thing them 'ave in mind. I know them! They bin hinting, an' throwing words all this time, because they afraid to go too far an' don't want anyone to say plain, 'you told me so.' But Janey Brimstone goin' to forget 'erself now an' talk plain out. It is *she* who goin' to tell Morty."

"You mind?" queried Mr. Douglass with a careless smile.

"What am I to mind for now?"

"Exactly. So let them say what they like. Besides, from one or two things Morty say to me before he leave for the country, I think he knows a thing or two about us already."

"I sure of it," said Matilda with indifference. "Morty would be foolish if he could think I could prefer him to a man like you."

"You love me, eh, Mat?"

"What about you'self?"

"You know I love you! Here am I, a leader of the people, an' I devote me whole self to you. If that is not love, what you call it?"

"Well, I 'ope it will last," said Matilda affectionately. "From the first time I hear y'u talk, Nicky, I know you are a great man an' I fall in love with you. An' it doan't matter now if everybody know it."

It appeared that it didn't. Ever since Friday

night Matilda, never very prone to secrecy, had been over-bold in her display of affection for Mr. Nicodemus Douglass. This afternoon, for instance, the door leading from her little living room into the yard was not even closed as formerly; anyone in the yard who cared to look could see her seated closely to Mr. Douglass and caressing him sometimes with her hands. Some of the yard-dwellers did see her; they put themselves to pains to do so, and they felt that she was going too far. Without knowing that they did, they held with Hamlet that it was only decent that a married ladyship, or a married lady of any kind, should pretend to virtue even if she did not possess it. Illicit courtship should be conducted decently and in order: that is to say, in secrecy. "She 'ave no shame," they muttered to one another; "she doan't think of 'er good name." They made up their minds to use that fact in abuse of her at any time in the future that she should offend them.

And while Matilda and Mr. Douglass were thus displaying their affection for one another, and commenting on the difficult position in which they had placed Mr. Brimstone and his supporters, the latter and his wife, with Mr. Proudleigh and Mr. Green and Mr. Sharksey, were discussing the problem of the Douglass Presidency.

Mr. Brimstone, in spite of Mr. Proudleigh's protests, had taken Mr. Sharksey and Mr. Green into his confidence. After all, Mr. Sharksey and Mr. Green had five pounds each in the Confederation, and were office holders in it; they had to be consulted. But they could suggest nothing, save that a lawyer should be approached for advice as to what action should be taken to compel Mr. Douglass to give up the custody of the funds even if re-elected President of the society, as he was certain to be. But consulting a lawyer required money, and no one seemed disposed to make any further financial sacrifice. After what the Attorney General had said, a lawyer's fees might only mean the throwing of good money after bad.

Then it was that Matilda's insight into Mrs. Brimstone's character was justified.

"It doan't matter what you gentlemen meek up you'minds to do or not to do," said Mrs. Brimstone. "As soon as Mortimer Slimslam come from the country I going to tell him how his wife an' Douglass going on."

"Mind courthouse, Janey," implored her husband, who knew quite well that there were such things as laws against libel and slander.

"An' whatever y'u do, me dare Mrs. Brimstone, I beg y'u to keep me name out o' it," implored Mr. Proudleigh.

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"Me mind is made up, asserted Mrs. Brimstone. 'I know about libel an slander same like everybody else, for once I teck a gurl to court who abuse me behind me back, an' she had to pay a big fine an' nearly went to prison. But what she said wasn't true, an' what I going' to tell Morty is God's truth. Let them bring me up! I am prepare for anything."

Knowing his wife, Mr. Brimstone could well believe her. But that did not render him any the happier.

"Well, they are pretty open with their friend ship," said Mr. Green, an' if what you said is said careful, there will be nothing for them to bring y'u up on."

"I know what I goin' to say," declared Mrs. Brimstone, "for I not prepare for me 'usband's twenty pounds to go jus' so. My God! what a thing it is that a facety t'ief can teck another man's money an' then go an' try to get the Government to put him in prison!"

The days went by. Mrs. Brimstone, by adroit enquiry, learnt that Mortimer would be back from the country on Friday, and on Friday night (as usual) would be the weekly meeting of the Confederation at which she must suffer the humiliation of seeing her husband outvoted as a candidate for the Presidency, and Mr. Douglass re-elected to that high office by members who disdained the payment of subscriptions. Mr. Green would raise the question whether "non-financial" members were entitled to vote, but he had no doubt that Mr. Douglass would rule that they were, and the non-financial, of course, would vote solidly in their own favour if it came to a show of hands. But on the following day she would explode her own particular little mine. She would—but not in the presence of witnesses—open Mortimer's eyes to the unblushing intrigue between his wife and Douglass, and endeavour to force him to take some action. At the least, there ought to be a disgraceful scene, with Matilda properly beaten and turned into the street, and perhaps Morty, who was nearly twice the size of Douglass, and very much stronger, could also be inspired to thrash Mr. Douglass soundly, which would be a knightly performance that no judge in the land would greatly condemn.

Thus the sage plans of Mrs. Brimstone, who, after they had been carried out, would determine what next to do to bring about the further downfall of the Douglass and his lady love.

That Friday night the meeting room of the Confederation of the Oppressed was crowded. A new President was to be chosen; a new Treasurer was to be elected: every member felt that his or her presence was urgently required. Long before the hour for opening proceedings, nearly every member was in the room. It only needed the resigning President, and a very few others, to make up the full tale of the membership.

Eight o'clock. The hour was come at last. But, with the hour, not the man.

Where was Mr. Douglass?

And where was Lady Slimslam?

They always came together. Were they now waiting to make a dramatic entrance and spring some surprise upon the audience? That was what Mrs. Brimstone believed.

And a surprise was sprung, but not what she anticipated. After a wait of ten minutes, when wonder and surprise had caused a great hum of audible

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Bournemouth Rejuvenations

Bournemouth Bath has increased in popularity during the last few months. Mr. G. Lagarde has been appointed manager of the Bath, and he has made strenuous and successful efforts to make this fashionable bathing resort still more popular with the resident and visiting public.

English visitors to Jamaica declare that they do not know of any Swimming Pool in England equal in size to the Bournemouth Bath, which is equipped with all the apparatus necessary for sliding and diving, and which gives periodical exhibitions of aquatic feats delightful both to the professional athlete and to the average man and woman.

An exhibition of such feats given on a recent Sunday forenoon was witnessed by hundreds of persons from Kingston and lower St. Andrew, and the applause which greeted the splendid exhibitions of skill and courage in diving testified to the appreciation of the onlookers.

The dances in the Dance Hall at Bournemouth Bath continue to attract thousands of pleasure lovers. A new feature introduced by Mr. Lagarde is the Sunday morning musical concert by the excellent orchestra of the Palace Theatre Amusement Company. Bathing begins early on Sunday morning at Bournemouth, when the great pool of sparkling health-giving water, freshly pumped in from the sea, is filled with persons of both sexes recuperating their energies by swimming and diving exercises. At half-past ten the orchestra begins to play, rendering as a rule some beautiful selections from well-known operas. After this concert dance music is rendered, and those couples who wish to enjoy themselves by dancing may take the floor.

Many avail themselves of the opportunity, and the dancing is quietly and decorously done, as indeed is also the bathing. Bournemouth, of course, is a bathing and dancing resort of the highest standard, and only the best conduct is permitted within its precincts. But as only well-behaved people go to Bournemouth there is never any necessity for any reference to its rules. These are automatically observed, and so everyone's enjoyment is undisturbed.

