A Tribute Deserved

LADY DAVSON has paid no fewer than five visits to the West Indies, but only on the last occasion did she come to Jamaica. And once she captivated everyone who met her. Men and women alike, they fell under the fascination of her charm; no one who had but even a few moments' conversation with her, or who even but merely saw her, but has been loud in appreciation of her.

This may seem an exaggeration. It is nevertheless sober truth. There are people like that, persons endowed by nature with a charm of manner which is irresistible, and when to charm is added beauty there is a willingness of surrender on the part of those coming under the influence of these qualities.

THERE is something almost childlike in Lady Davson's expression, just as though a beautiful child had grown into a beautiful woman while retaining the frankness and freshness and simplicity of childhood. There is a look of trustfulness in her eyes, a sort of winsomeness in her smile, suggesting an utter lack of sophistication and an extremely taking; and one feels on meeting her that even in extreme old age she will retain her undeniable power of appeal. But charm that endures is informed by intelligence; it is not a temperamental quality only. There has never been anyone with much charm of manner who can possibly have been unintelligent; rather such a one must usually be above the average in intellectual qualities. So in Lady Davson you will shortly come to perceive, however little observant you may happen to be, that she possesses a very keen intelligence; and this has been developed by education and extensive travel, and fortified by a habit of systematic and laborious work. Margot Davson, daughter of Elinor Glynn, the novelist, was born in London but brought up mainly in the country, at her father's place in Essex. As a girl, while being educated, she frequently visited France, Italy and Germany, and French at least she must have learnt in the country of its origin to have acquired the accent and the fluency of expression in that language that she possesses. But even as a girl she went farther afield than the countries just mentioned. She travelled in Russia, in Japan, in Egypt and Ceylon; she had been in many lands and met many people before her marriage to Sir Edward Davson; and, of course, after her marriage, her travelling continued. She has been with him to West Africa, South Africa, and to all of the East African colonies "from Cape to Cairo," as well as, of course, to these West Indies; and all this time she has been a worker. First of all, as the wife of a man engaged in so many important and sometimes difficult investigations as is social functions that fall to a woman in her position in London society. She fulfills those functions admirably; but always there is something else, much else, for her to do. She is one of the women workers of Great Britain.

She engaged in hospital work during the war, organizing its commissariat side. This lasted for two years, then she was in the War Office and the Air Ministry for another two years, subsequently becoming Assistant to Lady Londonderry in the part which the Women's Legion played in the demobilisation and resettlement of soldiers. For this she was awarded the O.B.E., and when demobilisation and resettlement had been practically completed Lady Davson still continued her Empire activities, which are too numerous to be mention ed here in detail. She was the first woman member of the Council of the Royal Empire Society, which has several members in Jamaica. She was actively engaged this year (1934) in helping to organise the Empire Summer School of Oxford under the auspices of the Royal Empire Society. One cannot picture her as content merely with the

A WDL withal retaining always that charm and simplicity of manner which form so irresistible an attraction to men and women alike. Always the gracious lady, conscious perhaps of her influence, inevitably conscious of the beauty with which nature has endowed her, but never spoilt, never taking admiration for granted, and therefore receiving it all the more, therefore seeing it poured forth as a willing tribute to her from those who know her and rejoice in that acquaintance.
ONLY once has Lady Aspinall been to Jamaica, and that for but about three days; but she has made up her mind to accompany her husband, Sir Algernon, when next he visits this island, for she is delighted with what she has seen of it.

And her friends in Jamaica are delighted with her. Lady Aspinall (Kitty to her friends) is one of those women whom it is such a pleasure to meet, and to part from whom inspires such regret. She is a charming hostess, a sympathetic, interesting companion, a beautiful woman also, as her picture on this page so fully testifies. It had been the intention of the Editor of "Planter's Punch" to write a sketch of Lady Aspinall. But when her picture came to him he decided to print it (as Lady Dawson's is printed) exactly the size that it was made by the photographer—nearly a whole page. It is more eloquent than any words of ours could be. It will be kept as a souvenir by thousands of people in Jamaica, by those who love to have beautiful pictures as well as by those who know of and appreciate Lady Aspinall for herself and also for her identification with the West Indies through the long years of useful work which her husband has done for them as Secretary of the West India Committee and Chairman of the West Indian Club in London.

No one meeting Lady Aspinall today would believe that she is a grandmother. She looks far too young, far too bright, for that. Yet such is the fact, and if the children of her daughter have inherited a fair share of her looks and her vivacity they will not find the world a difficult place to live in. For vivacity and a charming appearance are keys with which to open many of the closed doors of this world.
CHAPTER ONE

THE ROAD TO PANAMA

MORGAN marched at their head. Even his mount—a strong, heavy brocaded blue coat with the silver lace he had been wearing down on his back on his matted curls, his beard was twisted and his lips cracked. But the grey eyes were simple as the summer's rain. He marched steadily, neither lost his temper, nor lost his head, nor lost his way against his eyes or uprooted a bush that scratched its thorns against him. He walked as a soldier, as a gentleman.

And behind him, his few hundred surceaux—under the moon and stars, against of trees and muttered angry little curses. He never looked back at them. He kept on, immediately behind the guides, upheld by a courage that something human could degenerate for a moment, led on by a cannon, half the time they paddled over or lifted their boats above the fallen trees that spanned the water every few hundred yards. They tramped farther than they paddled, tumbling among sharp boulders and fiddick muck, wading their way to the motor. The road was black and cloudy around them like dust in a whirlwind. On land the track was as vile on water—on the waist, mosquitoes everywhere, plants jabbing at their cracked flesh, thorns on the earth and hunger in their hearts. They could not stop. The hunger that made them grit their teeth and chisel their way forward with the same brute strength as if it were only physical and ate itself. It seemed like a separate wild beast crouching inside them. Even the spittle dripped in the moonlight. They could not eat, they could not sleep. They talked in whispers and vainly strove to hide from the unrelenting sunlight. And it was that last day of September. They had travelled so little, yet even now they wanted to turn back. Not Morgan; he scarcely heard their muttering; nothing could turn him back.

To lighten the canoes so that they could sail easier over the shallows, some of the men got out and waited on shore while their mates sailed on ahead. There was a desperate night, after a desperate night on the hard earth—a night of deep sleep and wild awakenings in which their roll of the rolling earth—on the waist—on the moonlight—all blotted out the world's existence from tree to tree, swirling like gigantic spiders amongst the leaves, jabbering and throwing things. They had eaten hungrily. But they were difficult to hit and still more difficult to hit. Morgan was at his best, he could see the belly once. It stopped in the middle of a swing, stained a brown, and remained in pain. The marksmen fired around it and must have rounded up moss and stuck it on the wound, angrily spitting the salve they had prepared.

Birds, bright shrilling macaws, a toucan with its beak almost tumbling it over in its flight,44 green air, sparrow. They were almost gone. And through all this rich greenery, this chaos of coloured crests, they could see some of the men staggered on, thin, exhausted, barely able to hold up their own guns, too tired even to curse.

On and on through the day they went, automan led on by the set purpose of that fierce little man beside them. The down hair curling to his shoulders, the bright grey eyes and the sweat rocking his blue breasted coat. Morgan marched on behind the guides, trapping the vegetation under his heavy boots, stomping beneath the grass of the sun that blazed on his face and clothes. Nothing could deter him. He hung back a little around the fortieth guide his habit to keep swarms of flies and mosquitoes, and they rustled against each other as he walked, like little leaden bells.

Another night. The Santa Catalina suddenly stopped, the line of tired men stopped, raised their heads, a faint hope shining into their eyes in the silvery semi-darkness, nearly the water pinching under the canoes, the patter of animals, the rustle of mosquitoes and the rustling of leaves. All the sounds seemed to emanate from that splash of molten silver in the centre of a sky that was damnable sun not masked by the dimmest cloud.

"What is it?" asked Morgan, surprised to find that they could talk through his dry throat. He peered through the tangle of leaves and branches, and then he saw it, green with gold in the moonlight. A town. The right brought relief almost unbearably joyful. Ah! now there would be so much grumbling! Poor, wretched, foolish hopes. They searched the deserted town from end to end, and found nothing. In their exasperation they took the walls to pieces, their rage gave them sudden force, mad, superhuman strength, so that they forgot what man was made. They ran up and down the empty streets, biting bricks and straw besides. Then they struck flint and steel and watched the houses rise up in a roar of red flames. But they found some crumbs, and licked them out of the burnt我能的映射

Dust drifted up, the mosquitoes whirled around their heads; the men's faces were contorted with immense heat, sweat pouring away the sweat with thick green leaves and fronds of palms. They sucked broken bones in the flat green butterfly and even tried to eat on ants. But everything was too hot to eat, and some were struck with a bloody flux; their mozes dribbled and their eyelids could scarcely open, they rolled and whined with an indomitable force that was no courage, that was more despair than courage, they kept running towards the town, to find a future that seemed made up entirely of thick smoke, mosquitoes, dust, stench and starvation. Thus they found the barn of maize. They could not believe it. They had the look of the truly mad. They opened the door of that tall barn; then they flung themselves at it in a body, parting, their raw, blistered, naked feet— they had eaten their boots—kicking against the dried wooden slats, until suddenly they were flung into the barn, and blackened the ground with their naked feet. You could believe it! Maize! Real maize! Ah, my God, how good it was to eat again! To gnaw this dry raw maize that stunk in your throat, yet was food, was edible, was maize, maize, maize...

Now, after a day when they tramped, some jostled, still greedily scooping the maize from their cups and wooden bowls, shoving it into their mouths with their hands, their fingers, their teeth. Such a little food, gnawed raw, yet it brought them to their feet, made them forget, put the sweep killed the soul despair about their hunger. They tramped, laughing, into an ambush; and they trampled, laughing, as they trampled the maize, cooked it, food probably. They flung the rest of the maize away and rushed exultantly into the jungle, into the thick rain. They tasted the rain on their tongue, danced, painted, panting, on the edge of the dirty, smuggling,clubbing through the thick jungle, they had some evil soup on. On the opposite bank, they saw a dark wall, and punted their eyes to make it out, for they were dasied in jungle.

Then they were leaving, they were moving away, they were grinning a little fellow, "I ain't tasted meat so long, it makes me moose, my heart just to see 'em."

"Too stringy," said another. "I'm dieting, getting ready for them senor-worshis in God-damn Panama. Oh, hell, don't let's talk of sinlin'... let's at 'em!"

They leaped into the water, holding their guns and making the bêtes with the head of the few women and drink at Panama. The maize had made up their minds. They threw away the maize that had come. They lifted their legs high in the shallows, bending their naked toes against sharp stones and tossing off sticks of wood and moss.

The mud eddied up, blackened the surface as if it was running.

The Indians had fled by the time they reached the other bank, and they raced after them for a while until some fell with nasty arrows sticking out of them. They carried back the wounded and left the dead for the ants and vultures, cursing the luck. And they had thrown away all their maize, thinking they would soon find other foods! Aces, dikes! They almost harm each other in their rage, tearing the sweat from their faces so fiercely that they scratched the earth, and it stung with the salt.

They cursed all through the black tropic night, and searched their lean bodies for ticks, scraping off the foul grass-bite. They found some animal-dune and set it alight at some shrivel old hunter's suggestio... all as to how to boil away the mosquitoes; it kept the mosquitoes away all right, but it almost stilted the men around it. They glared up under their red... at Morgan. He could not leave them alone, keeping away from the fires that some fools had lighted, and sucked a long, hot, thick smoke without making heat of their own! He drowed in the still dark night, with the great black tree behind him, and under him, monkeys jabbering inside. Birds screaming at nightfall, screaming in the mud, and in the undergrowth, was there only the sneaking rustle of a snake, the sly padding of a jaguar or howling of a dog below. No, nothing could be more thrillingly, the great curse that had set upon this lovely country.

"And now, for another day of morning burst through the bucknucks' restless slumber; and the villainous sun rose out of the east, killing the pale opal mist, dissolving the frail wisps of frightened clouds; it
came in a burst of splendour, of gaudy greens and purples, flaming through a haze of gold and delirium, like a misting miroir dribbled and spread over the vast creamy sky. flowered roses and gibbering, it seemed, to set the exhausted men alight.

They groaned and rolled on the yellow and brown earth, shivered and shivered, stretched themselves, yawed and cursed the sun like a tormenting, not over, of tramping, tramping; all their lives, they supposed, they would be tramping, trampling.

But then came an incredible change, and they cheered up a little when Morgan gave the command to 'clean them up,' and polished them carefully, discharged them without shot to see if they were still unrested and ready for something more to test their trigger fingers.

Then they crossed the river in the canoes as it had been planned, and all the men Cleaned up — the water was clear and the 89 miles, and they reached the Spanish side, packed up, cleared the canoes, and started on. It was a long trip, but it was worth it. Still there were past girls to boast about, other tales and adventures to tell.

By the way, Morgan was sitting in a large black iron-bound box filled with food and water. He had two guards with him, and they were always with him, even when he was asleep. They were his 'eyes and ears,' as he liked to call them. He was a stern master, and his men knew it well. They had to obey him without question, or face the consequences.

But when they reached the river, they found it was frozen solid. They had to wait for it to thaw before they could cross. This was a serious problem, as they had food and supplies that were running low. They had to wait for several days before they could finally make the crossing.

It was a long and difficult journey, but they finally made it to the safety of the Spanish side. They were greeted with open arms, and they were soon back on the march. They had survived another day, and they knew they had to keep on going if they were to make it to their destination.

They had to keep pushing forward, even when it seemed like there was no end in sight. They had to keep working hard, even when they were tired and hungry. They had to keep believing in themselves, even when they were tempted to give up.

They had to keep moving forward, even when it seemed like the only way was back. They had to keep pushing through the challenges, even when they wanted to turn around and go home.

They had to keep going, even when it seemed like they were never going to reach their goal. They had to keep believing in themselves, even when they thought they couldn't do it.

They had to keep fighting, even when it seemed like the odds were against them. They had to keep pushing forward, even when it seemed like they were never going to make it.

They had to keep believing, even when it seemed like all hope was lost. They had to keep pushing forward, even when it seemed like they were never going to reach their destination.

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PlanteR's punch.

From an old pietist.

But soon the trumpets roared them, and grumbling sullenly, they formed into line and marched singing songs: Hey, boys, up go we! and The Maid of Amsterdam, kissting each other in mockery, pretending to be Panaman women, and lifting each other—but all in good sport.

Fifty of them were about to seek out ambuscades, and in the distance they saw hundreds of Spaniards racing about and prancing beautifully on horses, halloaing mysteriously. They shouted back insults and made indescent gestures at them, skipped and laughed.

Then suddenly they stopped their sport, almost awed for the moment. Morgan lifted his hand and shaded his eyes. For dimly in the sky, over the hills and trees, something burned opalescently—a cross, a copper cross on a steetle, a steetle in Panama.

"Gord strike me," whispered a lean ruffian. "I almost thought I was in Londen again. And that that there was St. Paul's steelie b'Lord, and me waking up by the river..."

Chapter II

The battle between the Spaniards and the buccaneers before the city of Panama.

A STEETLE of Panama, tipped with a copper cross. The copper was a delicate green, and it glowed through the pellucid air with a curious, almost unholy light as if it came straight out of heavy twilight. The cross was even more wonderful because it was half-forgotten in its luster and beauty. It struck at Morgan's heart, for he never in all his life afterwards could quite forget it.

As he camped with his men not far from the city, with the cool blue night dripping out of the clouds, he could still vividly remember the thrill which that first vision had given him. He was like a wanderer taking the memory of a woman from his heart and brooding happily ever over it. That cross in the clear still air, so hot that there was no colour left in the sky, had shone like a sign from God, a symbol of victory.

The men loomed about the fire, jeering at the Spaniards who charged foolishly around on horses, waved swords, and shouted, almost within musket-shots.

"Perros!" they shouted, "not veremos!"

"What's that mean in Iagoos?" asked skinny Nat of his mate, little Andy.

"It means: Pongo, you vermis," grinned little Andy, "or something else horrible. They ain't no gentlemen, them Spanishe." Panama was fierce with lights and noisy with gigantic drums and trumpets, all its big and little bells screamed at the buccaneers; it fired its mightiest guns, and the uproar terrified every bird and beast for miles around. But the buccaneers did not stir, they lay and talked under the cool, Though the Spanish horsemen had shouted their last incomprehensible insult and had veered round and raced back to the city, leaving seven or eight behind on guard; while a few hundred men made a wide detour around the camp, beating drums and waving flags, to cut off the buccaneers' retreat.

They didn't even think of retreating. They posted pickets, then slept or raced, stopped at the singing moquitos, compared blisters on their feet with virulence, and searched each other's bodies for ticks.

The night shrouded them, and the stars came out, the pale moon rode high and shed its film of light. Morgan and his men followed them from her ravine in sorrows for poor Panama. And all night long while the buccaneers slept, Panama beat its drums and shot off guns and waved flags, and the Spanish soldiers crowded around the little camp of eight hundred sleeping men, sleeping so powerfully on the hard ground.

The tenth, the last morning. The buccaneers were up early in the fresh dawn, stretched themselves, roused, polished their guns and swords, blinked at the sun, stared at the enemy around them, and grumbled at having to leave so soon their sweet dreams of Jamaican steers.

Morgan and his officers talked with the guides. This was a time for strategy. They must come somehow from an unexpected direction, because undoubtedly the Spaniards had packed the Gold Road with cannon and redoubts. The only alternative route was to cut through the woods. It would be slow music out of shining trumpets, cornets and bugles. They had thought of such a possibility, they would be wiped out in a moment. The road, however, must be alive with guns. The woods would be a rough, yet safer than the sure death of the roadway.

So Morgan took to the woods and parleyed the simple Spaniards who had almost fallen asleep over their batteries and redoubts thrown up the length of the road. They couldn't believe it when they heard the news. These accursed English with their illogical unimaginative minds, they never did the natural thing! Fuming, the Spaniards galloped back to Panama, made hurried plans, then galloped out again, followed by the foot-soldiers—their battalions of them.

Panting, sweating, the buccaneers topped a small hill and saw suddenly the mighty army underneath. The plain seemed to swarm with men in multi-colored uniforms; and behind the men, Panama.

But his men's hearts sickened in their chests. Their faces whitened, and they gripped the guns so tightly that their fingers bled. For a moment panic seized them. They were so few, a mere handful; they were tired, ragged, undisciplined. What could they do against that enormous army waving its embroidered banners, dragging up monstrous cannon, banging heavy drums and blowing bright clouds as if the diddled them from their ugly eyes in sorrow for poor Panama. And they had cannon and blue coats and sabers, and black hats and helmets, and brass buttons and a flag.

They looked at their own wrenched musicians—a few cramps, fife, hautboys and trumpets; at their own travel-stained colours, damp, faded. Fear gripped
their bellies; and with a dazed look in their sunken eyes, they turned to Morgan. 

Morgan was far from bored. He was a little of their courage. He smiled in his heart, his pistols cocked, his sword drawn, and his eyes glittering with sunlight. 

Next to him, his second-in-command, Ted Collier—familiarly known as the Tarantula—grinned and winked at Morgan. He knew the Spaniards. 

He knew that Morgan had cut off the Spaniard's head in his men's eyes, and was startled, shocked. He gazed incredulously at their faces, from scarred face to face, and their eyes shifted, stepped before the intense contempt in his grey eyes. 

He immediately spoke, his voice crisp and clear as a leaden bell. 

"We're going to fight," he said coldly, without anger, "a man fears not to fight. We are the English as well as the Spanish dogs. You know me, you fel low. So don't expect any mercy. Now, come on." 

He gave his orders curtly, gave Bisse a nod, and turned to the rear. The vanguard ahead—two hundred men under Larry Prince and Jake Morgan—were a century of stern men as bright and lithe as the Tarantula to the left. 

Flanked the men now coming, and under Francisco de Haro—a bearded, perfumed gallant—charged on horse, shouting, "Viva el Rey," and waving their long swords that dangled colored ribbons of no use, it seemed, except to trip the wrist. 

The ground, rotten with recent rains, squelched under the horses, sucked at them, spilling man and beast, upsetting delicate maneuvers, making the excited animals slip and stifle as the buccaneers came shuffling down the hill. 

Less than a quarter of a cable's length away from the charging, sounding cavalry, Morgan's front rank put knee to earth, raised their guns, aimed carefully, and out a valley that un saddled a good few dozen horses, Francisco de Haro being the first to put a ball in his belly. Trying to catch up with the horse, the foot soldiers were picked off, shot, that springing over themselves; they run, confused, about the field and became widely separated from the cavalry, while the buccaneers picked them off one by one. 

It was a fluster. 

In a desperate effort to smash those solid ranks, the Spaniards boomed bullets on to them from the rear, but the buccaneers were used to use (they had got their living by them once), and all the damage they did was to trip the colours and then go flying back in a mass of smoke and shot to the wretched Spaniards themselves. 

Now they were at it hand to hand, man to man. 

"Fox of the sword," one of the buccaneers had turned to devils. They had waited long for this scrap, they had dreamed hungrily of it for many weary days, and now they welcomed it as never before. The swashbuckler was ecstatic for them to feel bodies crumple up against their swords, to feel the blade rime and snow and then gape at severed arm and bursting warm upon them. All personal humanity was lost, each man became an atom of lust. It was this automatic fury that beat the Spaniards back. They flung themselves upon the small group of survivors, both men and women, in a ghastly maelstrom. 

When she came back from the school in England she at once stepped into high personal favour with every one who knew her. Piquant and petite, absolutely natural, genuinely lively, it was easy for Barbara to become a favourite. "Are all your Jamaica girls as nice and as good looking as this one?" asked an English lady of her ladyship when Barbara was in England last year. But in spite of the admiration she receives, Miss Samuels's head has never been turned. 

There is nothing fliberty about her; there is sound sense in her mental make-up. One has heard her talking in England to persons of real distinction, and has been pleased with her conversation as well as by her extremely attractive appearance. She is one of the daughters of Jamaica of whom Jamaica is very proud.

MRS BARBARA SAMUEL is one of the belles of Kingston and St. Andrew society, therefore one of the belles of Jamaica society, and as popular a little lady as one can find everywhere. 

When she arrived from England she expected to make the acquaintance of many West Indian notables, and was not disappointed. She found them all kind and obliging, and particularly kind to herself. She was young and beautiful, and she was loved by all. 

When she arrived from England she at once stepped into high personal favour with every one who knew her. Piquant and petite, absolutely natural, genuinely lively, it was easy for Barbara to become a favourite. "Are all your Jamaica girls as nice and as good looking as this one?" asked an English lady of her ladyship when Barbara was in England last year. But in spite of the admiration she receives, Miss Samuels's head has never been turned. 

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Miss Barbara Samuel, daughter of the Governor's much beloved wife, saw many good things in her eyes, turned to Morgan. 

Morgan was not bored. He was right in the middle of their courage. He smiled in his heart, his pistols cocked, his sword drawn, and his eyes glittering with sunlight. 

Next to him, his second-in-command, Ted Collier—familiarly known as the Tarantula—grinned and winked at Morgan. He knew the Spaniards. 

He knew that Morgan had cut off the Spaniard's head in his men's eyes, and was startled, shocked. He gazed incredulously at their faces, from scarred face to face, and their eyes shifted, stepped before the intense contempt in his grey eyes. 

He immediately spoke, his voice crisp and clear as a leaden bell. 

"We're going to fight," he said coldly, without anger, "a man fears not to fight. We are the English as well as the Spanish dogs. You know me, you fellow. So don't expect any mercy. Now, come on." 

He gave his orders curtly, gave Bisse a nod, and turned to the rear. The vanguard ahead—two hundred men under Larry Prince and Jake Morgan—were a century of stern men as bright and lithe as the Tarantula to the left. 

Flanked the men now coming, and under Francisco de Haro—a bearded, perfumed gallant—charged on horse, shouting, "Viva el Rey," and waving their long swords that dangled colored ribbons of no use, it seemed, except to trip the wrist. 

The ground, rotten with recent rains, squelched under the horses, sucked at them, spilling man and beast, upsetting delicate maneuvers, making the excited animals slip and stifle as the buccaneers came shuffling down the hill. 

Less than a quarter of a cable's length away from the charging, sounding cavalry, Morgan's front rank put knee to earth, raised their guns, aimed carefully, and out a valley that un saddled a good few dozen horses, Francisco de Haro being the first to put a ball in his belly. Trying to catch up with the horse, the foot soldiers were picked off, shot, that springing over themselves; they ran, confused, about the field and became widely separated from the cavalry, while the buccaneers picked them off one by one. 

It was a fluster. 

In a desperate effort to smash those solid ranks, the Spaniards boomed bullets on to them from the rear, but the buccaneers were used to use (they had got their living by them once), and all the damage they did was to trip the colours and then go flying back in a mass of smoke and shot to the wretched Spaniards themselves. 

Now they were at it hand to hand, man to man. 

"Fox of the sword," one of the buccaneers had turned to devils. They had waited long for this scrap, they had dreamed hungrily of it for many weary days, and now they welcomed it as never before. The swashbuckler was ecstatic for them to feel bodies crumple up against their swords, to feel the blade rime and snow and then gape at severed arm and bursting warm upon them. All personal humanity was lost, each man became an atom of lust. It was this automatic fury that beat the Spaniards back. They flung themselves upon the small group of survivors, both men and women, in a ghastly maelstrom. 

When she arrived from England she at once stepped into high personal favour with every one who knew her. Piquant and petite, absolutely natural, genuinely lively, it was easy for Barbara to become a favourite. "Are all your Jamaica girls as nice and as good looking as this one?" asked an English lady of her ladyship when Barbara was in England last year. But in spite of the admiration she receives, Miss Samuels's head has never been turned. 

There is nothing fliberty about her; there is sound sense in her mental make-up. One has heard her talking in England to persons of real distinction, and has been pleased with her conversation as well as by her extremely attractive appearance. She is one of the daughters of Jamaica of whom Jamaica is very proud.

MRS BARBARA SAMUEL is one of the belles of Kingston and St. Andrew society, therefore one of the belles of Jamaica society, and as popular a little lady as one can find everywhere. 

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Statistical Sir Arthur

By H. G. D.

In process of time these statistics or figures assumed a cabalistic significance in his mind. Just as the ancient Cabalists would take certain words or figures, and divine from them great things to come, so Sir Arthur Parfarquharson, by calculating that each baby in the civilized world would consume so many ounces of sugar, that an adult would consume so many pounds, came to the crushing conclusion that sugar would become the staple crop of Jamaica and so entered upon a career of sugar politics. He would now be a lawyer by profession, a statistician by affection: he became involved in the house of sugar by conviction. Just as the man who 'gets religion' does so he hardly knows how, and so it was that Sir Arthur Parfarquharson began to leap figures aloft, and trust purely to endless rhetoric.

"It is related of Sir Arthur Parfarquharson that at the age of five he had found parents with a statement showing that up to then he must have consumed, on the average, so many quarts of milk, which meant the yield of so many rows, which in turn represented so many acres or tons of grass; upon which they sparked him soundly for an un

SIR ARTHUR GROWS UP STATISTIALLY

either man. For a parent is a parent, whatever his demonstration, just as a lawyer is a lawyer; while the lover of statistics is ever a frightful terror to be feared, for he proceeds with a weapon that is heavier than words alone."

The passion for reducing everything, if possible, to a statistical formula, this disposition to thinking in figures, talking in figures, proving or disproving everything by figures, was certainly displayed at birth by Sir A. W.; he was born among the statistics. That is metaphorically speaking. For, actually, he was born in a rectory. He comes of a theological family; his father was a parson; and, say what you like, A. W. even now has a sort of parsonic appearance, a touch of the benignant but absolutely theoretically-conceived parson about him.

"Consider his persuasive voice—when he wants to be persuasive. Nothing could be more in the way of the most potent of sweeteners; you can almost hear him say the words: 'And now, my dear children, that we are all presented with the number of uncles in heaven is exactly seventy billion, fifteen million, one hundred and twenty-three thousand, seven hundred and seventy and three, for the good of men, to show a reverence that is adequately, the amount of milk they re-

"But the voice can be sharp and imperious, too.

when a fight has to be fought to the finish: it is not enough only to get the theologo-

cosmic spirit and urge on them in their ex-cathedra manner."

And that might also add that when these are thus added, he can be given, real help to do his work properly forced, we have also another aspect of the best episcopal character (for say, good Bishops are charitably to the full extent of their means). But I will not dwell upon this, for there are actually some persons who feel ashamed of having their kind deeds blan-

Edward may have suspected it, but, as I have said, he was influenced by the theological and cosmic atmosphere in which he was nurtured, and that influence has never entirely disappeared. It is in his walk, in his talk, in his attitudes. I remem-

ber one occasion being struck with the physical resemblance of Sir Arthur to the eminent lawyer whom subsequently took to statistics. Both Sir John and Sir Arthur Parfarquharson have been trained at the law, and I believe that Sir John Simion is also a whale at statistics. Both men walk in tall attire, and might actually pass for

near relatives. And, by Jove, did I not find, the other night, a man who bore a remarkable resemblance to our man? But I might have expected it. It is true that Sir John Simion's father was a Congregationalist minister, while Sir Arthur's father was a Congregationalist, but I will not hold that little difference against natural peculiarity. Nothing daunted, at the age of ten he presented his schoolmaster with a statement showing that the latter had taught him for so many hours, minutes and much more of that period had utterly failed to make the best possible use of his opportunity of imparting knowledge to his youthful pupil. Whereupon the schoolmaster, not for peculiarity, but for an indulgence in offensive truthfulness, a trait which no man likes to see exhibited by a boy. Having thus been encouraged in his statistical path, young Arthur determined to make use of statistics of the best evidences of his life, deciding also that any further castigation administered upon his person would lead to a revolt not stopping short of murder. And the tables have ever since been turned and he has since borne through this world, to paraphrase the poet, 'A weapon with this strange device—Statistics.'

A.W., watered, and the United States company are getting the increase. But as a matter of fact, when the Vere Estates were sold by Sir Arthur Parfarquharson, Sir John had most pleasant concurring with a future, and he was satisfied with the price he obtained. After all, he had taken lands laying there, and achieved a price with a statistical vision the potentiality and promise in his mind, and realising times (by the part of that promise and could retire comfortably from active sugar planting.

"But for a couple of years before this he had had to live and work on his estates so strenuously that Mr. Clarence Lopez said to him, 'Sir Arthur Parfarquharson is killing himself; he will die very shortly if he goes on.' Clarence Lopez said this with deep concern, for the love he had for his friend. Sir Arthur died (Continued on Page 15)

(Continued on Page 15)
The Soul of Mr. Kieffer

By H. G. D.

Suppose one, wandering a hundred years hence about the site on which the United Fruit Company's offices are now located, in Kingston, were suddenly to see a ghost of the Company's present manager. We may assume that by 2031 Kingston will have somewhat changed in appearance, and that the buildings to the east of it will be different from what they are today. The United Fruit Company itself may have changed its name, though in some form or other it will probably still continue to exist. There may be a much bigger block of buildings where its offices now stand; or there may be a great pier stretching out from the shore into the sea; but whatever the alterations and developments, the site itself will actually remain. And there the ghost of Mr. Kieffer should wander, for ghosts revisit the scenes with which they are most familiar. What then would the startled observer notice first? The answer leaps to the lips—a cigar. A long cigar with the end glowing in the darkness. A cigar that will at first seem to be floating unsupported in space. That cigar will be Mr. Kieffer, although it would be most inopportune to suggest that his spiritual self was smoking in any place it might inhabit a century hence as its incorporeal home.

If the frightened witness of this ghostly phenomenon had sufficient presence of mind, or courage, to force himself to look a little longer, he would soon discover behind the definite impression of a cigar a vague and bulky outline, the adumbration of what was once a tall, burly man, a big man, and as the features delineated themselves more clearly, a placid countenance would be perceived, a face calm and undisturbed; and then perhaps thediscoverer would take heart further, for this would seem not to be the sort of ghost with an inclination to bite or even to express itself in frightful grimaces. There then, at last, would stand the image of Mr. J. G. Kieffer, in his habit as he had lived a hundred years ago, and then perhaps the wraith would gradually vanish, the glowing tip of the cigar being the last to disappear, like the grin of the Cheshire Cat in "Alice in Wonderland."

If, too, the discoverer had plunged up sufficient audacity to address the apparition, he would have found it quite ready to indulge in a few moments of placid conversation in which, no sort of business, and have then expressed his feelings in languages of a somewhat bred description. In other words, he must sometimes have shown temper as he never does today. But as he grew older, calmness became the most apparent trait of his character, so that even in the midst of a storm he preserved his calm, and in the midst of excitement could placidly puff his cigar.

I remember the time when he was third in the offices of the United Fruit Company. I think Captain List was then second, and a Dutchman, naturalized as an American, was chief. I think I never saw a more excitable personality than that Dutch or German Manager. All days were to him "The Day" and that day was one of wrath and strife. He wrote very letters and made savage remarks, and he appeared to be full of the milk of human kindness, though I am sure he was not at all a bad fellow at heart. He was simply irascible to an unprecedented degree, a fighter who took half a dozen confines an hour as all in the day's work, a man who looked about for disagreements and saw them, yet, personally, not at all a bad sort of fellow—for a fighter is not necessarily a personally unpleasant man. Next to him stood Captain List, but Captain List's business did not seem to keep him much in Kingston. Mr. Kieffer's business, however, did; and he would sit in his office transacting his work, smiling quietly, getting rid of all remains of temper, as he saw his chief cultivating irritation as though it were a precious plant; meeting and talking to any number of people as they dropped in to see some responsible officer of the United Fruit Company; genial, courteous, obliging, an ideal of private secretary, as one might say.

DID he imagine then that he would become head of the United Fruit Company's business in Jamaica, a business that was to develop on a much larger scale than would have been thought probable? Who knows? For you never do know Mr. Kieffer's real mind unless he deliberately chooses to reveal it to you; he does not bring it before a speech or anxious gestures; that placid exterior affords very few clues even to the closest reader of the mind. I ask, who knows? and yet I am inclined to believe that he did look forward to exactly such promotion. When it should come, he could not of course; but that it would come he very likely was calmly confident, and that he was fitting himself for (Continued on Page 29)
Primitive Practices And Modern Methods

A STRIKING CONTRAST—THE OLD WAY AND THE NEW IN SUGAR MANUFACTURE

By H. G. D.

T he sun rose with some eighty or a hundred years ago on a Jamaican sugar estate; you also rise with the sun to go about your work on a sugar estate today. Sugar labour has always been arduous; the production of two of the sweetest commodi-

ties that we know, sugar and honey, has always been associated with the incessant toll of human beings and of bees. The first job of the sugar planter was, of course, to prepare his land for planting. He did this with a hoe and sometimes with a plough a hundred years ago, he does it partly with a hoe, and much more with a plough in these later days, and some fields are planted out with new tops. The roots of the old plants are usually left to send up new shoots or "ratoon," which saves a considerable amount in the way of cost of labour. But after two or three ratoonings, the prudent planter replants his

lands, for then the yield of juice from the ratoons begins to diminish.

When the fields are planted, or the ratoons have been grown, the planter prays for a good rainfall, and when the time for cutting the cane comes, which is from December to about the end of May, he prays that there may be a diminution of rainfall. This is about the only thing that the average planter ever does pray for; his supplications of Providence are therefore severely limited. Sometimes his prayers are not regarded, and then he secretly feels that his exceptional piety has not been adequately rewarded.

In our second illustration (referring to a period nearly a hundred years ago) we see the cane being planted in the cane holes already prepared, although these holes were never as symmetrical as is represented in the picture. Quite near at hand is a windmill, for the wind or water was usually utilised as the power to turn the mill which ground the cane. Before we adopted steam for that purpose. On an eminence in the distance we see the sugar buildings looking like a feudal Baron's castle, and indeed the old sugar planter did regard himself as a sort of Baron. He was a landlord (albeit his land was probably mortgaged); and, of course, a landlord really means a "lord of the land." He usually lived in a state of rough opulence and debt, for the old Jamaican sugar planter seems always to have been in debt; he spent his money lavishly when sugar prices were good, and he borrowed as lavishly when he needed cash for the carrying on of his estate's operations. Very often, he was an absentee proprietor, and then his attorney robbed him; but the average run of attorneys did not worry much about their own future, should their peculations be discovered. For as a rule they did not live long enough to see the terms they made. The average age length of life in Jamaica was short in the days when "sugar was king." Now that we have made sugar a subject no longer to be suffered to take the lives of men, sugar will have to live more temperately and the span of our life has increased considerably.

WHEN the canes were ready for cutting about December, or January, we were again very busy in the fields. For a sugar estate, even up to within the memory of men still living, was a self-contained village or town in itself; it had little or nothing to do with similar properties; it even supplied its own labourers with the foodstuffs they needed...
The methods of boiling sugar were extraordinarily primitive, yet they were in vogue all over Jamaica up to within the last fifty years or so. In some places indeed these methods are still employed for the making of what is known as Muscovado or "Coolie Foot" sugar. Why "Coolie Foot"? I do not know. I have seen the feet of many a cooie or East Indian labourer, but their resemblance to any sort of sugar has not been visible to my eyes. However, there is the name and it sticks; and in our earlier days of sugar-making we generally employed the method now employed for the production of "Coolie Foot." As a young man I saw this process at work myself.

Huge cauldrons, built in a low brick structure, with the furnaces underneath and fed with the dry cane trash and with wood, boiled and bubbled, sending forth a thick sweet savour. Standing over these cauldrons were men armed with huge ladles, and constantly they stirred and skimmed the boiling liquid. These cauldrons, or "coppers" as they were called, communicated one with another by gutters, and the impure stuff skimmed from the surfaces of them by the ladles rose to the top, the sugary substance sinking below. From the first into the second and then into the third copper the purer fluid, which was afterwards to granulate into sugar, was let through, for the gutters could be opened or closed at will. The stuff skimmed off went to make rum, but there was always a good deal of sweet fluid matter mixed with the sugar, which was the molasses, and which was drained off when the sugar was put into the hogsheads.

But before the sugar was put into hogsheads it had to be hauled out of the boiling coppers into huge wooden receptacles to cool and dry. When cool and dried it was packed into the hogsheads, which were then set in rows on narrow shelves of wood to drain; or the syrup drained off was the molasses. This molasses was collected for rum making; it was also collected by little boys and girls sent surreptitiously by their parents with barrels and cans to steal what they could, and as a little boy in the town of Falmouth I remember seeing several of theseurchins emerge from a sugar wharf, quite openly, with their clothes and faces and hands all smeared with molasses, but with enough of the thick and delicious syrup in their cans and other utensils to give them quite a glorious feast for sometime afterwards. All this, of course, was forbidden; but strict honesty was looked upon by everybody in Jamaica as a policy of unnecessary severity, and no one paid much more than lip service to it. To return, how-

Cutting the Sugar Cane

Photograph by George Pearson, Kingston, Ja.