The Sunday morning reunion at Bournemouth has become one of its most popular and entertaining features. There is nothing like it in other parts of the British West Indies; only in Havana, indeed, can one see a similar gathering of strength and youth and beauty in this part of the tropics.

When a night dance is given at Bournemouth, too, it is regarded as an event not to be missed by the pleasure lovers of Kingston and St. Andrew, by all those who can come up from the country districts to attend it, and by visitors to the island who know what a dance at Bournemouth means. With the sea to the south, and the hills, blue and purple, to the east and north, Bournemouth is fanned by land and sea breezes by day and night. It is always cool, always lovely, always enjoyable. It has already done a great deal to enhance the reputation of Jamaica as a pleasure resort.

comment to fill the building, Sir Mortimer Slimslam walked rapidly up the centre aisle.

He looked about him searchingly, all eyes upon him. Again he scanned the audience, obviously without finding what he searched for. Then he walked up to where Mrs. Samuel Josiah Jones was sitting, and bending over to her whispered:

"You saw Matty here to-night?"

"No," said Mrs. Jones; "she not bin here. She don't come yet—she and Mr. Douglass."

The question and the answer had been overheard. They were rapidly circulated. It was evident that Mortimer had come to the meeting from his house, and equally evident that Matilda had not been at home. He had supposed her to be at the gathering of the Oppressed; hence his question. But she was somewhere else, and Mr. Douglass was probably with her.

The people now began to talk in groups, loudly, accusingly. Unpunctuality on Mr. Dauglass's part had never been known before; what did it mean? "It means," said someone plainly, "that they not comin' here to-night, an' we better go on electing another President." But the general advice was to wait a little longer, and, as they were enjoying themselves greatly, the Oppressed readily agreed to abstain from action for some little while.

It was about five minutes to nine when a member, strictly non-financial, was seen to enter the building by the front entrance and proceed slowly up the centre aisle. In his hand he bore a letter. It was addressed to "The High Conspicuous Potentate, Permanent President and Minister Plenipotentiary Brimstone," and the man explained that it had been given to him early that morning by Mr. Douglass, who had asked him to hand it to Mr. Brimstone that night at the meeting, but not earlier than nine o'clock. Mr. Douglass had brought it to his house in

a bus. Mr. Douglass was a great man, and he, the bearer, was only too proud to do him a favour.

Mr. Brimstone opened the letter, read it, and, lifting his voice, announced that Mr. Douglass would not be there that night, nor many nights to come.

Mr. Brimstone was immediately pushed up to the little platform, and there, in the midst of a great silence, he read out the letter. It set forth that Mr. Douglass had, suddenly and unavoidably, been called away on business, but that while absent he would devote himself to the affairs of the Confederation and do his best to obtain funds for it. On this point he was emphatic; he impressed it upon them that the affairs of the Confederation would be his first interest while he was in foreign parts, and that they would hear from him later on. In the meantime he advised them to accept his nomination, and make Potentate Brimstone President and Sir Mortimer Slimslam Treasurer.

That was practically all.

Members looked at one another in consternation, dismay. What did it all mean? Douglass had gone, and Matilda had evidently gone with him; but, but—

Someone bawled a question to the little man who had brought Mr. Douglass's letter:

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No, Mr. Douglass had sent no books.

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Then where were the minute book, and the book containing the Constitution and Rules, which were to have been printed, but, somehow, had never been? Where, above all, was the bankbook?

Half a hundred voices took up the question—"where is the bankbook?"

No one knew exactly to what country Mr. Douglass had gone; but most persons suspected it was Cuba. He had left in the morning, he may already have reached Santiago by the big ship that had sailed from Kingston to that port many hours ago. And, anyhow, no one could do anything before to-morrow, supposing that anything could be done. A committee of twenty persons was instantly formed to wait upon the bank manager in the morning to ask whether the Confederation's money was still in the vaults of his august establishment. But it was not until eleven o'clock that the members began to stream home, the non-financials protesting loudly that Mr. Douglass was being very badly treated.

Mrs. Brimstone had taken charge of Sir Mortimer. She felt that byegones should be byegones in this hour of trial, the trial being hers and her husband's. Mortimer, she argued, could honestly demand congratulations, he was rid of "a wretch." But she was wise enough not to say so straightway; she merely invited him to walk home with her and some other friends, for thus could she obtain at first-hand the true story of his marital misfortunes.

Mortimer was affected; first his position had been lost, and now his wife; and for both had he cared. But of late he had been more than suspicious of Matilda, though it had never entered his mind that she would desert him as she had done.

"You too good for her, Morty," the sympathetic Mrs. Brimstone assured him. "But leave them both to God. He will revenge y'u."

Mortimer thought God would, but did not seem very cheerful because of that.

"I 'ope Mr. Douglass never come back to dis country," declared Mr. Proudleigh vigorously, "or, if him come, I 'ope that them will arrest him de moment he put foot in Jamaica." (But, on the whole, Mr. Proudleigh hoped that he had seen the last of the disturbing Mr. Douglass.)

"He can't come back here if he have robbed the money," said Mr. Brimstone; "he have exiled himself."

"But you 'ave to prove he rob anything," Mr. Samuel Jones pointed out, "an how you goin' to do that? Where are the books? Y'u haven't a piece of writing to take into court. However, we will see to-morrow."

And on the morrow the committee, assembling hastily at the lunch hour, went hurriedly to the bank and asked to see the manager. Three of them were admitted to the manager's presence, and the first question they asked was whether the funds of the Confederation were still in his keeping or not.

He made some enquiries; the deputation was quickly informed that no account had been opened in that bank in the name of the Confederation.

Mr. Brimstone agreed that that was so, but there was an account in the name of Mr. Nicodemus Douglass, Permanent President of the Confederation."

"Ah, that is different," said the banker, "but I am afraid I cannot tell you about somebody else's business. That is against our rules."

They argued. The money was theirs; it had only been lodged in the name of Mr. Douglass, and even he had subscribed himself as President of the Confederation.

"Perhaps," remarked the manager dryly, "but only he is entitled to withdraw the money, clearly, and I cannot tell you whether he has done so or not. We cannot disclose the affairs of our clients."

"Look here," he added kindly, guessing correctly what had occurred, "if you are in any difficulty you had better go to a lawyer about it. He might help you, but I cannot. Very sorry. Good morning."

The members of the committee went back to their respective work places, and that night, as pre-arranged, the Confederation assembled for a special meeting. The position was put before the members, there was wild talk, denunciation; even the non-financials loudly abused their former chief who had done what so many of them would have loved to be able to do. But no decision was arrived at. No one had any fertile suggestion to make. There was a general feeling that the Confederation was perishing violently, was now in its death-throes, and all that was left to do was to give it vociferous burial. The burial was as noisy as anyone could wish, and Mr. Proudleigh nobly added his denunciatory shouting to the volume of sound that formed the obsequies of that latest great effort of Mr. Douglass to elevate the working classes.

Mortimer left the meeting before it was quite over; he had indignantly refused to answer to the title of Sir Mortimer. Mrs. Brimstone had also realised that nothing on earth could restore her husband's twenty pounds. And meanwhile, in a hot room in a hot alley, in that hottest of West Indian towns, Santiago de Cuba, Mr. Douglass and Matilda were wondering how the Oppressed were taking the

departure of their President, and what Mortimer was saying about his wife's desertion of him.