A Mill Yard

Photograph by George Pearson, Kingston, Ja.

Interior of a Boiling House

Photograph by George Pearson, Kingston, Ja.

ed; it supplied its own inadequate medical attention to sufferers; and the lord of the land or his attorney meted out injustice for offences committed by the infliction of exorbitant fines. But there was another side to the story. Many actual if minor offences were always being committed. And some of these could not be punished, for they were never detected. For instance, an honest-looking lady-worker on the plantation would (inadvertently of course) cause her "cotta," or the soft cloth pad she put on her head to protect her skull from the impact of the tray or basket she carried thereon, to fall into a vat or pancheon of rum. This "cotta" would be carefully recovered, carried away, and the liquor squeezed out of it. The rum thus obtained could be sold cheap surreptitiously or consumed as an exhilarating poison by the family. Or, again, the workers would chew a large quantity of the ripening cane as they cut it, and do what you might you were never able to prevent this practice entirely. Even the slaves indulged in it. If rebuked, the labourers would retort with that verse of scripture saying, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox which treadeth out the corn." Thus while the attorney or overseer robbed the free labourer by unseemly fines, the free labourer robbed the estate by unseemly pilfering, and so, presumably, the two offences made up one honest act. When the cane was cut it was tied up in bundles and conveyed by cart to the mill. This was either a windmill, or a mill operated by mules or oxen gyrating slowly hour after hour: going round and round, morning, noon and night; for during crop time in the olden days the work never ceased for an hour until the sugar crop was taken off.

The cane itself was fed to the mill by hand. Now it is usually fed to the mill by constantly moving machinery upon which it is placed and which lifts the cane to the first pair of mill rollers where the crushing commences. Formerly, when the mill was fed by hand, the cane was thrust stalk by stalk between the rollers of the mill—usually a small affair which extracted a very inadequate proportion of the juice. And sometimes an unfortunate feeder's hand got caught by the rollers, and the arm had to be hastily hacked off if life was to be saved. No doubt, when such cases occurred, the man in charge of the sugar operations would say that the person injured was wantonly careless, or even perhaps purposely malicious. The nuinle involved in losing one arm, or even one's life, was no doubt just reprehensible; but it is not quite apparent to the impartial outsider how such an act can have been calculated to injure anyone as much as the self-mutilator himself.
ever, to the question of sugar-making in the previous days.

W HEN the sugar was drained and packed, and inserted accounts of the contents of the hogsheads had been duly handed in by attorneys and owners to the purchasers or selling agents (who in their turn made dishonest calculations as to the amount which they expected), the sugar had to be shipped. If the estate was situated far from the seaport, the shipping meant heavy additional cost to the estate. If the seaport was very near, the estate owner or attorney required. Along the northern shore of Jamaica today one sees villages like Dry Harbour or towns like Falmouth in a state of decay; a hundred years ago they were very busy ports for the embarkation of sugar. But any one into which a drogher, or small coast boat, could go, or even where a fairly large-sized boat capable of carrying one or two hogsheads of sugar could be accommodated, was utilized for the shipping of sugar and rum, as is shown in the sixth picture of our series Illustrating sugar making in former times. The drogher would lay out half a mile or a mile from the shore. The stout, heavy-timbered boat would be brought up to the very beach, and the receptacles containing sugar and rum rolled into it, as it was held down on its side. Then the boat would be rowed away to the drogher, which would either take the sugar round to Falmouth or Kingston, where the big sailing ship waited for cargo, or the boat would row out to the ship itself in such a port as Falmouth or Savannah-in-mar. Sometimes, of course, a boat-load of sugar would be lost, and the men conveying it would be drowned. The loss of the sugar was considered lamentable. The drowning of the men, if these were free citizens, would probably be regarded merely as an act of God. In slavery times this drowning would probably be imputed to business on the part of the slaves who were drowned. It was another illustration of their desire to deprive their master of valuable property.

T HIS year, 1934, Jamaica is producing the largest amount of sugar manufactured in the last seventy or eighty years. This amount represents the operations of thirty-four factories—the 109 estates of 1844 have dwindled to a mere handful, yet the production of these is at least one half of what it was in the days when the whole country seemed to be devoted to the planting of canes and the making of sugar and rum.

One reads in the Handbook of Jamaica for 1852 a statement by Mr. W. Bancroft Espinet that 'for many years there was only one vacuum pan in Jamaica, at Albion Estate. . . There are now seven pans at work—Albion, Spring Garden, King's Canyon, Belle Isle, Busby Park, Egbyrock and Hall.' These seven vacuum pans in 1852 must have been regarded as a remarkable instance of development and progress; but now we speak of Triple and Quadruple Effect, of mills no longer merely of three or four rollers, but of ten and twelve and fourteen, and the talk is of new mills and of new methods of extraction and boiling, of canes yielding twice as much juice as the older canes did, of an acre of land giving not merely a bagassly twelve tons of canes per acre, but thirty, forty, and in some places we hear of a yield of as much as 92 tons per acres! All this really means that Jamaica is becoming "sugar-minded" once more, is steadily becoming a sugar country once more. When it exported in pre-war days as much as 20,000 tons of sugar in one year—the present century is the period in mind—it was supposed to have done exceedingly well. Today the country realises that it is still but an infant in the matter of sugar production although its expectation this year will be over 50,000 tons.

L ET us place for a while what at the largest sugar producer in Jamaica, the United Fruit Company, is now doing and plans to do in the immediate future. Only since 1931 has this company embarked on sugar cultivation, and then it did so almost accidentally. The growing and shipping of bananas are its job; but it purchased from the Lindo Brothers their properties in Vere and St. Catherine, and a part of those properties had been given over to sugar cultivation. There was much doubt at first as to whether this sugar business would be carried on by the United Fruit Company; at one time indeed it was reported that sugar would be abandoned, and there was reason for this report. But there are lands better suited to cane than to bananas, and there is such a thing as Panama Disease in Jamaica; it has also been more and more realised that a different attitude towards British tropical sugar is developing in England, Canada, too, has become a preferential market for West Indian sugar. Therefore, in spite of terrific depression and prices, sugar manufacturers in Jamaica have hoped for a change in the sugar situation later on, and the United Fruit Company, with larger sugar holdings than any other company or individual, has not only kept on producing sugar but has outlined a programme of expansion of which a brief idea may be given in these pages.

A T first it diminished its cane plantings in St. Catherine and increased them in Vere. The plan was to abandon the Bernard Lodge factory altogether but to maintain on a moderate scale in the south-central district of the island. This plan was changed. At the beginning of 1934 it was decided to plant 900 new acres of cane in St. Catherine and another 900 in Vere, and 500 additional acres in each district during the autumn of 1934, the company, therefore, while it was a steady expansion. It also means that the company will depend less upon ra- toons and more upon fresh cane, its idea being to obtain the maximum quantity of sugar from its ex-
tended acreage. Then its cane-carriers or elevators—the machinery that feeds the cane to the mills—have been changed from wood to steel, and instead of the cane being fed in long lengths to the mill, cane knives mechanically operated are used to chip up the cane as it comes from the fields, a process which increases the sugar extraction by anything from one to one-and-a-half per cent. New mill engines have been installed, new boilers. For instance, the boiler capacity of the sugar works at Vere two years ago was a total of 1,100 horse power. Today the total is 2,540 horse power. A better system of heating has been installed, buildings have been erected for storing the bagasse or cane trash, which is used as fuel, a more modern system of steam piping, resulting in economies, has been put in at Vere, the clarification of the cane juice has been improved, and all evaporators and vacuum pans have been equipped with a modern type of Jutte condenser, new to Jamaica, but successfully used in Cuba for a number of years.

There have been many other improvements, but to mention these would merely confuse the general reader who is not acquainted with the technicalities of present-day sugar production. It must suffice to say that electricity is being more and more utilised to create energy necessary to operate the machinery (with the exception of mill engines) in the Central Factory at Vere, while at Bernard Lodge in St. Catherine a new fourteen roller cane unwinder with revolving cane knives will have been put into operation by the end of the year which equipment will increase the grinding rate at Bernard Lodge to 1,200 tons of cane per day and will enable 95 per cent. of the sugar in the cane to be extracted.

It is stated that the improvements at Bernard Lodge bring that factory up to the required modern standards and also render it independent of any other fuel except "bagasse," the dried refuse of the cane. And when we remember that the average amount of juice extracted from the cane in Jamaica in 1933 was under 80 per cent. and that wood for fuel (apart from bagasse) is sometimes an appreciable item in sugar producing costs, it will at once be apparent what advantages the employment of improved machinery and of more modern methods will give to the Jamaica sugar planter. One other result is the shorter time required, with modern machinery and richer cane, to take off the sugar crop. Thus it took 79 days less for the United Fruit Company to finish the same proportion of sugar crop in 1934 than in 1933.

But, of course, it is not the United Fruit Company alone that is engaged in the work of intensive improvement as well as of expansion in cane cultivation and sugar manufacture. Other companies and individuals in Jamaica have been pressing forward in the same direction and are doing so still: even though handicapped by lack of capital, these are seeking to arrange and are arranging for developments which they know to be vitally necessary and which they desire to effect with the least possible delay. At their head stands the United Fruit Company with its high standard of modernisation, with its magnificent organisation, and with its very able and efficient General Manager in Jamaica, Mr. J. G. Kieffer.

And if there was anything like division or antagonism between this and other sugar companies, or between individual planters and companies in the past, all that has now disappeared with the identification of every sugar manufacturer in the colony with one organisation known as the Sugar Manufacturers' Association.
They are associated also with the handling and distribution of our famous by-product of sugar, Jamaican rum, which is known as Jamaica Sugar and Rum Manufacturers, Limited. The Jamaica sugar and rum industry has been conducted on practical co-operative lines, and this would have been impossible for the association of the United Fruit Company with the other rum manufacturers.

JAMAICA makes much less rum now than she did forty years ago. But owing to the agreement amongst all the rum manufacturers to their uni-calified formula, although the Jamaica consumer is not called upon to pay more for his drink than before. This restriction of rum output suffices for the market, and to keep prices at any decent rate because of the vast quantity in stock and the constantly increasing quantities on hand being manufactured. Naturally, it was of importance to one other rum manufacturer of the Island that the United Fruit Company should become a member of the Jamaican Pot, since its exclusion must have rendered the proper functioning impossible. It became a member and will continue as long as the Pool shall endure. It is quite to the policy of former years, by which the United Fruit Company pursued a lone or Independent course as a producer in Jamaica, has completely disappeared in so far as sugar and rum are concerned; hence its activities in rum and sugar are not much regarded as being very much a Jamaica interest. And its sugar expansion is welcomed as part of Jamaica's development in that direction.

The illustrations of modern sugar cultivation and manufacture in these pages tell the story of the achievements of the cases now produced in Pot. And the planting and milling methods employed in that part of the island, at Bernard Lodge and Inns Wood in St. Cuthbert's Parish, demonstrate that what Jamaica needs for a really complete development of her sugar industry is experience in the cultivation of sugar in which depends in the first place on the prospects of a reasonable profit on sugar. This reasonable profit is to depend upon arrangements made within the British Empire, and especially in England, to prevent Empire sugar from being grossly injured by over-dumping of foreign sugar; more or less variously subsidised, in the British market. Efforts are being made to bring about an improved situation in the marketing of sugar have been actively pushed forward in recent days; and these efforts have encouraged sugar manufacturers of Jamaica like the United Fruit Company, the Barnett Estates, Inns Wood Factory, Rosehall Estate and most others—indeed all others—to bestir themselves to improve their industry and to plan out further improvements.

And the great pioneer and leader today in all these developments is the United Fruit Company.

THE SOUL OF MR. KIEFFER

I believe that his favourite hymn is "Peace, Perfect Peace, in this Dark World of Sin." I am sure he would have made a good doctor with a "bedside manner" worth a fortune to him. And his special genius for geniality and for saying as little as the circumstances warrant—or rather less—and for never allowing you to know what is in his mind, unless he deliberately intends that you shall, would have helped to make him a very successful diplomatist. But, indeed, a Manager of the United Fruit Company in Jamaica, especially in those days, has got to be a diplomatist. Diplomacy is one of the first essentials for the position. Also, it used to be said in Jamaica that a banana man could never tell the truth and that a sugar planter was one of the most impossible beings ever created by God, and it happens that Mr. Kieffer is now both a banana man and a sugar man, and he has had to make a reputation for speaking the truth and of not being impossi-

ables of today simply have to be different from their predecessors. However reluctantly they have had to be different. But what surprises strangers more in regard to J. G. Kieffer is his essential energy. A man of his size in a tropical country is not expected to be supremely energetic; yet that is exactly what Mr. Kieffer is. He goes to work early. He leaves his office late. He still meets with him in his office late in his month, a process which necessitates a frequent use of matches at the other end, and the frequent application of a small pair of scissors (which he carries in his waistcoat pocket) to the one at which he is supposed to puff.

 averages and in tons, gallons, increase of population, decrease of church attendance, the height of people's demands for assistance from the Treasury, and the depth and expansion of the appetites of whom I invite to lunch. 

It is not within the province of this talk to speak of Sir A. W. as a banana planter, for I am now thinking of him in connection with sugar. In that respect Sir Arthur has played a leading part. Has it not been written that "out of the strong came forth sweetness?" Well, he is a strong man, and has always been. He had to have strength of character and tenacity of purpose to stick to sugar as he did in the days when its cause appeared all but hopeless, and as he has grown older and he has mellowed, there is discernible in his disposition a very marked strain of sweetness which has more and more en- deared him to his friends, in his acquaintances, and to the people of Jamaica. "All that you say about Sir A. W. I agree with," my friend here remarked quietly, "but you said nothing statistically."

"I have said it statistically," I replied.

do, but never have and never shall. I confess to a passionate craving to see Mr. Kieffer dance a jive. I would like to witness a performance of that sort by him in a public ballroom. I think he would go through with it with marked efficiency, making the steps according to all the rules, calmly, placidly, showing no expression, smoking his cigar of course. But when the ordal was over he would probably retire to his home and die. That would be the one thing too much for him; and then he would become a ghost made manifest chiefly by a glowing cigar. A ghost that would dissemble to make faces at you. A ghost that would not bite.
POTTERISM: One Last Phase


CHAPTER ONE

MR. SHOTOWER DISCUSSED

Mr. David Shotower was restless, ill at ease. His face was a little nervous, irritability very foreign to his disposition and went, and this had been noticed by others about him. He had been forced to change his pace, and he had changed much in that interval, that he was not the same. He was old enough to know better, still, yes; and vain; and ostentatious; but a sort of neediness had been growing upon him, also a lessening of his abilities. He reversed his decisions more often now than he had been known to do before. And though he was seen as ever been driven bargains and making money, his success in these directions apparently had ceased to afford him the satisfaction.

"He seems to have become—what shall I call it?—apathetic—yes, that’s it," said Olive Tredge.

"It didn’t seem to concern us, darling, and I was too happy, with our wedding so near at hand, to think much about it. But the day came to the day of your wedding, St. Ann’s Bay, and he heard about it there. He didn’t matter slipped out of my mind completely. What is strange is that you should have mentioned Mary with what is called ‘obsid’ in this country. It is a little strange, but I don’t see more than two or three persons connected in a sort of way, by a sort of coincidence. It is a little strange, but I don’t see how I could be anything but you and me, of course, she has said or done justifies anyone in thinking of as such a thing, even if we don’t know anything.

"Yes; I understand."

"And, speaking of him and Mary Ransome, you wouldn’t give her the slightest woman is a witch, as many people have suggested?

"Well, only to-day, in talking about the accusatory to a man in St. Ann’s Bay, I mentioned how we had been talking about her. Mary Ransome is a witch, I have to confess, a witch of a sort, and one of those who choose to live, to assist or to patronise, especially if they could be useful to him in the things they do. But he did not come back to然ive."

"Oh, yes, it has happened.

"That’s right. But then she said, ‘Yes; and she is very acute, and apparently active as usual; but those who were nearest to him observed the change that has come over him. He was no longer the same man.

"They say he was a witch, Ernst," remarked Olive, "and it is possible that you were a witch, Ernst?"

"Your question suggests that you don’t think what Ernst was always one of the most artistic and

"The doctors were certain he was not poisoned. What appeared certain, he said, was that Mary Ransome was employed on one occasion when she called him to her, told him she had heard what he had done, and had been thanking him for his sudden decline and end. But now Mary Ransome is desperately feared in St. Ann, and is closely watching the

"The devil said Olive, completing Ernst’s sentence. "And who is to say that here isn’t literally the cause of the devil?"

"And what do you mean by ‘supercilious now, darling’? laughed Ernst. "You or Mr. Shotower, my very respected boss? You are letting the peculiarity of his eyesight for a moment get hold on you."

"Other people besides Jamaica peasants believe there is a devil, Ernst," said Olive seriously, "her lovely face looking pigeantly grave as she spoke. And I believe you are right, Ernst; the country is too common enough.

"But the devil, dear, probably died of fear and an evil conscience. He knew he had blabbed on a woman who, whatever her faults may be, has been told to the man who would have killed him.”

"If you or I were to say to our greatest enemy, black or white, what this woman said to the boy, what effect would that have? None whatever.

"There must be something terrible about Mary Ransome, he said. "She has brought me back to the side of a young man to death. Surely you see that, Ernst?"

"I have always thought there was something strangely terrible about Mary Ransome," returned Ernst. "She is, of course, a woman of great and tremendous personality, of a force of character not at all common. She is, in a manner of speaking, the devil, and I think she is quite unknown to himself, Mr. Shotower is a little short of how to decide whatever to do with her; I have been back here these three months, and he has not been once out of Kingston and St. Andrew all that time, that she probably has remained in St. Ann. And no one seems to accuse her of being actively malignant. She lives by herself, a solitary, lonely woman."

"Perhaps Mr. Shotower is thinking of her; perhaps it concerns her—though I never thought of him himself," said Olive indignantly. "Pancy a man of his age and his position having anything to do with such a woman, that, or even thinking about her! It is scandalous.

"But we don’t know of his know that he is thinking about her. Perhaps it concerns her—though I never thought of him himself, and he probably is no more likely to be thinking about her."

"There’s no feel like an old fool," returned Mr. Shotower, "and we are too old to mind how Mr. Shotower if I am a year ago, embarrassed to induce her to marry him. But now of course, all this is quite enough, I think, to mention, and imply that he should be ashamed of himself. Perhaps he is not even aware of himself, that is, that he is aware of himself. And don’t ever let him suppose that you consider him aged; he is only forty-nine anywhence, and rather of course, that he is time to marry, dry, that he is very vain."

"Dr. Jerrinrham—you don’t know him—assures me he saw the boy a few days after he had been turned, out of Mary Ransome’s house. He was in a parlous state of funk. Miss Ransome seems to have put the fear of God into him: certainly he believed he was going to die and that nothing could save him. He sickened rapidly, went to the hospital, simply faded away, and no cause could be found for his sudden decline and end. But now Mary Ransome is desperately feared in St. Ann, and is closely watching the story, and it is said that she is greatly affected by what has happened. No one would never have the power to injure either her or anyone else. He has spoken even to me with sort of kept on him, at least on work in wickware; a prating of obisg, and it might lead to the penitential in the end. He could have nothing to do with that sort of thing. He eliminated him, but she must come to him on his terms, not on hers, which were dangerous. He had his name and his position to think of, besides, he was secretly uneasy about these peculiar powers of hers; this ability of hers to cause fear to appear that did not burn, noises the origin of which no one could trace: the awesome facade she possessed of spreading fear.

"No, that she put fear in him; he had found that she could do it. Mr. Shotower, I think, would have done that. In a way he had beaten him, that had been because of circumstances and because of being her, but I think she had taught him that she had taught him with her intelligence and had not been doing what she had appeared to him as well as physically. But he was a strong man, and he would not give way to a woman. She would not dare to do such a thing as that and cut himself off from her. He had taken care never to see her again and also to make never to see her again, and to an ingredient for. And in the last few weeks she had never been a moment out of his mind, her spirit was always in his thoughts and he was conscious with an irresistible longing to see her again.

"For that he was ashamed.

"Mr. Shotower is a little short of his strength of character, actually proud also that he had regarded and treated women more as incidents than as something fundamental in his life. He had wanted to marry Olive Stoute, but he had let her go to his
chapter two

the meeting

so you have come?

It was midnight; the very hour was striking. Mary Ram nose, tall, dark, haughty, stood at the threshold of her home among the thick gloomy trees and greeted the man who descended from the car.

morning he will put me to work out the scheme he has decided on. Well, the car is ready: shall we go?

"Very good."

And just then Mr. Shotover himself went downstairs to his own chauffeur and ordered out his car. He would drive it himself; he said; he might not be back before late. He had made up his mind.

But it was not about a business deal.

Not very far away from Elmsley Park, where Mr. Shotover sat and brooded, Ernest and his wife continued their conversation about him.

"Let's take a run down to the Movies, Ernest, we'll be in time for the second show."

"Tomorrow I'll urge Mr. Elmsley to go for one of his animal walks abroad; he hasn't an excuse for not going. As a matter of fact, he should have gone three months ago. As for Miss Ram nose, he'll neither see nor worry about her again, if she has been seen with Packard--that I do. You don't know how strong a man he is, my dear. He's confidential, flashy; but he has his strong stuff in it. I've got to like him really.

"I like him too, now," said Olive. "And I am glad you don't think there is any chance of his taking up with that dreadful woman, Miss Ram nose.

"So far as my knowledge and belief go, Mr. Elmsley is better off. Why, she isn't even white.

"Would she be less dreadful if she were white?" asked Ernest, with a smile.

"Don't suppose so; but of course she would be white, and he is white--isn't he?"

MRS. THOMPSON, who at the beginning of the year was still Miss Kathleen Laurence, a member of a well-known Malvern family, is now the wife of the young headmaster of Manning's School and mentions as her chief interests her husband and her household. Everyone who met Miss Kathleen Laurence, and who now meets her as Mrs. John Thompson, is captivated both by her looks, charming good sense, and gracious manner; and one instinctively feels that a lady of her parts must find the world a pleasant place to live in, since there are so many who will find it a pleasure to make the world a pleasant place for her.

Mrs. Thompson excels in many things. She is said to be one of the most capable lady motor drivers in the island, is a sound bridge player, an excellent tennis player, excellent at golf, a delightful dancing partner, a good swimmer, and of artistic tastes. Jamaica of course is a great lover of her native land. English in descent, and very proud of England.
I am giving ourselves to one another tonight, and we are free as the air and acting with our eyes wide open. It is no mere wretched liaison between us, nor is it a marriage of the ordinary kind. You could not marry me like that; and yet I want to, to know, that, in our own way, in my way, we are as much married as though we had signed the register before a Marriage Officer. Our pledge will not be bind-
ing in the eyes of the law—I know that. We have no witnesses: there is no other living human being present to you, and we in these premises to-night. Just you and me; but we will pledge ourselves to one another, for better, worse, and for good. And for God sake, I hope you will be true to me—I mean to you—though I hope we may go together. Let us stand before this bed, at the feet of it, and take each other’s hand; and repeat the words I have said. That will be all. But it will be a ceremony to me, a mar-
riage to me neither of us will forget nor choose to regard as invalid. In a second it will be done.”

"I am sorry, then, that I came to-night," said Mr. Shoveler bluntly. "I believe that I have made a mistake which both of you are likely to regret.

"Why do you say that, David?"

"Because I believe it. Because it has come to me that you have been playing a dangerous game, with me as a pawn in it; and not only do I object to being anyone’s pawn, but something inside of me tells me that you are handling a fire that may consume us both."

"Don’t say that," she implored, and her voice had suddenly sunk to an in-
laid whisper. "Don’t think such dreadful things. Believe that because I love you, I am more strongly, more passionately than you love me, my passion moved you even while you were miles away, and that is why you came."

"How like a woman to contradict herself," laughed Mr. Shoveler, loking with a queer mixture of affection and derision at Mary. "At one moment you tell me that you had fixed the very day and date and hour of my appearance here, and yet, Mary, I believe that it was only the strength of your passion that moved me! I want to be-
lieve that, though, yet somehow I can’t. I did not want to come tonight, Mary, though I cannot see how you could have seen me again. Hard-headed practical man as I am, I am afraid that I believe that it is an altogether different woman who will that moved me to this adventure to-night."

"Well, I am here, and what are we going to do about it? What is the sequel?"

"Come," she said.

She rose, her hand upon her bosom. She led him toward an inner room, throwing open the door that led into it, and then lighted the lamp, bared it in, and from a table in a cor-
ner, on which stood something like a tiny censer, exposed something giving forth an odour of incense. The room was narrow and low, yet a great bed with its head to the southern wall was spread with scarlet also, which, in that black-and-blood red, made it hideous.

The bed was of mahogany, a huge thing, long going to decay, that almost touched the roof. It had been built in far-off days, with rich carving and solid wood-work, the kind of bed in which four or five persons might sleep in some slave-holders’ mansions a hundred and fifty years before. If it had been good from the floor, and was ascended by a step of three or four, and slightly protruded in front, it was now placed exactly in the centre of the foot of the bed, as might have been a capital idea from an air-fan.

Red from the edge of the counter-
panes, on which stood a bed-chefferie, figured profusely and highly polished, was this bed, and the woman clothed in red, and the room curtains of the same rich red, and in the sunlite and of the fantastic. It was a stage setting, Mr. Shov-
olver thought, and designed to impress him. He felt a trifle contemptuous: surely Mary knew him sufficiently to be aware that all this sort of nonsense could not be far from the top of his head; that it might only appear grotesque! In an in-
stinct he rose from his chair and held up his hand. "Don’t assert, David," she begged. "Order and ceremony, an appro-
priate setting and a fitting ritual are necessary to me. The same rich red to have been used by any of my two ordinary people the bride’s room is beautifully decorated, and there are flowers; and so are these; and the greatest occasion of her life. I am clothed in scarlet and my hair is draped in scarlet on my wedding night. This was all that all the scene

"Wedding night? But—"

"Ah, Auntie, and it is our wedding. You and

MRS. GERALDINE NUNES, the youngest passenger of Mr. L. C. K. Nunes, possesses that quality usually described as poise, a quality at once discernible and which easily marks out its possessor in a crowd. Her friends familiarly know her as Tulin, and these are and will be always for Miss Nunes is a young lady who appeals irresistibly to the affectionate regard of people with whom she comes into contact. Not only is she extremely good-looking, she is also exceedingly able. The extremity of her disposition is one of the most striking truisms of her character.

A fine type of the modern West Indian young lady, in the best sense of the word "modern," is Miss Geraldine Nunes. Keenly intelligent, also, is that quality which she has inherited from the able businessman who is her father. She was admission without exciting that form of envy which finds expression in detraction. Withal she is extremely modest, which in its turn increases the affection which she is generally held.

She was attractively emotional. Emotion overpowered her. He had never seen her so passionate before, not even when she was about to marry him, more than a year ago, when he had hurried a contemptuous expression at her, calling her snobbish and half-filigree. He was aware also that he too was in the grip of passion, that she was sweeping him off his feet, and that the reaction he had put him himself these many months was now resulting in a reaction that could hardly be controlled. And he, him-
“Still on the old topic, Mary,” he laughed. “Next you will be sending your black cat to accompany you wherever you go, and we will have people wandering about thinking that you are a wizard. By the way, what has become of that animal? I really thought that you would humor me in my request.”

It was dead; it died months ago. It was only an animal, and it had lived its life. Or, perhaps, not quite. With the years it had grown out, and I think it was more like an experiment with its brain function as I directed its body suddenly faded. Had it been human—

“Do you mean to say that you would practice on animals?”

“Of course,” he answered promptly.

“What harm would there be in that, David?” she asked modestly.

“What else do the doctors, when they are studying some disease? Or the psychologists, I suppose, when they are trying out the purpose of making new discoveries?”

Or the spiritualists when they employ a medium?

“Oh, yes,” she said, “it is the faithful old cat, for instance?” he asked slowly.

“I haven’t finished. I have inspired you these last few months, David, literally inspired you. You have become more than an ordinary man. But you—and I—are only at the beginning. Consider. If someone had discovered electricity and its uses, and yet had not thought of applying it to this or that purpose, what else would be the world? If the secrets of flying had been found by one man only, and kept by him and the few he had chosen as his helpers, these too would have mastered the world. From the air they would have reigned; from the sea they would have reigned; from the earth they would have reigned; from the bottom of the sea to the top of the mountains, by purely mechanical power—by merely dropping bombs containing poisonous life. Just as though the world were not spirit but matter at some stratum of it. You follow me, don’t you, David?”

“Not a spirit. You are talking a language I don’t understand,” he answered, very quietly.

“I am convinced, my dear, that you are disturbing the balance of your mind by brooding over things you had better leave alone. Your sanity is worth more to me than any of the remarks you are talking about. I begin to understand now what things Darwinism and Christianity make it a capital offense for people to meddle with the supernatural. That was a very healthy rule.”

“And would you hope to make the world safe for what it should always have been enforced,” she answered scornfully. “You are of little faith, David, in spite of what you say. You have quite lost your own path, and I have never heard. Yet you are bound with me on the same mission, and have sworn to tread the same path with me.”

“The devil I have!”

“Ah, yes, David. We are wedded for better and for worse, for good and evil, like you would to separate now?”

“True, but what do I care—”

“I do not care what you can say, as long as you put them, Mary,” Mr. Shotover answered seriously, “especially those about good and evil. But they don’t mean much anyhow. But tell me: all this talk of yours is not simple conversation. I know, I understand quite well that when people begin to harp upon a certain string they have something very definite in mind. What have you? What are you driving at?”

“I have only thought that it can do you no good to come down to me, at night, like a thief in the dark, from Kingston. I miss you when you are away, and you miss me also.”

“True enough.”

“And it is bound to be known, if it isn’t known already.”

“Quite true; but what do I care—if you don’t.”

“Oh, I don’t care what people may say. I like you have made the effort, that is what. I want to be more with you, constantly. How can we be constantly together? You mean I should take a house for you in Kingston, never to leave you?”

“We agreed not to mention her again,” said Mary, “not to bring her any more into the world that can make me feel ashamed of myself. What I mean is this,” she continued decisively, “you and I are now in resigned to Elm Park to live.”

“Blissful. One thing you see—”

“Everything. I could come as your housekeeper. The woman you now have is old; perhaps you need—”

“My sister?”

“She does not always live with us; she does sleep with us; she will tell you to-morrow that she wants to go back to her own home.”

“Something more of your devil-practice, Mary?”

“Mere exercise of an will power, darling; besides, I suspect that Miss Shot- over has been the subject of such exercises for some time now. She has never lived with you for long, has she?”

“No, never. Right; yes what you suggest could be arranged; but people are certi-

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From Public Privacy To Private Publicity

By H. G. D.

with a character that has never ceased to be admired.

The government soon made use of his services. But he still refused to serve as he wished. Then came the great earthquake of Kingston. He was there to see if they could be helped. He made no charge for his services. The government's desire and inclination were generally well known: they wanted this law. I forget what it was exactly that was proposed, but it was in the Council Chamber on the day the matter was being discussed. Suddenly Mr. Brown rose. "I do not," he said, "propose to give a silent vote upon this question"; and then he spoke for something like a quarter of an hour strongly, clearly, decisively. He pointed out that it was a most unusual thing to anticipate a situation of which there was no real threat existing and which at the very worst could be dealt with easily if and when it did arise. He knew perfectly well that it might be thought that he was defending a connection by marriage; and had there been some grave principle involved that consideration might have decided him to hold his peace. But he felt that an injustice, or at any rate something not really consistent with the usual way of procedure, was being advocated, and he resolved to strike a blow at it. When he sat down, everyone knew that the matter was decided. He had settled the fate of the proposal. That was not an act of high courage, but consistent with the character of the man as we all know him. Sometimes afterwards he was appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court at Bridgetown in Jamaica.

I think I have seen him just three times at such a reunion. One was when a Royal Prince was in Jamaica and then Mr. Brown dined as His Majesty's Chief Justice. On another occasion a great "Almshouse," was given in London to a new church. As I have said Mr. Brown has a name for hard work and he would have been there had he been able. I then had it to attend to a subscription. The dinner was given by Lord Burnham, and Lord Burnham was Acting Chief Justice. I pointed out to him that so great a friend as Lord Burnham must be welcomed by the Chief Justice besides others; and that I personally resented his aloofness from so distinguished a literary man as myself. "Besides," I added, "there will only be a few persons present." He came, and his first remark to me was, "Is this what you call a few persons?" "Perhaps," I replied, "has been one of the pursuits of my life; and think of the pleasure I derived from deviding the Chief Justice!" And really it is a matter for pride to be able to trick a Judge of our Supreme Court. Some day I shall try it when in the vicinity. I have already made enquiries as to the accommodation and the quality of food supplied at the General Penitentiary.

There are some men whose careers are chequered. They rise and fall, they are down as well as up, life with them is a perpetual struggle. It has never been so with Mr. Justice Brown. For though I know, like the face of the moon, only a part of a man's life is ever visible to us—that at best we can but know about him what is on the surface, we still have some little insight into his intimate thoughts and feelings, yet the progress of His Honour has seemed to me to represent just such a career. He has had more ups and downs than I would have thought in the Government's desire and inclination were generally well known: they wanted this law. I forget what it was exactly that was proposed, but it was in the Council Chamber on the day the matter was being discussed. Suddenly Mr. Brown rose. "I do not," he said, "propose to give a silent vote upon this question"; and then he spoke for something like a quarter of an hour strongly, clearly, decisively. He pointed out that it was a most unusual thing to anticipate a situation of which there was no real threat existing and which at the very worst could be dealt with easily if and when it did arise. He knew perfectly well that it might be thought that he was defending a connection by marriage; and had there been some grave principle involved that consideration might have decided him to hold his peace. But he felt that an injustice, or at any rate something not really consistent with the usual way of procedure, was being advocated, and he resolved to strike a blow at it. When he sat down, everyone knew that the matter was decided. He had settled the fate of the proposal. That was not an act of high courage, but consistent with the character of the man as we all know him. Sometimes afterwards he was appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court at Bridgetown in Jamaica.

It was before he became Judge that I published that most excellent and admirable work, "Twentieth Century Jamaica," a book of such classic merit that no one seems to read it in these days. I dedicated it to two of the finest men that I know intimately at that time, and I reproduce the dedication here. Milholland is dead, but Brown most happily is still with us and very much alive, and what I said of them both twenty years ago is as true to-day as when it was written:

To J. F. MILHOLLAND
Crown Solicitor of Jamaica
and
HENRY ISAAC CLOUSE BROWN
Registrar of the Supreme Court

Not only because they are men of whom Their country is rightly proud But also because they are men whom I know well Is to think well of human nature.

But now that Mr. Brown is retiring, may I suggest that he should retire from the obsequious life of judicial life into the full glory of private publicist? I want to hope that when he has ceased to be a judge he will become a social man, will be more than a friend to his own friends and lovers and admirers, as our clever cartoonist, Cliff Tyrell, depicts him on this page. I want to hope this; but somewhere in my heart there is a gnawing fear. If the leopard cannot change his spots, can Mr. Brown change the habits of a lifetime? There is one faint possibility: it is based upon the fact that there are some leopards without spots. Hence when the man who has firmly held that no judge must seek popularity, ceases to be a judge, he may lose this faith, and turn instead of the capacity of one endeavouring to disseminate a grain of truth from a bushel of lies, but as a part-time journalist and not as a full-time journalist. He does do, or not, as he pleases, and if he is wrong, he will still retain our affection. Meanwhile he has held this ambition, which was to do justice, to love mercy, to be absolutely upright in character, to be an example to his fellow countrymen, to be one to whom they could always point with pride.
Electricity’s Democratising
And Other Aspects

By H. G. D.

a house, she is certain, would never have used candles in the days of yore. Now it employs electricity. So does the greatest mansion in Kingston. So does the Governor’s palace in St. Andrew. So does the house on the hill as well as the shop by the seashore in Montego Bay. Year by year, more and more, it is electricity everywhere. Miss Belinda feels that this is as great a revolution as any political upheaval in Europe, and from certain points of view she is not wrong. In a certain sense this modernisation of lighting, this general and democratic use of electricity, is a great social revolution. Miss Belinda is therefore a profounder philosopher than she herself knows. She realises the great change that has been wrought in all our lives by the introduction of electricity into so many of our homes, and she regards it as a sign of fundamental social change, which in a way it is.

Thus King’s House or Myrtle Bank Hotel gives a Ball, and the gardens and the buildings blaze with lights, all turned on by the manipulation of a few little switches. Miss Jenima Jones, expecting her boy friend this evening, turns her own little switch and her verandah or sitting room is instantly as bright as is Myrtle Bank or King’s House. Unconsciously this flood of clear radiance exalts Jenima’s spirit; she would not feel so lively and so bright were it but a kerosene lamp that she possessed. Ask Miss Jenima Jones if she would prefer to go back to kerosene lamps—or rather to introduce kerosene lamps, for probably she has never known any other home-illuminant than electricity—and she would wonder at the improvidence of your question. Seriously to suggest to her that she should not have electricity would be regarded by her as a reflection on her social status. Why, she would ask, should she not have electricity if you have it, and what difference is there between you and her that your home should be electrically lighted and hers not? A query which would arouse the instant approval both of Mr. Russell Bell and Mr. A. S. Nichols, who, as the Chief Purveyor and High Priest of electricity in Jamaica, desire as large a body of adherents as possible. With them the words of Scripture, “Lighten our darkness,” refer not only to a spiritual illuminating but to a physical one; and instinctively when they hear such words they think of the overhead wires of their Company conveying electric current east, west, north and south, of their Power Houses in Kingston, at Bog Walk, at Montego Bay and elsewhere humming to the revolution of great wheels and generating that mysterious agent which we call electricity, but of the actual nature of which no one as yet possesses knowledge.

It was on Easter Monday last that I visited the Power Houses at Gold Street and at Bog Walk. I had been inside the former once before, many years ago, when some new machinery was being therein installed; into the Bog Walk Power House I had never previously even peeped. Now, with Mr. Harry Campbell, and Mr. A. H. Young, electricians in general charge of the company’s lighting operations, and accompanied by Mr. Cliff Tyrrell, the caricaturist-in-chief of “Planters’ Punch”—for he is the only caricaturist of “Planters’ Punch” he must be caricaturist-in-chief—I visited on April 2nd, 1933, the power station at Gold Street, from the interior of which there issued a steady incandescent roar, the noise of machinery constantly in operation.