"It is their own fault," sadly observed Mr. Douglass. "If they hadn't shown such a low, mean spirit, I would be with them still, leading and guiding them, an' uplifting them. It is almost enough to break me heart. However, there is plenty of Jamaicans in this country, an' I must do me best for them."

"I know you will," said Matilda admiringly. "What a man y'u are! Y'u must always be tryin' to 'elp and helevate other people. An' they never thank y'u for it."

"No," agreed her devoted lover, with the air of one who has habitually made great sacrifices for hopeless causes. "I don't expect thanks or reward; but I continue to do me duty. You watch an' see what I do in this country."

"An' now you 'ave me with y'u, you will succeed even better than before," said Matilda positively.

"Y'u don't afraid I leave you like y'u leave Mortimer?" Mr. Douglass laughingly asked her.

"An' suppose y'u do," was her unexpected reply. "Do y'u think that a young woman, lookin' like me, here especially, where there is not many handsome Jamaica gurls, could be long without a frien' to look after her?"

"No," said Mr. Douglass truthfully; "and I was only making fun".

"Don't make too much fun like that, Nicky," she advised him, "I doesn't like it."

And he decided that he would not again.

THE END.

The use of luminous paint was suggested as a help in darkened streets during the war. It is said the suggestion was based upon the known efficacy of luminous language in other street emergencies.

* * * *

Shortly before a general election six million eggs were imported into England from China. It was said they were intended for confectionery purposes, but the statement didn't go down.

* * * *

"Are you used to large dinner-parties?" asked the mistress.

"Yes, I can serve them both ways, mum," replied the new cook.

"Both ways?"

"Yes, mum. So they'll come again or so they'll stop away."

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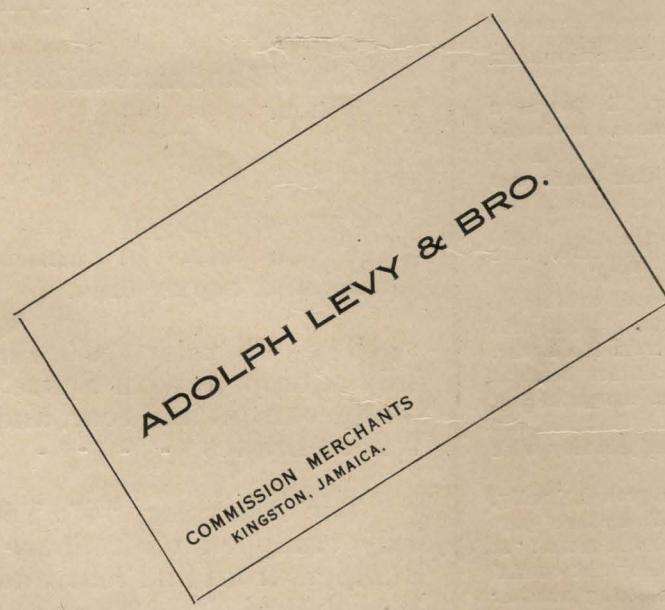
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THE CITADEL

(Continued from Page 56)

"Ah!" It was Luke, but he dared not call him by name.

In the gloom of the small damp room by the entrance he saw the giant negro standing between puny guards. A broad smile slashed the black face with a gleam of glistening teeth.

"Release him. It is a matter that concerns the king!"

The guards retreated respectfully. At a sign the negro followed Bush into the hall outside the door.

"You have something for me?" Bush asked.

Luke fumbled in his breast. Then he slipped over his head a light cord with a small package attached to it, and with a guttural sound from his parted lips thrust it into Bush's hand.

Bush unknotted the cord and untied the package. Inside the outer wrapping was a sheet of paper closely folded, and within it was a heavy gold ring set with a grayish green scarab. Automatically he slipped the ring over a finger of his right hand and then unfolded the paper. It contained only a few sentences and was signed by Samatan. Bush held the paper close to his eyes to decipher the words in the dim light:

MONSIEUR:

The ring which I send will serve you if a time of great necessity comes to you. I send it by your faithful servant, who is accompanied by Thomas Huggett, who also desires to aid you in your endeavours. Consider not the ring slightly.

Your obt. servant,
NAPOLEON SAMATAN.

"Huggett is with you?"

Luke shook his head violently.

"Ah! He is at Millot? Down there?" He pointed toward the distant town in the valley.

A smile of assent gave answer.

"Good! Return to Millot. Do you understand? There wait with Huggett for me at the café. At any hour of day or night I may come." Bush paused. "And, if possible, have horses; three horses, where you can get them instantly. Do you understand?"

Luke nodded and disappeared through the guardroom door, as silently and as suddenly as he had come. It would be a simple matter, Bush realized, for the negro to await his coming at Millot. Luke's familiarity with the country and his understanding of the language enabled him to pass without suspicion; and his dumbness in this particular emergency was an additional safeguard. As for Huggett, Bush felt no concern. Doubtless the sailor had travelled with Luke to Millot in the guise of a trader. It was not unusual for an occasional white man to go inland to Christophe's mountain capital; many foreigners appeared there from time to time. Inwardly he thanked Providence for the loyalty of the two men, for their unwavering devotion which was to serve him far better than he even realized.

Luke and Huggett must have received the information of his transportation to the citadel from Samatan; it was doubtless on Samatan's suggestion that they had followed him. If there was more to the plan the future would disclose it.

Again his speculation turned to the ring. There was nothing particularly remarkable about it: an Egyptian scarab set in a plain gold band. But Santo Domingo was teeming with superstition. From Africa strange and terrible beliefs and practices had been brought by the slaves and handed down from generation to generation. Witchcraft was practiced. No one was immune from the taint of superstitious beliefs. Doubtless some mysterious power was attributed to the ring he now wore.

THAT evening Bush sat again at the round table in Christophe's apartment and transcribed letters for the royal signature; but it was difficult for him to hold his thoughts on the work before him, for in imagination he was sitting on the stone bench in the moonlit garden of Leroy Mangan with the fountain's jet like a silver bell sounding in his ear, or riding through the night with Pierre Nicholas out from Le Cap along the white road that led to Millot and the citadel.

It was late when the king dismissed him. In his room the air was warm and lifeless, and without undressing he flung himself down for a few hours of troubled sleep. Against the ceiling fireflies flashed their green light like errant stars and through the open doors bats fluttered in soft-winged flight.

The room had grown cold when Bush awoke. He shivered slightly and his hand moved to draw a blanket over him. Then like a flash occurrences of the day previous passed before him. It was still night but dawn could not be far distant, and with dawn would come Pierre Nicholas. Even now Nicholas must be spurring the fresh horse that had awaited him at Millot up the twisting road to the citadel. At the earliest opportunity that morning he would report himself to Christophe and present the falsified order to explain his presence. Sometime between his arrival and the interview it was necessary that

Bush should encounter him. Within that little bracket of time must occur the drama which Bush had planned.

He slipped into the crimson coat and with his bare hands in lieu of a comb smoothed back his hair from his forehead. Groping in the darkness he found his sword where he had hung it on a chair-back, a lean straight blade of English steel. The world outside was bright with starlight and the huge court seemed like a white square surrounded by the impenetrable shadows of the walls.

He hurried across the court and found himself in the corridor that led down by the wide stone stairs three stories to the entrance of the citadel. At the stairhead he paused and listened. From the guardroom came the muffled sound of voices. He walked a few feet down the gun gallery and peered out of a vacant port. It was light, a soft white light that preceded the dawn. A hundred feet below on the terrace in front of the entrance two horses cropped the short grass; they were still saddled and bridled and their necks and flanks were white with froth. Sounds from below caused Bush to retrace his steps to the stairhead. There were two voices that he did not recognize; then a third voice replied. It was the voice of Pierre Nicholas.