“Step inside,” said Mr. Campbell and Mr. Young simultaneously, making a sweeping gesture with their hands, and treating me as a guest of the highesses.

“After you,” said I firmly, for nothing on earth would have persuaded me to be the first to enter a place where peril possibly lurked and with the arrangements of which I was entirely unacquainted. Doesn’t the Public Service Company proclaim on every street car the wisdom of “Safety First”? Should I now, at one of the supreme concomitants of
right there. Their appearance was that of men in their natural habitation. Here it was quieter than the room in which the turbines are situated, and I could hear more clearly the figures that fell from the lips of Mr. Young and Mr. Campbell who apparently revelled in such matters. I learnt for instance that in the Gold Street Power House about three-fourths of the electricity supplied to Kingston and St. Andrew is generated. Thus when in times of flood the Bog Walk Station might be flooded, Kingston and St. Andrew would have their lighting and their tramway service.

We went on to Bog Walk. The Power House there supplies Kingston with a certain amount of current. But its current is used chiefly for the illumination of Spanish Town and Linestad, and also to supply power to the pumps now busy raising water from under the surface of the lands in St. Catherine. But suppose the Bog Walk Station should go out of action sometime, would all the works to which it supplies current be closed down in consequence? Not a bit of it. For the lines from Kingston carry current to the country, just as the lines from Bog Walk bring current to Kingston. The electric wires from Gold Street can convey electricity to Linestad for the lighting of the houses there if necessity demands; and in order to prevent any future interruption of this service, to which these lines are attached have been removed from the surface of the road in the Bog Walk gorge and placed high up on the hillside to the right as you travel towards Bog Walk. They are now situated higher than the water has ever been known to reach in times of floods. The catastrophe of August 1932 gave a hint to the Public Service Company upon which they acted at once.

What a scene that must have been in the gorge of Rio Cobre when the river came so furiously down in August 1932! I stood within the Power House looking north and south, and tried to imagine the scene. For days it had been raining all over the east of Jamaica and swiftly the river had risen. The water, to the top of which had sent a vast volume of water rushing towards the gorge, the river was in flood, in spate; rapidly it became a roaring torrent. The men at the machinery in the Bog Walk Station watched it with apprehension as it rose and rose, covering the machines, threatening against the solid concrete foundations of the building, rising higher and higher until they were compelled to take refuge among the rafters in the roof. The tawny waters rushed on with irresistible sweep and triumphant roar. The velocity was overpowering. The roar sweled, the road was swept away, the machinery in the Power House stood motionless. Yet when night came on in Kingston the streets and other houses in the city glowed with light as usual, for at the Gold Street Station in Kingston the turbines whirled as of wont.

Mr. Nichols Symbolises Full Electrical Equipment

Mr. Young does the Bog Walk Trop
the lines functioned; where water power had failed through the action of water, machinery driven by oil-fired engines, so that within the last fifteen or twenty years electricity can be supplied by oil-fired machines at a very reasonable rate. Much depends, naturally, on the amount of power demanded and consumed. The greater the demand, the more continuously we use very expensive turbines and other mechanical accessories he kept at work, which means a greater economy in overhead and other expenses; consequently the more electricity used the cheaper will the cost of it become to the consumer. In the Kingdom and Lower St. Andrew, in Montego Bay, Port Antonio also, electricity is now a necessity. It will become a necessity in many other parts of the country as soon as the need arises. For electricity can be established in populous centres for religious and other purposes, for ordinary illumination, and the time may come when little towns and villages in Jamaica will be lighted with electricity as little towns and villages are in Cuba and Central America today.

Kerosene is still a king, even though wearing but a diminished crown. Kerosene is an oil; its throne everywhere has been threatened and is in many places entirely overthrown by the effective rivalry of another oil, the sort that is used as the fuel for the generating of electricity. In future times we may draw power from the sun's rays for the working of electrical machinery; that is probably the next development of which we shall witness. This power will be stored for use at night as well as by day. Then indeed the huts of our rural districts may be electrically lighted. It is all a question of ultimate cost.

In a recent report, I am informed, the Public Service Company supplies electricity for ordinary and for commercial purposes to 7,600 companies and private customers in Kingston and St. Andrew. The Jellicoe Company, the Jamaica Match Factory, Rail- way Company, and 179 other business organizations operate their machines with electricity. 4,834 houses are lighted in Kingston and St. Andrew, 361 in Montego Bay, 209 in Portland, in Montego Bay, of course, there is an electric system quite separate from that of Kingston or Bog Walk. Not that electric current could not be supplied from Kingston to Montego Bay: it could. From one central station current could be sent to every part of the island. But the greater the distance the greater the cost of transmission. However, before the wave, at the present stage of electrical development, to have a few stations here and there instead of one in Kingston itself.

But the day will probably come, as I have said, when our countryside will see lines and pylons or poles conveying current from one great central station to every part of the island, though perhaps not during the lifetime of the present generation.

When we speak of a man as a scoundrel, we mean that his temper is prone to intense excitement: a dynamic sort of individual we call him, taking the word dynamico from dynamo, which is a machine used to produce power by means of electricity. Therefore one might imagine those persons intimately connected with the production of electricity in handling of electricity which imposes calm upon the character, or perhaps it is that only men of a well-balanced temperament can succeed in dealing with electricity. As for Mr. Campbell, he is not excitable but voluble. Get him once started on the subject of electricity and it is difficult to turn off the switch. But in an emergency he knows how to keep his head.

We of the lofty pass a Power House without giving it a glance; never thinking of the mysteries which lie behind the running of the trains, the illumination of our houses, the operation of our factories. But we of the lofty at least understand this about electricity: that it is an increasing factor in our lives and that we want more and more of it. And we feel something like wonder when we realize that from one station to the south-east of this city proceeds most of the current that sets the mansions in Lower St. Andrew alight, brightens up our smaller suburbs, sheds light and find Mr. Nichols by his aide at two o'clock in the morning when he should be asleep. The layout and decorative scheme of the Gold Street establishment are also Mr. Nichols' particular care.

Mr. Campbell tells me, too, that Mr. Young is popularly known as "Arch." The Superintendent of Light and Power, and so zealous that he once walked part of the way in the Bog Walk gorge without his boots. I don't know what effect that had upon the road.

Mr. C. W. Humphries, Chief Engineer of the Gold Street Station, has been with the Jamaica Public Service Company for four years. He came to Jamaica to erect the triple expansion engine at Gold Street Station for Mr. Jellicoe of BM, and Mr. Nichols, knowing a good thing when he sees it, did not allow him to return. Mr. Humphries is known as a "corporate" man, corporate in its entirety, he works his serious and during the flood in August, 1933, walked knee deep in water to reach the plant at two o'clock in the morning. Mr. McPherson, his assistant, is a Jamaican with a Scotch name. He glories in pulling apart each of the complicated turbines and putting it together again.

Mr. E. J. Wilson, Engineer at the Bog Walk Power House for over thirty years, has passed through all the troubles from floods, landslides and other calamities than any man living. He has had to take refuge on the roof of the Power House in total darkness on more than one occasion while racing torrents surrounded it. Finally managing his escape at daylight by means of a rope thrown across the stream to the hill opposite. By all accounts he was a brave man, one should be a gray-bearded man by now, but he does not show a gray hair. It is not suggested that he is using a hair dye of that special brand sold by our chemists. Mr. Wilson also discusses the drowning of some thirty-three men in the pipe at Bog Walk nearly thirty years ago, and can tell thrilling tales about the incident. But I won't say he is hoping for a repetition of such an incident. There will be no repetition. They take better precautions against that sort of thing in these days.

WATER POWER, where available in sufficient quantity, is still the cheapest agent for generating electricity. But the development of electrical machinery has been such that within the last fifteen or twenty years electricity can be supplied by oil-fired machines at a very reasonable rate. Much depends, naturally, on the amount of power demanded and consumed. The greater the demand, the more continuously we use very expensive turbines and other mechanical accessories he kept at work, which means a greater economy in overhead and other expenses; consequently the more electricity used the cheaper will the cost of it become to the consumer.

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Panama Is Burning

(Continued from Page 6)

he railed at, abused in one of his sudden bursts of terrible rage, because they had not been constantly in the foreground of action. They hadn't troubled to take a new gun or sword when their own was smashed. Some of the men had captured precocious young women, and had dressed them up amongst them, running his clumsy finger over the familiar Spanish tongue, and had discussed the gamut of the Indian musket, and he feasted with him about the obscene carvings of birds and weird monsters that they had done on the butt.

Dan had covered himself with weapons, his sash bristled and his sword quite a kind of knife and sword, six pistols hung down from coloured ribbons as if he were a Christmas tree, three muskets were crammed into his pockets, and he discussed the prospect of success. Morgan stopped in front of him.

"Yes, Dan," said Morgan, "you seem to grow a bigger fool after every fight we have. Come on, now, throw 'em away; you'll only cut your fingers when you try to shoot. You start chasang?"

"No harm, eyny," grinned Dan. "I jest wanted ter know what you'd say. No harm in me, eyny; you know that."

"Yes, Dan; I know it."

And he rested his hand gently on the giant's shoulder before he passed to the next.

"Told yer off!" whispered Dan hoarsely to his mate Andy. "AFTER every bloomin' fight we have the filthy English say we're done. First thing we do is Moe."

"He'll, if he knew yer as well as I do he'd show a bullet after you. You big hump of muggots, get off me!"

"No harm, Andy, no harm..."

Dan smiled at him friendly, for now all the old regiment was present before the name of Captain Morgan, Admiral-in-Chief, their Master; he could not be made to come near. They loved him and straightened as he came near.

At last, inspection over, he spoke a few words to them, not exhorting them to be brave, for that he knew how. They went off, and then that the minute they had captured the city, they must all assemble in the largest plaza when they heard his trumpet.

"And now," he said, stepping back, "men, let us have the ball ready."

And they had the stroll towards the doomed city of Panama.

CHAPTER III
WITHIN THE WALLS

The savannah over which they strode ran parallel to the ocean and was full of sudden little gullies, unexpected hillocks, stray ditches. It seemed to undulate and criss-crossed the ground, making a smooth plateau would be a mound from behind which a glance might easily have overlooked the one by one. But they marched on slowly, falling, catching their feet in hidden burrows and weeds, but scattering, ploughing, and they identified the unblushing figure of Henry Morgan.

They had come to a long dry ditch as the Spaniards charged, and waited calmly there without firing a shot at the men and horses were almost on top of them; then they let loose a volley that unseated the saddled men and sent horses crashing, whinnying to the ground in a muddle of hooves. While the Don's men were alarmed and shouted at each other to recover their courage and their swords, the burnees leaped from the trench and charged with sabre and pike.

They soon beat them back in terror, and the burnees stoutly continued their march. A long arm of the sea curved around the city as if to nestle it close amongst its foot. The sea curved round, then spread out like an open fist into a wide avenue of sand, and the long gray waters were crowded by a solid nobe wall and stone houses.

Behind that were the gates of Panama.

Keep yer tongue off her. She's straight, she is. Hell, p'ups a rat's rest with her now."

"I hear you firing this thing, what?" cried Andy, stretching his arms. "Bailey, g'mme a long bottle of beer now and I'll be happy!"

"Aye," said Dan, unfolding his long red nose that was blistered to twice its size with mosquito bites. "You see the good side of it."

"What about the Governor's darer?" said Andy with a sly chuckle.

"Keep yer tongue off her. She's straight, she is. Hell, p'ups a rat's rest with her now."

They listened and, sure enough, somebody was firing near by; they heard the noise distinctly against the stone and made a blind leap in the far reaches of the city.

They ran down a few turnings, then turned a corner, and stopped.

Dan looked at his mates with a grin of pleased satisfaction, like a child who has been unerringly given a cake. Down the street there was a barricade. A dozen Spaniards lay on the ground behind it, bones of some of them protruding in anguished shapes of their own flesh, but the others lusted intently over the wall of furnaces and fired muskets into the distance.

And Dan and his mates were behind the barricade, skulking out of the good side.

They cocked their guns and crept along the cobblest towards the obnoxious Spaniards, but a few yards off, one of the wounded, twisting suddenly around, saw them and gave a scream. He was just too late. Andy's pistol at close range blew his squall head to pieces, and Dan was amongst them with the others leaped up from an empty butt-end-stall around the corner.

Swung his long sword, and brought it down on a boy's head, and a woman's hair flopped out from under the cap. The shock caught Nat by the throat. It was a woman! She screamed at him and fell to the ground, and he found he had looked at it and saw that it was bloody, then he leaped down the street screaming like a pig. Nat gave a moment after her, saw her lurk and fall against the wall, then licked his lips, and joined in the assault.

There were no other women, even amongst the dead.

"Come on, boys!" bellowed Dan. "It's ust! We've cleared out the rats! Come on! Don't be lazy, yer louts!"

The burnees, thirty to forty of them, scrum- bled over the barricade and gathered round Dan. He was always a favourite. He bawled on the chest, shook his great hand, called him insulting..."
ly loving names, and he stood in their midst grinning with delight.

"Come on, boys," he said, "let’s see who we can meet. I’m looking for somebody, and you may as well look with me. Where’s Katy? Where’s the lousy stinkard gun? Hey, Nat, you dog! Any of you seen any winnies round here?"

They shook their heads.

"Then it’s liquor," said Dan. "I’ll fix the car. There’s goin’ ter be no damned drinkin’ till the place’s cleared. Hear me, you? Plenty o’ time fer fun afterwards. I’ll crack the first spark I sees with a bottle!"

"That there looks like a wine-shop," said Andy.

They trooped over, entered the shop, ratted down the cellar-steps and hung on the door at the bottom.

"You there, Nat?" shouted Dan. "Come out or I’ll fling the tripper over yer!"

"Go away!" came Nat’s voice, blared by a bottle-nozz, "don’t disturb a man at his work. I gots a woman in here. Call for me in a couple o’ hours, or to-morrow if yer like — or next week — and I won’t drink up a poor little mort and washin’ her wounds with brandy. Some wheresum cur’s banged her a tough ‘un."

"Come out and be murdered, yer coward!" shouted Dan, beating the door. In a ter Morg, I says: ‘I see where’s no drinkin’, Morg, till you says the word. Fer the last time, Nat — are yer comin’ out?"

"No!" cried Nat, ‘you’re a nuisance, you are. Don’t you want to crowd, you’re invading my space. I got a pistol here, Dan right primed and loaded, and the first feller through that door gets it. So clear out, sneak-up when you’s got the chance."

"My God!," cried Dan, the veins almost bursting on his neck and forehead. He drew back for a leap, but Andy caught him by the shoulders, the other grabbing his thighs and both of them struggling on his head. He kicked and writhed like a captured gorgon, but somehow they hauled him up the narrow steps and out into the sunlight. He was cursing and threatening death.

"Just a small matter," said Dan, "Nat’s yer mate. You can’t kill him, yer overfed lump o’ meat."

"Can’t I? I’ll kill you too, you cur, Andy. I promised Morg I see there was no drinkin’ till Saturday."

"You didn’t promise nothin’."

"Not personal, praps. But he don’t want no drink, and I don’t want any. I’ll follow and see he has time for the, but I’m warning you — I’ll get him later, the dirty little swillin’ hog."

They strode across the corner and were met by a sudden volley that dropped three of them. Then they were back behind that corner in a second, and had dragged the three men with them. One of them was almost senseless, the other only slightly staggered, the third got up and said:

"Where’s that come from?" cried Dan. "I seen no barracade."

"That don’t come from no barricade," said one of the men. "I seen where it come from, all right. Out of a saloon on the other side."

"A winner," said Dan. "How we going ter get em? I won’t be scared off by a pack o’ dirty Roman yats. Not me! Come on, who’ll follow?"

There was silence. The men looked helplessly at each other and scraped their feet on the ground.

"Well, of all the wheresum cowards," snarled Dan. "I’ll go on me flamin’ own!"

"Hey! Andy," I said. "I got an idea. See this house here? Well, if we get up on ter the roof, we can just pick em off!"

Dan stared uncomprehendingly at him for a moment, assimilating the idea gradually; then he gave a shout, clapped Andy on the back and led the way.

It was a strong cedar door, and they had to fling themselves at it a good few times and shoot at the lock before the bolt quivered and the hinges lost their grip.

A solid old gentleman with long white hair stood at the bottom of the steps, waving a rusty old pistol that looked as if it might have come over from Fort McHenry.

"Across my dead body!" he piped up, with red eyes. "Don’t be so oblige!"

Then Dan hopped him, rushed up and walked over him, the others following.

Up the staircase, then on the next floor they saw another sweating old gentleman pushing a weeping woman into a room. He shut the door on her, stood against it, and proudly awaited his fate.

"You guys, come on," Dan shouted. "Come on, he deserves it."

They were on the roof, on top of Panama. Under them, they saw roofs golden with sunlight, a gargoyle at the corner licked its stone claw over the dead, steeps shimmered in the hot air, and the few roof-gardens were dry — for they were the best, most fashionable quarter — the poor flowers struggling gamely to burst into colour. They could see down into the streets—men fighting, barricading, and a great army of barracades filling the street from wall to wall as it followed Morgan.

"There’s Morg!" cried Dan excitedly. "See him! Over there! Hey, Morg! Don’t hear me."

"Shut up, you fool," said the man. "We haven’t heard yer but them damned Romans in the wind did. Look!"

They looked along the blanket wall, not a head or face showed.

"Aw, them can wait a while," said Dan: "Keep yer muskets primed.

He stared down at Morgan, at this comrade-in-arms in front of his ragged army marching along the deserted street. He looked so tiny, washed out from above.

Through the streets went Morgan in his triumph, the colours waving above his curb, for he carried his big hat in his hand to let that little wind there was cool the sweat from his forehead. Behind him came the ragged, shivering tramping of his men. He heard their laughter, their talk of what they’d do in a few hours’ time, boasting and reminiscing. Always boast and washings. They never seemed to have another thought, save of killing. Not that Morgan himself didn’t enjoy the simple, steady pleasure of his content drink as well as any man, better than most, but he had followed there being a time and place for everything, even for drink; but gold came first. Gold came before everything.

The reaction after the fighting was beginning to get hold on him. He felt weary, yet the excitement kept him on his feet. It was like being drunk, to walk this city that we know his. Yes, he was conqueror, this city was all his . . . Surely that thought was enough to keep him on his feet? He almost touched the walls just to delight his senses with the feeling of their tangibility. They were something tangible in this sea of phantoms, this earth. They were something to hold on to.

He looked at the bodies on the ground, jumbled in any scraps he encountered, gazed at the broken window panes. He passed outside a cathedral and rapped on the gate.

"That’s where the money is," he grunted to Bledry, "stocked with gold and silver."

"And women," said Bledry.

Morgan gave him a quick look, glanced behind at his men, and said:

"Yes, yes, women. We’ll let them be till after the fighting, Bledry."

At last he passed before a great white building with windows wide open, big, deep, cold, the court-house, jail, hospital, various other public buildings and the large church of San Jose.

"I’ll make this my head-quarters," he said.

"Come, Bledry, and you, Peke."

Then he turned to his men.

"Bring all the plunder here, he said.

"There must be no cheating. We must share everything, man to man. Don’t go too far away for I’ll be calling you all back here soon. We must be here, in any case. Morgana, stand by.

Put the colours up here, by the door. That’ll do, men. Good luck . . ."

"Look here," said Dan on the roof-top, "this is biting me. I hate donin’ nothick. It’s worse than don’t, don’t what yer want ter do."

"I wish I had a bottle o’ Nat’s charnold," grumbled one of the men. "I could just do with a drop more."

"This sun’s scorchin’ me nice."

"I got some homes," said a little fellow, producing a pair of dice. "They’re good ones, ain’t horse.

"Aw," grovled Dan, "we’ll be here all day at this rate. I’m fur ruin’ em. Now, looks here. They ain’t seen all of us up here. All they’ve seen is me and Andy. You others might have all run for what the fighting, Shout it. So me and Andy is poin’ ter walk along that street, now you keep lookin’ back and see if any of ‘em are at us’ side."

"I’m damned if I do," said Andy. "You think I’m gonna ter walk down that street and have (Continued on Page 25)"
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Panama Is Burning

(Continued from Page 23)

Panama was a magnet!” cried Andy. “Come here, you big overgrown stoopid, you! Gosh, that man’ll be the death of us! Oh, hell!”

He leaped up and raced after Dan, who was about to leap through the smashed skylight.

“Got him!” shouted Dan, grinning eagerly. “I know I could trust Andy.”

“Aye, get off with yer,” said Andy, “I ain’t here fer your frigging.”

They went lovingly down the stairs, each over-whelmed with his love for the other.

Curiously enough, the plan did work. Dan and Andy walked round the corner with monkeys primed, the feet of Spaniards snug up the windows, and every-body seemed to fire at once. The street was choked with powder and smoke, and after it had cleared, Dan was feeling himself all over, and Andy was do-

ing the same, neither believing that they were actually unhurt.

“Huzzah!” shouted Dan, waving his cleaver to his mates on the roof. “Come on, lads, be quick about it!”

And Andy raced over to the door and flung himself against it, but it merely bounced them off and hurt their shoulders. But when the others had joined them, the bolts and locks and bars all went with a crash like a cannon going off and sent the first rank of buccaneers clean on to their faces into the hall.

That was what saved them. The volley from the three men on top of the stairs caught those behind, and when Dan and Andy heaved themselves to their feet they were amazed to find themselves still alive, and Dan clamped up the stairs before the Spaniards had a chance to reoad. Dan’s cleaver finished two of them, and a lucky shot from some body settled the other.

“Well,” said Dan, wiping his forehead, “what’s all the row about? There must be something good here, mates, for them to guard it like this. And just look! Ain’t it rich!”

The yellow powder-blackened raffiars, spattered with blood, stood on top of the wide stairscase with the corpses at their feet, and gained around at the splendid hangings, the intricate delicate tafettas, the immense-framed paintings, the Eastern carpets like rough grass, the statues, urns, the point of ceiling. Dan’s cleaver dripped its red over a delicate Indian mat of soft pink and grey and green; above his head the chandelier was a great crystal rose.

“I’ll be — grand,” repeated Dan a little listlessly. He shouldered his cleaver and trod very softly along the upper hall, opening doors and casting into the sumptuously furnished rooms. His comrades too lost their awe and began opening doors. Some of them were spattering, for this was indeed a beautiful home —like most of the other Panama houses, it boasted of stables. Dan heard a scuffle above him, a shout, then the body of a shrieking negro in scarlet livery came whirling down the well of the staircase. His

shriek ended abruptly on a top: actice as his head smashed on the ground floor and they heard his body splenich with a dull thud. Dan and Andy raced up the stairs. They heard the cracking of wood, then a shriek of intense agony.

At the end of the narrow hallway, a group of buccaneers stood around a smashed door. One of them was dancing and holding up the bloody stump of his left arm, his face writhing with the pain.

“Where’s there a医?” cried Dan. “Get him in the kitchen and above yer red hot sword on it if there ain’t no bar. Be sure about you, fools. Come on here, you, how did this happen?”

They all shouted at him, but he held up his hand.

“You tell me, Bruin,” he said, pointing to a heavy solemn man who was rolling his eyes in horror and rage. Bruin was Jiminy’s best mate, and Jimmy was the man with the severed arm.

“Gor’ strike me,” said Bruin, panting and speaking only with an effort, “there’s me and me mates. Jimmy and all o’ us, we come up the stairs, and Creaper here, didn’t you Creap? plugs a Jiminy black run, kicks him over the stairs, then we just looks round, like you was done downstairs, and Jimmy says: ‘Hey, Bruin, here, come here, Bruin, Jiminy door won’t open!’ So he kicks the Jiminy door, and

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CHAPTER IV
THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER

So this was the Governor's daughter! Andy grinned as he gazed at her, for indeed she was beautiful. Very beautiful. Her courtly dress—chiffon or chiffonette, reached to below her plump knees, then flowed out into lace like a sluggish river foaming over a cataract. It was fine lace, Andy noticed, for he had an eye for such things; thirty guineas a yard if it was worth a farthing. Over the dress she wore a veil of silver tissue, brought in tight at the waist and buttoned with pearls. Her arms and throat were naked except for the form of her mantilla, and lace draped from her shoulders down to her wrists. Her high-heeled slippers were of silver tissue embroidered with red roses and bound up her instep on to the ankle, in the Indian manner, showing off each curve of her small plump foot. These bindings were woven with dull gems interwoven—emeralds, rubies and pearls. Funny, thought Andy, that she never hid her jewels, very queer. Probably they were shaved.

No, they weren't shaved. There was nothing shaved about Doña Isabella de Guzman. She kept her jewels for the simple reason that they were on her; the others were all hidden. Her father had taken the best away a week ago and hidden them somewhere in the woods. She didn't trouble to ask him where, not thinking he could die. He had been very ill, with erysipelas, and this very morning had been bled before going out with the army, had not seen him since. A lot of men had fled in the ships, but she couldn't believe her father would do that and leave her behind to these savages. No, he was dead. So it was time for her, too, to die.

Clyde saw those strange creatures bewhoring before her, like moon-people trying to ape mankind, wild beasts standing on their hind legs. It was just a show. He almost made her smile.

"Do yer know any Spanish?" asked Dan in a hoarse whisper. "What's one can't speak, one can't understand any.

"Boo ees not aclai necessary," said Doña Isabella de Guzman languidly. "I shik your languish.

If a curious wild animal had suddenly talked English, Dan could not have shown more surprise. He had clean forgotten that she knew English, which was strange, as she had once spoken to him in it. He cursed himself for a fool for not remembering.

And lowered him in the ribs.

"Don't be bashful," he said, "speak up."

"Shut up!" shouted Dan, and immediately blushed at his own noise. Now that he was face to face with his dream, for the first time in his life his nerve completely went. But this woman had always been a dream to him, something hopelessly beautiful, and millions of miles beyond the reach of his hairy paw. Yet she had once spoken to him in a dark garden at Panama while the hounds of justice had been hunting for him in the black street outside. She had spoken kindly to him, had even touched him with her white hand. Like an angel she had seemed in the gloom—his saviour. The memory was so unreal that he had almost come to look upon it as some fantastic dream.

"How do ye do?" he asked at last, resurrecting a rusty relic of his old soberly days, his childhood. He was the child now, and she was a grown woman.

"How do you?" she asked with a slight nod. "I do very well, thank ye—she shrugged her chubby shoulders. "I am now as prisoner, sir?"

"No, na," said Dan, with a vague idea of conciliating her by talking broken English. "You no prisoner. No, no, You stay with me. Plenty all right. I'll see you ain't hurt."

"I thank you," she said.

An uncomfortable silence settled on the party, who all looked solemnly at each other—she at Dan, and Dan and his mate at her and each other. The girl at the window-ledge shut her mouth, but not her eyes.

"Well," said Doña Marina at last, "what's ees eet that I do now?"

The trumpets saved Dan. They suddenly blared out the old ' שאתy, but faintly, as if the sunlight of the afternoon like a sudden eruption of the earth.

"What's ees eet?" asked Doña Marina. "You go from me now? Leave me, sir?"

"Leave yer! Hell, no! Gerd, damn it, they'd all be runnin' round you like a flock of crows afore you could say Hears-o! No, lovely, stick near me."

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like hot pitch, and you'll be all right. Don't trust none of these fellows but me. They don't know how to treat a lady. Yer remember me, don't yer? The heretic you saved from the Inquisition that night? Well, it's my turn now, I'm savin' you. But we'll talk 'bout that later. Now, we've got ter see Moré, our cap'n, my mate, Henry Morgan. You jest come with me. You ain't got nothin' ter fear.

He went and took her little hand in his gigantic paw. She looked up questioningly at him, then slowly stood to her feet, obeying as if she were a child. A child! Of course she was the child, not he. It warmed Dan's heart.

The buccaneers chuckled and winked and poked each other's ribs as they followed Dan and his lady down the stairs; they paraded his swaying gait, put their hands to their cheeks and mimicked along as if they too walked with ladies. Dan saw and heard nothing. He walked in a dream, in a very happy, foolish dream.

In the wide plaza, before the Military Commandant's house that Morgan had chosen for his head-quarters, all the buccaneers had gathered, and talked restless together so that their many voices merged into one wave of sound, like the whispering of the ocean before a storm. They were impatient to break away and start drinking and wenching. The heat had burned up their throats and they ached for wine.

"Ah, hipster!" mumbled a tall fellow. "I'd give me bread for a good strong drink . . ."

"Outer one of them long thin-shanked glasses that they put in the ladies' skirts . . ."

"Outer the bottle, the bunghole, the barrel . . . a pipe of wine . . ."

"Ah, winstim! I seen the sweetest slut a man's ever been blinded by . . ."

"Ah, yer should have pipped the neat little hag that hauled me half an hour ago. She had eyes . . . even seen goats' yeller eyes . . ."

"The Arabs ain't nothang on the Spaniards when it comes ter hips . . ."

"Risk, plump and need . . ."

"Ah, fer a barrel and a greasy bowse . . ."

So they talked in the heat, leaning against the wall, sitting and lounging on the cobblestones. They had packed the Cathedral with captives and booty. When a man swelled up with a rich cask, a vase, some jewels or a woman, he was made to sing whatever he carried into the church of San José. They put armed guards upon it all.

Then suddenly the murmuring stopped. Morgan had come from the house with his officers. Simultaneously, Dan and Andy appeared, kicking a way through the crush to lead their beautiful captive to a front seat, exactly like men in London taking their girls to see the Lord Mayor's Show or a hanging.

"She ain't goin' later no damn church," growled Dan, when he was told to put Doña Marina amongst the other prisoners. "She's a spectable gal, this is. The first man as touches her feels my gun. Understand. You better understand . . ."

Nobody tried to misunderstand; they let him pass.

Morgan had beamed himself on to a table that was the remains of a barricade, Bledry with him, his other officers grouping around on the cobblestones like carradine around a statue. He stood upright in the ocean of faces, above them. He was not very tall, about five feet seven, but he seemed immense in his blue coat, his brown curls tumbling to his broad shoulders, for he was very broadly built.

Bledry stood beside him, the faint sneering smile edging his lips that seemed always there. He was thinner and taller than his cousin Henry.

At last, when Dan's vague adventrue had thrilled to silence, Morgan cleared his throat—very distinct it sounded in the hush—and spoke.

"Men," he said, "I cannot tell you what pleasure your bravery has given me. When we started out, none of us realized quite what we were going to get. But we got it all right. It's something for all of us to be proud of. The memory of this adventure will live as long as there are history books.

Julius Caesar never did anything like it. Even our own Sir Francis Drake never equaled it. We'll always be remembered. They'll make songs about us. As long as England lives, we'll live. And that of course will be for ever.

He paused amid the huzzing, and Esquemeling—doctor—took advantage of the noise to cover a fierce whisper into a Frenchman's large ear. Not knowing Dutch, the Frenchman didn't understand a word, but he guessed the import.

"Who sees that?" asked Doña Marina, drawing away from the fierce-looking men sitting her on all sides.


"Enrique Morgan, ah!"

"Táin, Enrique Morgan. That's him . . . Morgan was speaking again. He told them of the division of spoils. He had set aside the church opposite, and everything must be stacked in there. When they got back to Chaparré there would be a division according to the articles they had signed before setting out. Anybody of importance, well-dressed or rich-looking—man, woman or child—must be brought instantly to his Secretary, John Peke, who would look after him or her so that they could be held for ransom. With the common people, particularly with all Indians and negroes, who made up about three-quarters of the population of Panama, they could do what they liked. And here he made a jest that brought a laugh.

When the laughing had finished, he held up his hand.

"And now, men," he said solemnly, "I've just heard of a truly diabolical plot. A most diabolical plot indeed. The chaplain's all poisoned. All poisoned. It was the Spaniards' last act."

Silence greeted this statement, an appalled hush, that exploded with a burst of catcalls, howls, whistles, curses, shrieks and insults. The men went mad for a moment and some made a rush for the cathedral to finish off whatever Spaniards were there; but the guards under the Tarantals raised their guns and kept the mob at bay.

"I told you, Harry," said Bledry over his shoulder. "You'll be mad, they'll never believe it. You might as well stop a baby from groping for the breast as that scam from driving on a barrel. They'll turn on you in the end. You see."

"All right," snapped Morgan. "We'll see."

He turned to go, then caught sight of Doña Marina. She shone out of that crowd of tattered ruffians like a jewel set in mud. Her face struck him poignantly, as if she were a beautiful miniature lying in a sewer.

"Who sees that?" he said to Bledry, "Who's that?"

"I don't know," said Bledry, "and I don't care. You've moddered enough in the men's pleasures already. I think it's time you stopped."

But Morgan did not heed him. He turned forward and called out the name of a man.

"Dan! Dan! Hey, Dan, who've you got there?"

Dan shoved forward, proud of being singled out amongst that multitude, but he still kept a firm grip on Doña Marina's wrist, and she was forced to follow, to edge through that shouting, sang-bash. She tried to push away from them and was only pushed into them on the other side. Beard faces were all around her brown loveliness, faces splashed with dry black blood, faces shouting words that for the most part she couldn't understand, faces of men almost blind with fury at losing their rightful heritage of rum and wine. They scarcely noticed her, except to try to get a glimpse. Women were for-

(Continued on Page 29)
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Panama Is Burning

(Continued from Page 27)

gotten in the loss of liquor. Only now and then, a face that looked with lust stared at her and chuckled at her gown. Dan reached the table-edge, hugged up his mighty fist, which Morgan had grabbed and shook. He shouted above the uproar:

"Hello, cap'n!"

"Hello, Dan!" Where did you pick her up?"

"Her!" Oh, jeez, accidentally, like cap'n. She's the Governor’s daughter. Did I give you a good turn once."

"The Governor’s daughter, Dan! She'll be good for a room. But you’d better pass her over here to me. I’ll keep my eye on her. Some of your friends are pretty tough, Dan."

Dan looked up with pain-splintered surprise, and his arms went around Doña Marina’s shoulders protectively.

"Aw, cap’n," he cried, "you can trust Dan. There ain’t noth’n wrong with him."

"Well, Dan,” Morgan continued, "I traded more than any body. You’re one of the finest. It’s your mates. You’re not to sleep together sometimes, Dan."

"Yes, cap'n."

"And some of those mates of your’s I think nothing of confinement to a throat to get at her. You wouldn’t like that to happen, would you, Dan?"

"That’s so, cap’n."

He gazed away over his shoulder at the surging mass of fierce faces. He looked frightened, puzzled, in an agony of indecision.

"Aw, but Cap’n..."

I can look after her best. Manage the ransom and crowd them with the biggest ransom. Come on, Dan. You can trust me."

"Yes, cap’n, I do know that, but..."

He gulped.

"Aw, take her!" he cried. "Take her afore I change my mind. Take your yare, hurry up!"

He ran away, setting forth amongst the mob. Doña Marina gazed after him, horror-struck.

"What, Dan?" she cried. "Come back, please, please..."

But he was gone.

"Don’t be frightened, little lady," said Morgan, lifting her up on to the table. "I’ll see that you’re looked after all right."

She struggled for a moment, then lapsed into her fatalistic acquiescence.

"There’s nothing to be frightened of, lady," said Morgan, with a smile. "You come with me like a good girl, and I’ll see that you’re fixed shipshape."

She followed him over the table. He jumped down the other side, then easily lifted her after him on to the chair. The burniers made way for them and Hedly; they were angry, but their awe of Morgan was stronger than their anger.

At last Morgan was inside his headquarters, in cool walls of shadow. He led his captive down the wide ball and out of a side-door heavily curtained that led into the patio.

It was a wide patio; in the centre of its lawns a large fountain dripped from a dolphin’s mouth and gave colour to the furred grass. Great canvas canopies made of dark stuff spread over a sloping roof to keep away the sun, and they shook in whatever little breeze there was, sending sudden puffs of dry coolness down below. All around the sides a plaza was formed with a sloping roof, the bedrooms overhanging on one side and low square pillars supporting it and curving in an arc between each pillar.

Between two of these pillars a hammock was slung. Beside it was a small table on which was a bottle of wine and glasses. There were three other chairs, all covered with a white calico in the shade.

"You’re a fool," said Hedly, dispassionately.

"Dan was your best friend in that mob, and he had more power over them than ever you had. Now you’ve checked all that aside for a woman. Well, well!"

"This is the Governor’s daughter," answered Morgan, fingering himself into the hammock and pouring out a glass of wine. "I’ll have a mighty big ransom. Besides, Dan’ll be all right. He’d die for me. You don’t know men like I do."

"Still thinking of money," said Hedly. "If I had to stop ‘em mouth, didn’t I? You know what they’re like. Why, the Dons could creep back and wipe out one of us while they lay in a drunken stupor and didn’t know the butternut from a musket-barrel!"

"They’ll do that anyhow," said Hedly, "no matter what lies you try to tell them." Morgan stared quietly at him for a moment, then drank his wine and set the empty glass back on the table with a little rattle.

"Well, I’ve a notion to help Dan," said Hedly, with a faint smile. "If I’d taken your advice I’d never have come here.

He filled both glasses.

"Poison!" said Hedly with a sly chuckle. "Rare good poison! And I think your man’s going to find it out pretty soon. By the way, my dear fellow, you’ve forgotten your manners, I am added, suddenly. "Did you notice that your pretty captive’s still standing?"

"EH?" cried Morgan, turning in his chair.

Doña Marina stood like a statue near the door-way, the torn lace splattering about her feet, her head lowered, looking down at her clapped hands.

"You’re a good captive," said Morgan. "But... but... do you know any Spanish, Hedly?"

"Not for mixed company, I’m afraid," smiled Hedly, "nevertheless, I’ll try."

He turned insensibly to Doña Marina. "Sí, sí,", he began with the old West Indian accent, then paused to think, wriggling his brows, "... ah... er... er... o praga el favor!"

She looked up quickly, surprised to hear again her own tongue. It sounded unfamiliar in its sweet familiarity. She had almost felt that she would never hear it again.

There was a seat—a high-backed wooden chair—not far away, and she slid gracefully into it, cat-like crossed her legs, and leaning her chin on her shut hand and the elbow on the chair-arm, gazed vacantly at the two Morgans.

They remained uncomfortably under that stare for a few minutes, then Morgan tapped his fingers on his knee, and turned away from her to look at Hedly.

"As I was saying," he said, and paused.

"Go on," smiled Hedly, "as you were saying."

"As I was saying," said Morgan with an effort, "her ransom’ll be pretty high.

And he looked surprised when Hedly roared with laughter. But they didn’t speak of her again.

Morgan’s secretary arrived, a thin, dripped man called John Peke, with a mincing voice, and they were soon all three deep in discussions about how best to guard the city, how to collect and catalogue the plunder, how to distribute it, how to steal the lady’s rightful share. And soon in their obsession over money, they forgot all about Doña Marina. She sat quietly tranced in her chair, gazing unseeingly ahead.

All this while, Dan had been pushing around in the crowd in the plaza, dazed like a swimmer who has been beating his exhausation, yet still rolls amongst the combes. He sought freedom, he felt suffocating. A sense of impotent rage had him by the throat. The memory of Doña Marina was like a red mist before his eyes. His dream had come true for a breathing-space of happiness; now it was ended.
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"Can't yer lose a blasted gal without havin' ter bust yer liver tryin' ter run away from her? Ease up, curse yer. Ah, Morg's cute'un, ain't he? That yarn about the liquor halts about the liquor!" repeated Dan menacingly.

"Come here, you rat!" His huge hand caught Andy by his thin throat, lifted him up and jammed him against a wall. "Say that again," he said.

"Come on—say that again."

"I never said it couldn't be stowed!" shouted Andy. "I'm yer best mate, I allus has been. Yer can't kill yer best friend, damnit. Leave me go; you're hurting."

"What was yer last word about the liquor?" repeated Dan menacingly.

"Not likely," said Andy in desperation. "I was only joking. I don't mean half what I says. It's just me way of talkin'. I'm allus like that."

"You think it was a tale o' Morg's, de yew?" said Dan. "It's rats like you that they string up to the yard-arm, you mutinous scum, you! Ah, yer make me sick! You never believe a liinin' thing what a man says. You're rotten, rotten ter the navel ... A man ought ter wipe yer out!"

He loosed his hand and Andy fell to the ground, almost crying in his rage.

"Why the Lord's hell am I so small!" he whimpered, and brought his hand down fiercely on to the cobbles. When he raised it, the knuckles were bare and bloody. "What hope have I got against lotsa like you? I'll bloomin' well knafe yer, you big bullyin' hirdan. Of course the wine ain't poisoned! No one'd believe it except a monce like you! But Morg can't fool me, damn him!"

Dan stared down at his friend, a little abashed of his rage yet still in a passion. "I think you're a little to salivatin' yet, er? I'll look in yer lot with his toe. "But I'll give yer a chance. There's Nick who's been boozin' himself blind as a puppy all this time. If he's all right I give yer fair leave to wallop me. If he's dead, as Morg says he oughter be—well, you look out, you rat!"

"All right," said Andy, "we'll jest see."

He picked himself up, rubbed his bleeding knuckles, and followed Dan, who stepped out frenziedly.

They walked silently along the deserted street. Once as they turned the corner they heard a shutter hang, but they didn't trouble to investigate.

Dead and wounded were scattered everywhere; some of the streets looked like an abattoir, blood and muck sliding under their boots. But they kept on, over an empty plaza; through a lane so narrow that the over-fired tops of houses almost touched one another on each side and made the lane a kind of tunnel. Then lastly they were back at the barricade they had captured from behind.

Dan still did not speak. He strode over to the shop that bore the bold lettering extenuated, rattled down the stairs and thumped on the cellar door.

At first there was no answer, and he turned his face, wrinkled with triumphant malice, to Andy's, who gazed at him with large, scared blue eyes. But then they heard something or somebody fall over, an indescribable curse, a hiccup, and then Nat's voice thickened with wine.

"Ow! That's too much," he called. "Go 'way or I fire. Give yer three, One ..."

"Too fool! It's Dan—I ain't goin' ter hurt yer!"

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The city itself ran along the edge of a great bay that was slashed by a long spit of rock over which the vividly crucified sun hung huge and leisurely to catch the fishermen and pelicans by the ankles. West of this spit the land gave itself up to the sea, but with here and there feeble efforts at defenses—banks of grey stone blocked green with slime and weed, the troglodyte-home of lean carnivorous rats. But to the east of the spit, the great ships came in under masses of sail as if they dragged clouds in with them from the sky: here they lay, trapped in the mud and slime at low tide and showed their bellies to the sun. The ships were polished, their wood was studded with barnacles and dripping green weeds and fungus as if they bled their sap.

At the landward side of the city, the great square tower of San Anastasius stood out stark against the quivering blue sky. It was this cathedral's copper cross that first gave Morgan warning of the beach hidden at his feet. And near by, a rocky knoll, the stout building of the Genoese slave-market squatted with high, thick walls.

The city was on its edge of that vast mysterious ocean of the South, the lovely city of Panama, haunted its colours and stone. Houses and cathedrals poked their impudent roofs at the sky; compared to many Old World cities it was perhaps not so gigantic, have a breakfast of corn being eaten by the red Indians and negroes and the myriad offshoots—mulattoes, octroo, roomes, samboes. But it possessed three cathedrals and had monasteries and nunneries and an insula of all its own. Discouraging lanes and alleys, it had seven streets running in from the sea, bisected by four others, and boasted three fine plazas. To the south, the sea protected it with a broad ribbon of quicksands at low tide, and at the west, a marshy creek severed it from sound earth and was crossed by a narrow stone-arched bridge. To the north on the landward side, there was a huge swamp spanned by another stone bridge—this was the one by which the canoes had crossed—but nature draped the swamp with a little stream that flowed into the harbour on the east. And so, on all sides, the city was held in as if God had put a lock on a fine earth especially for the Spaniards to nest on. Its whole area was only fourteen hundred and twelve acres, or yards, from east to west, by four hundred and eighty-seven yards from north to south. A handful of land, a mere pinch on this colossal continent; and for this God had given Morgan led wolves across the mountains, for this he had started and fought; for this, this tiny spot of earth! Long streets ran right through the city, filled with palaces that dropped from above as if the houses wittled like candles in the glance; lanes above which the piazzas almost met and cooled the burning cobble, so close they were that lovers could kiss from house to house. But only few of the Spaniards knew that within this palace; most of them were but one-storied dwellings without floors, with thatched roofs and holes for chimneys. But in some of the finer houses, the walls hid beautiful patios luxuriant with flowers, the gardens spreading starlike peacock-feathers on the earth.

Ah, that merry Babylonian city of Panama, the king of Spaniards, the lovely! It was right to name the Pearl of the South, even though it stood a few degrees above the breaching equator!

Then, as if the sun in rage against Morgan's descration of its favourite gridiron had sent a lick of fire upon it, houses burst suddenly into flame. Suddenly the drunken royal and the slaves rinsed with fire, the roofs exploded and fell, the walls flared like tagers.

Morgan was talking to Bledry in the patio when they brought the news. But he had not been idle. Already he had his hands on the largest warehouses, churches and monasteries, and his secre- tary was cataloguing everything; and the captives were locked into the Cathedral opposite; twenty-five of his best sailors had been sent to capture a galion stuck in the mud and to launch her somehow to Tavos and Tavogilla in search of a ship that he had news of, the held almost all the richest things in Panama, together with a hoard of nuns, and was guarded by only seven guns and ten or twelve mus- ket's; she had only uppermost sails on the main- mast, so should be easy capture.

A picket under Johnny Hormonson came rush- ing in to him with a bundle of the noisy fire, and it seemed that fate was for the first time working against him. God knew how much plunder might be hurt!

He jumped to his feet, cursing. Even Bledry showed a vague interest. (Continued on Page 53)
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Panama Is Burning

(Continued from Page 31)

Two of his officers left in command, then on horseback he galloped off with Bledry and half a dozen men.

In the distance they could see the fire like a red dust-storm. It blazed up into the sky, a dirty-white, unfolding, roaring, spattered with fiery sparks, and lit here and there by flashes of red and scarlet like bloody lightning. It was, in fact, like a huge clock rising from the earth, slowly unwinding and drifting up.

It was a long ride, for the fire was down near the harbour side, but Morgan covered the distance in seconds of careness of whom he overrode, turning corners without a shout of warning, leaping barricades and risking death in blind alleys.

At last he was at the house, and he leapt from his horse that reared and snarled at the flames. The heat was so intense that he could not approach near. crowds stood in bunched here and there, talking in subdued murmurs, stricken apathetic before this red devil that roared and spit among the houses, its scarlet clock ticking out and cracking like whips as it kicked up hallostorms of sparks. Already half a street was a mass of whitening flames, red and blue, streaked with sudden flashes of bright yellow, while armies of cats ran shrieking from the heat, fluttering into the forest and into as yet unlit houses like ants sucked from a carcass.

The sun above and the fire on the earth. It almost suffocated you just to look at it. You burst into sweat at the merest puff of its flames.

Morgan stood biting his lip, holding his horse by in the bridal; a few yards off, Bledry calmly sat in his saddle, combing his fingers in his beard.

The man ran over to Morgan, glad to find somebody with a will strong enough to deal with this fire.

The idea of trying to put it out with water was so absurd that he attempted it, and a few buckets lay about in pools of rapidly drying liquid. It seemed they would have to let it take its course; but the idea of buckling down, even to this elementary force, smote at Morgan's heart. He had never given in to all time. Never. Must he start now before this damnable fire?

The men watched him. They had all turned red in the firelight that blotted out the night and stood as red as if dipped in ochre, redder than the ochremen shouting their wares in old England. And those men all gazed hopefully at the figure of Harry Morgan, as red he looked as themselves, gripping his horse's bridle.

Morgan gasped at the sight of him from under the shadow of his hat; the glaze swung round from behind and tickled his face, like a familiar pet striv ing to find its master's eyes. His face looked livid in the red glare. Then he sighed, and said abruptly: "Who started it?"

"No body appeared to know who started it. It had suddenly sprung up like a demon."

Stopping then there with a body of foreign ers: they all gabbled at Morgan, but he waved them aside.

"Get some powder!" he cried, "and some fuses! We'll stop it yet. Blow up the houses in front of it. That ought to keep it back."

So the pioneers heaped up powder-kegs against the stone and the fences laid yards and yards of fuse, and blew up the houses with a face of powder. But he would not give in. His enthusiasm feared even Bledry, although he would not let himself show it.

The houses in this quarter were mainly poor little bums built of walled cane, wood, occasionally of adobe, and wholly thatched with dried palms that were as good as tinder. Even the better houses had only stone bases; then above, they degenerated into red, that had dried up, black as a spark, under an unlighting sun that sucked every particle of sap from the wood. They seemed to want to burn. They seemed almost to push themselves under a tongue of flame as if they longed to rise up with a comb of flames. Men thatchers shaking their wings and crowing at the sun.

It was a hopeless task to try to stop it. But Morgan would not rest. He was determined. He led a spark, under an unlighting sun that sucked every particle of sap from the wood. They seemed to want to burn. They seemed almost to push themselves under a tongue of flame as if they longed to rise up with a comb of flames. Men thatchers shaking their wings and crowing at the sun.

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Poltergeist? The Last Phase

(Continued from Page 7)

sides, you swore yourself to me on the night of our marriage. And we are now flash of one flesh until death shall part us—if indeed we ever die!

When Mr. Shotover drove back to Kingston early the next morning his brain was busy with thoughts of an uncomforting character. What he had feared, he told himself, was actually coming to pass. Mary's brain was being unhinged by her dwelling upon impossible things, and practising extraordinary things. She was no longer perfectly sane. Her solitary life had not been good for her. It would be better, from every point of view, that she should come to Elmsley Park, though that might mean a quarrel with his sister. Her talk about their marriage was nonsense, of course; there was no marriage. But he did not want to leave her, that was the one way of escape from a situation he did not like which he would never consent to take. He knew it. His will was not equal to it; his inclination was to the contrary. But he realised also that he would not be able to

CHAPTER FOUR

CHANGE AND DECAY

It was with something like a gush of surprise that Mr. Shotover's closest associates heard that he had taken Mary Ransome to stay at Elmsley Park as his wife. They could not pretend to know what this meant. Mary's mental state was described as fascinating by personality. But people like Ernest Tredger and his wife did not blush about the affair to strangers; they appeared to take it in their stride as any other extraordinary procedure. And so did Miss Shotover. She came and saw Mary, who both of them had found very far from what they had expected it. Mary's consenting, not only to anything to do with him, but actually to enter his home as an em- ployee, was something that the Shotovers could not understand. From the very beginning, Miss Shotover had predicted she would be—to leave Elmsley Park. She preferred to live in her own house. But Mary's silence, her membership of the Shotover household, quite unnerved her. She had once told Mr. Shotover, and how both of them had been amazed, that it was only at Mary's consenting, not only to anything to do with him, but actually to enter his home as an employee, that the Shotovers could not understand. From the very beginning, Miss Shotover had predicted she would be—to leave Elmsley Park. She preferred to live in her own house. But Mary's silence, her membership of the Shotover household, quite unnerved her. She had once told Mr. Shotover, and how both of them had been amazed, that it was only at

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He was appointed an Inspector of Schools in Jamaica in September of 1919, having graduated from the University of Manchester in 1910, taking his M.A. degree in 1912. He was not long an Inspector of Schools. He discovered an aptitude for business; so he left the Government service at the end of 1919 and became associated with the late Mr. M. M. Alexander in the latter's hardware and furniture store. He married Miss Nina Alexander, one of the most popular and charming of our young society ladies, and he settled down to the business with which he was identified with the same energy and gusto he had displayed in soldiering. When the Alexander Store was transformed into a Limited Liability Company at the beginning of 1924, Mr. Barker became Assistant Managing Director, and on the death of Mr. Alexander early in 1924 he was made Managing Director.

Mr. Barker is a man of quiet force of character, real application, and deeply interested in other matters besides the business to which he devotes the greater part of his attention and time. Educational affairs are a sort of hobby with him, thus it is natural that he should be Chairman of the Board of Governors of the Jamaica Technical College, Chairman of the Advisory Committee of the Kingston Technical School, a member of the Board of Education, and a member of the Vocational Training Committee. He holds other offices. He is a member of the Board of Governors of the Institute of Jamaica, a Director of the Victoria Mutual Building Society, a Director of the Jamaica Charity Organisation Society. Obviously a very busy and energetic man.

Mr. Barker loves the business of which he is Managing Director, and is bent upon making a continued success of it. He studies its as though it were a profession, knowing how methods change and how necessary it is that a businessman should move with the times. There is no aspect of it, however trivial, to which he does not give personal attention and with which he does not familiarise himself.

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(Continued on Page 37)
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Poltergeist? The Last Phase

(Continued from Page 35)

of the world; in the meantime there could be no doubt of the developing strength of their will, for what they desired came easily to pass, and this power of theirs grew stronger every day.

They were everything to one another now, steadily every extraneous interest being excluded. As Mary said, they were in the world, but becoming less of it; they were being more and more identified with the unseen world with every hour that passed. She had heartily agreed with his proposition to cut himself off from his West Indian business; she had made her will in her sister’s favour, for she shortly intended leaving her brother. Mary had Shotover, and she doubted they would ever return. There was a society in Paris, she told him, of which she had heard; indeed, of which she knew a good deal, and it devoted itself to researches in the occult. They would become not merely members of that society or cult, they would be adepts of it: later on, most probably its chiefs. They would reach out their hands to the unknown, and grasp it.

One night he was moved to ask her:

"Suppose we find that, behind everything that we are seeking, there is the Devil?"

"Who, what is the Devil?" answered dreamily.

"A fallen angel of great power, the Hebrew Scriptures tell us; but there may be more to him than that. Perhaps, as even some Christian sects have believed, he does divide the jurisdiction of the universe with the Almighty, Is himself a god. So what if we find him? What if we see him, can hold direct communication with him? Will not that be well worth while? ... I have sometimes felt that I am in close touch with him, and shall see him as he is some day. But not as theological writers have depicted him: rather as a force manifesting itself in light and brightness. The so-called Devil, David, may be only another aspect of God."

"I suppose that is blasphemy?" he suggested in uneasy tones.

"But it is men who have defined blasphemy," she laughed, "and what is blasphemy today may be faith tomorrow." Thus she dismissed the subject.

Another two months passed. But they did not leave Elmsley Park, though they talked constantly about their migration to Paris. Presently it began to dawn upon both of them that it was as though something were keeping them pinned to the place. Strong in other directions, they seemed very weak in this. They talked about going, but felt strangely unable to act.

Mr. Shotover also realized something else.

Men whom he knew, and women also, were now beginning to look at him in a peculiar, searching fashion when he met them. They asked him solicitously about his health, there was something like commiseration in their voices and eyes; he understood well that they believed he was no longer sane! He smiled at this, though it hurt him. He recalled that he had once thought the matter about Mary and had mentioned to her his thought; but while she had not minded this from him, it hurt his vanity that persons who were once afraid of him, or at any rate who held him in high respect because of his talents, should now be pitying him. And he suspected that rumours about him were in circulation. He was too well accustomed to facade facts to be blind to the circumstance that Mary’s old reputation for secrecy could not possibly have been forgotten, was still as living as it had ever been. And as he hardly went anywhere in those days, or she either, and they lived together in the great house away from neighbours, and he had practically abandoned his business—why, what then should people think but that she had bewitched him?

Folly, of course, but how could he explain? The only thing to do was to leave the country, to break the inhibition which seemed to paralyse his will in that particular respect; to assert himself as of old. The desire to do this became overpowering at last. It was the result of more than usual commissi-eratory treatment which he experienced at his Club, into which, the first time for months, he had wander- ed one day for a bite of lunch. When he rose from the lunch table, he had spoken with all his old ar-

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over was going away within a week or two, and that he had actually booked his passage. "I wonder if Mary Ransome is going too?" Ollie Tredgair asked her husband. "I rather fancy so," he said. "Mr. Shotover has given me orders to sell Elmsley Park."

CHAPTER FIVE
GOING, GOING—GONE!

MARY RANSOME and Mr. Shotover sat at a window looking north, towards the dark line of hills that rose on Elmsley Park, forming a sombre background in the moonless night.

Two days hence they were to sail for England, thence to Paris, where they would establish contact with that secret society of occultists who made a cult of spiritualism, crystal gazing, the exploration of places reputed to be haunted, and who, as usual, had it, indulged also in stronger practices, for it was said of some of them that they were avowed devil worshipers.

Mary calculated that, with David Shotover's wealth and masterful character, and her own dominant personality and acquired powers, it would be easy for the two of them to win a high position amongst this group. David did not know French, but she did; and she believed that she knew things in regard to which the others would be novices. Her African blood would be no drawback to her in such a society; her knowledge, derived from African ancestors, would give her a commanding place amongst them.

Outside it was pitch dark. The adjacent hills and woods accentuated a gloom which not even the bright tropic stars could diminish. They had sent off the servants—those who were still employed. For some had already been dismissed, decently provided for; and the three who had been retained could be depended upon for their time the next morning.

The servants were used to being sent away after dinner in these days; they no longer lived on the premises. It suited neither Mary nor Mr. Shotover that there should be any spies about in the night when Mary would begin her experiments and invocations, which had now become a constant practice as they had formerly been a passion with her. Servants talk, and they know more than you can guess or they pretend to see. So after dinner they were always told they could go home. There was no longer any accommodation for them in the outbuildings at Elmsley Park: another new circumstance that had given rise to comment amongst them and to curious speculations amongst the servants.

The two were all alone in the great house. So far as they knew, the nearest person was one of the men who looked after the gardens, and he was at least a half a mile away. If they should need anything at night, Mary could get it; she was accustomed to looking after herself. And, of course, she had always carefully avoided joining Mr. Shotover whenever there was any novelty in the house or in the yard. She paid as much respect as possible to appearances.

They sat together now, and talked. "Tredgair will sell this property after we are gone," Mr. Shotover observed; "I told him not to stick out for too high a price."

She nodded. "Elmsley Park has witnessed some extraordinary scenes since you have been here, Mary. The next owner would be astonished if he could even guess at one half of them."

"I suppose there would be no next owner if anyone knew what we had done and seen here," she replied. "I am wondering."

"What?"

"Whether it is true, as I have heard it said, that a place acquires a sort of personality, that what has happened in it leaves an impression on its very walls, affects its atmosphere, becomes a part of it. The idea is fantastic; yet, who knows, it may be true. And that may be a reason why some houses persistently retain the reputation of being haunted. The strong spirit of someone who may once have lived, perhaps have suffered and died in it, may become a part of it forever. That is so, you and I shall still be here, in a manner of speaking, even when we are thousands of miles away and even when we are dead."

This line of talk was a little beyond him. He did not attempt to pursue it. Instead, he looked out of the window. "How black it is," he said. "Depressingly so. You see, the house itself is in darkness: Elmsley Park isn't lighted up brilliantly as it used to be before I came. David, when you used to entertain the biggest people in Jamaica."

"I don't miss them; but we have lived in a sort of semi-darkness for many months, haven't we?"

"There has been darkness without, but light, illumination within," she answered; "and we can see in the dark."

"Yes."

"I remember a verse which I read again and again in the Bible long ago, but never understood. I don't know that I understand it now. Do you know it? It runs like this:"

"A land of darkness, as darkness itself; and of the shadow of death, without any order, and where the light is as darkness.""

"If I can't understand it," confessed Mr. Shotover, "for how can light be as darkness, and what is the meaning of the words about the shadow of death?"

"I don't know, and it doesn't matter: the verse just came into my mind. Let us talk about our going. On Tuesday—""

"Someone is rapping," exclaimed Mr. Shotover. "They may be rapping. Distinctly a noise like that of rapping came to their ears, but not from any door. It seemed to come from the roof."

And as they listened it increased in volume until it became thunderous, as though huge boulders were being thrown by some gigantic piece of machinery at the residence of Elmsley Park.

"This isn't human, Mary," cried Mr. Shotover, startled. "Have you never heard anything like it before?"

she whispered.

"Not the same thing, but something a little like. That was when you sought, long ago, now, it seems, to attract my attention though you were miles away. You explained it as the effect of your will that I should hear you in that way. You said it was the sound made usually by a poltergeist—"

"I know," breaks in Mary tensely. "But never have I caused anything like this awful noise: I could not. It is as though something were trying to tell me something."

Suddenly silence fell. The dreadful, uncanny sound had ceased. Both breathed a sigh of relief, and remained silent.

"I wonder if there can really be any poltergeist," said Mr. Shotover; "splits that—"

The darkness before his eyes miraculously disappeared. Immediately outside a sheet of flame had sprung up, but it did not touch the side of the house. He pushed his head out of the window swiftly; to right and to left he saw the same thing, rime flashes which formed, as it were, a curtain between the house and the rest of the property, a curtain through which his gaze could not penetrate, and the fire rose from the bare earth and shot high up into the air above the roof of the building.

He had said it for two full seconds in silence; then she spoke.

(Continued on Page 11)
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"Something I can't explain is happening here tonight, David: something of which I have had no previous experience. If you have heard strange sound and seen weird fires which blazed but destroyed nothing, which came to an instant and died away as swiftly, that was my work. I wish that the true poltergeist was my brain. You know that. But it isn't."

"Now"—his practical mind leaped to the conclusion—"now something independent of you is acting. Or maybe what I more than once said in jest has come true: you have been playing with a fire you couldn't control always.

"Perhaps," she answered quietly; "but there is no danger. This sort of fire does not consume.

"But the sight of it, and these noises—can you hear them beginning again?—are enough to drive me mad. Moreover, we are getting out of here.

"Come," she agreed. "It is more distracting than anything of the sort that I have ever seen.

They ran downstairs, and made for the nearest door. But as they neared it, it seemed to them, rather pleasantly, but utterly overpowering odour came to their nostrils. It was all they could do to stand back; had they pressed on they must have been overcome as by poison gas of an irresistible potency. Then they knew how the names of the people who treated into the house the less perceptible became the farther they went away. They tried the door, and thought they had left the windows open the smell there was fainter than it was below. Nevertheless it had begun to pervade the entire interior of the house. And when they really walked up to the window at which they had been sitting and put their heads out, then did they see that it got outside without facing the menace of the paralyzing smell, which was permeating the lower stories, they were obliged to hold their breath. Instinctively they realized that to breathe those impalpable fumes must be suicide. Then Mr. Shoteover remembered the front porch, from which it would be easy enough for a man of his size to clamber to the ground, and easier for Mary.

But here the flames were fiercer, though they carried no heat. And the odor was stronger. They were bedsheet in fire that had no smoke, bathed in light. They kept on, in the darkness of their fever, for they could see nothing through it or beyond it. They rushed to another side of the house. It was the same. And the odour was getting stronger. "Trapped!" cried Mr. Shoteover rapturously. "We have raised hell upon ourselves. We have been tampering with something we cannot master.

"There is only one thing to do," decided Mary with her eyes only. "We shall be saved only by death if we remain in here much longer; but may be a real fire—come with me, David!"

She sped to her own room; entering it she dashed to a cupboard where she kept some of her belongings. The cupboard was almost filled with fluid. "Tread," she explained; "I got it to clean some things of mines."

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Shoteover's shoulder, lifting it with an effort to make this last gesture.

"It is the end, dear," she said. "I could not move now even if there were a way of escape."

He hurried himself. "We are not to be parted in death, it seems," he said, "nor shall we burn to death. I feel that I am going to sleep. Mary, we shall die together.

They rushed heavily to the floor together; she rallied her failing senses for a moment. "Maybe," she whispered, "we shall learn everything in a few minutes; I have no fear.

"Nor I... it is, though, as I have always secretly believed. We had no right..."

"We had every right in the world and where we fall today, others will succeed to-morrow..."

Outside a crowd was gathering. From every part of the city and the surrounding suburbs of St. Andrew people were hastening to Emsly Park in motor cars, while others were rushing up on foot—a vast conclave. For the whole building was blazing and the light from it could be seen as an angry beacon for miles. Nothing could be done. The fire engines stood helpless; there were no mains from which water could be pumped upon the house. Ernest Tredagar and Olive were on the grounds, half frantic; Rapace Simmonds and Prudence also, who had been staying in Kingston for some days, and

Prudence had a dreadful feeling that somewhere inside her sister was being burnt to death. As soon as the firemen could break their way inside they did so, and in one of the inner rooms, not touched by the fire, they found two bodies lying side by side, not even alined; they carried these into the open: nothing could be done for them. There were two or three doctors in the crowd who examined the corpse and were puzzled. "They have not been suffocated," said one of these hesitatingly; "one might almost say that they died of heart failure..."

"I can't see..."

Prudence alone suspected the truth.

The End.

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Sea Bathing at Dunn’s River, within easy distance.
Panama Is Burning.
(Continued from Page 33).
The noise bored him, his stomach revolted. He was
sickened by the altim of sweet wines, powerful per-
fumes and sweat, and at last he crawled out, lurched
up the stairs, and groped his way into the darkness
outside. He stood staring a moment, staring around
him.
At first it seemed that there were two sunsets:
one in the east and one in the west. Then the east-
er sunset was shot with yellow sparks and he real-
isled that he was not so very drunk but that there
was something alive out there.
He stood breathing in the clean air, shaking himself
like a dog. Then with sudden purpose he turned to his right and strode off down the narrow
street
He would see Dofa Marina.
That was essential. He must see Dofa Marina.
He would speak to Morg too, have everything out
with him, get to the truth about this poison busi-
ness, he saw how Dofa Marina was treated. He felt
that he was her protector, her older brother shield-
ing her from all dangers. He'd ask Morg for a
position on his guard so that he could be near her
day and night. This mob was no damned good.
Andy, Nat; booting, weaving; decent enough fol-
lowers but with no steady purpose in life, no ambi-
tions, nothing. No, he'd cut them all clean out of
his life and start afresh with Morg and Dofa
Marina.

The idea gave him a warm feeling of happiness.
He strode on through the gathering twilight that in
the tropics is but the harbinger of night, not a beau-
tiful thing in itself, but the faint tremulous cock-
crow that brings darkness almost strictly on top of
it.

Dan walked the empty streets with here and
there a house lit up with shining windows like pol-
lished bronze shields against a body of stone. There
was laughter inside, music, the sound of dancing.
But he passed on. At corners fires were lit, and
men had gathered around them to examine their
boots, to quarrel, cook meals, sing songs and
to drink. Everybody seemed to drink, yet nobody suf-
fered. Morgan's pronouncement was evidently held
in the contempt it deserved. That hurt Dan, and
he almost tore the bottle from a man's hand when
he lurched up against him, offering him a swill.

Yes, everybody drank. The captive women
drank as much as their captors. Even small child-
ren lapped the drugs from discarded bottles. In a
dark nook, lit by a single half-burnt-out torch, Dan
saw three men wallowing an old gentleman to dis-
cover where he had hidden his money and jewels. They had knotted a string around his forehead and were
tightening it to make his eyes bulge out like pigeon-
eys.

But there was really not much torturing going
on. Occasionally Dan bumped against a man or wo-
man hanging by the neck from a pole or window,
but that was rare. Sometimes he tripped over dead
women, or women walking softly to themselves, strad-
died on the ground, half-naked, exhausted, too sick
to anywhere but to moan softly to themselves.
Guards stood outside some of the bigger houses and
churches, smoking and drinking. Three men shot
quietly through the smashed window of a monas-
tery, laughing as they reloaded their guns. There
was much noise too, in a nursery, but the doors
were barred.

Dan never passed a moment. He kept on his
way, until at last he reached the great plaza before
Morgan's house.

There he stopped, leaned against a wall, and
gazed around him through the dusk, for here it was
that, three years ago, he had first seen Dofa Marina.

It was about eight o'clock on a fierce summer
morning. He and his twelve mates from the
wrecked ship were girded in, with a red cross in front and behind, ropes around
their necks, and tall until green wax candles in their
hands. An armed soldier stood each side of them,
and they marched from the prison into the blinding
glare of this plaza. It was packed with people. They
could see nothing but brown human faces gazing at
them, hear nothing but fierce human voices roaring like
the wind among the yards at sea.

Soldiers on horseback kicked a passage through the mob, and Dan and his twelve mates marched carelessly
through, assuming a contemptuous nonchalance, even
spitting and jeering, trying to force a laugh.

Through the mob, then, they were marshaled up some
stairs on to a wide wooden scaffolding, and made
to sit down. Then some stairs opposite came the
Inquisitors, followed by hundreds of friars—white,
black and grey—until all the scaffolding was as full
of people as the plaza itself.

Then Dan saw Dofa Marina. She was at a win-
dow opposite that was covered with flags and col-
oured clothes. Behind her stood her father, and
other lovely women crowded about her. She looked
tired, gazed often at the sky, at her ivory fan, at
the people beneath. Dan saw nothing but her. He
scarcely heard the Spanish words that condemned
him, that made him weep, that made him wish to
hurl a horse's back and send to the galleys until it
came to his turn, and he was prodded to his feet by the
friar beside him, sentenced to ten years in a monas-
tery until he learned the half-fire of his Lutheran
faith. He heard nothing but the mumbling of a quiet
sea, and saw nothing but the brown bored face of Dofa Marina opposite.

As he stood there now in the twilight, he seemed
to be back in that hot morning; he heard the crowd
at his feet, saw the face of Dofa Marina in the
window. Three years ago! It seemed not yesterday.

Then he stood upright and the ghosts of three
years ago faded. He was in the still plaza of to-day,
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"You go to all the means that you know, all the Inglesitos, and you speak to them about what wicked man he is. And then they all come, keel him, sir!"

"Kill me, more like it," said Dan with a laugh. "No, precious, that isn't the way. Nobody's ever called Dan a traitor. I fight with my guns. No, I'll just keep me eye skinned and if I pipe anything wrong I'll deal with it. Till then you just wait. You're all right, I tell yer."

She turned away and he stared at her back through the gloom, torn between the desire to comfort her, to placate her foreign childish Spanish ideas, and to explain his own helplessness, the greatness and goodness of Henry Morgan. What could he do?

He made another effort. She caught him by the shoulders and was about to turn her towards him, when suddenly he saw Clem standing at the door, her cleaning "is masked." The sigh of his name figure gave Dan a shock. He might have been there all the time, for all he knew.

"Time's up, Dan old boy," said Clem. "Scat! The cap'n's commin'!"

"Oh, hell!" said Dan.

"You ain't got much time left," grinned Clem. "Go straight down past them pillars, there's a side gate down there. So long!"

"But I can't go!" cried Dan, "Lookee 'ere, precious, don't you worry. That's all I notice say."

"You mustn't go!" she cried petulantly. "I'll be straight outside," said Dan. "Just give me a whiskie and I'll be in."

"Do no go, do no go!" she cried. But Dan was already running off into the gloom.

"What does wheesle mean?" she cried. "Whees- tile? What ess wheesle?"

But Dan was gone, and she was alone in the patio, so terribly alone. It seemed to her that she had lost touch with her people and was doomed for ever to stay amongst these strange heretics, these Inglesitos. Now, Dan was gone, and she trusted Dan with a woman's instinct because she knew he was wet clay in her hands, she trusted him in the way that one would trust a dog. Yes, he was a dog to her, some great mastiff with kindly paws and teeth sharp only for her protection. A protector, but of a different species, not a human being. Besides, once she had saved his life, and therefore life naturally belonged to him. He had come to her suddenly in the darkness, a trapped animal, and she had saved him. Sofia Marina was always a creature of impulse. She never considered her actions, she just did them, and very rarely even knew why she did them. The act of saving the heretic came like that. For weeks, months, however, she had been listening to her father's views on the Inquisition, although she never consciously agreed or disagreed with them. He had been much against the setting up of the auto-da-fé, and struggled as hard as he dared against the grim old Pray Fermans de Mora. Sofia Marina had often heard their arguments, and hatred of the Pray burned in her young breast. He was the only man her father feared and therefore the only man whom she hated. When the heretic had burst suddenly into her quiet patio she had succeeded him instantly, not because she cared an omen for him, but because it seemed a chance for her to thwart the accursed Pray.

She had hidden him, had hidden her servant Diego to feed and clothe him, then sent him off when the hubbub subsided. After that she forgot all about him until he burst this day into her room. He was like an old friend to her in her misery. Now, even he was gone and she was in the hands of Antichrist, of Henry Morgan.

Antichrist was at that moment just outside the door, in the hall. She heard his heavy breathing; then he had entered the patio.

He didn't see her, but walked straight past and fell with a huge sigh of relief into the hammock, stretched out his hand, poured out a glassful of wine from the bottle still on the table, alighted its refreshing sweetness and lolling back, sighing again.

There was silence in the patio.

Morgan shut his eyes to soften them, for they were burst: but even with the lids closed he could still see the red currents of mummy, pouring up, puffing, falling over themselves, and bursting in a scarlet torrent of sparks. He was uncontrollably weary; his legs, his arms, his chest, his shoulders, his whole body ache as if he had been fighting and running all day, as in a race. He had been doing. The fire still raged in Panama.

He doned a little.

Sofia Marina stood fast against a pillar, hoping he would not notice her, hoping that he might mistake her for a servile, something in stone. In her terror, she dared not breathe through her nose, but stowed her air in her lungs, then let it filters slowly out of her open mouth. It did not come quite so noiselessly that way.

She had no idea. She had almost no thoughts, nothing save an overwhelming terror of Morgan. His name had been whispered to her for many years;
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Nathan's

NATHAN & CO., LTD.
Panama Is Burning

(Continued from Page 44)

after Mansfield died, the word Morgan slowly formed like a black Phoenix over the buccaneer's ashes. Black Morgan, they called him, the Scourge of God, the Heretic, Antichrist, the Lusitan Inquisitor. A few years back, the news of Puerto Principe's fall came to Panama. She could remember it well, and had been puzzling over the agitation it evoked. The city had just been so gay on hearing of Mansfield's end. Then sudden gloom had fallen with the words—Morgan and Puerto Principe. The terror grew stronger, coupled with the name of Porto Bello. The Scourge was drawing nearer. At Porto Bello, Black Morgan had thrown all the soldiers into the castle and blown them up after they had surrendered. The devil was loose. Then Maracalbo and Gibraltar. Black Morgan had torn them both up in his hug of flatness.

The name Morgan began at last to mean something to her. At night, lonely in bed, she would picture him, and would peep the darkness with his followers until terror caught her by the throat and pushed her beneath the sheets. He was ten feet high at least; when he laughed you looked down a black cavern guarded by sharp green teeth; his beard fell to his knees and could never be combed because of the masses of blood spilt on it; and his eye, ag Dios mio! his eyes were two little red flames that burned holes right through you!

Then suddenly the body was gone. Peace was made between Spain and England. Ah, how the bells of Panama sang that day, they rattled and wheezed and chimed and bombinated as if they chased the buccaneer devils off the sea. The wrecked Fear washed from men's brow, they could laugh again; and they played their guitars and sang, and the women smiled through the dance. Peace, Peace at last. Peace for a breathing-space; then scouts reeled into Panama; they spoke alone with her father, and he came from his council-chamber with face twisted and hands clenched. The word Chagres passed from mouth to mouth, Chagres coupled with Morgan. The body was back, fiercer than ever; Defiant of all Peace; the body was back, closer, more demoniacal.

So the name of Morgan blossomed like a black deadly orchid in Doña Marina's heart. Morgan was the devil, Antichrist.

Antichrist shook himself, groaned, then suddenly flung himself to his feet and charged blindly past her and out of the door.

"Now what about the mort?" he asked.

"Mort?" repeated Morgan, still dazed with sleep. "Mort? Oh, you mean the wench! I'm too tired, Clem, to bother about her; see that she's put in a room somewhere and have her guarded well. No tricks, mind. She's the Governor's daughter and is worth a heap of money. Mustn't have her touched. Squeezed fruits bring less. And I've got my eye on you, Clem."

"That's all right," grinned Clem. "I never was a lady's better messenger. Cap'n, rum's my downfall."

"And a damned long downfall it is," said Morgan.

Clem watched him stumble up the wide staircase, scratching his head and chuckling foolishly to himself.

Then he turned and went for Doña Marina who was preparing modestly to bare her neck to the knife and was most puzzled to be led upstairs by an agreeable little man who gabbed a lot of obscure jokes and locked her all by herself into a beautiful bedroom.

Doña Marina stood in that beautiful bedroom, her little heart palpitating as if it had gone crazy and was trying to knock its way out of the casing of her body. She clutched at it, and listened; her large eyes roving around the room in the dim light, for Clem had forgotten to provide her with a candle.

She crept to the window, unlocked the lattice, and gazed out. It overlooked the patio. Then she shut it, and slowly, with many starts and gulps of terror, examined every chest, box and cupboard in the room.