Already Bush could hear his feet on the stairs and the clicking of his spurs. Hurriedly he stepped back through the door to the courtyard. Undoubtedly Nicholas would go immediately to the quarters of the king's bodyguard and there wait for the morning to present himself to Christophe. In that case he must pass through the door where Bush was standing.

The approaching steps sounded loud on the landing. From his place Bush heard them cross the corridor. Then a man stepped out from the doorway, and at the same instant Bush confronted him. It was Nicholas.

"Sacré Dieu!" Nicholas took a step backward, startled by the sudden apparition. Then he peeped into Bush's face.

"It is I, John Bush."

Nicholas instinctively reached for his sword hilt. In the dim light Bush could read amazement in his eyes.

"Stop, Pierre Nicholas, there is a matter to be settled between us. I have awaited your arrival."

"Out of my way. The king has summoned me. I shall find time for you later." There was an ugly sneer in Nicholas's voice and as he spoke he started to pass the man who confronted him.

"Easy, monsieur." Bush spoke with the gentleness that invariably characterized his most violent emotions. "It was I, Pierre Nicholas, who wrote the letter which brought you here."

"The king signed it, fool."

"But, monsieur one forgets perhaps that Christophe reads but poorly and if a letter intended for General Fournier should be addressed to Nicholas, and the one for Nicholas—"

A torrent of abuse broke from the lips of Nicholas. With a thrust of his arm he flung Bush back against the wall. Recoiling from the blow with an unexpected suddenness, Bush leaped to the side of his assailant. An arm in a crimson sleeve shot through the half-light and with a stinging impact the

flat of the bare hand fell full across the face of Nicholas.

Half crouching and face to face, the two men regarded each other.

"NOW, monsieur, perhaps you will fight." The gentle stroking tone was gone from Bush's voice.

Let it be said to the credit of Pierre Nicholas that he was not a coward. Treacherous and lying as he might be when baser actions seemed best to serve his purposes, the crisis never found him reluctant to defend his dubious honour in the manner of the times. Like many of the better class of his countrymen, he had been educated at Paris. And that education, equally characteristic of the period, placed strong emphasis on the defense of honour by the sword. His training in that art had been thorough, and a natural aptitude had given him something of a mastery of the long blade at his belt.

Nicholas drew himself to his full height and bowed slightly. "I am at your service, Monsieur Bush; at your convenience."

"There is no better time than the present," Bush answered. He glanced at the sky. It was already brilliant with the blue of day. "The parapet yonder," he suggested. "It is wide and smooth."

From within the fortification a bugle sounded. Then from another part of the citadel a second took up the call. From the summit of the battlements gray feathers of smoke were rising, and within the grimy gray walls was the sound of awakening life.

In silence they walked across the courtyard and climbed the steps which led toward the parapet.

"Your sword is one to which you are not accustomed," Nicholas remarked.

"And you are wearied with your night in the saddle."

They reached the wide level space which looked down upon the world. In the east the sun was climbing the horizon and the ocean flamed with golden light. Far below on the plain white wreaths of mist filled the lowlands. A cock was crowing in that other earth below. It was infinitely still.

Without words the two men removed their coats and rolled back the ruffled sleeves on their right arms. Nicholas drew his sword and with a faint gesture presented the hilt to Bush. The other waved it aside.

"Keep your sword, Monsieur Nicholas. They are both equally strange to me."

How little Bush knew of swordsmanship Nicholas may have suspected, for in his varied experiences there had been few occasions when Bush had had opportunity to profit by the teaching of an experienced master. Yet he possessed some slight knowledge and a natural aptitude which slightly offset his disadvantage.

They faced each other with blades raised in salute. With a click of steel the lowered swords crossed. Right arms outstretched and bodies turned on widespread feet, thrust parried thrust.

The large white face of Nicholas was expressionless except that the lips were tightly set and the black eyes fixed the American with a look of confidence.

Slowly, under a succession of lunges, Bush was forced back along the parapet. Then the blue eyes grew cold; a flush tinged his cheeks. In a frenzy

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of thrusts he drove Nicholas back and beyond the distance he had lost.

"Ah!" The word came with a hissing breath from the thick pale lips as with a skilful feint Nicholas's sword-point pierced the white forearm of the American.

"Are you satisfied, monsieur?" Nicholas parried leisurely as he spoke.

"No!" With a rush Bush flung himself forward. The whirling blades glittered in the sunshine. Steel clashed against steel.

But in that second, Nicholas's eyes had glanced from the strained face before him to the white ring hand that grasped the sword hilt. And on the third finger of that tense hand he had seen something that caused him momentarily to retreat before the onrush. On the third finger of Bush's hand a scarab beetle was held by a ring of gold.

Bush saw a fleeting look of dismay on the white face that he did not understand. Only he recognized that for some unknown reason Nicholas was on the defensive and retreating before him.

Step by step Bush worked his way forward. Behind the retreating Nicholas the edge of the parapet, unobstructed by even a ledge, barred the way. Again Bush lunged to pierce the other's defense and again he bore Nicholas backward.

"HOLD!" The word came like a cry of terror from Bush's lips. His sword rattled on the stones. In that last step the right heel of Nicholas had caught on a protruding fragment in the pavement. His body thrown from its poise, he reeled backward. His right hand shot out behind him to break the fall, but the edge of the parapet was beneath his heels and the hand clutched wildly at the empty air. Slowly, it seemed, he turned in the air and backward fell head foremost from the edge, his sword still clenched in an extended arm.

A feeling of nausea brought Bush to his knees. Down in that blue gulf a black object fell, turning slowly, disappearing into the roof of trees, far down below the cliff, a thousand feet below.

He glanced behind him at the courtyard. Some soldiers were already forming, probably to relieve the guard. There was no time to lose if an escape was to be effected. At any minute word of Nicholas's arrival at La Ferriere might be carried to the royal apartments and search would be made for him. It was not unlikely that some watchful eye had seen the two men on the parapet. Quickly the sequence of possible events passed before him. Thrusting his sword into its scabbard, he walked hurriedly to the stairs and ran down them to the courtyard.

A sentry dozed at the entrance of the king's apartment, but his sleep-filled eyes recognized the uniform and Bush passed through the doorway without hindrance. On the round table the papers were still heaped in disordered piles and a few were scattered about the floor where they had been blown by the storm of the night before. Bush selected at random a large document at the top of which were printed the royal arms and the words *Le Roi* in bold, black letters. Thrusting the paper in his breast, he walked through the corridor to his bedchamber and took from the chair where he had left it the gold-encrusted hat which had been given to him with his uniform.

No one spoke to him when he crossed the courtyard and as he descended the stairs in the half-light the two soldiers whom he passed flattened against the wall with an awkward salute and with no apparent surprise in their eyes.

In the guardroom a dozen men sprawled on wooden benches against the stone walls. A candle guttered in a wine bottle on a table. Through a barred peep-hole in one of the massive doors the daylight poured; a palpable bar of light that intensified the darkness of the room and paled the tongue of flame at the candle tip.

"Attention!" The men scurried to their feet. "I come from the king. Quickly! A horse."

A *sous-lieutenant*, who evidently was in command, picked up the candle and thrust it in Bush's face. Then he saw the uniform and came sharply to salute.