All were empty.

After looking under the bed and poking there with a curtain-rod she took down for the purpose, she climbed into the bed itself, swung up the mosquito-net so that she could see on every side and not be taken by surprise, then lay down fully dressed, swearing not to sleep a wink all night.

Five minutes later she was fast asleep, and in unconscious bravado, actually breathing through her nose.

Dan, however, did not sleep. He sat against a wall, watching Morgan's lighted window under the delusion that it was probably Doña Marina's. For Dan was a man of his word.

CHAPTER VI

WHEN FIGHTING'S DONE

Daylight found Dan still sitting in the narrow street. He was so tired that he felt even no desire to stand up. After the long walk from Chagres, the starvation, and yesterday's fighting, he proudly complimented himself for not having slept a wink all night. It was only comparatively true. His eyes had not shut, but his brain had given up rebelling against the torturous flesh and quietly died, as the heart of a flower might close yet leave

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A RAPID RISE

Photograph by Yates

MR. A. C. CAMPBELL

ARTHUR CAMPBELL, who is the proprietor of one of the most progressive and profitable hard-
ware businesses in Kingston, began his career as a clerk with Messrs. Branday, Edwards and Company, wholesale merchants of Kingston, some little time before the Kingston earthquake. Then came that changing event in the city's life, and Arthur, shaken out of a job as a clerk to promptly immigrated to Pu-

nama, where he became connected with the Panama Railroad as a member of the office staff. He worked there for some time, then returned to Ja-

maica.

Of an ambitious mind and energetic temperament, Mr. Campbell was constantly turning over in his mind the possibility of doing himself inde-
pendent and to explore the opportunities which he perceived. He saw chances where another man might see nothing, for the vast of the obviously suc-
cessful businessman is that he sees farther than others and perceives how new lines may be created.

So in 1917, when motor vehicles gave some pro-
promise of becoming popular in Jamaica—though this was not the time when there were many of them in the island, the war not yet being over—Mr. Campbell established the Rapid Vulcanizing Company at 13 Duke Street, with modern machinery to vul-

canize motor car tires and tubes. This was a small beginning, but Arthur believed in its development faster on he started to sell motor car tires, tubes, car accessories, gas and oil; this business developed so rapidly that he added to it electrical supplies, bicycles and bicycle accessories, and though his operation was limited and still retains the name of the Rapid Vulcanizing Company, it has expanded into something very much more.

In 1939, the company opened a hardware department at 84 Harbour Street. This at once attracted a consider-
able custom, and grew so rapidly that three years afterwards he was obliged to put up new buildings running from Harbour to Port Royal Street for the housing of his hardware business. They now enjoy an extensive wholesale, and retail trade.

Arthur Campbell’s success has been phenomenal. The Rapid Vulcanizing Company, Limited, now oc-
cupies 14 Duke Street, 82 & 84 and 86 Harbour Street and 9 and 11 Port Royal Street. Arthur’s whole soul is in his business, and as he is personally liked for his hearty downright manner and unshakeable in-

tegrity, hundreds of people find a pleasure in giving him their custom. His personality as well as his com-
mercial acumen has created this success of his. Right through the depression of the last few years the Rapid Vulcanizing Company has continued to ex-

and is no firmly established now that could not be seriously affected by the usual setbacks to which this country is subject.

The qualities of Mr. A. C. Campbell that he should be the first man to introduce taxi cabs into Jamaican. As explained to this writer at the time, he had no intention of running a fleet of taxis, but he wanted to introduce them so as to in-

clude other persons to run taxis, as that would be good for the tyre and vulcanizing and motor taxi car business with which he is identified.

With this wish he began to multiply he came out of that line altogether; but on the other hand he de-
veloped the large trade which he now enjoys in gaso-

line and oil in Harbour Street.

Arthur is the sort of man who knows what to do and when to do it. Hence his success.

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Tampa, Florida.
Seamen and others had told him countless lies, and he believed them. Even Harry Plunt to him; for Harry had seen no more than England but Bristol; but he had told grandiloquent lies of Drury Lane and the Strand, a mixture of Bristol stew and Liamymon barn-dance. Blidery believed him. He believed anything about London. London's orange girls, thieves, luxurious bordels, gambling and drink-

ing palaces, the court-life of delicate wenches and gallant gentleman grouped around a witty king somewhat in the manner of a papageno he had once seen cruelly cut above a broadsheet—all these merged into a curious medley, into a dream—Lon-
don. Blidery adored England as only a colonial born and bred can adore England. He acted the part of

Panama Is Burning
(Continued from Page 18)

still burned; wounds and sick were burned up in it. How many lives likely stood behind the darting tongue of fire.

Yesterday had seen the Spanish soldiers marching in a file of flowers, had seen the great guns cleaned and primed, matchlocks oiled, old swords greased and sharpened. The girls had laughed from piazzas as the army marched through the streets behind the musicians. Later in the day, these same girls whimpered in churches, and some breaker ones had fought with the men or climbed on roofs and bred from there.
The same accuracy sun. It slanted through the coloured church windows, made yellow faces ready and woke poor wretches up out of oblivion into liv-
ing hell. It poured down on the necks of the sen-

sories, burnt them to activity, and knocked Dan out of his trance. He sat up, stretched himself, yawned. Then, having satisfactorily fulfilled his promise, he calmly rolled over, lay on his back and fell fast asleep. He was asleep in a moment and snored festively, disgustingly hard on the back and fell fast asleep.
The same climbed higher in the east and slid in through the window on top of the man who owned Panama, slid in on Henry Morgan and heaved him out of his dreams of gold. It brought Bledry from a calm sleep, so that he dreamed it, got up, pulled down the blind, and went to bed again. It beat against the shutters of Dofia Marina's window but could only crawl in futility through the cracks, and she slept happily on.

Morgan was up immediately and he threw him-

self into his clothes, eager to be out and doing. He clustered downstairs, kicked a negro slave awake and ordered him to make breakfast. Then whistling softly like a bird, he sat out in the patio and con-
sidered his day's work.

First he must stop this accursed fire, then sort out the prisoners, see who was valuable, who was strong enough for a slave and who could bring a decent ransom. He hoped Plank had his list made out carefully. Then he must send some men back to Chagres to tell Joe Bradley the good news, order out scouts to seek for fugitives and find out if the Don's thought of retaliating. Yes, he had a big day ahead of him.

First, breakfast. Ah, he was hungry.

Bledry lounged into the patio just as Morgan finished his last chunk of toast and was lighting a huge corncob.

"Well," he said, sitting down in the cane chair, "and what's the programme for today?"

Morgan blew hard on the tinder until the sparks had caught. Then drawing a deep breath from his cigar he answered in a heavy mist of blue smoke, like Jove on Olympus.

"First, the fire. We must have a good look at that. You might take Peke and see the boys and glance through the prisoners while I see what can be done. And keep a careful eye on this damned town. If we lose it we lose the ransom, damn. Sort out some of the prisoners that haven't gone through yet, like a good fellow. Keep any spot that look as if they might have burned treasure. We'll deal with those later."

Slowly, he stood to his feet.

"Elh," said Bledry, "what about the lady?"

"Oh, Lord, yes!" cried Morgan. "I'd been forget-

ten her. Aw, she'll be asleep this morning. Ever known a woman to get up before seclusa, when they've got a fire to put down again? You might get some day to look after her. Pick out something when you're going through the prisoners."

"All right," said Bledry, "I'll see to it," and sat and watched him go. He sighed then, crossed his legs, and fingered the cigar to hear if they cracked nice and freshly. Bored? Yes. That was it. Damnable bore! He was sick of this monotonous life of killing and robbing. Dead sick of it. And in his heart, was a curious yet strong resentment against Plank; he was义务 Create of it himself, save in quick sudden mummies when Har-

r's head was whirling in a rank whirl of fraternities. His unthinking optimism and careless brutality brought an abrupt burst of rage into his throat like heartburn. He loathed this cross life and wanted to escape, to be amongst refinements, in London.

Bledry had never seen London. He had read of it, dreamed of it, heard of it. There his knowledge ended. Occasional broadsheets had fluttered out to his home in Jamaica, and during the Civil War he had, of course, been a staunch Royalist and afterwards listened lovingly to the braggadochi of Caval-

liers sent out by Cromwell to drink themselves into a quick grave in the Indies. These tales had burnt into his blood. He dreamed of the court-life of the king with the soft white delicate face and stuttering voice whose hand could cure sickness, and a tap of whose finger could bring you wealth and a great name. He knew many Cavalier ditties and hummed them to himself when lonely, and they brought ev-

ulation, a great happiness in London! There was magic in the name, the magic of wide streets, count-

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a Cavalier, for he had once seen Prince Rupert, and the gay courageous figure of that soldier had stamped itself upon his memory like hot iron. Besides, he had read so many books about court life and etiquette and various counter-blasts from Frederick the Great, that he knew more about Charles I and his ways of life than any man this side of the globe. It was a part he loved to play. Every gesture saw him strolling along the London streets; he never killed a man but he was fighting Roundheads for his king; when he gazed into the strange blue tropic ocean he tried to believe that his own home stared back at him from the soft waters of the Thames.

And with these dreams he was dozed to the barbary colonies next to his fierce hairless passionate cousin, Henry Morgan, who had been born in Wales and said he had seen London. It wasn’t fair; it wasn’t fair! he cried against his gods.

But his impassive, rather equine face showed no signs of the rage within him as the negro brought his breakfast—chocolate, piping hot; rusks; honey; cheese-nuts; a pat of butter. He always drank chocolate in the mornings because he had once read of a grand lady who sipped her chocolate in bed. After this meagre breakfast, he strode out into the sunlight, and told the guard to call out Peke and some men. Jake Morris appeared, wiping food and drink off his grinning mouth, and brought a dozen ruffians with him, including John Pesho, who had ringed himself out in an expulsive green velvet suit and wore a long black wig that reached almost to his waist, the property of a gentleman twice his size, lately deceased.

Bledry explained his mission, and Peke ran off to get his great goutskin-covered book and his inkhorn.

"You can follow," shouted Jake Morris. "We’ll get ter’ the big church down by the harbour lest the police gets it."

Feeling lonely in his grandeur, Bledry walked with Jake ahead of the dirty scoundrels drapped in rich clothing. Very, very indeed, he was, and thoroughly enjoying it.

Panama was quiet today. All the wounded had either died or recovered under the rather rusty surgery of Richard Browne, Escupemend and their staff of barbers. At last, it seemed, for there were only living men or corpses in the street, none in the intermediate stages of dying or recovering; sometimes they came across whole piles of bodies like heaps of white-bait. Sometimes they met a drunkard or two, or men quarrelling over booty. Bledry would stop and catch and shake them.

"Nothing here’s yours?" he’d cry. "You seem? Take it along at once and put it with the rest of the common stock. If I find any of you sneaking off with anything, I’ll skin him alive. You understand?"

He was the loneliest man in Panama because not gold, women or drink could satisfy his demands. "Here’s the church, cap," said Jake. Bledry gazed at the tall, square cathedral tower of San Anastasio. Solid brick faced with grey-green stone, it seemed to split the blue sky. Here was the copper cross that had first earned them Panama. Over the arched doorway the saint stood with praying hands, cut out beautifully in this stone. The tower was ringed with square stained-glass windows barred with iron; the upper windows were arched and ornamented with stone crosses. It seemed all so quiet, yet from where they stood, they could hear plainly the ocean breaking on the sandy beach and stone jet for the cathedral stood close to the sea, against the sloping stone wall leading to the road which split through the water that gnashed against it, fuming and frothing with rage at this temerarious slip of earth. Bledry and his men could hear it plainly like a giant slapping his belly and challenging himself into a rage at this mid-gold odyssey, man.

Jake turned to the sentry.

"None of ‘em’s got cut, Micky?" he asked.

"No, sir," said Micky, who wouldn’t trust I didn’t ‘ear a sound. Strike me, it’s a true church, be God. I never did like churches. They give me the creeps, they do. Makes me feel like a cat under a cow’s intestines."

Bledry listened against the door. Within, the heard a faint mumuring like the whispering inside a sea-shell—voices pitched their lowest, feet tip-toeing.

He knocked, and there was instant silence.

"Who knocks?" cried a man’s voice at last, speaking in Spanish. A harsh voice it was that struck the church, then the church. ’Who are you friend?"

"Friend enough," replied Bledry. In Spanish, "Open the door, or we’ll smash it in."

"Would you smash in the door of God’s house?"

Bledry stood down and nodded to Jake. The men rushed the door. They had brought a great iron bar with them and it soon crumbled the wood and tore the locks off.

Bledry strode in through the splinters, stooping; then he stood in the dim light while his men followed.

Under the great arched roof, men and women—mainly women—lay on the red, blue and white marbel flags, and gazed dumbly at him. There was no light save from the seven candles on the High Altar under the mighty wooden retablo. Through the immense, wheel-windows at the back, the sun squared its light into the gloom, falling here and there in bars like solid gold upon the body of some wretch.

A woman’s dark head was picked out by this light as if she were a saint austere in some Venetian painting, very white the skin, very dark the hair.
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Panama Is Burning

(Continued from Page 51)

amongst these heathens must be the devil himself. Better heathen to heathen than moth to candle. Bledsoy ignored him. He stood on the altar, made a funnel of his two hands and shouted:

"Are there any English girls here?"

Complete silence followed his words. The crouching figures on all sides stared silent, wondering what menace could be in those unknown words for they were spoken in English. Then suddenly a fat girl under a window in one of the aisles, peeled up:

"I'm Orilsh, if that's any good ter yer."

She came through the mob that receded on all sides. She was fat and looked good-natured. Amongst all these dark women she shone as an alien, a creature from another planet. Young she was, worried of her twentieth, with happy-go-lucky blue eyes, a freckled-smoke-rose and wide mouth; she had the flat face of the Irish, and the same insidious voice although not strongly accented, for she was half-English, as she explained to Bledsoy, when she stood before him beside the altar.

"Me ole man was English, sor," she said, "but me neither was Orilsh. The rotten-balled Cromwell sent me out with a thousand other mates he nain virgin ter the Barbadoes after he gone rampantly like the devil and all that he was over me own country. We got a lot of trouble from the settlers, he says, but I calls it more like being whores, if ye'll pardon me, sor, and I ships with me man on the River King slop from Port Royal, sor, and we git wrecked somewhere alongside here, sor, and those here Romans try to grab me and make me play slaves, as they can't git no Spanishers ter work for 'em, being too proud, sor, and little wonder say I, the way they treat a planter is a better off."

"Enough! enough!" cried Bledsoy, clapping his hand over her mouth. "I can't stand here all day listening to your history. Stand over there. I've got a task for you.""Gah her, for God's sake!" cried Bledsoy, for his nerves were on edge with shame at his own behaviour. "There's a lot of work ahead of us. Come and stand there out."

But not until he had kissed and pinched the Irish deli did Jake follow Bledsoy. Then those two Englishmen, attended by Peke and a dozen criminal acolytes, strode down from the High Altar of San Antasal and looked carefully amongst the Spanish women, pulling up their heads by the long hair, peering at them, questioning them, pokings them, jabals them, pinching them—exactly as if they were buying horses at a country fair.

CHAPTER VII

BUCCANEER ETIQUETTE

SPANISH women, ladies of Panama, all huddled in a church, were born for this! You children of Castile and Aragon, with the blood of Gran- dees stiffening in your throats and making the hoary

fids of your eyes lift hauntthly, you surely were not born for this? All those years from the carved cara- cles to the canopied bed of marriage, were they but a prelude to this? Those years of fluttering hearts and races of love, were they nor a prelude to this? No, no, it was a dream! God in His heaven and His goodness could not but such a thing happen! Soon they would awake, the servant would be knocking at the door with a dish of chocolate and a plate of rusks, they would turn drowsily in their beds, peeping from the sheets like olive dolphins in a sea of milk; they would be pulling back the embroidered curtains and looking once more upon familiar things—upon the little silver crucifix that knew all their girlish se- crets in the chest, holding their crested gowns, the rich carpet on the floor, tapestries on the walls, telling of knights and loving goddesses, paintings, and faded flowers given by some love-lorn cavalier who had sighed beneath their windows many a warm night... This surely was but a dream...

It was worse than any dream. These coarse laughing ruffians, the pets of English prostitutes at Jamaica, whose proudest boast was of how many buckets of liquor they could sink, were devils to the eyes of these poor ladies of Panama. They had heard so many stories of the buccaneers—they were cannibals, and worse; why, the very beasts shudd- ered from them, the birds shrank in their feathers, and monkeys tore out their own hearts rather than fall into their hands. All things that were wild, everything ugly, revolting, villainous, impious, was within that dreaded word—Buccaneer. Blind here- nince shuts off from the light of Truth, they chance not, not within only within the dim light of their own vile lusts. They must be burnt from the first instant they were caught for it was no sin to kill the hunk of body when the living soul was dead.

The reality of their situation was so immense that they could not believe it. These Spanish ladies lying in heaps inside the dimly-lit cathedral watched Bledsoy, Jake and Peke and their men armed with foreign words, casques mocked to be kick- ed about, turned over, and mechanically answered questions, but they never fully understood what they were about. Every minute they quite seriously expected to awake. That was why so very few of them went mad.

Even Dona Martina was only half out of this state of total disbelief. The thing was impossible, therefore, why credit it? But it is very difficult to disbelief the truth when it is flung forcibly into your face. It had taken her a second or so to fall asleep, but it took her hours to awake. The morning was almost over when at last she opened her eyes; instinct she shut them with a gesp of terrified hor- ror as the truth buried itself upon her like some wild beast that had been impatiently awaiting its chance. She strove frantically to shut herself in amidst her dreams, but was too late. She had let memory in, now it was omnipresent. She was a prisoner! My Dios! My lord, thought prickled inside her skull like a can- tus. She was in the grip of buccaneers, oars with hands flogging to gant innocent young girls. Like the heroines of old tales, she was in the ghastly

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"I went something to eat," said Doña Martina, softly. "I am hungry." "By God, I eat you!" if you wish that bell again, by God, elixir time you'll pull that bell! I'm going to sharpen de knife, and I cut ebony bit offer you—doo!" "But I am very hungry, too." "Room!" Just tick off de next time. Me damned big feller, and yo' small gal. Deblind take me if I don't eat yo' all up!" She heard him go hollopping off, still muttering and threatening. She leaned against the door, slid to her knees, and burst into tears.

She was on the edge of hysteria. Yesterday had been a dream, today the reality of it was forcing itself on her with all its terrors. Then, everything had been nightmarishly unreal; now, she could not evade the truth. And from her memory, one figure stood out clear against the shadows—the figure of Dan.

There was something solid, trustworthy about Dan. The rest were evil, mere phantoms. She sensed his attraction and knew that he alone was her friend. But now he was gone. Probably she could never see him again. She had left her in the hands of Antichrist, of Enrique Morgan. This seemed to her, treachery of the blackest kind, particularly after her saving his life. Having a good thorough religious training and a seceded youth, she could conceive of only one purpose for Morgan's having taken her. A man—an evil man, that is—took a woman for one thing only. Then he left her to die. She was in the Antichrist's hands, what could he do but take from her that one treasure of girlhood. She had no hope of evading him and conceive of no other.

Meanwhile, Antichrist himself was extremely hard at work. The fire was almost out of hand, fiercer than the seven-times-heated furnace of Nebuchadnezzar, it flung itself upwards at the sky as if to escape to the sun, the Father of Fire. What could Morgan do against such an inferno? Blow up one house and the explosion set fire to the houses behind his door, and that to be blown up, then the next, and the next. It seemed for a moment that eventually all Panama would have to go, then there would be nothing worth ransoming. Some of the finest buildings were already heaped with scorching boards. The splendid immense Genoese barricades for negro-trade was roasting like ten thousand devils frothing over a goodly fat soul. All the ghosts of dead negroes seemed to have returned with flamebeams to wreck their spite upon this place of torture. Rich homes, public buildings, houses, stables, storehouses—all went, one after the other; gladly they awaited the spark, then suddenly they flung themselves into the fire as a show of turbulent flames and smoke like giants suddenly bitten into terrific rage.

Morgan fought desperately, but even he could not stem that riot. It must run its course. If he could but keep it away from the wealthier quarters, that was the best he could do.

And so at last as middy approached, he left the fire to Harry Wills to look after, and with many a backward glance, rode off through the streets to see what Bledry and the others had done, and to eat, for he was agonisingly hungry and parched for wine.

As they rode through the streets, Morgan bit his moustaches to see drunkards reeling about and clinging to walls, arguing and druagng women in their wake. It hurt him to find that, after all, Bledry was right. Nothing could stop these men drinking. They hadn't believed his lie. It would serve them damned well right if they were poisoned. But he didn't stop to speak to them; he went straight on as if he had not seen the insolent drunkards.

Outside his quarters, he flung his bridge to Johnny Gleaner, a seaborne soundned who stood lastly on guard, and leaped from his horse.

"Hey, Johnny," he said, "where's Clem?" "Clem, cap't!" said Johnny. "I ask where Clem, he go?" Morgan watched her a moment, then entering the room, he shut the door—which confirmed all her worst suspicions. Now, at last, her fate had come. That thought almost struck her dead, and she shuddered, while sweat glazed her face.

Pumping the few scattered Spanish phrases and words, Morgan tried to choose something that would not shock her. He wanted to put her at her ease. He wanted to find out where her father was, where he had buried his treasure; quite a lot of important things.

"You speak English?" he asked idiomatically. She was too terrified to answer. She held her breath because her breathing did not rustle her heart palpitated, shook like a living creature.

"No," muttered Morgan, "damn!" He knew no Spanish.

"Looker here," he said suddenly, "here's the key, but you mustn't leave the house. Do you understand? Of course you don't understand!" He flung the key on to the bed and turned on his heel, cursing himself for a fool ever to have bothered with her without Peker's aid. Then he heard her say something, but he scarcely knew she spoke.

"I understand." "What, what?" He spun round. "Then you do speak English! Why the devil didn't you say (Continued on Page 57)"
Two heads are better than one

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Panama Is Burning

(Continued from Page 54)

"No," she turned back and went towards her. "Look
see here, lady," he said in his most ingratiating man
ner, "nobody's going to hurt you. Get that into your
head. You're all right. I just want you to answer
one or two easy questions. You understand?"

With a great effort, she said: "Si, I understand."

This was not in the least what she expected. It
was almost exactly the reverse; and her confidence
grew, together with a certain feeling of angry con
tempt against this man. She even dared to glance
up at him from under her eyelids, and was surprised
to note that he was really not so terrible-looking—in
fact, almost human.

"First," said Morgan, "where's your father?"

At which she instantly burst into tears.

"Wha-why," cried Morgan with a clutch of fear,"he's not dead, is he?"

"I do no' know," said Dafis Marina through her
sobs. "I ha' no' seen him. He go out to fight, but
he never come back. I do no' know where he sea."

Morgan breathed again. Probably he'd escaped
into the woods or off in some ship; his mind'd catch
him soon enough, then they could discuss her
ravages.

"Did he hide anything before he went?" he
asked.

"Si," she answered, her strength growing with
her anger and the realisation of her safety. "Ha
bory much gold and jewels. I do no' know where
but he come to me and he say to me, "My child, he
say, 'giff me your jewels,' and I giff them."

Morgan flushed with excitement. "What did he
do with them?" he asked. "Where did he put them?"

"That I do no' know."

"You don't know?" Morgan almost laughed at
her. "Come, lady," he said mockingly, "show that.
You might as well tell me. It'll all come easier if
you don't tell me—well, look out, that's all!"

She drew away, disgraced, angry. She couldn't
bear to look at him. He was not Anthorhrist. He
was just an ordinary thief, like the thieves they
garrettte. He was not worthy of her hate. His
plumpish red face, the heavy eyebrows, the bright
grey eyes, the squarely bearded manes of brown
hair tangled like wool—It was the face of a thief.

Morgan went closer to her. She felt his breath,
nickly sweet with wine and retchly with tobacco. It

made her ill. His great hand caught her fat little
forearm.

"Don't be afraid," he said, "I wouldn't hurt a
hair of you. Look here, you understand me, don't
you? Just give me all those jewels and I'll let you
so wherever you like. To Tavaglilla, anywhere, Le
ma, back to Spain if you want to. Mexico. I'll put
you in a boat myself. Otherwise, my dear, you're
staying here, you're coming back with me, all the
way to Jamaica, and you're going to the highest bid
er, a slave . . . ."

She shuttered; he felt the tremor shake down her
body and tingle on his hand.

"But I don't want to do that," he continued after
a long pause. "I want you to get away. I'm a kind
man, deep down. Just tell me about those jew
els, now, like a good girl, just a hint, that's all I
need, and, on my honour, on the honour of Admiral
Henry Morgan, you're free, free as a bird."

In the silence that followed he was pleasantly
startled to hear a faint sob, a gulp of tears. Her
face was turned from him, he could see only its
brown curve behind the heavy black hair that was
screamed up loosely and pinned with the comb.

"Now, now," he said in what he thought was a
reassuring voice, "I don't want to hurt you. Get
that into your pretty head. All I want's those jew
els. What's jewels and gold compared to life, to
freedom? A pretty girl like you can easily get more.
Why, you've only got to smile at some fellow to get
more jewels than you can wear in a year. Just give
me a word. Say they're here in Panama, if they're
in the woods, the fields. Come on now. Where are
they?"

"I do no' know where they are," she cried, sud
denly turning on him angrily. "He take them, I
say, my father, he take them. I do no' know where.
I do no' ask him."

Morgan blotted the side of his finger, ruminatively.
It was scarcely possible, yet she might be telling
the truth. She might be as big a fool as she pretended.
Women were strange beggars. Their motives were
always so different from men's. Yet usually he had
found gold, too, was their motive. Mary Elizabeth,
though . . . . she hadn't married him for his money.
Her motive? What could that have been? Just him,
perhaps, and a jolly good motive too. Perhaps . . . .
Oh, hell, no, not even a woman could be so stupid
as this creature here made herself out to be. She
knew where the money was. Cunning . . . .

"Do you mean to say," he said, "that you let your
father take your jewels, all the stuff you value
most, and you never even asked him what he was
going to do with it?"

She turned on him in sudden rage, she almost
spat at him. Fear was driven out by this fury that
seemed to tear at her heart; her eyes widened and
shone with tears, her mouth opened on a glare of
teeth.

"Why should I ask my padre?" she cried. "You
do no' know what love is! You Lutherani, Anti
christ! I hate you! Go 'way fro' me. Go 'way. Why
worree me like these? I tell you I do no' know.
He take them and I do no' ask him. I trust. He use my padre, my father! All you thank of
ever jewels, jewels, notheng but jew els. I do no' know where they put it, I do no' care. I do no'
care a beefle piece."

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Morgan stared closely at her, wrinkling his brows. It seemed scarcely possible, yet of course, it might be true. He shrugged his shoulders.

"All right, then," he said, "you'll have to stay here until your father comes and pays your ransom."

"And see he do no' come?"

"Then you'll be sold," said Morgan brutally.

She clutched her long throat. "I a slave," she muttered. "You do no' mean that, you can no', God would no' allow it.""I'm God here," said Morgan, then felt rather a fool. He was religious in his own way—religious in every way except when it interfered with plundering. He hoped that God hadn't heard, and hurriedly changed the subject, burst out blustering: "Lookee, lady, I'm not here for pleasure. I came for money, and I'm going to get what I came for. I've sent a ship off to Tavoga to see if your dad's there; at any rate, I've brailled it about that you're open for ransom. If your dad hears of it he'll have to come and collect you. If he don't—well, you're coming back with me. I'll give you all the way till we get to Chargos; then, if no money's coming, straight you go to the block to whoever thinks you're worth paying for."

"You would do set?" she cried with a little whisper. "What haf I done that you should do set?"

"It's not what you've done, it's what you haven't done," said Morgan earnestly, then stopped, not quite sure if he had expressed himself clearly or not. "You're the spoils of war," he said. "Now I've got to get paid for all my trouble of coming here. That's only right and natural. Well, you've got to pay me."

His crudity sickened her. Money, money, money. Nothing but money. She had never realised that such creatures lived. The power of gold seemed to her faintness and gold-begoten youth in which she had known no want, to be entirely disproportionate to the tawdry thing itself. He, this creature, had come all the way for gold; had risked his life, his men's lives, just for gold.

"If that is what you want!" she cried suddenly with a little snarl, "take them!" And she tore the emerald-studded comb from her hair so that the long black curls fell almost to her feet. "All these!" She wrinkled the amethysts from her neck and the many rings from her fingers. In her rage, she almost forgot herself enough to lift her skirt and tear the pearl garters from above her knees. But she did not do so. Instead, she tore the buckles from her shoes. "Take!" she cried. "Take them all!"

She held them out in shaking white hands; gaily coloured stones in a web of gold and silver, she held them out as if they were a bright living beast in her cupped hands, her eyes glaring—all white they seemed—her mouth tight set, the long hair massing as if disturbed from sleep as it folded about her body. She held the jewels out in her two shaking hands, and with his fat fingers Morgan scooped them all out and put them in a monstrous pocket.

"Thanks," he said, realising that something should be said. "That'll do on account. I'll have my secretary value them for you and it can go off the ransom. That's honest, isn't it? But even you know that you're worth much more than that. I'm too much of a gentleman to put you at a low figure."

She gazed at her empty palms, astounded. Then suddenly she shut the fingers.

"You take 'em!" she cried. "You truly take 'em from me! Yes, you, beast!"

"Ev!" said Morgan. "Didn't you mean to take them?" For the first time he looked squarely at her and was surprised at the rage on her face. Then he noticed her long unbound hair. Somehow, it made her look quite absurd.

"Here," he said gruffly, "you'll need this."

Reluctantly he dragged the comb from his pocket. When he saw the bright green stones, his own generosity made him angry. What the hell was he giving it to her for? But having carried the gesture so far, he must finish it. With a sigh, he held out the comb.
Shall I try it, then suddenly she darted her head up as if it were a snake about to strike, and stared so intently at him with wide eyes that the look went through even Harry Morgan's thick skin and achieved the unlovely result—imposed it made him feel a trifle embarrassed.

"Here," he said, jerking the comb towards her, "yare! take it afore I change my mind." Still she stared at him and edged away, gathering up the folds of heavy black hair as if they were a garment, and winding them over her breast. She did not speak, but there was blank hatred on her eyes.

"Hurry up," said Morgan gruffly. "I never offer a thing twice. I think, by God, that this is the first time I've ever offered a thing once!"

But she did not speak. Her silence worried him, exasperated him.

"Take the damn thing," he cried. "Hurry up, you little fool!"

No sound, only a faint rasping noise in her throat as if she tried to but could not speak, the words being dry and heavy.

"Take it," cried Morgan. "Are you dumb?"

At that moment, Bleedy came. Morgan heard Jack laughing up the staircase, laughing about some girl. Then he heard Bleedy's door open—it was almost opposite Doffa Marina's—heard something funny heavily inside, heard the door shut again and footsteps come over.

"We aren't disturbing you, are we, Harry?" asked Bleedy from outside. "Clém told us you were here. I'll just take a look and say goodbye.

"Why shouldn't I want you," cried Morgan with a rush of stupid anger. "Come in, you fool!"

Bleedy swung open the door. There was a woman with a hat, a fine fair face and a crooked hand, and her look took her behind them.

"I've brought the shibalp," said Bleedy.

"What shibalp?"

"The one you wanted, of course. To dress my lady there."

"Of course, of course," said Morgan. "Who's she?"

She looks English.

"Well, that's poor, me, Oor. Oorish half-way up and English half-way down. One of them bastards, they think ye call 'em. Me ole man was British, but his mother had good bog-water in her blood. And the rotten-gutted Cromwell sends me out here but this hell ter he wife ter the settlers, and a lot o' settin' I've had too, so, not ter talk o' the wife part of it, until Kord worms me and me man upon this dirt's own backwash country, and lets them Romans grab me fer ter be a servant which is no work fer one as was sent out ter be a wife and as ter combine both . . . ."

Morgan stared at her, half-listening to the gabble, but thinking nothing of Doffa Marina, thinking of her angry, grumpy at her dumb antagonism.

"Here, you slut," he said, "you can keep your box shut and look after this lady. And monkey-tricks!"

"Monkey-tricks!" said she. "What you talking about, I'd like ter know! It's you men as does the monkey-tricks."

"Shut up!" snarled Morgan. "There's your mistress. Let her suffer her."

"And I'd rather look arter her, sor, than fifty o' your men," said she, tossing her yellow curls with a sly wink.

"What's this?" cried Bleedy. "A pretty gewgaw!"


"Sarah, sor, Sarah Flaxman, sor, and a better mare there never was."

"Well, Sarah, do up your mistrees's hair. Take this."

Sarah took the comb and gazed at the emerald. She fingered it almost gingerly and glanced on it.

"Well," she said with a grunt of approbation, "you're a gint, you are, sor. If ye'll excuse me saying it. I've met open-faced fellers in me time but ye beat the lot."

She took the comb to Doffa Marina who leaned against the wall, staring at the group as if paralysed.

"You poor little darling," said Sarah, clicking, "and what have the big brutes been doing ter the little one? When yo get ter my age, darly, although I was only twenty-two last September, please God! I've seen a little more o' life than you has, honey. Come, let mither comb yer lovely hair."

Doffa Marina stared at her, then feeling her soft woman-hands on her forehead, lost her tense poise, added up; sunk and burst into tears.

"I am hangnose," she moaned. "They giff me notheenty to eat."

"What's that?" cried Morgan, turning on his heel. "Who says we starve you? There's plenty of food. Why didn't you call for some?"

Marina gulped, sobbing, "I do," she moaned. "I reen the bell, and the blackmans, heem come and he say he keel me, he eat me ree I reen again."

"By God!" cried Morgan, "I won't have that. Where's the bell?" He glanced hurriedly around, saw the bell-ropes, sprung on to the bed and pulled the rope so hard that he almost snapped it, although it was corded with gold thread.

"I'll teach the rat!" he cried.

"It's the best cook I've stuck for months," said Bleedy. "If you kill him you'll starve me."

"All right," snapped Morgan. "I won't kill him, even at the risk of being poisoned."

They waited in silence; then they heard the negro clumping up the stairs on his wounded leg, and mumbling to himself:

Where's that knife, dat great beast knife what I cups up de karkass! Cut up heeg fat lady, cut up fine, berry fine, all little pieces. I cut yo' all up till de blood drop out oh yoo' eyes, by Gabh, by Gabh, damme, I tell yo' not to pull dat rope. Now, I'll sker you, huzzy, I'll sker yo' out oh yoo' foot-sees, by Gabh . . . ."

Morgan held up his hands to stop Bleedy's snigger, and waited quietly until the negro reached the door; and if ever a black man's face paled, that negro's paled when he saw his frying master.

"Gabol catch me, eago," he cried, "I neber monead no harm. I only want tee sker her a leeet. By Gabh I wouldn't o' beenner touch a toox-nail oh sich a pretty gal . . . ."

Morgan caught him suddenly by the throat, dragged him nearer and stared into his bloodshot eyes.

I'm not going to kill you," he said, "this once, because Captain Bleedy Morgan says you're a good cook. I'll just teach you that I'm a better cook when it comes to negroes. I'll roast you in your own black fat if you ever behave like this again. Now get downstairs, yare, and cook the best you can for this lady."

He fung the negro out of the door, and the action relieved him. He felt himself again.

"Come on," he said to Bleedy, "let's also eat. There's lots of work ahead. Peke downstairs? I want to see Peke. He can run through some jew- els . . . ."

Before he left, Bleedy turned and bowed, sweeping his hat to the floor.

"Adieu," he said.

Hisher of the women spoke; and cursing himself for a fool, he strode out after Morgan, shamed and angry.

Sarah entered at once on her duties. She combed and bound Doffa Marina's hair and chattered all the while.

"You could be worse off," she said, "much worse. Henry Morgan's a gentleman. I say it straight. Look how he give ye them jews."

(Continued on Page 63)
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Panama Is Burning

(Continued From Page 39)

Doña Marina turned angrily on her.

"My jew-chy!" she cried. "Mine! He tak' them from me first!"

"Well, he gives 'em back again," said Sarah, "and I can tell ye, there ain't many men'd do that for a lady."

**CHAPTER VIII**

THE SPOILS OF VICTORY

Dan arose with the sick exhaustion of one who sleeps in hot sunlight. His head felt light as if he had been drinking heavily. The taste in his mouth was like alcohol, his stomach sent up heavy fumes that made him sick to the Gizz if he wanted to rush, and his head expanded like an air-filled bladder. He groaned, rolled over, groaned again and sat up, then he tenderly rubbed elbows and hips. The fierce light almost blinded him, it seemed to him that he stared through red haze, through an unfocused spy-glass, and he tried to bring things into their true clarity by shaking his head and screwing up his eyes.

The figure sitting on the steps opposite slowly merged into recognizable proportions. It was Clem Simmonds.

"Sleep it off!" called Clem, grinning. "Morg was right, weren't he? 'Famin' poison. Have a taste."

He heaved an enormous stone bottle out from inside his shirt as Dan staggered over. "Uper fence, me boy.

Dan took the bottle, swallowed a good portion, and handed it back. He wiped his mouth and fell, rather than sat, on the step beside Clem.

"Aw, hell," he said, rubbing his temples. "I feel better now. But I wasn't boked, I was just sleepin'."

He paused. "I'm takin' a walk inside, Clem," he said.

"By hell, you ain't, Looker, Dan. You can't take yer bottle fer a stroll next door ter Morg. Leave her be. I'll tell yer what. I've got eyes, 'famin' good 'uns too. I can see a loose a yard off. Now, I'll keep me eyes fixed on that mortar. If anythink happens I'll tell yer within three secs. Trust me. She's all right with me around."

Dan stared at him. "I wouldn't trust yer, Clem, further than I can kick yer," he said slowly. "Any way, how'd yer know that I was keepin' me eye on her?"

Clem shifted his gaze to the sky, blinked and grinned. "I know more'n yer think," he said. "Didn't I hear yer sayin' good night ter her yesterday?"

"Yes was intentin'."

"Only then, when yer saw me. Aw, now, be sensible, Dan. Cut all the 'famin' rot. Ye're me mate, you can trust me. I don't want ter see yer git inter no trouble. Besides, if ye're goin' ter go wanderin' around with the mort some one's gettin' the blame when she wants a new pair o' stays. And if ain't goin' ter suffer fer yer, I'm tellin' yer. Go and see the mort and I'll shoot yer in the back. Otherwise, ye just leave everythink ter me."

"If ye try any bobbin' with me, Clem, I'll skid yer alive. I'll tear yer inter tatters. You know me. I ain't afeared of nothink. Let alone a rat like you. . . ."

"How the names!"

"I'm just tellin' ye what I think of yer. I could crack yer skull in me forearm, just by squeezing it."

"Aw . . . ."

"I mean it. She ain't no ordinary doxy, she's a lady. I wouldn't dare ter kiss her hand, myself. Ever since I first seen her I've thought o' her, y'aw, all them times when I was s'glin' I was thinkin': What if we was ter come across her now? When I was lost-er-in' at Campookey and you was all bored -in' and brawlin', I was thinkin' o' her, what I wouldn't do fer her. And now I got me chance."

He paused and sighed, swallowing out his great chest.

"If you was one o' them prayin'-sort, he went on, "and you was prayin' ter a statue and there statue was ter come alive."

"Well," said Clem, as Dan passed, I'd run, I would, and I'd smash every bottle I came across. But then, I never was no prayin'-geller."

"You don't understand," growled Dan. "That's how I feel. As if the statue was come alive."

He was silent, and Clem took a swig from the bottle, then set it in the dust beside him.

"They sat under the sunlight that seemed heavy, that seemed to weigh them down."

"Well," said Clem at last, with a sly glance at his companion, "aye of Morg was ter, just in a manner o' speakin', of Morg was ter. . . ."

Dan slowly turned and glared at him. "Morg or anybody, he said. "I don't care if it was Gerd Almighty Hossif. I'd be settin' him with a ax."

Clem kicked the dust with his heel. "Aw, don't be stoo pid, Dan," he said, "you take wimmin too seriously. Nobody wants ter look at her."

"'They'd better not, I think you know me pretty well, Clem. I ain't a lady's man, but she's differ -

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Heat and dust and flies and mosquitoes. What was there for a man to do but drink? They were nobody left to fight, there was nothing to do. Nothing to do but drink. So they drank. And Dan drank with a vengeance.

In a narrow lane he met three roaring souldiers with a drunken young girl. They had had her mouth open as if she were a sick fox, and pressed the brandy in last night, and she was not yet sober. She beat her breasts on a wall, and cried, and lost purlity, while the men tried to cajojle and force her into dancing. They gave Dan their beg of rich old brandy to drink in, and as the yellow-brown trickle down his throat, then joined in the sport.

"Poor sport, it was!" the victors said merry. The conquerors enjoyed the spoils. Dreams had come true...

"Yes, all that! They got a poor wench drunk, a girl of fourteen, and tried to make her dance. There, that was the spoils of victory. There was more fun to be had at Port Royal, dirty sandy old Port Royal, with swarms of fighting and yarning on the Point, the girl dancing merrily in the strews and the fat old landlord of the Black Jack chewing the score on his dirty slate. More, fun at Campeachy, in the Lagom of Tides, when a ship came in and they fired off her guns and gambled and boozed abroad her, hard work, though it was, chopping the thick trees into small logs, hanging up his red roots; hard work, but there was roaring fun at night along the beach, dancing with the Indian wenches, crowning them with rum and the yellow blooming. Good fun, indeed!

"Oh, God, than at Panama! They talk of what they do when they got back with the spoils to Jamaica. Already this dream was over, the dream of Port Royal came instead. Port Royal at night, inns at the Point, and sand everywhere, sand sticking in your throat and your heart and making liquor a necessity. Port Royal with laughing girls who did not whimper like these Romany women who watched you with great veiled eyes, dumb, and pitious. Aw, hell, this plundering game wasn’t so good you’d think.

And the damned sun bit through the matted hair and mixed their sweat with the wine. Drink, drink, drink! Five guins for your gun when you’re sober enough, clean it, tighten the trigger, trim your match, stare for hours down the sight: what else can you do? Then, drink, you ruffian, drink! Ruin that pretty coat you’ve just stolen, up the street, upon a woman’s lovely damask shawl. Spit on our shining boots, split the dancing-pumps and give your corks a holiday. Then drink, drink, drink—drink and be damned, you dirty ruffian...drink!

Dan drank. He wandered into Nat’s pulperia, the most popular drinking-house in Panama. Poor Nat had found his dream—a woman! And what a woman! He talked to her, and they stayed there in the dirt and dark and heat under candles spluttering in the wet air. They danced too, to the sticky band, and the woman, chewed quidas, pipes or gigantic cigars, and talked or sang.

"Quapay! Lollolomá, a Frigole boogie and free.
Cashed the Spaniards up and down the sea.
Eat their hearts alive-O."

Made their women wise-O, and there was nobody you and me!" Singing and arguing and dancing. The spots of victory! Hail to the conquerors! Look at them, singing and dancing in Nat’s secret pulperia, splitting chunks of good rum-soaked tobacco, beating time to the song with a tambourine embrodiered with a pierced heart and a laughing couple, while a drunken negro with plump body navelled as if she were shaking crumbs from the folds of flesh.

Free drinks. Take your choice mates. And, ah, the dream of Jamaica with pockets full of gold. Oh yes, with a number of blackies to brighten the eyes of the merry laughing painted girls around the Point. Putting in time, drinking until they get to Port Royal when they could really enjoy themselves, drinking... .

They arrived in and blinked through the gloom.
They welcomed him with a shout, up-ended a barrel for him to straddle over and passed him a pipe of somebody’s special punch.

Andy added up towards him.
"Where you been?" he asked.
"We ain’t politician ed yet."

"Not yet," said Dan with a forced grin.
"Somebody must’ve been telling Merg a tale."

Andy stared at him. "What’s the matter with you?" he said. "I never seen you so quiet afore in all me born days. What’s wrong?"

"Nothing," said Dan roundly.
"But yer if we don’t say somethink more than jest nothing!" snarled Andy. "Wrong? Can’t I even make yer angry?"

"Nothing’s wrong. Yet, I’m jest waitin’. Know any nice gal round here, Andy?"

"Nothing else, except drink. Tell us what yer waitin’ for?"

"It’s yer own business, bring in some gale. I tell yer I’m jest waitin’. Can’t yer understand English? Now, where’s them gale?"

CHAPTER IX

THE PUMP SKELKETON

Biddy Morgan had a skeleton in his cupboard. It was a skeleton well covered with firm round flesh, a plumply-built young female skeleton that was very far from being dead. It was, in fact, so very much alive that he had to keep it gagged with a handkerchief clad of it, shammed of it. And its name was the Sedorita Doña Bella de Valdiviezo. A pretty high-boned skeleton, a skeleton that a great many men would have offered much and done much to entire inside their cupboards. Young, seventeen years of age, with hair that was black so it turned blue when the light slided over it; brown, large slunting eyes; nose a tripe hooked; mouth a trifle thin, yet broad across the eyes and narrow down the cheeks to a dab of a chin; body well-filled over that strong skeleton; arms firm and sleek, and with a authority that a delicate to dream about. Oh, yes, a very pretty skeleton for Biddy’s cupboards Doña Bella de Valdiviezo.

He was intensely afraid of her, afraid of the impulse in himself that had made him drag her back from San Anastasia’s after she had attacked him, insulted him. Looking back over the episode now as he stood near his cousin Harry, directing the men about the fire, he couldn’t understand that impulse in himself. Because he didn’t desire the girl. Flora St. Hilaire. His one real desire was never to see her again. He never had desired her, even when he commanded Jake to pinion her. It had been done out of some inexplicable anger against himself more than against her. One of those curious impulses that he calked in himself had spoken, swept up his heart, shoved the words into his mouth, and now, he was here, shackled with a girl he didn’t care a farthing about—a girl, in fact, whom he hated. It was absurd. He scarcely dared to think about it. What would Harry say? He would hear anything other than Harry’s good-natured, eloquent, his affectionate pokings in the ribs, his idiot chuckling and winks. If Harry heard about the wench, he’d never stop talking about it. Oh, hell, damn.

"He was weekly," said Harry Rorgan with a grunt, as he staggered up beside Biddy, and wiped the sweat from his face with the lace of his cuff. This was the nearest side he could come across. I give half my life for a drink. There’s a tavern over there, isn’t there? Come on over."

"Don’t be a fool," said Biddy. "You told them...

(Continued on page 61)

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Panama Is Burning (Continued from Page 63)

it was poisoned, and you can't go back on your word.

"Can't? You just watch. They're all drink- ing, no matter what I say. Are you coming, or am I going alone?"

"Oh, I'll go with you."

"Drink, that was all. There was nothing else to do on a day like this. The sun had enough on its own, but with this accursed fire to make things worse, the man who hadn't wine inside him seemed through his hot head to sweat his own heart out like a candle.

Dofia Marina drank—just a little sip of sweet Persian wine, with Sarah Fluxman sitting opposite, sewing up a torn mantilla and gulping in the sun, blowing down her Strict to cool her fast- ness blowing up her nose to cool her eyes; and talk- ing, talking.

"How the girl could talk! The words flowed around Dofia Marina like a soft cool stream, a fal- lacy. She shut her eyes and let the words flow softly around her in the peaceful afternoon. The win- dows were wide open, showing a rectangle of fierce blue sky shadowed by the timbers overhead. She heard a bird singing somewhere in jerky notes, little epo- modic yelps of happiness; and down in the patio, the fountain murmured faintly to itself, half-sleep- ing, like a drowsy child murmuring to its dream. It was so quiet otherwise that these sounds were very distinc- tive, it was a part it seemed of Sarah's endless mon- ologues.

Dofia Marina didn't listen to Sarah's words, for she knew exactly what she said without hearing it. They had heard Sarah and nothing else with infinite variations for the four or five hours they had been together. What a good man, what a kind brave man, this Henry Morgan was... So went the refrain. Dofia Marina let the words hang around her. She no longer troubled to interrupt, as she had done at first. In- terruptions, she now discovered, were fuel to Sa- rah's adamanium note; they were absorbed, served for a new thesis, expanded, glorified, demolished, and spread to a vast extent with incorruptible ho- ways and shoots. Dofia Marina mave it up, and smiled.

The sun dipped and sank, and with a delicate wind might swooped up from the east, tingling the sky, toasting the pale bright moon aboil in dark trail- ing nets of black hair. Night, like a woman stir- ring on her couch, clutched at the curtains and drew them over the lamp, taking her hair and splashing the orris of the stars upon their sable. Sarah's voice was a part of the twilight. All about Captain Harry Morgan, she talked, all about his greatness, his goodness, his kindness. Why? Why?" asked Dofia Marina suddenly. "Why ees ees like thses eames so? You luff leems, mi?"

Sarah almost dropped her sewing, sat up and stared high at the ceiling. Why? "No, no, I don't love him," she said, and stop- ped and wondered. No, she didn't love him, she didn't dare to love him. How could a humble servant love a king? She might dream.... perhaps; but dreams were made to be broken. And she had dreamed. Who wouldn't? She had dreamed as she lay on her bed in her nar- row room at the top of the narrow house. A slave to a Romany. No American-Spaniard would de- mean herself (or himself) by working for a fellow Spaniard. And so the Panama merchandizers and gran- dees were forced to put up with slave-labour, with negroes mainly, or Indians. Poor Sarah had been bought for a high price, but her buyers got their money's worth. They were so proud of having such a pretty white toy that they kept her always on view. She had even to act the majora, to open the front door, to wait at tables, to help her maids to do her hair and powder her pinched Iberian skin, had to go abroad with her whenever she went abroad and to carry her fan behind her, had to submit to her lead old grumbling master in what- ever he demanded. It was not like being an ordi- nary servant. There was a whispering-post for her and negroes itching to flog her whiteness. Above all, omnipresent, fearful, waited the fierce green cross between the olive branch and naked sword—the Holy Inquisition with its tabor of water, its rack and its rope. She had seen too many heretics, men and wo- men, with useless limbs dragged through the streets behind the shrivelled green cross, with ropes tied from their necks to their hands, St. Andrew's cross upon their yellow shirts.

Then in the desert of her despair, a name sprang up. It was like a red rose in all the sands of her world. It was something beautiful, something to love. In her garret she would stare out through her lattice window over the roofs of Panama, stare into the sun's fierce silver eye until it almost blinded her, pressing her young breasts against the woodwork, her hot cheek upon the stone, dreaming, hoping that somewhere over that skyline the fairy prince was coming. Ah, it was a name for a poor white girl— slave to dream about! Its very whisper dragged the blood from her master's face. She would see sometimes the white face of her master, and his eyes, his hands clenching until the knuckles showed white like a row of waffles; and joy would burn in her heart... for Morgan was coming, Captain Harry Morgan...

The fairy prince, Captain Harry Morgan... him she adored. But she loved him as if he were a god, and would not dare offer the unworthy gift of her humble body to such a majestic creature. But Dofia Marina... that was different. She glance- ed slyly at her. Here was a lovely woman, a gran- dees daughter, almost a queen; that was a gift worthy of paying at the feet of the god. It was Sa- rah's trusting little heart, her heart overfilling with love and gratitude, with joy and reverence, that wanted to worship this god, this deliverer, this Henry Morgan, and to offer him something befitting his godhead. And women's minds revolve around the flesh; it was natural then for Sarah in her search for a gift to the god to conceive nothing worthy of him except a woman. What else can a woman offer a man—even though he be a god—ex- cept a woman herself; but if he be unworthy, at least another woman?

"I couldn't love him," she said. "You don't un- derstand. You're a grand lady. I'm nothing, just a girl, a wench, a doxy. Men have my sort in keep- in', but they don't marry 'em. Leastways, not men."

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PLANTERS’ PUNCH

1934-35

Like him. You can’t eggopect ‘em to. He wants somebody as great as him.”

Then suddenly the quiet night was smashed by a bellow of laughter from the parlor. Sarah lifted her head like a faithful dog at the call of its master, and murmured:

“That’s him, that’s the captain!”

But Dofa Marina did not stir. Yes, it was the captain, she thought, Morgan with Bleddy. They had been drinking all afternoon, and Morgan was in an hilarious mood. What, not drunk, exactly, but on the verge. Another bottle or so would topple him over the edge, and that was what Bleddy feared. He knew Harry’s utter lack of control once the rum or wine-bottle was on the table. He would go for weeks, months, without stopping a drop; but once he started, the devil himself with an army to help him, could not have held Harry Morgan back from raiding every cellar in the neighborhood, knocking down every man in sight and tickling every woman.

He was a noisy amiable drunkard, roust about, mad, perhaps, but quite friendly. He laughed, did the most uproarious nonsensical things, and again laugh- ed afterwards. Bleddy literally detested him in this state. It made him sick to see those foolish antics, it made him writh to hear his counselling out some hawdy song. He would tremble and hold his breath with rages. Himself, he scarcely ever lost his head. Drink only reddened his long sharp nose and made him more and more morose. Sometimes he grew frightful, but usually it just kicked him off to sleep. Next day he suffered the agonies of remorse.

Harry Morgan suffered no remorse. As he had wrapped Bleddy would become physically ill to see Morgan up-ending some bottle of fiery aquavitae before daylight.

“I’m going to make a night of it!” roared Morgan, flinging himself into the hammock and almost bursting it.

“Come on, Bleddy, you old ruffian, bring out the liquor.”

“I’m going upstairs,” said Bleddy scowling. “I’m going to get clean. My clothes are filthy.”

“You’re a funny fellow. All right, get chum.”

Bleddy didn’t trouble to reply. He stalked out and up the wide marble staircase. He went very slowly because he dreaded reaching the top. That girl was in his room, and he didn’t feel fit for the life of him what to do with her. He couldn’t even hear the thought of her. Yet it must be gone through. She would be well-ashed dead by now, but he must calm her somehow, must see that she was looked after all right.

He stopped half-way up the stairs, suddenly, and clutched the banister. Damn. Harry’s trick he was imitating him, keeping a live girl for a kind of pet. He hadn’t thought of that. What else was there for him to do? He couldn’t murder her. That would be absurd. To kill a girl in cold blood just because he didn’t know what to do with her. Absurdly cruel. He might throw her out of the window. But then somebody would be sure to be underneath or somewhere near by.

He started slowly walking again, frowning over the problem. Whatever he did he’d found out eventually, and Harry’s make a joke of it, would carry the joke back to Jamaica and make a fool of him. Hell, he clenched his fists with rage. What the devil did he ever take her for? Why didn’t he leave her alone? Jake and his men knew all about it, but Jake had promised not to speak a word. And that rat Peke—he weight forget. At any rate, as they’d left him in the cellar, he didn’t know the outcome, and Bleddy could deny having brought her all the way back. Why did he, why did he do it? Even at the time he knew he was making an absolute jackass of himself but he just couldn’t stop, he couldn’t help himself. Somehow she had enraged him, got him on the raw. He couldn’t explain why, he couldn’t understand it. A silly sudden cold rage had gripped him and made him blind and bring her home. Senseless, mad! Yes, he could hit himself for it, he knew he’d want with a wreathed girl like that? A religious maniac, into the bargain. She was pretty, but more pretentious alone had no appeal to him. He wanted something more. His mate’s, almost parochial exterior, hid a Cavalier, a witty man with a keen comprehension of strange beings, of lovely titled ladies in London who would sitter with him in a box at the playhouse, in the gal- lant era of the tans, and let him whisper through the ailed window as he paged his lover for the next move, while he continued playing with the silver chocolate-soap while poets, politicians, dukes and courtiers lined around her bonoire, and he, the chosen one, unfazed, away of all, her lover of last night, snickered beside her and sometimes stroked her bunche as the hairdresser meulded her curls into shape. Dreams, dreams. They existed only to make a mock of truth. Would he ever reach to that dream, that dream of a duchess in a milky bed? Must he be given in place of her some raving Spanish sun, or some fierce little harlot? What did he know of women, real women? He was almost

What makes her so Attractive?

Oh, I know, It’s her teeth!

What constitutes the loveliness of women? I have before me a page of lovely women of all our saints. Some are pictured in full profile, some in half profile, some in full face. The eyes of some are almost closed, some half closed and some fully open, They are all beautiful, yet the features of all are different except in one particu-

Then, what constitutes the loveliness of women? Undoubtedly one essential is beautiful teeth. Every woman who wishes to be lovely, who wants to be admired, should strive for teeth that give her all the possibility. Then, colored, free, regular brushing with Forran’s Cupids, will keep teeth clean and beautiful. Preserve both teeth and gums, and Forran’s Cupids will do it.

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deposited with the Patent Office in the United States, and
distributed by the American Company throughout the world in the treat-
a monk. He knew only the Madames in Jamaica with tanned skins and eyes wrinkled from looking at the sun; he knew only the refuse of England, the liars who talked of old-time routes and garden-parties. He wanted the real things, and was given... those.

He drew the key from his pocket and stood beside the door. There were three candles in silver soccers on a table in the hall, and he went over and took one, trimmed the wick with his long nails, and returned in the dark with it. He held the candle high above his head, before his face, as if he were being spied on, as if he had been discovering some discursive act. "What?" he said with an effort, making his voice and manner as casual as he could, "what is it?"

The door instantly shut again, and he smiled wryly, and strung his shoulders.

Was Harry carrying on an intrigue with the wench? he wondered with... ? But he dismissed the idea at once. Harry was not the type to carry on what was called an affair with anybody, particularly a secret affair; he was too solitary, too obvious. Besides, he didn’t think that disdainful Spanish lady looked the kind to carry on an affair with a pirate, she was too proud. Yet one never knew. He remembered so many virtuous ladies in Jamaica who behaved most astonishingly behind a locked door. He remembered his own rather degrading experience with a certain painter’s wife who was quite a different woman in the drawing-rooms of Spanish Town or Port Royal from the woman who was seen so much of an honest camel in January, she had met him in her shift when he stopped for a cool drink on his way from the beach and smelled of brandy and had a musty decaying look about her as if she had been locked up for years and had only escaped this summer. She was plain against the verandah post and he was struck with sudden shuddering disgust as that shift blew open in the windless air and he glimpsed her black body, and saw the drunken gleam of her half-shut eyes and she fanned herself with a weary or bored fan. It had seemed inconceivable in that feebly hot day, loathsome musty she had seemed, and haggard in the fierce light. It was horrible. An almost naked woman, shrivelled and brown, fanning away the sweat with a great ballroom fan. He had dined spars into his horse and gobbled back with a feeling of terror at her throat. He had been very young; sixteen, wasn’t it? But surely Jamaica grand ladies were not like the grand ladies of London who, he knew, had milky skins and languid ways. No, no, no! That illusion he kept intact. All his life was a fight to keep that illusion intact.

Perhaps this Spanish lady, this Governor’s daughter, was like that Jamaican painter’s wife? One never knew. She was very beautiful. He remembered her black slanting eyes, her wide nostrils, the curved nose, the little chin; he remembered her with sudden choking desire, but swept it from him and, and darted at his own door, turned the key and rushed in.

He stood, panting, in the middle of the room, and with his left hand he reached for the small, round marble table. Then he strode over to the window and stretched out his arms to the captive.

She was bound strongly, both by wrists and ankles, and her pretty mouth was twisted grotesque with a wooden gag. She was unconscious, and he laid her carefully on the bed; then he stood back to look at her.

She breathed heavily in little jerks as if she were dying; there was a slight foam on her mouth and her lips were cyanosed. Varnished with black where the sweat and saliva had hardened and dried; her face was wet, seemed sudden, with perspiration and terror. From her feet she shrieked as if she had pricked her with his nail; shuddered twice, then was perfectly still again.

Mechanically he continued chafing her wrists. They were swollen around the twisted red nerves where the cords had bitten into her flesh. He looked at that raw skin with no thought of compassion, only with a faint anger ringing in his heart, an anger at himself and at the necessity of bringing her to, of trying to calm her terrors and to make her sensible. The fingers twitched a little under his warm rubbing, they moved as if groping for the strings of some invisible instrument. She moaned, shuddered, and rolled over on the bed.

Then he looked down at her feet, and knelt on the floor to chafe her ankles. They were hidden under the skin and he softly lifted the skin. Instantly, Dofia Bella sat up. It seemed that some magnetism in his touch had vibrated along her nerves and legs into her brain. She sat up stiffly like a marionette, straight from the hips, and stared down at Bledry, her eyes open and seeming to swell like little bladders. Stupified, he gazed back at her.

Suddenly she shrieked. Her shrieks hit him hard on the ear-drum and almost deafened him. He stayed transfixed, horror-struck, dumb, statuesque. He could only gaze back at her in sick despair, with a hopeless feeling of terrible despair as if his whole world had fallen around him and left him alone to gnaw and hate and cold his cold heart. Harry’s floating face seemed to strike at him. He wanted to shriek, and leaped to her feet. It was extraordinary, it was terrifying, to see this sudden leap, as if a corpse had suddenly leaped from his bier. She must have been physically crippled, yet her terror gave her nervous strength enough to leap from the bed and to stand on her feet. This was a devil inside a woman that forced the dead limbs to work, forced the tongue to click against the roof of the mouth.

Horror and despair paralyzed Bledry. He could only gasp, stretch out an arm tentatively to a feebly shaking body. He couldn’t speak. He couldn’t move, he could only stare at her.

She ran around him like a desperate bird with clipped wings, quavering, letting out occasional shrieks. It was horrible, a demented child, a nightmare. It was too intense, too much. Suddenly she lunged at the door, flung it open and caught into the hall.

The act awoke Bledry. He leaped to his feet and made after her. He was blind with rage, mad at all the wretched of his plans. Harry he up any moment, Harry’s go, she’d tell the yarn, Spanish Town would burst its sides, they’d laugh, a merry jest, did you hear? Oh, Lordie, ha, ha, . . . Oh, my God, my God, what could he do?

He wanted to kill her. His rage was so enormous that only blood could satisfy it. He detected that girl as never before in all his life he had detected anyone; his hands writhed with the last to kill.

She fluttered up and down the passages, moaning; but when she saw him she screamed again, and ran straight at the door opposite that Sarah had cautiously opened to see what the trouble was. She flung Sarah aside and darted into Bledry behind her.

"Hey!" cried Sarah. "What a house this!"

Dofia Bella, the moment she was inside that room, seemed to die once more. The devil within her body left her suddenly, like a pilot who, having steered his ship safely through the dangers, drops over the sides and leaves her becalmed and hopeless. She flopped on the floor and became again, presumable, a corpse, without sound or movement.

"Mlle de Dindo!" cried Dofia Marina. "Bella! Que le has hecho!"

Her cry stopped Bledry as if a hand had been pushed into his face. He staggered and went deathly white, a fearful sense of shame swamped him; he felt eternally disgraced before the world; he felt...
that he could never again look a lovely woman in the eye; that such sweet darkness looking like a pinch cloud over the horizon would seldom happen to her, would wrinkle her little nose and purs, crying: "For shame, remember Belle!"

"Bee essen my frien!" cried Doña Marina with a little sob, hollowing out her cheeks as if she were on the floor. "Ay go mi! Bella empeño mio! He has heeded her, por Dios! He has heeded her!"

She started up furiously and turned on the wretched Bledry.

"Why, you beast!" she cried. "Oh, oh, you rogue! You have heeded Bella mine!"

"She's all right, she's not dead..."

"Then her hands clasped in his lap, a look of the utmost misery on his equable face. He didn't stir at Harry's entrance, didn't even move to look at him."

"You forgot something," said Harry Morgan, and carefully deposited Doña Bella on the carpet. "And a pretty little crit, she is too!" he said. "Looks like a bat, that innocent, with her lovely eyes shut and her nose long hair trying to strangle her. Come on, old man!" He swung round on Bledry, "Don't say any malice, I'm sorry if I hurt you. I didn't mean to."

"You didn't hurt me," said Bledry quietly. "I'm not malicious; I just want to be left alone."

"Oh, now, come and have a drink." "Later," he said weakly. "Afterwards. Just leave me alone for a while."

Morgan looked at him suspiciously. Then he glanced down at his feet and grinned.

"Oh, all right!" he chuckled. "But you'll come down after, won't you?"

"After what?" asked Bledry, suddenly dreading.

"I don't know. You said 'afterwards' yourself, didn't you? At any rate, look the door next time. I promised her I'd see the wench wasn't hurt. I don't want to see her get scared. These Spaniards hank themselves as soon as look at you. I know their tricks."

And that is exactly what Doña Bella did do, as soon as she was left alone.

Still grinning, with a monotonous whistle, Morgan went, carefully shutting the door behind him. Bledry went later, to find him comfortably twined in a hammock, tall glass of brandy in one hand, a huge cigar in the other. Six other loungers about the table, smoking and drinking. Clem Simmons, with his white head leaning forward as if the scraggy neck was too weak to hold it upright. Next to him sat a fat jeweled eunuch with a livid scar that ran from under his scalp to his chin, cutting across one eye that was hidden under a black patch held in place by yellow ribbon. He seemed to be all teeth, paunch and scar, and was named Larry Prince. Dicky Loudenby, a tall, upright, unblemished man was next to him drinking at a terrifying rate; then there was Jack Morris and Tommy Rogers (a dumpy sour-faced fellow) then Ted Collier a lean six-foot ruffian with weak eyes that were always blinking, as if he had dirt under the lids and was trying to blink it out, sometimes he jerked his head suddenly and snuffled: it was because of this nervous peculiarity that he was called the "Fennwill", for people bitten by the tarrantula were supposed to dance in a curious nervous fashion.

These were a few of Morgan's officers, his bodyguard, his council—his House of Lords, as he called them and as they often dubbed themselves.

CHAPTER X

BEHIND THE CURTAIN

They drank and charred till dawn, Clem Simmons was the first to sneak off. He crawled out into the kitchen, and found the negro cook. Queen, sitting on the floor, groaning in the sick monotonous white of the negro, endlessly, in a kind of whimper. He showed Clem his sore leg. It had broken out swamp and was turning green. Morgan had kicked him that afternoon because there was not enough food in the place. He brought Clem to look at it, which Clem grudgingly consented to do, even though it was a black leg now, and they talked earnestly. The others remained arguing in the patio, laughing and singing, until Morgan himself broke up the gathering.

"Bed, my lad!" he cried. "We've got work to do. You can fight it out then."

So off to bed he went and after drinking one last halfpint and vowing eternal friendship to each other and everlasting fidelity to Henry Morgan. After that there was silence in the patio littered with pots and bottles, stained with wine and Jack's blood, with tarrantulas and sparks. The deep tropic night blocked up the patio from wall to wall in the candles guttered out, coated the palms with blue-black shadows and shivered around the fountain.

Night over Panama, with the stars like phosphorescent buttons on the sky, and the insects bur- ring furiously amongst bushes and flowers. Night in the jungle, masses of darkness, slates of it between. (Continued on Page 70)
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Panama Is Burning
(Continued from Page 68)

trees lit only with the bright eyes of jaguar and puma. Night; and that worst, most terrible hour of night, before the dawn, when earth seems to pause its spin a moment and hang pendulous in space, sickeningly still. The silence of death. And in the jungle there were, at night, places that reeked of death, decaying undergrowth and rotting life, with the hunchers peering over their high shoulders like little old women in the theatre.

Only a third cold wind came to blast that awesome silence, and to shiver over the tree-tops as if a small hand had brushed against them, like the rustling of a cat's fur. It whispered to the hot earth on the savannahs, shook gently lovely orchids, those images of death, odourless, wan. It unfolded the petals of that miraculous orchid, that seal of the divine, el Espirito Santo, Flower of the Holy Ghost, that bears in its petals like a child's cradle amidst white lilies, a little dove.

In cleared spaces in the jungle, refugees lay on branches with weary senses posted; some slept amongst the branches like monkeys and ate what food they could get raw, not daring to light a fire or shoot a gun. They dared not even sleep, although they were incredibly tired. They would shut their eyes, doze a moment, then wake up trembling at the slightest sound. They were beyond weeping; they could only lie and shiver in the darkness, with no covering but the darkness, their bodies stiff and swollen with mosquito and ant bites.

Days brought no hopes, only greater terrors. They saw it cracking the eastern sky in rods of pink and silver with flashes of mauve and green; they saw it ribbing the sky like coloured prison bars, holding them fast on earth. They could only gaze palely at the light, look into each other's haggard faces and at their starred limbs; they had nothing to say. Around them, the jungle awoke to life. Monkeys started their babbling parliaments; birds screamed with the sheer delight of living, bright, jolly parrots babbled at the sky and drank in the sunlight as if it were syrup. Only the poor human beings, homeless, starving, desperate, stayed silent, wrapped in terrors amongst the trees and bushes, or crouched to the edge of the savannahs in dread of seeing the buccaneers come searching for them. Every day, troops came out and dragged back wretched prisoners.

Yes, every day the buccaneers strode out behind their musicians and dispersed to forage for captives or buried treasure; and every day they brought back booty to the common storehouse.

There was work for everyone to do, but a great many of the buccaneers did away from the heavy trumpets and drank and wench. They had been divided into companies under separate commanders — Morgan had arranged all that at Cape Triburron before starting—but most of the commanders were too afraid of their own men to force them to work hard. That was why Dan had been left alone. He had done no work since the taking of the city and last night he had been out on the rampage with Andy, two wenches and a can of wine. And now a shaft of sunlight fell straight on his eyelids and awoke him. It came through a chink in the wall and seemed to be directed on to his face particularly to burn him out of slumber, as if heaven had sent his messenger. He turned, groaned, then opened his eyes upon that bar of light which was his escape with millions of curving motes like tiny insects in a bar of gold.

Morning! Oh, hell! Another morning. Then he remembered Dofa Marina. She came to him suddenly. As if she had been impatiently waiting for him to awake, she burst upon his consciousness. How was she? Was she all right? Could he trust Clem? He should have gone last night to see her. He swung himself to his feet, stumbled over the fat body of the octoroon breathing through her nose as if it were a trumpet; her thick lips curled back like red caterpillars from the brilliant white teeth. He grabbed a bottle of sweet wine, took a gulp tossed it around his palate and spat it out again. After that he shuddered and felt better. Andy opened one eye and watched him, his small body hidden between the octoroon and the Spanish matron. He saw Dan stagger around the room for a moment, pick up his shirt, pull it over his ears and go blindly out of the door, for they were in one of the common huts with wooden walls, dried palm roof and one floor that had no flooring. Andy was on his feet in a minute and after him.

There was no need for him to hide or skulk, as Dan never once looked back. After he had pulled his bright blue shirt tightly down and under it in his belt, he walked straight ahead without a hat beneath that fearful morning sun, through narrow streets, tripping over dislodged flagstones, he went; in the middle of a plaza he stopped and went to the fountain. He dipped his head and opened his mouth under the cool water without swallowing any of it. Then he continued his walk, going
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Panama Is Burning

(Continued from Page 71)

Suspiciously, Dan lowered himself into the chair while Clem swung himself on to the table and crowded an army of ants with his bulk.

"Now, Dan," he said, "you jest listen to me. I been talkin' ter that gal of 'o yours," said Clem soothingly, "Now, don't get excited. If ye're gone ter no mad el' so's no good me tellin' yer name y'll bust the everythink.'

"I won't go mad," said Dan in a stilled voice, sitting up very straight and starting full at Clem. He was suspenseful and excited. He had never really liked Clem although in an entirely negative war, for Dan actually hated nobody; but he respected Clem as a cunning fellow with a sharp tongue, and as one of Morgan's House of Lords. Yet that thin face, a young monkey's face, under the shock of snow-white hair somehow made you suspicious of Clem. It didn't look natural. "Go on," said Dan, "I'm listenin'. I tell yer I won't go mad!"

"That's the spirit, me boy," Clem cocked his head on one side. "As I was tellin' ye," he said, "I had a yard yer gal yesterday. Just a few words, and she says—she says—that she can't bear this no longer.

"What's that?"

"What ye think she meant? Looksee here, Dan, ye're too trustin'. That's your trouble. Ye think Morgan's yer goil, don't ye? Ye think he's a bloody gitsman, don't ye? You think he can do no wrong and that he wouldn't tell no lie, don't ye, ye poor lily kid of a son! Ye're too tonor live, that's the trouble with you."

Very white, yet holding in his temper, Dan said quietly: "What's Morgan done?"

"What's he done? Now, here's the truth comin' out," Clem watched him narrowly. "He's keepin' her on bread and water!"

"What's that?"

"Bread and water, I'm tellin' yer. She's starvin' her, that's what he's doin'. She ain't hanged herself. No—not yet.

"My Gosh!" cried Dan, sprinting to his feet and making for the door.

"Come 'ere, yer fool," cried Clem. "You can't do nothin'. Just listen ter me. I got a plan. Open this door or I'll bust yer head in! Where's the key? I'm goin' ter take her off! Right now!"

"And where to?"

"Anywhere! I'll get him first though! Gimme that key!

"Sit down, Dan, and listen quiet. You wouldn't find five yards outer this place without him shoot down like a dog. Have some sense. Now jest you listen ter me and I'll fix everythink."

"And her starvin'..."

"She ain't starvin'. I told ye what Morgan was givin' her, but I never told ye why she needs it."

"You're feedin' her on the sky? My Gosh, Clem, I can never thank you!...

"You caught him in a tight embrace, he almost kissed him. "You're a true friend ye are." "No, no, it ain't nothink!" said Clem bashefully.

Of a genial and pleasant disposition, hard-working, too, Mr. Melgado, after leaving school at the early age of fifteen, left Jamaica for the neighbouring Republic of Cuba, where he worked in the Engineering Department of the city of Santiago de Cuba for ten months, after which he returned to his native land and entered the business of Messrs. A. A. Melgado and Company of Old Harbour, produce dealers and general merchants.

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"I wouldn't see the poor old starve. But don't tell nobody. I know I can trust yer, Dan. Now, ye jest listen quiet a moment. Now, she says ter me, she says: 'Clem,' she says, 'Clem, I can't hold out no longer. If Dan don't think of somethink I'll hang myself like the other 'un.'

"'I'll do anything' cried Dan. 'I'll sit Morgan's bloody throat! I'll get him! What the 'ell do ye think he's starvin' her for? Fun? So he can play with her bones? What's any man starve a pretty-looking jade ter? He's tryin' ter break her spirit, like you would a bone. And he's threatened ter lock her in a black cell full o' heathen o' she don't like him mildly soon.'

"'Why don't he take her?' You ails was a moose, Dan. He ain't the kind ter take a girl, he wants her to come ter him."

"My Gosh!" cried Dan.

"Well, beat him!" said Clem. "Yer know that ship stuck on the mud? Jest wait till high tide comes,
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The pictures so enraptured Dan—and he was easily swayed by dreams—that he was really annoy-
ed when Clem returned with the negro. Dan gazed at them as Clem carefully locked the door behind them and turned his pot-gate with the wrinkled-up negro at his side grinning with all his teeth except for the black square in the centre where Morgan had punched him.

"Here he is," said Clem. "This is our black-shot Quaco, the cook and general poor devil. He's in the

conspicacy I was speakin' of."

"Aw, he is, is he?" said Dan. "Then I ain't."

Clem drew a deep breath and blazed it out through his teeth. "Ain't we been over all that a-

fore?" he went on. "Quaco's the only black-shot en et, ain't ye, Quaco?"

Quaco ducked his woolly head, grinning tremen-

dously.

"And he's in et 'cause he's the only good cook we've got and we ain't learnin' him 'round."

"Oh," said Dan, impressed. "Of kook with et."

"That's right. Now, Quaco, ye tell him all about it, same as ye told me."

Clem sealed himself on the table and ants, crossed his legs, and handed a cigar out of a facedle-poc-

ket like a fisherman handling an eel out of his net. It took him fully a minute to disentangle it from

the cloth, then he hit a chunk off and slowly chewed it with great satisfaction.

Quaco, who had watched him narrowly through the whole operation, now licked his brown lips, cleared his throat and began hurriedly as if he gave a before-dinner speech.

"Morg, he's kick me on de leg and it plison, pic-

son had, all of de green like to de grass, so I get ter sharpening me knife ter cut Morg, but one day a Prenchman's say ter me, Quaco, he say to me, 'how' 'bout doing de smoky on his Morg? Ye' kum

wild me.' So I go wid him. And dere be lots and lots of white men sittin' at de table and dey say, 'We
got out, we take de heat and we get, yo' understand?' and poor Quaco, he say, 'By Gaah, yaw, we go, and dat's all. I go naw, eh?"

"No," said Clem. "Tell Dan where this place is where ye saw the crowd."