"Quick there! Open the gate. And you"—he thrust a black finger at one of the soldiers—"horses from the stables." He turned again to Bush, "You wish how many men?"

"None."

"Alone? It is against the orders."

Bush reached in his breast and held the paper under the startled eyes of the young negro.

"Do you hesitate to carry out my orders? Do you wish to hinder the business of the king?"

At the door the soldier who had been told to bring the horses hesitated. The *sous-lieutenant* turned on him with an oath.

"Did I not order a horse?" he shouted.

The man fled precipitately. Through the door which he had left open the daylight streamed into the room, disclosing walls of huge blocks of hewn stone and up in the gloom the vaulted roof streaked with the stains of moisture. Unnoticed, the candle sputtered and died. The soldiers had again relaxed and flung themselves on the benches. In an awkward silence the two men regarded each other.

"You ride to Le Cap?" The *sous-lieutenant* in-

quired. It was a casual remark; he was not seeking information; the white face and the steady blue eyes which seemed to study him embarrassed him.

"Perhaps."

There was another period of silence, then Bush saw hanging against the wall a pair of pistols in holsters. Except for his sword, he was unarmed. With apparent unconcern, he walked across the floor and flung the holsters, which were buckled together, across his shoulder.

"They are loaded?" he asked.

The officer nodded. Evidently he desired to protest but fear restrained him.

CHAPTER XII

WITH his ears strained to detect a sound Bush waited. Had his disappearance been noticed, any moment might bring the noise of feet on the stairs. There could be no escape. He would be trapped. Undoubtedly the officer of the guardroom attributed his evident impatience to the urgency of the business which the document indicated. Minutes passed. Together they walked to the door and stood waiting on the threshold. Outside on the terrace the black horse that had carried Nicholas to La Ferriere so short a time before cropped the scant grass; the smooth flanks still shone with sweat, and the saddle blanket that lay beside the saddle on the ground was dark with moisture.

There was a clatter of hoofs and around the corner at the far end of the terrace the soldier who had been sent for the horse came galloping; a moment later he swung from the saddle, the bridle in his hand.

"Good!" Bush stroked the high-arched neck. "And you, monsieur"—he turned to the officer—"I do not need to warn you that the king desires there be no announcement of the departure of his messenger."

The *sous-lieutenant* drew himself to a salute. "We are not free with words," he answered.

With forced slowness Bush inspected the saddle. Then he swung himself easily to the horse's back. The terrace was deserted except for the young officer and the grazing horse. He glanced up at the walls. So straight and so high were they that they seemed to incline above him, an illusion heightened by a white wisp of cloud that sailed slowly across the edge far up against the blue. The three superimposed rows of black ports were deserted; no faces peered down at him from loophole or battlement.

Once again he glanced back at the citadel. From the trees the towering prow hung almost above him. Then the road turned and he gave his attention to the winding way which led down to Millot.

The air refreshed him, and as he turned a corner a cool breeze from the sea fanned his heated face. From the citadel to the palace, he estimated, was about three hours' ride. That would be at the very best, for the horse must be saved against an unforeseen emergency or more probable pursuit. Sooner or later his escape would be noticed. The guardroom officer would be brought to Christophe and questioned. A smile played about his lips as he thought of the black face of Christophe when the news would be brought to him.

He examined the pistols which he had fastened to his saddle. The flints were bright and clean and the priming in the pans assured him that they were loaded. He had no ball powder and there would be no time to reload if it were necessary to use them. At least he had two charges and his sword.

For at least three hours, he estimated, he had ridden, when through a break in the trees he saw a dome against the patch of green. It was the palace at Millot. The first stage of the escape was accomplished.

The broad street was deserted as Bush rode out from behind the palace grounds and turned his horse toward the thatched building at the roadside which must be the inn. In the tropic heat of noon open doors and windows seemed gaping to catch a breath of cooling air; ineffectual for shade, the palm trees flung their distant clumps of green against a sky of startling blue. Except for a woman's voice raised in a thin plaintive song and the metallic strokes of a hammer in a smithy behind the inn, it might have been reasonable to believe that a plague had swept the village or that on that morning the entire population of Millot had been commandeered by the king to drag his cannons to the citadel.

Bush tied his horse to a rail in front of the inn and strode through the open door. For a second his eyes, burned by the outside glare, struggled to penetrate the comparative gloom of the long, low room. Then he saw more clearly, a man sprang up from a chair in a far corner and almost before he could recognize the face or the stocky figure, a hand was thrust into his own and a familiar voice was speaking, almost incoherent with joy at his deliverance. It was Huggett.

As though realizing the surprise which this unprecedented outburst of emotion must have occasioned, the sailor abruptly relapsed into his usual deference. He waved a blunt hand at the chair in which he had been sitting.

"It's a day and night I've set in yon chair, cap'n," he commented.

"Luke?"

"He's here. I see ye have a horse, but there's three waiting in a cabin outside the town, such as they are."

"How did you know where they had taken me?" Bush sat down in a chair and Huggett perched on the edge of another beyond the table.

"Samatan. Luke fetched me to his house. Come ashore, I had, to look for ye. So Samatan fixed me up for a trader with a box of Jimcracks, the packet Luke took to ye, and gold for our purposes, and gives the sailing directions for Millot." He paused for a breath. "And here we be, cap'n, waiting for your orders."

"Mademoiselle Virginie?"

"All's well cap'n, as far as I've been told." He regarded Bush's uniform, a question in his eyes.

Bush read the look. "No time to explain now, Huggett. By now they are well after me. I must get to Le Cap, quickly. You say the horses are ready?"

HUGGETT held out a restraining hand. "Better eat and drink, sir, unless the food I've stowed in the saddle bags will do ye. Ye look weary and it's a long way we'll travel yet before we can sit down again."

But Bush was already at the door. "Come," he commanded. "There's no time now for food or talk."

In a small cabin at the end of the street Luke was waiting. An expression of joy flashed over his face as Bush and Huggett entered and he flung himself on the floor and clasped Bush about the knees with his long arms, overcome by the intensity of his emotion.

Bush touched the bowed figure gently on the shoulder. "Get up, Luke. There is more yet that you shall do for me. I thank you for what you have done. I can never forget it."

The negro stumbled to his feet and the broad black face seemed straining for words he could not utter. Then he smiled broadly with a flash of gleaming teeth, rolling his eyes upward until only the whites were visible.

Behind the cabin three stunted horses crunched lazily on a pile of cane. They were saddled and bridled, and Luke made no attempt to untie the reins from the tree to which they were tethered. With a slight touch he turned Bush again to the cabin and wondering what might be his desire, the two white men followed. In a corner a pot hung over a bed of embers. The negro lifted the lid and pointed to the contents. Then he selected two gourd bowls from a shelf and from a pile of rubbish in the corner drew out a square green bottle.

"Wants us to eat and drink, captain." Huggett squatted on the floor as he spoke. "Best let him have his way, sir; it's good sense, that's wot it is."

Bush nodded and the two men ate ravenously of the stew, washed down with gulps of tafia from the bottle. Through a chink in the thatched roof a patch of sunlight fell straight down to the dirt floor.

"High noon," Huggett commented, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. "Couldn't be better timed, captain, if you're wishing to make port in the dark."

Stretched on his back on the floor, his head elevated on an arm crossed behind it, Bush watched the chameleons scurry among the thatch, and the bar of sunshine flood through the torn roof. Finally he spoke.

"We'll be at Le Cap after dark, Huggett. I shall go at once to Mademoiselle Virginie. You and Luke will report to Monsieur Samatan. If there is a vessel in the harbour, we must arrange passage on board. If there is no ship"—he paused, not through indecision, but to emphasize the alternative—"then we must either get to Mole St. Nicholas, or remain in hiding at Le Cap until some ship arrives. The details will be difficult, I need not warn you of that. Nor should I, after the skill with which you have conducted so far." He rocked to a sitting posture and got to his feet. "Come, we must be off."

All afternoon the little cavalcade retraced the road to Le Cap. Occasional bands of soldiers, recognizing the uniform of the white man, deferentially stepped aside to let him pass. Peasants scrambled out of their way hurriedly. Sometimes riding but more often running beside his horse, the great negro kept pace with the riders. Once or twice they paused for a few minutes to water and rest the horses but in the main they proceeded steadily. By twilight the mountains already seemed far behind, an ominous barrier on the horizon. Ahead lay the level plain and the long worn road.

It had occurred to Bush that his uniform might now serve to identify him if the pursuers questioned the soldiers or natives whom he passed, but on second thought he realized that his identity would under any possible circumstances be impossible to conceal, and for the time being the uniform of the king's guard would serve as a protection and a passport—at least until they should reach Le Cap.

THE light was failing when Huggett, who rode slightly in the lead, checked his horse and pointed to the right, where the battered columns of a massive ornamental gate had once opened on the driveway to some French villa.

"Stopped there before," he explained. "There's a spring, and grass."

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Bush glanced at the horses. The intense heat of the long afternoon and the pace at which they had ridden showed in lathered flanks and drooping heads. Delay was dangerous, but, he realized, a time might come a few hours later when the strength of the horses would be of vital importance. A half-hour's rest would perhaps forestall disaster. He nodded assent and Huggett turned into the driveway.

Through an avenue of towering royal palms, a road, now overgrown with grass and bushes, led straight for half a mile to the ruins of a large building. Picking their way, the horses followed the footpath that wound along the abandoned road. Ahead, the ruined villa stood impressive in the yellow evening light. The roof was gone and the stone walls were scorched and blackened. Over them a tangle of vines threw a green mantle from which scarlet blossoms flamed like glowing embers. In the fading light, bats swooped in and out through the gaunt apertures of vacant doors and windows.

IN THE open space before the house the riders stopped to look about them. Now a tangle of poinsettia trees and wild coffee crowded almost to the walls. On the right the slave quarters were barely visible through the dense undergrowth, a group of wattled cabins, their thatched roofs fallen between the walls in dilapidated decay. On the left, also half hidden by the foliage, were the walls of what must have been at one time a pretentious building, probably a sugar mill, close at hand beneath the watchful eye of the proprietor.

They dismounted and turned the horses loose to browse on the lush grass.

Then, as Bush paused beside his horse to disengage the holsters and saddle bags, a distant sound caught his ears. It was very still. Tranquil as the luminous twilight the air hung soundless about them, so quiet that Bush sensed the stillness even before the sound which transfixed him was recorded on his senses.

Far off, yet sharp and metallic, the noise of horses' hoofs sounded staccato in the evening air. His ears tense to locate the sound, Bush stood immobile, a hand raised cautioning his companions to silence. On past the ruined villa now thundered the racing hoofbeats. Momentarily he relaxed in relief. Then came sharply the realization that the pursuers were now between him and his necessary destination. The thought was short-lived. With uncanny suddenness the sounds ceased. Somewhere beyond the gateposts the riders had reined their horses. Had they noticed the hoof-marks turning from the highway, or had they stopped to question some travellers along the way? The latter, probably. He recalled the almost continual flow of pedestrians to and from the city.

With a low cry of warning Bush caught his horse's bridle and, stumbling through the entwined creepers, ran toward the wide high doorway of the sugar mills. Huggett and Luke had also heard the sounds with instant appreciation of their significance.

Feeling with his foot, John crossed the threshold and the horse, hoofs clicking on the stone sill, followed. All around black walls shut out the world, but above, where once the roof had been, the sky offered a square of sapphire in which a few soft stars shone dim and distant. Through the door Huggett and Luke followed, and a minute later the horses were secured in a corner of the roofless room.

"Better take a look," Huggett suggested in a gruff whisper.

"Wait here with Luke. I will look down the drive." Before Huggett could reply, Bush had disappeared in the darkness.

It was only a few yards from the mill door to the open space at the end of the drive, but by the time Bush had reached a point from which he could look down through the avenue of palms there had occurred something that sent him stumbling back through the blackness to the two men who waited his return.

For, almost indistinct in the starlight, he had seen a movement at the avenue's end—a movement that could be only the bodies of men and horses advancing slowly between the two files of palms.

"They're coming!" His voice was barely raised above a whisper.

He felt Huggett's hand on his shoulder and the touch gave him confidence. In the darkness Luke loomed monstrous, and that, too, reassured him.

The lock of Huggett's pistol snapped sharply to cock and with an inward smile Bush knew that Luke had drawn the wicked knife he invariably carried from its shark's skin sheath.

Intently they listened, nerves taut, eyes and ears straining for an indication of the enemy's approach. Somewhere among the rubble a cricket chirped shrilly, a tiny, sharp, sweet note. At the door Bush waited, his pistols grasped in either hand. Behind his back he heard Huggett's breathing, but Luke had become invisible, a grim spectre swallowed by the engulfing night.

From the drive a shadowy shape appeared; others followed; four men on horseback, spectral and unreal. For a few seconds they stood motionless, apparently indecisive of their next step. Then a voice determined the reality of their presence. A man was speaking in hurried French. Bush could not hear the words.

IT WAS not unlikely that the four officers of Christophe's bodyguard who now rested their tired horses in front of the ruined villa, undecided how to proceed, might have retraced their steps to the highway and continued toward Le Cap, had not an unforeseen incident determined their immediate action. They had ridden long and hard, for Bush's escape and the disappearance of Pierre Nichloas had not been discovered as promptly as Bush had anticipated. In fact, the morning was well advanced before Christophe, desiring to continue dictation to his new secretary, had made inquiry. Then in rapid succession came a bewildering mass of information. A soldier had seen two men climb the parapet and another soldier had seen Bush return alone. The officer of the guardroom, his face ashen with terror, told of the arrival of Nicholas and the solitary departure of Bush on horseback.

The lips of the king had drawn back from his pink gums with a snarl as he heard the faltering words, and his eyes grew red and small in the broad, black face. Of the officers who crowded the ante room, there were four whom he called sharply by name. They would follow and bring back the fugitive. With a salute they acknowledged the command and in an instant were gone. The face of Christophe grew more composed; there was even a trace of a smile on the thick, red lips, for these four men whom he had dispatched could be relied upon; blood to them was less than water, and their cruelty was a by-word even among men who had grown callous to atrocity; they were a product of the terrible school of Dessalines. The king was thinking of what might happen should the white man offer resistance, and the smile broadened.

These were they who sat in the starlight by the crumbling villa, and from the mill door the tense eyes of John Bush regarded them—uncanny, indefinable blotches that merged into the dense shadows of the night.

Small are the incidents that often turn the directions of men's affairs. Even as the four riders turned to retrace their way back through the avenue of palms the mount of the rearmost horseman, sensing with delicate nostrils the presence of a kindred spirit, gave a short ringing neigh. And like an echo answering from the roofless mill came the response from one of the tethered mares that Huggett had secured at Millot.