Quaco scratched his head, looked sheepish, grin-

ned even more enormously, gazed at his large fat feet, shuffled his feet, then said with an air of ex-

treme confidence: "Now, da's where ye' git de poor black-shot all bummelled. Gaah strike me but I dun-

no, I feel goes dere."
He felt that he was destined to die for her in some way, that God had chosen him and kept him living only to protect her. He had come on this expedition because of her. At the time when Morgan first announced the idea, he was thinking of slipping off and marrying the fat widow of the Loyal Charles Tavern at Port Royal, who pinched him lovingly across the bar and kept no slate for his drinks. Then had come the talk of Morgan's attack on Panama. But one of Morgan's old men had learned of it quickly, and rejected it; then remembering Debra Marina he had rushed to enroll under the colours. "I'm glad to see you, Dan, you old ruffian," said Morgan, lounging in his hammock under the brightly striped awning at Tiferon. "Scum them Does he," said Dan with a wink. Now he was thinking of killing Morgan! Ah, my God, he had turned suddenly so complex. And now this Romany plotting. No. He wouldn't have anything to do with it. He couldn't.

Then chance intervened. Dan had flung himself on a dusty green patch in the centre of a small plaza. He leaned against the pump and picked his teeth with his fingernail. Eusquemeling came suddenly out of a house opposite, rame quietly down the narrow steps, turned and spoke to somebody within, nodded his thin head, and turned abruptly about.

Dan gaped at him, and Andy, who had entrenched himself in a wide doorway down the street, saw him rise up and stagger over. He wished he could hear what he said, for Dan caught the Dutchman by the arm and stopped him. But all that Dan was saying was: "Mer est grand."

The whole thing happened just like that. It was taken completely out of his hands and managed for him. He did nothing whatever, it merely happened. He saw Eusquemeling come out of a door and all of a sudden he went over and said: "Mer est grand," without really knowing what he did. It was an automaton that did it, not Dan.

Eusquemeling was startled. He was a hard-like kind of man, fairly, with very little humanity about him, all parched and skinny, with pale blue eyes and a colourless mouth. He seemed ill, and coughed every now and then, shivering and blinking his rather protruding eyes.

"Vois, je te vois!" he cried. "Vot you say?"

"I never mind," said Dan angrily. "Ed you don't understand me, Dan?"

Eusquemeling held him hard and breathed fiercely through his nose. He was terribly excited. How Dan could have got the password was a complete mystery, but that didn't trouble him. If they could win such a man over to their side, it would strengthen him enormously. Dan with his prestige and great strength was an asset not to be easily lost.

"Vois, we feel your cool! Me not say de right ting. Mer est sud! Vot you say?"

"Mercy," said Dan ungraciously. He wished that he could understand Eusquemeling's forehead. He almost shouted with delight.

"You are von of us, sen' wun? Ah, you are de great Augieschekas, ef? Ye drinkin', ef, and talk dis over, eh? Come vid me. Ye half de pipe of sopo togerder, you meet de odders and ve talk, ve talk, eh?"

"Aw, hell," said Dan, seeing that fate was too much for him: "all right. Take me off before I changes me mind."

And so Dan turned conspirator. He hated it, it was against every impulse in his English heart, but fate was too much for him. He let Eusquemeling lead him jubilantly off into a narrow room in a narrow house crammed with Romanys who talked what he couldn't understand and what was translated to him by an over-ambitious Frenchman with a slippery accent that slurred verbs and mispronounced nouns.

It was all very strange and it made him angry. They filled him up with wine, and that calmed him a little. He could see no reason to talk. All they had to do was to wait until high tide and then sail off. It was simple enough, surely, even for their stupid Romany minds? Why complicate it with talk?

At the head of the table Eusquemeling was gabling in a mixture of Dutch and French.

"What's he saying?" asked Dan, nudging his Frenchman almost off the bench.

"Him say," said the Frenchman with grushing Continued on Page 78.

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Panama Is Burning
(Continued from Page 75)

Panama is burning

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flowers seemed to exhale warmth instead of perfume, it arose stiffly from the earth— you could actually see it rising like water. It made him sleep and sick and painfully tired, but Andy refused to surrender to it. He shifted on the hard ground, crushed some large blue-black ants under his heel, and gasped in the purple shadow, dreaming of a long cold glass of sweet wine in a ship's hawser up north, of lying around on deck and counting the icebergs founder by, and of drinking icy drinks and singing songs.

He dreamed and wiped the sweat from his forehead.

Dreams, torment of mankind, why do you never come true? Panama, this was a dream once, this city with its towers and steeples, its guadalupe gardens, its white walls and coiffers of jewels and gold. It had been a dream at Cape Tiberon when the men came trooping around Captain Harry Morgan's flag—ah, what a dream! And when they had caught at last this dream in their hands, it burst like a bubble and showed white walls and guadalupe gardens—yes, all that they'd thought, all save the indefinite beauty of the dream. It was merely earth that now they held in their hands. And so, the sly dream shifted and rushed to dirty, sandy old Port Royal, or to London.

"Leave a fellow alone, can't ye? We've done our work sick or well. We want a bit o' rest. God save us. Give us a drink, Jack, and get off me foot, you mountain on a mule!!!"

But they had to work. It was like rounding up bulls on Hispaniola to make these dreamers work. Morgan sent out officers to round up the riffle, then gave them each tasks to do, sent out detachments to search the jungle, the hills, the savannahs. It was hard work getting them to work than was the actual work itself.

In the patio, Morgan was stretched out on his hammock, his House of Lords lounging on the floor in front of him, and Bleedry sitting in a cane chair at his elbow.

He looked at the dirty group. Most of them had doffed their finery and were naked to the waist in war-trims. Morgan gave them definite instructions, each had some work to do. The Tarantula was to go north to a monastery he'd just got news of,泸

bury, Rogers and Charlie Swan could round up the jungle, others could look at the savannahs, keep squares of the gates, torture prisoners, help John Peck sort out the gold and catalogue it. Clem (of whom he was growing mistrustful) was to stay in the house with Jake Morris on guard (for a great deal of the booty had been shifted into Morgan's own room), Larry Prince and Dege Molewee were to guard the remainder of the treasure in the jail over on the other side of the plaza. He and Bleedry would stand stamping out the fire.

"And now, get to it!!"

They strode out languidly in the heat, and Morgan did not speak until the last had gone; then he heaved himself out of his hammock and said:

"Are you coming with me, Bleedry, or have you something else to do?"

Bleedry stirred in his chair, wiped the sweat away from around his eyes with a handkerchief, and gazed up at his cousin. He resented Harry's strength, his tranquility to limbs except over the punch-bowl. Himself was lazy. He detected the sunlight, and the thought of going near that according again almost made him turn his horse to jelly.

"No," he said, "I'm not going with you."

"Oh, well, if you won't...", said Morgan. He stood irrationally, hurt by Bleedry's refusal. For in his way, he loved Bleedry, he loved him mainly because he was also a Morgan, and a Welshman usually loves his kindred with a blind, almost stupid adoration. He wanted Bleedry to be with him in everything, to share everything with him. The two Morgans, like brothers, always together.

"Oh, come on!" he cried suddenly. "I'll do you good! The best thing in the world is to get out, especially after a night like last night. Let's show 'em what the Morgans can do with that fire!"

"It's almost finished with. You don't need me."

He paused, shifted in his chair, then said bitterly:

"I'm not much damned use, anyway. I only get in your road. And you know it, Harry. I'm only in this expedition because I'm your cousin. The devil! Tommy Rogers or Dick Ludbury are far more use than I. Even the negro cook. Think I don't know it?"

"Shut up!" cried Morgan. "You're crazy. By God, I wouldn't have you out of this for the world. Don't talk like that again or I'll lose my temper. Hell, Bleedry, you know what I feel about you! You ought to know. You're like a brother to me."

Bleedry smiled at him with almost a sneer, yet there was tenderness in it. "That doesn't do away with my usefulness," he said. "I'm all right when it comes to fighting, I suppose."

"By God, you are! The best!"

"But not for this kind of fighting. I should remain a King's officer, looking after routine and leading a disciplined army. I'm not in sympathy.

(Continued on Page 81)
Panama Is Burning
(Continued from Page 79)
with a rabble. I don't understand them. I don't like them.

"If any other man said that I'd kill him."
And Harry Morgan meant it. Bledry's words genuinely hurt him, as if he were himself being swatted at. It embarrassed him, angered him. He couldn't bear it. He strode over to Bledry called him by the shoulder and shook him with bearish affection.

"You old fool!" he cried, "pulling my poor damn leg!"
Come on, Bledry, and poke your tongue at this fire.

"No," said Bledry, "I'm not going.
Morgan stared at him, shuffled his feet and bit his nails.

"I never know if you're joking or serious," he said at last.

"I'm deadly serious now," said Bledry, in his dry humourless voice, faintly smiling, "I hate the whole business. I didn't want to come in the first place. And I wouldn't have come except that it was something to do with these vile God-forsaken colonials. When it's over I'm going to Europe, I'm going to see London! We'll both go! They might knight us for it! Think of that, Harry!"

"More likely they'll hang us," said Harry. "You forget that peace has been signed with Spain.

The excitement faded from Bledry's cold blue eyes; he seemed to shrink inside himself, sag bodily; his hands loosened their grip.

"Yes," he said, "I forgot that.

"Come on, now, out to the fire."

"I'm not going," said Bledry, "I told you I wasn't."

For a moment Morgan considered dragging him out of his chair and taking him forcibly to the fire. Then with a shrug, he dismissed the idea. He pulled his wide-brimmed hat down over his ears, bit his lip, then abruptly strode out of the patio.

Bledry heard him calling outside and kicking some poor devil out of the way; and he lounged back in his chair, sitting.

His own degradation gave him a kind of cruel pleasure. He bathed in it luxuriously; lay back, sighing and thinking what a thoroughly useless fellow he was.

Around him in the blazing sunlight, men toiled, killed the fire that threatened to destroy the price of their own blood, to eat up this city that was to be held for ransom. And he lay in a chair; his lay back in his chair, lit a cigar and puffed the smoke into the heavy air that pressed around him like a jellied weight that melted on his face in rivers of sweat. He, the one drone in the hive, the one lazy man in all this turmoil! Useless, utterly useless, a drone.

Yes, of what use was he? He was one of those men who just couldn't do the right thing. All his features became crooked even as he made them. Look at last night! And a little shudder ran down his spine at the thought, made him turn in his chair and blink his eyes, his teeth biting through the cigar. He couldn't bear to think of it. All his life now he would be dogged by that memory of a girl standing in mid-air, swaying a little, her tongue out and her eyes staring. Just his damnable luck! Why couldn't she hang herself outside? In his room, over his bed, for all the world to laugh at? That memory was under his skin and would stay there until his death.

He had cut her down, hoping timely that nobody would find out. Then he had gone to bed to wait for the morning in drunken optimism. And in the morning, Harry had burst in. His roar had brought a dozen men to see.

"Ah, the shame, the shame! Would he ever forget it? It was the worst awakening in his life. He would never forget it, never!

In his rage and horror at the memory, the sweat burst out of every pore like blood from a crushed mosquito. He flung away the cigar, bit at his curvis, then leaping to his feet, walked furiously up and down the patio, kicking at the turf.

"Damn this vile heat!" he cried.

Yes, it was a fearously hot day, even worse than usual. Dan particularly felt oppressed by it in the stuffy narrow room crammed with noisy arguing Romanys. Besides, Clem had lied. There were four negroes present, and their peculiar African smell, like sour hides decaying in sunlight, did not help to sweeten things. The place stank like a coffin. The sweat and smoke and bad breath and negro-odour made breathing painful even to him, who was used to forecastles in the tropics and had worked in the lower gun-decks during sea-fights amidst the stink of sweat, blood, powder and fire.

At the head of the table, Enquemeling was stuttering his bad French, and the Romanys still interrupted him, still leaped to their feet and shouted incomprehensible things, even knocking the liquor over in their excitement. Dan stood it for a long time. He had given up asking questions because the answers were usually inexplicable as the speaker itself; but now and then his interpreter during a momentary lull became conscience-stricken and would start to gabble at Dan. He stood this, also, for quite a long time.

"Horn!" he cried, "Hein no, non! We talk as sheep and we go right down and right down, then up to Katalina. No keel Morgan, no time waste. Jins' go!"

"Hey, there!" shouted Dan, "keep your face out of my drink! Didn't I tell you afore! Now, lick that wine off yer whiskers afore I tear 'em off!"

He muttered furiously to himself and flung half the wine on the floor and half over the interpreter. He then retailed his mug, took a drink, spat it out.

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again, and after glaring around at the company, finished it with a hearty swig.

Everybody was quiet for a second after that, then a small Italian who had been awaiting his chance for hours leaped to his feet, knocked over his chair, and knowing no French, started to gabble in broken English.

"Tella all o' yo," he cried, "that you are the cown, the cravv, I tell you yo' talka too mucha mucha, talka too mucha all. We must thik hard, non c' vero? And how can we think when you all nose, noise, noses? You just keep quiet for one mome and listen for me, by Bia and see whatta gota say, by Bia..."

As nobody except Dan seemed to understand a word of it, he was quietly pushed over and a tall Frenchman started babbling. Dan, who had listened gravely to the Italian's speech, now leaped to his feet, deeply insulted.

"My God," he cried, "there's the lust feller ter talk straight ever since I've been here and he was crooked enough, blast it, and you kick him out!"

Resembling got up as peace-maker, but the little Italian threw a loaf of bread at him and he went down with a shout of "God verdommen!"

"God verdommen!" shouted Dan, taking up the cry. He flung his mug of wine at a Frenchman whose face he never had liked. Instantly, there was a general fight. The Frenchman went straight back over his chair, and screamed. Dan and the Swede and the little Italian fought against the rest. They put their backs against the wall and fought side by side, muttering with ecstatic rage.

After ten of them clung to Dan like bees; he swung them around, banged them against the wall, trampled on somebody's head, kicked the teeth out of a fat Italian who was scrambling for the door, and hurled another out of the window.

Andy sat up and dumped to his feet at once. The man lay on the ground with a broken neck, twisted horribly, a trickle of blood to his chin as his mouth was stuffed with raspberry jam.

"Dan!" shouted Andy. "I'm coming, Dan!"

Dan heard the cry and it struck him to the heart with sudden happiness.

There were four of them together now against the Romans. Dan saw the cross-eyed Norwegian and made a leap at him. His hands gripped him by the shoulders and crushed him against the stone wall. But he was a big man and although badly rattled by the fall, managed to bear up and catch Dan a hearty clip under the jaw. It hurt. One swipe—Dan used all his giant strength—and the Norwegian was splitting blood and teeth, out of it.

Ah, the exhilaration of a good fight! It tingled all along Dan's huge body. He shouted to see Andy jump into the mob. He felt enormous strength in every limb. He was a Titan, nothing could overcome him. He felt it, he knew it.

The square-built Swede next to him was as mad as he with the joy of battle. Together, the pair were irresistible. They cleared the Romans out as if they cleared rats out of the room, and in their excitement they even hurled their own silly, the Italian, out of the window. Then, alone in the midst of blood and wounded, Dan, Andy and Pete shook hands.

"Ye're a boy!" said Dan. "You're a fine bully young feller, Dandy!"

The Swede said something in Swedish that sounded friendly enough, so the three settled down to the battle and to sitting songs, as that was the only means of communication between them. They had a good time of it, you may be sure, for they were hot, thirsty, and felt very satisfied with the afternoon's work.

When last they rolled down the stairs—and they literally did roll, shouting "Ahoov!" as they tumbled on to the pavement—they had finished every bottle in the place and were out for more. It was twilight. The sun was setting in a bubble of gold and red, a terrific red rose in the sky with petals fading to dun at the edges.

Dan heaved himself up against the wall, and sat accurately to a mower gone three feet off—just to prove that he wasn't drunk.

After that he fell over, dragged himself to his feet and made off down the street at a wild gallop to see what rate that carried him over a hundred yards before it tripped him up over a terrific yellow mongrel. Andy, who was the sobereest, helped him to his feet. It was at that stage that they just the Swede, who evidently couldn't keep pace with them. At any rate, they saw him no more.

"Too 'ill with yer!" shouted Dan suddenly and made off at a steady zig-zag pace, his own speed keeping him upright. He ran twisted almost into a right angle, his head foraged like a bird of prey about to strike.

Andy followed as quickly as he could, calling plaintively to him to stop.

Down narrow streets with never a passer went Dan, shoulders and kicking people aside, now and then lurching against a wall and ricocheting off, but always running forward, urged on by his secret purpose.

He reached the main plaza in which was Morgan's head-quarters, and thudded heavily against the

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fountain topped with a saunt walking on the backs of dolphins. He breathed heavily, with great labour, and stared down into the clean, clear water. Then suddenly he turned his head with such force that he struck his forehead and nose on the stone basin and almost stunned himself.

He lay with his head under the cold water, letting it run over his open eyes, gurgled in and out of his mouth and slide up his nostrils. It refreshed him, washed a few of the drunken cobwebs away. He wanted to get sober. He had a big job ahead of him and must be clear-headed to meet it. He had to kill Morgan and take Doña Martina off. It was a very big job, and he must be sober to do it. He repeated that over and over to himself as the water gushed around his sweaty face and soaked his thick beard. sober. He must be sober. Morgan would be sober and he must kill him. Curse the wine! Why did he drink it? But he'd fix those Romans, by God! As he remembered the Romans and heard again in memory their squaws and saw their terror-stricken faces, he believed with laughter that the water fountained up about him as if he were a whale. Hell, though, it had been good!

Andy stumbled up behind him, fell against him, panting and groaning.

Dan lifted his wet scowling face and glared at him, showing his teeth through the beard.

"Can't I ever get rid of ye?" he growled.

"Aw'way!" He hawked loudly and spat into the water. "You're worse than the itch, worse than seas. Won't ye ever leave me alone?" He fell back into the plash, steadying himself with almost terrifying abruptness.

"Worse than the itch!" he shouted, turning on his heel and ram quickly over to Morgan's head-quarters, bringing himself up to within an inch of the wall.

"Oo's that!" He leaned up at Jake Morris who lounged against a pillar on guard, sticking his parrot-barrel. "Aww, Jake, oh! That's all right. Leave et ter me, Jake." He fell towards him, caught the pillar with one great hand and swayed there. "Morg in?" he asked.

"No," said Jake, "he ain't."

"Don't he ter mo," said Dan. "I ain't bobbah so easy. I know ye all think I'm a mouse, but ye all laugh at me be'n' me back. Think I don't know et! Go on with yer, yer bleedin' cullies. I know all about et. But I'll show ye. I'll show ye, by God!"

"Now, now, Dan, no more of this," said Jake, lowering his pistol and half-cocking it. "Ye're drunk."

"What ef I am drunk, eh? What's that gother do with et? Ye won't slip out er et that way. Is Morg in?"

"I told yer he ain't in."

"And I tol' yer yer was a liar."

He made a sudden spring at Jake and sent him flying out on to the cobbles. Then he ran—ran—he couldn't walk—down to the curtained door to his left that led into the patio. He swung through and fell against one of the square pillars.

A glass lantern shook through the gloom above Bledry's head. For a moment Dan thought him Henry Morgan, and leaped up, shouting:

"I've got yer, have I! Got yer at last, ye ram-pant bastard!"

"What the devil do you mean!" cried Bledry, flushing with anger. "Get out of here!"

"Aww, et's you, is it!" jeered Dan. "I don't want you. Don't ye show yer little 'ud about it! It ain't yer. It's Morgan!"

He leered through the dark, gripping the pillar under the arched gallery, seeking Henry Morgan; then he looked behind and saw Clem who had run out at the noise.

"Dan!" cried Clem. "What are you doin'?" He was doubly white with rage and terror. "Come here!" he cried.

"Clem, ye're the feller!" Dan grinned to see him. "The very feller I want ter see. I tol' yer I'd come and git him. Well, I'll have no more o' them tricks. Clem. No good yer talkin'. Them Romans o' yours ain't no good ter me. I'm doing it on me own. Where's Morgan?"

"He's not here. Get out!"

Bledry noticed that Clem's teeth were chattering, he saw the shaking fists and sweaty whiteness of his face.

"What do you know about this?" he asked sternly.

Then Jake arrived, red with fury, his pistol in his hand. He leaped at Dan and brought the brass..."
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PHONE 308
Panama is Burning
(Continued from Page 83)
covered butt down with all his force. It made noise enough to sound as if it had exploded. Dan turned with a stupid look on his face, grunted, and fell flat on to the marble floor.
"You haven't killed him?" asked Bleday.
"I hope not," said Jake, but even as he spake he was sorry. "Naw," he said, "he ain't hurt. It'd take a axe ter kill Dan, he's got a skull like oak."
Bleday took the harness down from the ceiling and bent over the still figure. Andy, who until now had kept in the shadows, crept forward, and the two turned Dan over. He gazed up with open eyes, but his breathing, although rasping and difficult, was clear enough.
"No," said Bleday, "he's not badly hurt. The fool. What's wrong with him? Does anybody know?"
They were silent until Jake said: "I dunno. He jest went dust all of a sudden and slung me into the street. Knocked me flat for a while till Andy here bailed me out in the fountain. He came howlin' along for the captain. Andy oughter know, he was with him."
"I know nothin'," said Andy. "He was drinkin' all day with that Dutchy, Enskermailing, or whatever his name is, and a mob of greasy Romans. And then he got bored and came down with them. After that he just went dust as of the moon had got him, and made for here. I know nothin' more'n ye do."
"Is that true, Andy?" said Bleday slowly, lifting the lantern and gazing into his face. "On me 'onors!" said Andy earnestly, gazing back at him. "Ye can eat me liver of I lie yir."
"There's no need to do that," said Bleday with a faint smile. "I believe you, my man. But, Clem, you're the fellow who seems to know the most!"
"Meth," cried Clem with a great air of injured innocence. "I know nothin. What the 'ol could I know?"
Bleday stared at him, smiling. He knew perfectly well that Clem was mixed up in it somehow, had probably sent Dan here, but he was too bored to press the question.
"You're a damned bad liar, Clem," he said at last. "Never mind. I'll settle with you some day. The thing we've got to decide now is what to do with Dan. If Harry catches him he's settled. And somehow I don't really think that Dan's to blame for this. What do you say, Jake?"

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Sling him outer one of them mules over there, Tom- my, git the other one. We'll go, boy's."

Crambling under his breath, Tommy Cowles ordered the men into line, kicked some of the more drunken in the belly, said a few words, and generally made himself objectionable and an obstruction to the whole party, while Dan was heaved up on to a mule.

"I'm goin' with him," said Andy.

He was a tall, strong, almost tend- erly, "No," he said, "don't. The Tarantula's a bit mad, ye know, and I'd rather give his men the devil's own time."

"I don't care," said Andy. "Dan's my mate."

"Better leave him alone," said Jake. "He'll git over et quicker without you bein' there to remind him of what a blamed fool he's been. Leave a man alone among new faces and he takes on a new face himself."

So Andy did not go with Dan. He stood in the process until it was deserted, until the last of the expedition had disappeared into the night, the mules' hoofs had rattled to silence and the cries of the men became one with the whining of the wind and the booming of the sea.

He felt very lonely, stood by himself a moment or two, then stalked off down the narrow streets until he reached the big square tower of San Ana- tusas with the copper cross. He paused and gazed up at its dizzy height—a solid block of ebony, it seemed, with the stars clustered around it like a jewelled crown.

Then he pushed it and went out to the beach, near the great stone spit, where the city met the sea. And there he sat, on the sand, drew his legs under him, and gazed at the masts over the water. It was crinkled with moonlight and gashed with streaks of foam where it tumbled over the sunken reef. To his right the lights of Panama bubbled like a nest of fireflies, and before him the vast un- known of the Northern Sea tumbled playfully up the green grey sands in the moonlight and cooled his feet. Small crabs came from their holes that were set in little grymads of sand as if blown out of the earth, and they scurried along the beach on all fours, and flung dwelling sets of seaweed. Andy caught a lump of the weed and crushed the green berries—the goobersberries, they seemed—and found pleasure in the sudden pops they made when they burst and squelched cold water on his fingers. He was terribly lonely.

And far away in the jungle, Dan groaned on his mule, wondering what the hell had happened to him and his friends, heard their labouring breathing, their moans and curses. And around him on all sides stretched the jungle with its stagnant smell, its curious night-sounds—sudden wailing of a bird and the screams of a wounded beast under the cheers of pumas or jaguars. But that was very rare. It was the enormous silence of the Jungle that engulfed him.

He sat up suddenly, latched and swayed on the mule.

What had happened? Where were they going? Was the whole dream over, was Panama finished with and were they gone back to Jamaica? What had happened? Where was Dulla Marina? Where was Mory?

He turned off his mule and fell against some man who shouted angrily at him.

"No, arm, mate," said Dan. "Didn't mean ter upset you."

"But ye did. Why, it's Dan! What the 'ell are you doin' here? I'm Jim, Jim Crane."

In the darkness the men gripped hands and laughed.

"What are ye doin'?" asked Dan. "Where we goin'?"

"How the 'ell do I know? Jest one of the Tar- antula's games. There's some ruddy-kins hidin' in some damned monastery somewhere. And we've gotter get 'im. That's all I know."

"How did ye come ter join?" asked Dan. "I don't remember nothin'."

"I don't remember much," chuckled Jim. "I was pretty blind."

"I must have been bloody blind," said Dan.

He remembered being with the Romanys and fighting the Romanys. Yes, up to that, everything was comparatively clear. There was a Dutchy mix- ed up in it, too. Pine fellow, he was. What did he have to do with it? There was a fuhit. And Andy was in it, too. But what happened afterwards? It was black, as black as this night. Somebody must have knocked him on the head and brought him here. He felt his head, the clotted blood, the mat- ted hair. He acted like hell. Who could have done it? Mory? Of course! Wanted to get him out of the road, did he? Frightened, was he? Wanted the gift to himself, eh? Well, we'd see about that. We'd just see.

At the moment he could do nothing. It was so confoundedly dark that all he could do was to fol- low the rump of the man ahead of him, and when he lost that, to keep as close as he could to the walk- ing-solids. Wait until they stopped for a rest. He'd tell the Tarantula he was leaving, he'd go straight back, get Mory alone and see exactly what he was up to. You couldn't bob Dan aside that way. By golly, you couldn't! He'd show em!"

Cursed this head! It felt as if it were going to explode. Only the dull aching would stop him, he might remember what had happened, but every time he tried to think his brain smacked on the forehead from inside. As if a rim went off inside every time he tried to think. Now what had he done...? bang! After the fist...? bang! Had Mory...? bang! How could a man remember with that going on all the time.

So he gave it up and just plodded along beside Jim and behind the rump of the man ahead.

The jungle rustled around them like a beast braying itself to spring. Creepers, branches of faded colour, tangled against Dan's face; he stumbled over and against his trees whose tops he couldn't see in the mist of blackness; he heard the monkeys talking, and once caught the blur of a capuchin's white scarred face as he gibbered and smacked his belly in a hive of leaves.

Jim had a bottle of wine slung over one shoul- der, and Dan drank a good pint of it. It made him feel much better, gave him strength and outlook. He kicked aside the weeds and bushes that tried to trip him up and almost laughed aloud at the (Continued on Page 89)

98

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Deputy Minister
Panama Is Burning

(Continued from Page 87)

thought of what he'd do when he got back. When he got back... Travelling at night in such jungle was like walking through a solid block of black marble veined with mauve and green where the moonlight dripped through the leaves. The big cats that Tommy Corning had told of, the panthers and jaguars, fled at their noisy approach, for they were timid creatures. They cleared the trees and gazed, well hidden, at these strange two-legged beasts cutting their way through lianas and bushes; they slid through the high grass and waited, head forward over the touching paws as if they prayed. But nothing dared attack. Nature drew back in terror from man's hunting beasts. Withers shifted through the brushwood or curled themselves in boughs of trees among a tangle of vines. Only fierce little black ants showed fight and sometimes attacked; they and the mosquitoes, Parrots, awakening suddenly, screeched their wild spray of green, red and yellow combas, and sharpened their claws upon the branches; monkeys, cowed and huddling together, gave sudden howls and chattered. And alligators in the pools waited themselves towards the banks, lifted their snouts, moaned, and waited for game.

The jungle waited for a sign. These strange two-legged beasts could have been crushed in a second, but they were alone, unsuspect. The jungle held off. "Hey, curse yer!" shouted Dan, recollating from a mushy fungus on the white bole of a tall tree. "Hey, when we goin' ter rest, eh? When we goin' ter stop?"

"When them big cats get yer, you'd groan Tommy Corning," said Edd. "When I tell ye to," said the Tarantula, "and that ain't."

So they went, piercing through what seemed endless slabs of night, without moon or even sky above them, trapped it seemed in this vast terrible jungle.

Dusk at last burst through the east, flared its margins and plunks and delicate greens, like a lump of coral hurled through a black paper-hoop. And sunlight slid its grease over the great trees and bell in rodes of gold into the depths of the jungle.

The jungle woke with a tumultuous unheal of deers and peacocks screaming together, the monkeys howled, and the big cats crept away, tured to their dens. The jungle awoke to welcome the dawn, and the busceasers glovered at the noise and snarled because they were tired.

The Tarantula held up his big arm and at last they stopped and gazed at him. "Eyes," said the Tarantula, "I pity yer tents in this nice clean clearing. We're goin' ter have a couple o' hours asleep."

"A couple o' hours!" growled a leather-faced ruffian. "I want a week's."

"Well, I've taken the state of ye don't shut up," said the Tarantula and lit his cigar.

He sat on a tree-stump, pulled at his long nose, and went about their business. From the oucles and vortures opened one eye, then ducked their heads down again against the enfolding wings. In all that wild life, only the burnas prepared for sleep, taking blankets off the males and spreading them on the hard ground and the ants, collecting dry broken for beds and pillows.

Dan lounged up to the Tarantula, leaned on a dearying double, double, gloomy, dusty face, and slowly broke it and crashed it into powder between his thick fingers.

"How long's this trip got ter last?" he asked Dilly, giving the Tarantula a quick look from under his brows.

"Until we git there," said the Tarantula, grimacing his face with the tics. "Ticsmole, Dan? And we've jest started! Ye've got a long way yet and yer don't and don't waste no time we oughter be back within a week."

"Aw, 'ell," said Dan, and kicked the palm, watching the ants scurry out. "I hate this jungle!" he snarled suddenly. "I like people, I do! I never wanted ter come on this damned expedition."

FORCING AHEAD

Mr. A. C. SAWARD

Mr. A. C. SAWARD, A.M.I.A.E. (Associate of the Institute of Automobile Engineers), is still quite a young man having been born in 1906, but his success as a businessman shows what energy and ability can achieve even though one has not yet reached what is known as middle age.

Mr. Sward served to become an engineer, and in 1919 decided that the best method of achieving his ambition was to do his work from the bottom. He worked for several years at Luton (England) in automobile works, while at the same time devoting himself to the theoretical part of his life's work by taking a London Degree in engineering. He was subsequently elected an Associate of the Institute of Automobile Engineers of England.

In 1925 Mr. Sward accepted the post which he now holds with the Birmingham Small Arms Company, Limited, as their delegate for the northern part of South America and the West Indies, and in the following year (1926) came to Jamaica in the interest of his firm. Seeing that there was scope for popularising the products of the Birmingham Small Arms Company Limited in Jamaica he, along with some local people, floated the Company of which he is now the head, namely, the H.A.A. Agency, Limited.

In 1921 he acquired the interests of the other shareholders and by his energy and ability, the business has developed under his management until at the present time it is supplying the island's requirements with a large percentage of the automobiles, accessories, bicycles and tyres used here.

Mr. Sward has also introduced into the Island Mutual Insurance for motorists, which has proved of great benefit to the motor using public. He is at the head of the Mutual General Insurance Association, Limited, a company which was formed in Birmingham in 1913 by a group of three trialists to cover themselves against claims under the Workman's Compensation Act. As this is a Mutual one there are no shareholders dividends to be paid and all the profits are divided amongst the policyholders.

Jamaica is of the type of Englishman whom Jamaica wishes to see here. He has already made a name for himself in Jamaica and will make a bigger name as the years go by.

"Why? you begged us' we ter take yer last night! Ye was crying for it!"

Dan walked up and down a few paces, digging his toes into the sand and frowning to stop the shattering inside his head. A butterfly with wide black and yellow wings clumplshly piloted its fat black body into his face. He made a grab at it, but missed.

"Lookit!" he cried suddenly. "I'm gettin' outa this. I ain't standin' another minute. I'm goin' back ter Panama."

"All right," said the Tarantula with a heavy smile. "Flint's got a wit. But, turning to the right, once for the left, then keep plumb on yer. Yer can't mist off of the big cats miss you."

Dan gasped at him. "I'd get lost," he said

"Of course you'd get lost," said the Tarantula with a weary eye. "If I lost is nice in this damn' jungle. You jest ask Tommy Cowles about them.

(Continued on Page 90)
Panama Is Burning

(Continued from Page 59)

big cats. He's like a walkin' almanac about 'em. He's frightened o' getting scratched, the poor little feller.'

Then used around at the menacing wall of jungle, at the trees rustling in foliage overhead; this jungle was between him and Panama, noisy with monkeys and parakeets, with snorting toads and velping turtles, with the silent big-eyed panamas and leas, goldfinch Jaguars. He thought of

swamps moving with staved leches and quivering above theullipor; of snakes writhing through brushwood or hanging like warm, slinky bell-rings from the trees, flat heads like anthorras barking through jewelled eyes. Starvation. And hostile Indians leaping like monkeys in the trees, creeping through the undergrowth.

'Ye can't let me die like that!' he cried.

'I don't care no sooner how we start,' said the Tarantula. 'Now, leave me alone. I'm going ter sleep. Goo' night.'

'Ter 'ill with yer!' snarled Dan, and flung himself on the hard earth, grinding his teeth with rage. He almost wept; he was so angry. But he was also exhausted. Even his anger could not keep him awake, and soon he slept.

Tommy Cowles had lit a huge fire in the centre of the clearing, and that perhaps kept the big cats at bay. But not the monkeys. They swung through the trees, hundreds of them, and roosted above the sleeping buccaneers, most excited about these strange visitors who slept in daylight and walked at night.

CHAPTER XIII

A LITTLE WALK, A LITTLE TALK ...

There was something about Bledry's manner that worried Morgan. He had a curious kind of knowing smile, and a nasty habit of looking at him from the corners of his eyes at unexpected moments. It was disturbing, as if the fellow knew all about you, had found out some divly secret. But always there had been a barrier between them. The bond of blood could not wipe out that barrier, and often Morgan regretted that he had not brought Charlie Morgan with him instead. Charlie was a better man, a rum-guzzling, slyfiddly, laughing ruffian after Morgan's own heart. He was completely different from Bledry, but Bledry was utterly unlike a Morgan. He was reserved, quietly spoken, had inexpressible moods and even did not seem particularly to enjoy drinking. He was the black sheep of the family, a suspiciously unkorked in the otherwise healthy, roaring, drinking, fighting nert. Morgan was rather proud of his reputation, proud of being Morgan. He knew that he was called Divil Morgan, Black Morgan, and gloried in it. But, underneath, he was a good man. He believed in God, in having only one wife and in going to church on Sundays, which is far more than most West Indian Britons believed.

But Bledry, now ... it was queer. It was almost frightening. . . . As they sat at breakfast, Morgan watched him. Even their breakfasts showed the gulf between them. Here, himself, had a huge chunk of pork, three eggs, two chaps and a glass of lemonade—while Morgan had bread and marmalade to follow. Bledry, like a woman, poked at three cakes fried in honey and sipped a dish of chocolate. It wasn't right. Even his breakfast was all wrong.

'What are you cooking for?' he asked suddenly, pounding on him like one of Tommy Cowles's, big cats, leaping over the breakfast-table in the parlor and pointing with his yellow-stained knife, while the servant, Evan Davis, cleared the used plates away. 'You were grilling all last night, and here you are at it again!' Bledry started back, put down his cup with a clatter and stared at his cousin.

'Why, what do you mean?' he cried. 'You're smiling yourself!' "

"Am I?" said Morgan, a trifle disconcerted, and the smile disappeared. "You're a funny boy," he said at last. "Damn if I can make you cut." "I'm simple enough, Harry. I was merely smiling. I didn't even know I did it. As a matter of fact, I was thinking about Jamaica, wondering what Modyford will do when we turn out." "Modyford! He'll do what I tell him." "Even though peace is declared?" "Yes, even though peace is declared!"

After that there was no more talking. Morgan did not like being reminded of the one muddle in his run, the fact that he was privaterising against His Britannic Majesty's friend, the Honourable Governor Modyford had sent a letter to recall him, but he could always say he never received it. That saved both their faces. But there were many legal rats who hated him in Jamaica; they'd all snap their whistles in making an infernal fuss, writing home to England. Well, for example, the fat-headed lump of a catfish, with the snivelling, grumbling, gosling wife. And that damned Lynch who was after the plum, the Governorship in Modyford's place. Harry Morgan had many enemies in Jamaica, and although he was by no means afraid of them, he preferred to leave trouble alone until he came to it. When he got back to Port Royal there'd be the Lord's own hell of an uproar. He knew it. Certainly, he knew it. Well, then—keep quiet! Don't talk about it! Wait till he got to Port Royal and saw Modyford and the Assembly at Spanish Town, then see what happened. . . .

Bledry's smile pursued him wherever he went.
It had nothing to do with Governor Moford, he felt sure; yet Bledry had such a peculiar sense of humour that he might even think it laughable to be strung up as a pirate on the swamps at Guillows Point. But that smile betokened something else. What? He had something up his sleeve, he knew something, some secret. And again, what?

Oh, to the devil with it! Harry Morgan worked hard, kicked his men about, tortured Spaniards until they talked, and fought the Great Fire. The Great Fire was now not so great: it had zapped itself and seemed satiated. But it had done incalculable damage. Over three-quarters of the city was ashes, and what remained would fetch almost nothing. The cathedral by the sea had withstood much damage, mainly because of its own strong walls, but the Genoese house near by was no longer there. The fire had eaten up whole streets. Morgan had managed to keep it from the main plaza where his own headquarters were, but that was about the only valuable spot saved. He rode one afternoon through the smoldering streets with his secretary, Pekk, to assess the damage, and it smote his heart to see the black husks of houses, the heaps of dirty debris where priceless furniture and paintings had once been, the stretches of stinking wood and stone as if a giant had trampled the place to powder. It was terrible.

He was drunk all that day.

It was the next day that he saw Doña Marina again for the first time since he had kicked Bledry out of her room. She came suddenly into the parlor in the early afternoon, escorted by the grinning Sarah. She walked with head in air, completely ignoring Morgan who sat up in his hammock and rubbed his eyes for he had been dosing.