There was a quick movement of the horsemen, a scurrying of hoofs on the sod; the sound of bridles and spurs.

"*Les blancs!*" A voice spoke excitedly.

The horsemen were lost to view in the shadow of the trees as they charged toward the mill. Hoofs rattled on loose stones. Then a few yards distant in the darkness they halted.

"You will do well to surrender," called one of the four, in French.

"And you, gentlemen will do even better to retire before I fire." The drawl which was so often noticeable in Bush's speech was pronounced, although he replied in the same tongue.

"It is he!"

A red spurt of flame and a crashing report cut the darkness, and a bullet flattened against the stone side of the doorway a few inches from Bush's cheek. Keen eyes had detected him, but his own eyes were no less active and in the flash of the pistol he had located one of the horsemen. Almost simultaneously his own pistol answered; there was an angry cry of pain, a rustling and thrashing in the bushes, and the sound of a horse circling wildly, followed by the diminishing clatter of its hoofs as it ran off down the drive.

With a rush the three who remained charged the doorway. There were curses and a wild thunder of hoofs, sharp urges to the horses, and then through the drifting pistol smoke Bush saw them above him in the huge doorway, broad black chests of horses, a tangle of hoofs that seemed to strike out at him, and above, leaning down over the straining necks of the horses, the red-coated bodies of the riders.

What happened in the brief interval that followed, Bush could never tell. He recalled a succession of blinding pistol shots and the crashing bodies of maddened horses as they crowded through the door. He remembered firing his second pistol squarely into a black face that leaned down toward him and in the quick glare he had seen Luke, his long knife imbedded in a red-coated breast, dragging down with his powerful arms his victim from the saddle. Then a heavy body struck him and carried him backward to the earth. Terrible hands tore at him and hot breath beat in his face. His arms strained and his fingers clutched a thick throat until the hot breath slackened. Something warm and wet flooded his face. Then the man's strength faded. With a final wrench Bush shook himself free and staggered to his feet. Above in the square of sky the stars shone brightly. He heard the horses uneasily moving in the blackness of the enclosure. Somewhere in the dark a man groaned and was still.

CAPTAIN!" Huggett's voice, even and emotionless, broke the spell of the fearful silence with the single word.

"Here I am. Are you hurt?"

"No, sir, but there's a man apiece for us, and

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Associated with Messrs. Manton and Hart in the care of the interests of the above companies and of the insuring public of Jamaica are Mr. F. A. McKay and Messrs. R. B. Harris and R. A. Figueroa. Mr. McKay has over thirty years' experience in Insurance business, and is said to be able to smell a fire-bug as soon as he places his foot on the first tread of the office stairs. He is responsible for the rating in all branches of the Insurance, and for the computation of Loan Values, etc., on Life Insurance.

Messrs. Harris and Figueroa are familiar figures with the insuring public. They are responsible for the promoting of the business; they claim that they are engaged in missionary work amongst the public of Jamaica, as they persuade men to provide against rainy days and old age, and against loss of income to families by death; and to guard against accidents and sickness, to safeguard themselves against loss by fire, hurricane and earthquake, and to take care to protect their motor cars against the cost of accidents.

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Every care is taken by Messrs. Manton and Hart to give the Jamaica insuring public immediate attention without the delay of reference to Head Office. The second quinquennial bonuses now being declared on many of the existing Life Policies are more than twice the amount of the first quinquennial bonuses.

two for you, captain, counting the first one you got out in the bushes."

"Where's Luke?"

There was no answer but Bush saw the head of the negro against the sky looking down into his face, and his hand reaching out felt the sinewy forearm. Then he heard Luke clucking in his throat. All was well!

With his flint and steel the negro caught a spark in a bit of flint torn from his ragged shirt; a few dry leaves, and then a tiny fire shone clear and yellow in the breathless air. By its light Bush saw the stone walls and the wide, black doorway. A few yards away the three riderless horses were cropping at the grass which thrust up between the stones, and on the floor, like crumpled bundles of rags, three red-coated bodies lay limp and motionless.

The moon was lifting, large and yellow, from the brightened east when Bush, Huggett, and Luke rode out from the avenue of palms and turned loose their former horses at the edge of the highway. Then riding the three horses they had taken from their prisoners, they turned to the right along the broad road to Le Cap.

When the hoofs of their horses clattered on the stone bridge at the outskirts of the town, not a light was visible. Wrapped in silence and darkness the city slept under the flood of moonlight. Riding abreast, they trotted slowly past the Champ de Mars

where so recently beyond the prison walls Bush had waited for death at the muskets of the firing squad; past the cluster of thatched huts at the edge of the town; into the straight street that led along the harbour front. With anxious eyes he scanned the harbour. The riding lights of two vessels shone clearly. Fate at last seemed favourable; perhaps by one of these ships escape would be made possible.

A few turns and they reined in a square away from the house of Monsieur Samatan. All had been arranged. Huggett and Luke were to report to the merchant; alone Bush would ride to the house of Leroy Mangan, and, if possible, return to them with Virginie before dawn brightened the streets. To Samatan was to be left the decision whether they would remain concealed beneath his roof until a vessel made the harbour, or proceed immediately to the Mole St. Nicholas.

Alone on the deserted street, Bush urged his horse impatiently as he thought of his quest. At his side trotted a second horse, caught to his hand by its bridle. In silence Fort Picot slumbered, the sentry at the gate unconcerned with the solitary horseman who rode so late. Beyond the turn he felt the cool breath of the sea. Then the horse followed the twisting road through the tunnel of overlapping trees. Loud the hoofs beat on the flooring of the bridge where so short a time before, a time that seemed so long ago, Bush had been separated, a captive, from her around whom his whole life now centered. The horses were panting and he slowed down to a walk and then climbed the hill. Beyond the next turn was the house of Leroy Mangan. There awaited the next vital episode; he wondered what might be the outcome. Then his thoughts turned to the next step beyond. Would it be a ship now in the harbour, or must the perilous flight be continued across the northern end of the island to the Mole? That was too far ahead to speculate. Sufficient was the problem at hand. Before him stood the white stone gateposts of the entrance to the estate of Leroy Mangan.

Just inside the gate, in the shade of the mangoes, he tethered the horses. Then cautiously treading the turf at the edge of the drive he advanced stealthily to the house. There were no lights. Through the leaves of the trees that surrounded it, the moon splashed the walls with mottled whiteness. Quickly he crossed an open space to the shadow of an acacia which stood beneath her window. The thought that she might not be there suddenly seized him. It could not be; where else could she be? Softly he whistled. The blank windows above him gave no sign. Again he trilled. Surely she would not sleep deeply with the terror of all that concerned her.

Then he saw her; her face was very white in the starlight. Over each shoulder her dark hair fell in heavy braids. A long, slender hand rested on the stone sill.

"I have come for you. Can you go with me now?"

He spoke very low but she caught his words through the silence. A finger rose to her lips.

"I shall come. Meet me at the gate."

THREE was no hesitation; no questioning. Implicitly she put her trust in him. Over Bush for the first time came a great awe, a tremendous sense of his responsibility. Into his precarious life this young girl was about to fling herself. What would the future bring? To him alone, little mattered. But with her, all things were vital. If the escape should fail—the consequences appalled him. Mangan aroused to wrath might be capable of action inconceivable. In his great love for Virginie, John Bush was tempted again to call her to the window and then with one last lingering memory of her face escape from the island, alone, forever. Nicholas was dead; her greatest danger was averted. His brain seemed incapable to decide. Then out of the frenzy of his thoughts came the recollection of her lingering lips; her voice again thrilled him, again he felt his arms around her yielding body. Stealthily he retraced his steps to the entrance to await her coming.

The horses munched the grass. Above the canopy of trees the sky seemed almost as bright as day. He leaned against the trunk of the mango. Then, restless, he paced back and forth in the gloom. His ears seized the silence to wring from it the slightest sound that might tell of the discovery of her flight. A mile away a dog bayed mournfully.

A faint grating of her feet as she crossed the gravelled way, told him of her presence before he saw her. Beneath the sheltering tree they met. He could not see her face, for the long black mantle she wore completely covered her; but he felt it pressed against his own, her arms encircling his shoulders. For a long time they stood unable to break the spell that held them, then he gently disengaged her.

"We must go, beloved," he whispered. "No one could have heard you?"

"No one!"

Slowly the horses retraced the long winding road to the town. Then through back streets they followed a circuitous way until they stopped before the house of Monsieur Samatan. Already the street was pale with dawn. Hardly had they stopped before Luke stepped out from the arched doorway. Carefully Bush lifted Virginie from her horse, and together they entered the door which swung open as they

reached it. Behind them they heard Luke leading off the horses.

As the door closed Bush found himself face to face with Monsieur Samatan. With a cry of pleasure the merchant caught his hand in both his own. Then he bowed to Virginie with sweeping grace.

"Welcome, my friends! It will always be my dearest memory that this long adventure should have ended beneath my roof?"

At a round table on which were burning brightly a half-dozen candles, Huggett rose quickly from his chair and hurried to them.

"Captain!" The joy of his message almost prevented the words from forming on his lips. "A ship, sir, a Yankee ship, lies in the harbour and her captain sleeps to-night in the Hotel de la Republique."

They sat down around the table and Samatan filled the glasses from a crystal decanter.

"In thanksgiving!" he said simply.

Silently they lifted their glasses.

"And now, my dear friend," Samatan continued, "you will restore to me the talisman."

FROM his finger Bush slipped the scarab ring and laid it down on the polished tabletop. "You will perhaps explain," he queried, "what is this ring that you have at so much trouble placed upon my finger?"

Samatan smiled grimly. "Dessalines, the bloody one, wore it until a month before he died. How it came to me is a long story that must not be told. Enough to say that during his life it was his seal of death. The imprint of that strange insect authorized the death of one or hundreds, as the case might be. All men grew to fear it and all men know its meaning. Had he kept it, perhaps, he might have lived today."

In a flash Bush saw himself again on the parapet in the flood of morning light, the earth lying far beneath him. Again he felt the sword of Nicholas press him as he vainly tried to break through that invincible defense. Then he saw the glance of Nicholas fall on the ringed finger, saw his eyes start with terror, saw him retreat before it. Again he saw the body falling, spinning through space, arms extended.

With awakened interest he handed the green-gray beetle to Monsieur Samatan. "So that is why he felt that death was inevitable," he said in a quiet voice.

The merchant nodded. "Monsieur Huggett has told me the story of the duel. It was the sight of that ring, monsieur, that rid the world of your enemy. It is that ring that has preserved you. Had the need arisen, the king himself would have hesitated to harm the wearer of the death seal of Dessalines."

Bush felt the fingers of Virginie's hand tighten about his elbow. He turned and saw her eyes, dark and luminous, misted with emotion. "Monsieur Samatan," he abruptly turned the trend of the conversation, "you have cheered us with the news of an American ship in the harbour. Her name, sir?"

The dark face of the merchant brightened with a smile. "It is good news, indeed, that I am able to tell you. She is the privateer brig *Chasseur* of Baltimore, Captain Thomas Boyle. This very afternoon we drank wine together, and in me, as a friend of all Americans, he confided that she returns from here to her home port after a most successful voyage during which many prizes have been taken." Samatan got up from his chair and brushed back the hangings from a window that opened to the garden. Dawn filled the room with opalescent light.

"Come here," he commanded. "We are near the warehouse where my boat is waiting. Let us be off before there is discovery of Mademoiselle's escape, before the unexpected can mar so glorious an adventure."

Bush put his hands on the merchant's shoulders. There was a tremble in his voice that none of those present had ever before heard.

"Monsieur Samatan," he said, "there are many things so deep that words can never do them justice—such is your friendship and the assistance you have given to us." He paused, apparently unable to proceed. Then: "You will incur danger? Will not misfortune be the reward for your friendship to us?"

Samatan picked up the ring from the table and slipped it on his finger. "I am a good citizen," he said dryly. "I supply the king with money, and"—he stretched out a black finger to one of the candles until they could plainly see the scarab gleaming

dully in the light—"I wear the death ring of Dessalines."

A FINE breeze was cutting the blue ocean with flecks of snowy foam; white-caps sparkled in the brilliant sunlight. Under full sail the privateer *Chasseur* was dropping fast behind her sinuous wake the green mountains of Santo Domingo, her bow pointed to the unbroken horizon of the Atlantic.

On the fantail John Bush and Virginie Goutier leaned against the weather rail and watched the island sink into the crystalline distance. With an impulsive movement Bush put his arm around the slender shoulders of the girl and drew her to him.

"Virginie," he whispered, "there is nothing that you regret? You are leaving there forever, to be forever mine!"

Her face was raised to his, and he saw that the dark eyes were wet with tears.

"John, dearest"—her voice was strong with the intensity of her emotion—"I love you!"

And again he felt her warm lips against his own.

The End.

LAST LAUGHS

"WE doctors," said the pompous surgeon at a dinner party, "have, I am afraid, many enemies in this world."

"Oh, but far more in the next," answered the girl on his left.

A man tells of a printer who started poor twenty years ago and has just retired with a comfortable fortune of \$50,000. This money was acquired through industry, economy, conscientious efforts to give full value, indomitable perseverance, and the death of an uncle who left him \$49,999.70.

An artist was showing a friend round his studio, and explaining how much he hoped to get for some of his pictures.

"The trouble is," he said, "that only about one person in ten knows a good picture from a bad one in these days."

"That's a bit of luck for some of you fellows, isn't it?" answered his friend.

The occasional gardener was working in Mr and Mrs Newell's garden, and in the afternoon the young housewife made her appearance, carrying a cup of tea and a plate of cakes.

"These are home-made cakes," she explained. "Take your pick, gardener."

The toiler shook his head.

"Haven't got one with me, mum," he replied, "but if it is all the same, I'd rather have a slice of bread and jam."

Little Johnny went to church and sat just in front of the pulpit.

The clergyman took as his text, "I shall come down and dwell amongst you."

He had repeated the words several times when, without any warning, the pulpit collapsed.

The clergyman rescued Johnny from the wreckage, and remarked sympathetically, "I am very sorry. I hope you are not hurt."

"It can't be helped," replied Johnny. "Tha warned me oft' enough!"

"O yes, sir," said the barber, "my poor brother Jim has been sent to an asylum. He got to broodin' over the hard times, and it finally drove him crazy. He and I worked side by side, and we both brooded a great deal. No money in this business now, you know. Prices too low. Unless a customer has a shampoo, it doesn't pay to shave or hair-cut. I caught Jim trying to cut a chap's throat because he declined a shampoo, so I had to have the poor fellow locked up. Makes me sad. Sometimes I feel sorry I didn't let him slash. It would have been our revenge. Shampoo, sir?"

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