She walked all the way around under the shelter of the roof, head in air, her white mantilla shivering like a huge moth on her head as the cool evening wind came softly through the open roof. Morgan watched her pass, concealed a moment by one wide square white pillar, then moving grandly in the curved space under the arch, until another square white pillar had hid her again. She completely ignored him, fanned herself with a painted parchment fan, and gazed slightly upwards. He heard her panting in the heat when she paused his hammock. Sarah, walking a little behind with her needlework, gave him a limpid glance from the corners of her fair eyes and smiled on one side of her face.

"Hey!" said Morgan, startled.

But they were gone, had swept past him on their curious promenade. It had been a sudden whim of Doña Marina's, suggested by countless forgotten remarks of Sarah's. She had suddenly leaped up off the bed, splintering a large box of avocat pears, and crying: "These eat keeping me. I can no breathe. We must walk, Sarah whoo." And so, here they were, walking, taking a little exercise and trying to get cool. When Doña Marina first saw Morgan in his hammock, her little heart almost stopped beating; then seeing that he made no effort to touch or to speak to her, she felt contempt for him, murmured some slighting phrase under her breath in Spanish, and fanned herself. When she drew near to him, however, her heart seemed to stop altogether. She felt the breath catch in her throat and almost suffocate her. She feared that she was as red as an apple. Then she was past him, fanning herself eagerly, with the cool night wind whispering in her hair—for it was dusk, that momentary pause of tropical twilight before night swept up over the skyline with its redness of stars.

Morgan waited until she drew near again. He felt tired and in need of company. Bledry was away—God knew where. He felt very lonely.

She came nearer, like a great white peacock, for her gown was of white satin—Sarah having brought her boxes over with Jake's help.

"Hey," said Morgan, shifting in his hammock. "Don't go running. Sit down and have a chat."

She stopped a foot away, the fan up to her mouth.

"You spik to me?" she asked softly, with a certain haughtiness.

"Yes, of course," said Morgan, "sit down;" and jumped out of his hammock very politely.

"I thank you," said she, "but, no, I weed see here, of i may."

"Sit where you like," said Morgan, jumping back into his hammock that rocked and creaked painfully under his weight, and tell me all about yourself. Have a drink?" He pulled up the wine bottle from the table, together with a long thin glass.

"I thank you, no," she said, and sat down slowly in Bledry's cane chair, her satin dress rustling and folding up around her like a fan. She rose up from a milky sea, for her shoulders were naked under the mantilla, and gave no presumable support to her gown that was tight-fitting under the arm pits and showed off every curve of her firm young figure.

"Mind if I smoke?" said Morgan, taking a cigar from the table.

"I thank you, I do no' mind," she said primly.

Sarah edged up behind her and quietly lowered (Continued on Page 93)
THIS December sees the completion of Our Twenty-five years service to the Public as Dealers in Jamaica for the Famous Ford Car. Last year we kept the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of Our Appointment, when His Worship the Mayor of Kingston and many other prominent gentlemen honoured us by their presence at a Small Social Function held as the Silver Jubilee of the Ford Car in Jamaica.

We were also honoured by Mr. Henry Ford who sent to Mr. O. K. Henriques an autograph letter of congratulation on the auspicious occasion. The Ford Company also prepared for us a Special Silver Car which His Worship the Mayor of Kingston was good enough to unveil.

We desire to present our compliments to the Motoring Public of Jamaica and to return to them our hearty thanks for their unfailing support during a quarter of a century.

Our business has been built up by constant personal attention to every detail and we are glad to think that we have advanced in our small way as the whole Motor Car Business has advanced. It is interesting to note that the year we were appointed Ford Agents the records show that the total Motor Car imports into Jamaica amounted to less than £8,000, while in the last year for which figures are available, the total is shown at over £80,000. We shall use our best endeavours in the future, as in the past, to please our patrons and to give that adequate service which alone spells success.
Panama Is Burning

(Continued from Page 91)

herself on a wooden stool. She winked at Morgan suddenly, disconcertingly, so that he split some loaves for her.

"Pretty dull hour for you," said Morgan after a long-slow, nothing much to do, is there? No dances, no rats, no galamites. Don't dance myself, never cared for it somehow. There wasn't much dancing where I came from. Too much work to be done for young folk to go courting or such. I come from Wales, you know it?"

"No," said she. "I have nevah heard of it. Ees eet a long way from here?"

Morgan started to laugh and his laughter got mixed with the tobacco-smoke, so that he coughed and choked.

"Long way from here!" he whistled at last. "I should say it was. It's next door to England.

"Oh," she said, "nee eet? I ha' nevah seen your countrée."

"That's a pity. It's the grandest little spot on God's earth—not that I don't suppose your Spain isn't a grand country too. Been there, I suppose?"

She flushed, and for the first time a little animation came into her large dark eyes; her red lips parted and opened as if heavily with blood, and showed the small, brilliantly white teeth. Her hands nestled together and she leaned a little forward.

"Ah!" she murmured ecstatically. "I hav seen it, not now. It has alwa'z lived here, in Panama. Ret ees my home. My pater, father, he breend me from there. You do' nevah nootenge, nootenge at all. But I lef it, although I remember nootenge. Castile and Aragon! Ah! I have oonce pater moos tell me of eet. He te eet abou' eet, eet's mountains, its lofty houses, what's so? Citralls? and the-yew-kno, the gardens. Ret ees all so gay, so happee. Panama, eet is pret-
tee, but eet is so very quiet. Oh, nootenge, nootenge, eevah happen here."

"Something's happened now," said Morgan with a laborious chuckle.

She stiffened. "Oh," she said, "someeengee has happened now," and was quiet.

She was thinking of her father, of that tall, grey-bearded man with the stern mouth and narrow, dark eyes who could be so cruel yet so tender. She remembered him on that last day. He had been very ill with erysipelas, and had been bled in the morning. His face was scarlet almoos, his long hands shaking and his eyes shining like glass. He came to her with the steel cutlasses gleaming like a mirror on his chest, helmet on, torching with long coloured plumes; behind him stood a soldier very stiff, fonnding the flag, the blood and gold of Spain, with the long yellow and red tasses twirling about his whrist. "Do not be afraid," her father said to her, "you are safe, enjoy mee, this riddle will not keep us long." He had kissed her then, softly on the forehead—she could remember the hard, grey beard tickling her nose—he had taken both her little hands in his shaking hands and had pressed them longingly together. Ah, Dosia mia, was this the end?

Morgan shuffled in his hammock, puffed himself into a blue cloud of tobacco-smoke that caught inside him and his hands as he hammered on his chest, and spluttered.

"Damm," he said, "curse this cough. Had it for years now. Hell, why are you so quiet? Dreaming of Spain, Princess?"

"You talk to me?" she asked, jarred out of her dreams.

"You, you," said Morgan.

"I am no princess," she said, "you mak' mee-stake. I am neotenge like that. I am just the child of a grandee. That ees all. You mak' mee-stake."

"Well," said Morgan, trying to be gallant, "it's the kind of mistake any man might make. You look like a princess, sitting there so grand and making me feel all out of it. No, I'll tell you princess whether you are or not. You don't mind, do you?"

"I do' no' mind, but eet eees wrong," she said pleasantly. This steel barbarian had some gallantry in him. He was not completely shallow. "You must no' theelik such therengh of me. Ret ees varsh worth," she said solemnly.

"No, no," said Morgan, beginning to enjoy himself. He'd show Blisley that he wasn't the only gentleman in the family.

"You look just like a princess," he said. "I've nevah seen one, but you're like the pictures I've seen of them. I bet you is a princess really."

She even giggled little at that—so did Sarah.

"You mak' beger mee-stake," said Dosia, princess, with a twitch of a smile on her full lips. "No, I am what you see, neotenge else. You are all wrong."

"Shove me," said Morgan, tossing in his ham-

mok, chuckling and feeling mighty proud of himself.

"If I believe you. You're counting me, that's what you're doing. If you aren't a princess you're going to be one."

"How can that be?" she asked softly.

"You can marry a prince!" he said archly, with deep chuckles.

Dosia Marta flushed. "I can no' tell," said she, "what the good God hold for me. But I do' tink that ees so."

"It is!" said Morgan. "I'm tellling you now!"

"Have you got a pack of cards?" cried Sarah, rising up suddenly and starting both of them. "I can tell fortunes."

"That's the stuff, girl!" cried Morgan, rising up. "I want to know if King Charlie's going to hang me or kniatt me. Just get outside and kick that big-footed snot-footed sarge. He's sure to have some."

Sarah rushed excidedly away, chirping like a bird. And now that they were alone, an embarrassed silence settled on Dosia Marta and Morgan. They flushed and sighed and looked away. Morgan hunkered a tune right down the back of his throat and poured himself a glass of wine. He was actually bashful, he was delighted to find. It excited him, to find a new emotion of this sort. He was really enjoy-
ing himself, and when at last Sarah returned with Jake Morris he hailed them with a great shout of de-
light and quickly pulled the bottle and glass from the table to make room for the name.

"Come on!" he shouted. "The last's going to tell us what is going to happen when we get back to Jam-

my. Hit down, Jake!"

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ed. Her little tongue suddenly showed its pink curled-up tip between the rows of white teeth like some impish, wet little animal.

"It's your fortune too, as much as hers!" she said, and with a jolly tremolo laugh ran from the patio, gathering up her skirts so as not to trip on them.

"What do you think of that now?" cried Morgan, amazed.

"I'm surprised," said Jake, "and horrified. I like that gal. I never thought she had it in her. I wonder 'oo could have learned her? She can stroke better'n me."

"She wasn't tricking, you disbelieving hound! And to prove it, I'll play a hand with you."

"Right! What'll we play? Trump, sani or Spanish Triumph?"

"None of 'em. We'll play primerio."

And primerio they did play, whilst upstairs, Doña Marina was pacing her chamber and talking fiercely to a defiant Sarah.

"Tell yer," said Sarah, "how can yer blame me fer what the cards said it? It wasn't my fault. You shouldn't have chosen those 'uns."

"I nevah knew what they meant! I would nevah 'ave peeked them! Oh, I could keep myself. What will he think? Oh, those wikkid cards! I could tear all of them up into little pieces!"

"Why, what's wrong?" said Sarah, "don't yer like ter know yer fate?"

"Eat ees not my fate!" almost screamed Doña Marina. "Nevah you say that more to me! I will no hat est. You are a wikkid girl!"

Sarah flung herself on to the bed and burst into tears.

Sarah shrugged her shoulders, then stooped to the window to breathe in the fresh air and to try to hear what Morgan and Jake said below.

They were squabbling over the cards.

"Hello?" Morgan was shouting. "You're troking, you hound! These cards are corrected sharper than needles. Feel the edge. And look at this'em. Sticks out half a mile. Somebody's use for a bung so that he could get his nippers on it like you were doing."

"What did I tell yeur?" cried Jake. "They're corriormer, too much that they cut yer finger. What's the bung?"

"There are two bungas."

"What are they?"

"Queen of Pucks and King of Hearts!"

Sarah quietly shut the window on Jake's roar of laughter. She chucked at her secret, they had taken her a whole day, those cards, scrapping down the edges ready for an occasion like this. But it had made good sport. She smiled at the picture of her mistress, Doña Marina, stretched full-length on the bed, sobbing in a dull way like an animal, with occasional little yelps.

She took up her sewing and sat in a large comfortable chair. She hummed and sang to herself over her work, now and then chuckling at some quiet little joke of her own, until suddenly she heard a faint tapping on the door.

She stopped and listened.

Then she heard it again, louder this time, so she put down her needlework and tiptoed over, for Doña Marina had sobbed herself to sleep.

It was Jake, grunting pleasantly, his head on one side.

"Well, horsecakes?" said she. "What's the game?"

"You," said Jake simply, "and nice plum tasty game it is!"

She watched him with a contemptuous cat-like grin; then suddenly she stepped towards him and shut the door behind her.

"Hands off!" she cried. "I'm not for sale!"

Then she added suddenly: "There's something ye can do fer me."

"There's something ye can do fer me," said Jake, glancing on her, "and that right now."

"Yer do what I want fast and yer turn might come arter. I've got plan. I know, let's go on the roof! No one'll hear us there."

"No see us... "

"There won't be nothkn see us," said Sarah, "cept p'aps we kickin yer over the side. I'm tellin' ye that plain from the start. So don't git no wrong notions. It's talkin' I'm going ter do."

"And me... "

"You'll g'oin ter listen," said Sarah finally. "Come on, funny-face!"

CHAPTER XIV

HIGH TIDE

A NDY was so interested watching the ship that he didn't notice Esperemissing beside him until he spoke. The ship was a small frigate, pierced for about twenty guns, and was in the throes of a fight with mud and water; the high tide had come and lifted her a little, and as if she had been quietest but firmly embanked up out of bed. And she didn't seem to like it. She lurched, spat up green and heavy films of dirty mud; her great beam slapped the water and she lolled on her side, like a drunkard.

When a mighty comber caught her and burst like a bomb in a tangle of green and froth, her masts swung round as if they hoped to revenge themselves by poking the water from the other side when it wasn't looking. It had all happened so unexpectedly, nobody knew when high tide was coming, nobody had been troubled about it. The ship was suddenly caught in it and tossed around like a bobbin.

She was a lovely creature with brisk after-works showing glorious carvings rich with gold-leaf and blue paint, and with stern-lanterns on her large enough to hold a woman, hoops and all. Her great masts stood up firm, yet with an elasticity in them that made a sailorman's heart glad to watch. She was ready for sailing, her gun-decks well shut and all sail clewed up, furled and eager to burst out at the pull of a rope. Ah, she was a lovely sight. Andy felt rosy with joy as he watched her tugging and pulling against her cables, with the great seas sliding in to lift her swaying like a lovely flower.

Ah, my God, to be aboard her, sailing off in her to the mysterious lands of the South; he might sail right down to the toe of the continent and up again to Jammy! Wouldn't it surprise them at Port Royal to see him skulking in after such a trip? If she was his, he'd do it!

But she wasn't his. She was nobody's. She was just an idle plaything for the waves, a toy to be flung around until her cables snapped and she scraped her bottom here on the stony spit.

It was an anchor, attached by a chain. Andy had all the saltlander's horror of reefs that ran out into the sea; it might have all sorts of tentacles spreading out under the water to trip up some clumsy ship's heel as she came proudly in, disdainfully sailing on the calm waves until the crunch of stone against good-natured wood brought the water gushing into her hold. No, Andy didn't like that spit.

He swung round to watch it. Three negroes tramped along it with baskets of fish on their heads and carrying a long net between them. The city was behind and around him in a semicircle, like a parachute, a paradise, beside the clear blue of the sea. All its roads, its lanes, its streets, led eventually to those beaches, down to the sea. Then plazas, those centres of the town, were like the open acres of this clean clear sea; the great slave-market, now but ashes, had been perhaps its fautering heart. And the sea lapped the sand, washed even to the great (Continued on Page 97)
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NESTLÉ'S MILK
Panama Is Burning

(Continued from Page 85)

stone causeway on which Andy stood, washed over the split behind him with the square tubby fort at its end, and towards the tower of San Anastasius almost directly at his back. Behind that was the lagoon that opened out beyond the city and was spanned by the curved stone bridge over which they had attacked and stormed the gatehouse. When he turned to look at the spit he could see the three little pyramid-like islands, Flamenco, Perico and Naso, showing their noses out of the sea.

But his eyes were mainly for the ship tossing in the grip of the waves like some huge animal slowly being irritated into madness. Any minute she might snap her cables, swing her beautiful figurehead of a praying saint up to the sky as if she held the hoosier for a spear, and hurl herself grindingly upon the spit. Some seabirds settled on her and seemed to enjoy the sport, for they made a great fuss and jumped about her yards like children on a seesaw.

"Yolly ship, wat say je? How would you like to be captain of her, eh?" Esquemeling suddenly said.

Andy swung round on him, surprised. "Hey!" he cried with a deep sigh. "I'd give me boat!"

"Ja, you Englishman, you are so great sailors in ze world, ja! Vat say if I say, ship yours?"

"I'd say yes," scoffed Andy.

Esquemeling looked closely at him, bit his lip, then obliquely burst into laughter, thinking Andy had made a joke. "Vell, vell," he said, rubbing his lean shaven jaw. "We yust yokling, ja?" He dug his toe into the bladed sand and kicked up an angry little crab that clicked its claws and showed fight. Esquemeling slowly and methodically crushed it, a difficult task, as the beast gave with the sand and had to be scooped up again and again.

"Vat happen to your feet?" he asked suddenly. "Dat beeg man, Dan?"

"Dan?" cried Andy. "Oh, he's gurn off for a while."

"Vey do keum back?" Still Esquemeling sought with the crab and did not look at Andy. He seemed intent on killing the beast and spoke carelessly. "Him gone long vile?"

"Yes," said Andy, "quite a long while."

He glanced at Esquemeling and did not like the look of him. He seemed so unlike the usual Datchmen Andy had met on the Berkshire, who were open-hearted, open-faced merry fat men, drink- ing and smoking and laughing all the time. This lean doctor with eyes hidden in crannies under almost naked brows, with the straight sandy hair, white lips and neck like a skinned rabbit, had the look somehow of a reptile, a lizard. Yet he knew the secret of Dan's madness, and Andy was curious.

He tried to appear friendly. "He's gurn on a long trip with the Tarantula," he said.

Esquemeling bit his lip. "I am angry vid them," he said coldly, "witty angry. He do not keep his word."

"Oh, he didn't mean ter zo," said Andy. "He was kozzled on the oontz and dragged off."

"Ah, I see," said Esquemeling, and gave a last kick at the crab. Then he straightened and frowned at the ship tugging at her cables. Andy too gazed at her, and they were both silent.

Esquemeling was very curious about Dan. In the first place, he knew too much; in the second, he would have been extremely useful. The conspiracy was made up of men with entirely no influence with the buccaneers, men who were actually more or less disliked, Italians and Frenchmen outraged by the Englishman's cool blasphemies, his desecration of what he scoffed at as idols, statues of saints and the Virgin. Alas, some of them could navigate in the simplest sense of the word. Dan was a sailor, but Andy was even more important, he actually could navigate. Everything was ripe. Here was the ship ready to sail, and there was no Dan to sail her. Would Andy take his place? He was Dan's greatest friend, and undoubtedly shared his confidence. But Esquemeling's caution held him back. He waited for a lead, and that, of course, Andy couldn't give.

"Nice ship," said Esquemeling, "she take for captain, she cry for vun. Look! She vests to go free."

"What could I do with her?" said Andy, playing with the idea. "Who'd sail her?"

"You get men queer enough," said Esquemeling. "I know plenty men vout'd do to go vid you. Me."

"You!" said Andy. "And where would you go?"

"I would get away from here, and dat's vun ting. God damn. I would sail and sail and sail and take vid me some gold and some wyn and a vench or two, job."

"It's a dream," scoffed Andy.

"Yes, yes, vy is it a dream? It is true. God
Andy’s eager, angry face. He saw all too late that he had chosen the wrong man.

"There’s nobody," he said with a high-pitched laughter. "You only joking, ha, ha, ha!"

"Aw, ye was only joking it?"

"Ja, ja, you jestin, noting else?"

"Oh," said Andy and, pulling his scanty flaxen beard, he gazed out at the ship.

Esquemeling looked sadly at him, then sighed and turned away.

"Go now," he said, "good-bye. We had yolly good little joke, is it?"

"Yes," said Andy, "jolly good joke," and under his breath he added, "you bastard!"

He waited until Esquemeling’s lean back grew smaller in the distance and at last was gone behind some bushes sprouting beneath a mighty cabbage-palm. Then he, too, turned and made off, but to the opposite direction, round beside Ban Anastasia’s, and over the plaza before it, town the wide street that led into the heart of the town. He was making for Morgan’s head-quarters. He was on fire with patriotic zeal, with loyalty to the great captain. To think that Dan had been mixed up in treachery of that sort made Andy sick. He wouldn’t believe it. He refused to believe it, and detested Esquemeling as in all his simple life he had detested nobody before.

Morgan was fortunately alone when he reached him. He was lolling in his hammock, playing with the cards and waiting for Jake to come back after he’d spanked the little Irish slut as had sworn to be his Queene; he’d ganged the air and winked at the ceiling that was the floor of Dofia Marina’s room. He was thinking things that would have made Dofia Marina smash his face.

Then Andy burst in, swaying and stuttering with eagerness.

He rushed in and stood before Morgan, while Clem, who had been on guard, lounged in after him, spitting and chewing.

"I want ter see ye alone," said Andy, "tell Clem ter git it."

"Clem," said Morgan, looking up from the cards, "get him and he compared the size of the King of Clubs to another card for the hundredth time. Its edges came far over the other.

"Clem growled and glared, bunched his fists and strode out, dugging his gun along the ground after him. And watched him go, then turned to Morgan.

"There’s treachery in this ‘ere camp!" Morgan exclaimed.

"Is there?" said Morgan. "I suppose it’s that Clem. Clem I’ve been waiting for it. He folded the cards, loosened them, then sat on them the table high. "If I suppose I’ll have to shoot him," he said wearily.

"It ain’t Clem," said Andy. "Leastways, I don’t know about that. It’s Esquemeling. He’s grabbed if he wasn’t plot-tin. The best thing’s to leave them alone and let them work it out till they hash it. Makes trouble all round if you start interfering.

"But it ain’t only him," said Andy, "it’s somebody weuz found ter ye, in this very same ‘ere camp. Morgan straightened and his face went very white.

"That means Clem?" said Morgan. "Then he said. "Yes, Morgan straightened and his face went very white."

"What means Clem?" he asked slowly.

"It means Morgan, it means somebody even higher than the House of Lords, that’s that. Morgan said it made Morgan shiver. He leaped to his feet, smacked his hands together and strode off to Andy."

"I can’t! he cried. "Who told you this?"

"I got it from Esquey himself. He was just tellin’ me. Listen! Lookin’ at that ship in the tide down at the bay when he asks me if I wouldn’t ter sail away in her, and suggests I grab her if I can. Morgan said it makes Morgan sigh. Morgan said I promised to try to find him. Morgan said it makes Morgan hung over her. But not Clem."

Andy watched them scuttle her and felt that his own heart sank as Lushbury leaped on board with a great axe, and half a dozen drunkard scoundrels chambered over the gunwals at his heels. Then Lushbury—who was no sailorman—smashed in the great curved saloon windows and waved the poop and made faces at the people on the beach. As these were mainly sailors, they greeted his act of vandalism with cheers of fury, and Doofiswif thereupon three times. Andy picked up a big crab before it could nip him and hurled it with all his force. It caught Lushbury fair between the eyes and he screamed like a woman.

"Serve him right," said a big tattooed sailor next to Andy. "I wish I had a run on me. Don’t he like ships? Is there treasure aboard?"

"It’s Morgan’s orders," said Andy sorrowfully. "Some Romany multimers was going ter steal off in her. So he scurried her ter stop ‘em."

"Hell!" said the sailor rumbling away inside as if he carried half his beloved sea there. I’d rather give her to ‘un, than kill her, he guessed.

Under the cabbage-palm a crowd of Romany gathered. Andy was watching his beloved ship go under to notice them. But they noticed him. They stood against the smooth straight side shoaled out into a trend of dusty water chopp’d with an upright spar and the tomcat of a ship sliding away the pop made her suck her down. They stood in a bunch, watching, would be more surprising with half dispairing eyes the scoundrels chopp’d lustily at the heavy mainmast that’s span out splinters and rotted as if in agony.

Esquemeling talked excitedly and pointed Andy out to them. They looked at him like crows across a corpse.

But he did not notice them. His heart bled to see that beautiful craft heeling in the waves. He was a sailor bred, son of a sailor. His grandfather had been a master to water, his salt water was not only in it, but in his blood. Esquemeling never loved the sea, and that was rare with sailor-wives. She was a humble woman at Palmyra and used to deck out her little boat with all the prettiest-coloured ribbons she could find when her husband’s, her brother’s, or her son’s ship came into harbour, with sails clewed up and colours dipped at the flag of home.

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he should answer. He could only lie in his ham-mock and brood.

As he lay there, hidden in blue folds of tobacco-smoke, Bledry came suddenly to him as if moulded out of his thoughts. Bledry always walked very quietly, sometimes you never heard him coming, and now he startled Morgan.

"Well," said Bledry, "where are we cleaning out?"

"Eh?" said Morgan, starting up in his hammock. "What do you mean? There's more gold hidden than we've got yet. They're catching the rate one by one. Tommy's been looking after the torturers and beggars. He's got the Inquisition's set and is giving them a taste of what they've been giving poor Christians. Why, Larry brought in almost a hundred men last night, not to speak of women! And Charley Swan's been digging up chestfuls of gold."

"I know," said Bledry, sliding into the cane chair, "but aren't you sick of it?"

"Sick of it! What do you think I came for?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Bledry; then he stood again to his feet. "I'm going out," he said.

"Where?" asked Morgan.

"Do you always have to know?" marinated Bledry.

This place was getting on his nerves. He detested it. There was nothing to see, nobody to see him. He would walk from one end of the city to the other, along piazzas that threatened to fall on top of him, he walked down broad streets, through narrow lanes, and through ruins upon ruins, and the only signs of life were lizards, ants, birds, dogs and drunken Englishmen. He would gaze up at the verandahs as if he were thirsty, and think of how beautiful it must have been before his blundering kinsman came with sword and fire and rapine. Up there, amongst flowers and creepers, lovely women had sat, smiling, with candy-parrots and obs-cene monkeys on their plump shoulders, and had dropped down roses to the guitar-strumming lovers. And this was gone. To him, Panama reeked with dead dreams like old perfume in a cast-off glove."

"Can't I do anything," he cried, "without hav-ing to tell you?"

"Don't be silly," said Morgan, "you know that you can do whatever you like."

Bledry knew it, and was softened. "I'm sorry, Larry," he said. "But this place sickens me. I'd like to clear out."

"We won't be here much longer." Morgan got up and went to him, put his hand tenderly on his shoulder and gazed into his face with a sad, almost pleading smile. "You haven't got anything on your mind, have you, old man?" he asked.

Bledry was startled. "What do you mean?" he cried. "Only this beastly place. Rood! What else could I have on my mind?"

"Nothing," said Morgan softly. "No, you aren't worried about anything, are you? You haven't got anything against me, have you? You aren't annoy-ed with me?"

"Annoyed with you? Why should I be? I'm merely irritated. It's this inaction and this damn-

(Continued on Page 101)
Panama Is Burning

(Continued from page 99)

able heat. Some of these buildings are very beautiful, Harry."

"Are they? Yes, I suppose they are." He took his hand from Hidry's shoulder, sighed, and went back to his hammock. "I don't take much stock in architecture," he said. "I'm too busy getting in behind the walls to notice what they're made of. This place doesn't seem any different to me from Porto Bello or Cartagena."

"Moments!" cried Hidry. "Porto Bello's a dirty little place. It stopped living with that rotten old carved trunk stuck in its mud, with Columbus or Cortez or someone devilish to prop it up and say, 'Here are all the mud and sand! They aren't even suburbs of Panama!'"

"They ought to mean the same to you," said Morgan, complacently, "just smaller. Full of Romans hiding gold."

"You make me sick!" cried Hidry. "Nothing but cold, cold, gold!" He swung on his heels, and strode out, through the hall, and out into the blinding sunlight of late afternoon. Clem, on duty, gave him a friendly, knowing smile.

"Golly out again, cap" he asked with a smile.

"What the devil's that got to do with you," cried Hidry, swimming curiously on him. "Can't I do anything without every jackass asking me why?"

"No offence, cap, no offence," said Clem. "You're quite right to keep yer business for yourself and he winked—a most offensive, slow, comically wink that made the blue light run into Hidry's face.

"How dare you wink at me?" he cried. "You raf!"

"Only a fly in my eye," said Clem hurriedly. "One of them little sandflies, rot their guts!"

With a roaring sneer that should have blasted Clem where he stood, Hidry swung from him and walked quickly over the rambling plaza into a street whose cool shadows demented him in the plazas. For the streets of Panama were mainly narrow, as they kept cool there. They cooled not only Hidry's body, but his mind. He loved these houses, redolent with sentiment, with dreams. And there was but a handful left. He avoided the terrible streets of desolation, and kept steadily to the few poor thoroughfares that were not totally desolated. He dreamed. Every shuttered window that he passed he felt might suddenly open, a dark-eyed sibyl, might show her teeth at him in a merry inviting smile and let a red rose float from her hair into his waiting hands.

Down mysterious little lanes went Hidry, without reason or any idea of destination, where the houses had bobbed together where little grilles in wooden doors told of secret assignations, of gambling and of stray corpses. Here and there, stone gateways were cut fully a foot deep into the wall and barred by studed doors with long iron hinges. Some were topped with iron spikes, and on one, Hidry could glimpse flowers and trees and purple shadows.

Ah, this lovely Babylon of the West, ravished to death! He could not bear to go towards the ruins, and like a lost man he turned back on her tracks and went again and again through the few whole streets and lanes.

Suddenly the bright blue sea shook before his eyes above a yellow wall, and he turned idly towards it. He robbed his ungloved hand along the wall as he went, along the rugged stone, as if asking forgiveness of it for the rape of this proud city. Out here and there into the stone were little drinking-fountains, or crude images of saints above the name of demon and families. Before one of these images Hidry suddenly stopped. He looked furtively from the corners of his eyes, but saw nobody. Hurriedly he crossed himself and walked very quickly away with the feeling of good work done, yet glad that he had not been noticed—particularly by Hairy. Harry did not see him. He sneered loudly in his hammock while the flies scrambled playfully over his lax body.

Jake woke him up. He came into the patio with a deliberate air of carelessness but upheld by the knowledge that Sarah was watching him from behind the curtains. He gazed fearfully around him and—at his sleeping capital.

He almost turned away, then, before he had time to consider the consequences, he kicked Morgan out.

Morgan awoke with a roar, feeling for his pistol with one hand and clutching his leg with the other.

"Hell, damn't!" he cried. "Wry! It's you, is it? You have the name of horse-deal! You must have feet like iron! What do you steal your boots with? Well, what's the game now? Get some more backhand!

"I can," said Morgan, with a feckle grin. "You didn't buy them."
Even Dofa Marina, laughed, a soft little whirring laugh, and bit the edges of her fan, giving a silly laughing glance at Morgan, who glanced back. That look brought them closely together in the secret companionship of a common jest. They felt suddenly very friendly, with their common mockery of the menials, Sarah and Jake.

"Speak up, you!" said Sarah, jabbing at Jake. "You're a fine 'un fer marryin', ain't you? Lettle' yer woman get frumped and never a word! Stand up like a man and tell 'em what I think of 'em!"

"I don't know nothin' bout that," said Jake, wriggling and barning, "but what I knows on this, be Gerd, be Gerd, I'm thinkin' hard of joinin' home with the ruddocks o' this here Panama and buyin' a little inn. I've had me eye on jest outer Bristol. And I was thinkin' that Sarah here'd look fine, be Gerd, with a apron around her amalidge, and seev'l bit batter and canary to the old sailormen that was friends o' mine. And I'm sayin', Captain Harr, that there'll alius be a pint-bumbard hanging up ready fer no man's mouth but yours, be Gerd, and no price asked and no slate with yer name atop. And the same, he gogs, to the princesses. That's all I gotter say!"

"And a fine lot that is, Jake. I honour you for it," said Morgan, and he winked at Dofa Marina.

The princesses and I'll take a jaunt over there, won't we, Princess?"

"Ye can have yer honeymoon there," said Sarah brightly, and spread an instant gloom over the whole party.

Morgan almost retorted angrily that he had one wife as it was, but something stopped him as if a hand had been clapped over his mouth. He opened his mouth, then shut it with a click of teeth. Why tell of Mary Elizabeth now? It would look like a deliberate insult at the princesses, particularly if what Sarah had told Jake was true. And perhaps it was true. Perhaps she was softened towards him. Certainly, she didn't hate him, and she had much to hate him for. By gosh, he'd be a bachelor again for a while! Why shouldn't he make merry? She was pretty, indeed she was pretty. And so, he shut his mouth suddenly, with a click of teeth.

Dofa Marina breathed heavily; then with much rustling of skirts, she stood to her feet, pale and shakily.

"You're not going!" cried Morgan with a sudden pang. "Why, you've only just come!"

"Ah," she answered jerkily, "I am very tired. I must rest. You need excuse me!"

She went quickly before they could stop her. "Ye do make a fine mess o' things, don't you!"

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scroffed Jake. "You're too ready with that there tongue of yours and that long yell you hang yourself with it one of these days."

"Not until he's slogged you, me lad," said Sarah darkly. "I don't know if you're ready yet. You mightn't do it now, but why don't you think but why when she's alone? We poor women have a hard time of it when we're lonely."

But Morgan didn't take the hint. He puffed his red face behind the cloud of the tobacco, and reddened from the chin to the top of his powdered hair.

Jake, however, thought the hint was for him, and after a few;'allowed Sarah outside, he had his face smashed hard.

Later, when Bledry returned, he found Morgan drowsy in a corner. He had been listening to a French song or to some other ballad, and he had taken to singing it, slow and spiritless. Morgan nodded at the wall, where a few words that had been spoken by a voice, still sound after it was stilled, were written on the wall, "I love you but I hate you, and all in a day." Morgan looked at the wall with a particular look of the eye, and then he said: "I'm a man, I'm a man, and I'm a man." Then he folded his arms and went to bed.

"Good heavens!" cried Bledry, suddenly, "that's the first time I've ever heard her sing!"

"But her voice broke the spell. The song ended abruptly, as if he had hit her with his words. A window clanged shut overhead, and there was only the distant chirping of birds to be heard.

"Hello!" said Bledry, "I always do the wrong thing."

CHAPTER XVI

BELDRY'S SECRET

Every afternoon, Doña Marina, attended by La Sarah, came down at the same hour and talked with Morgan and Jake. Now that there was really nothing for him to do—fighting over, the fire stamp- ed out, and only occasional reasoning to be trans acted for, John Peke secretary did all the necessary accounting, and his House of Lords managed taxes, capturing, etcetera—Morgan with a certain surprise found himself looking forward to the hour of conversation, and was interested in hearing from whatever small business he had on hand so that he could race back to his hammock in the pinions. A curious friendship blossomed up between him and Doña Marina, a friendship based on a common jest, on laughter in their laughter, in their merrymaking of Sarah and Jake. And immediately that Sarah realized that, she played run ningly upon it and never again committed the fars es of being too hasty, too downright. She played the coarse simpleton, and elbowed Jake on to blun der into stupid protestations, delighting in the friendly glances sent between Morgan and Doña Marina, knowing that their sense of superiority made them more human towards each other.

Once when Morgan came hurrying back from watching the digging up of some treasure, he found that he was late and that Bledry had arrived. Bledry was trying to talk courteously and it was alto gether a melancholy affair, everybody being ill at ease. Doña Marina would not speak to him as she remembered her friend Bledry; Sarah answered only in monosyllables; and Jake talked pouncingly. When Morgan arrived and fretfully hurtled himself into his hammock, conversation livened up a little, and Sarah noticed and almost sobbed with joy to see it, that Morgan was black with jealous rage and that at his entrance a little flush warmed up Doña Ma rina's pale cheeks. But it was a dull afternoon, and Doña Marina soon ended it by leaving very abruptly. In the midst of one of Bledry's carefully arranged jests, came in a hostage Anna Jansens.

After that, Jake acted as scout, and whenever Bledry was around, Sarah kept Doña Marina up to her feet, and not against her will, for Doña Ma rina had a sincere almost self-destructing hatred for the girl. They were sisters in their loathing of Doña Jansen.

She felt that she could not wipe his kiss from her lips as if it had stained them for ever.

And, so there grew warmth between Morgan and Doña Marina, there grew a coldness between the cousins. Bledry scarcely suffered himself to appear now when Harry was around. He was vaguely disturbed by Harry's mysterious frownings and ill-concealed irritation at his presence, but he did not discover what it was. He could not take his eyes off Doña Marina. He took it as a matter of course, because he felt hurt to be so opposite to Harry. Besides, he had found something to interest him elsewhere. Yes, Bledry had taken a secret. Morgan knew that secret. Morgan might notice his continual disappearances, his unexplain ed absences, but he was always pleased to see him go. They were so similar in their con versation, that he did not probe into the mystery. Yet it worried him. Suddenly it would worry him, and he would run out on some footing errand
silent in a church, dreaming and awaiting the Sign that did not come.

There was another besides Morgan who was mystified by Bledry's conduct. That was Clem. He knew that Bledry had some secret, had an inkling (a completely wrong one) about its purport, and said to himself with a wink—"He's a knowing 'un, that Bledry, a dev'er 'un, deep he is! ... But he wanted to be sure. Once he followed Bledry, saw him enter the church, but was himself afraid to enter lest he be seen. He stood outside the huge portals, watching to see who else entered. He left at last, as mystified as ever, thinking that the church must have another entrance.

Clem seemed to be always watching nowadays. Once when Jake came out impetuously from the parlor, he ran straight into him and bowed him over, not knowing he was there.

"Hey!" snarled Clem from the floor, "what ye think y're doin'?

"What ye doin' yerself!" snapped Jake. "To seein' ter he a 50-cent round like a sick cat. Listenin', were ye?"

"Listenin' ter what?" Clem scrambled up and faced him. "Ye're ter flumis' high-and-mighty, Jake me lad," he said, scowling. "Knockin' in me like that and me walkin' harmless about, thinkin'—"

"Next time," said Jake, "I'll see where I'm knockin', and I'll knock harder. You jest mind out."

When Clem was not watching and listening, he was asking questions. He always asked the same question.

"When's that damned Tarantaula comin' back?"

Nobody seemed to know, a great many preferred not to know and hoped that he never would come back. One of those was Quince.

I could see one of those great battalions gobble all hisyb him up Gahd-a-mighty, he be most rampageous in de ringement. He's gib me de colic once wid he's great boot, kickin' me in de gut. I hope dat he neber, neber come back."

Nobody knew anything. Clem clawed his lips with anxiety. Perhaps he was lost after all, perhaps he would never come back.

He was coming back, all right. They sacked the monastery, and at first when they came, it seemed that the trio was useless; they found only a few craven monks, whom they roared in their own fat (a popular buccaneer sport with monks and priests), and no more valuables than a dozen cases of wine and two silver crucifixes. But down in the cellars, the Tarantaula dug his fangs into the wine and water, and the mud came off. There, in a little crypt, they found casks of vestments and jewelry.

"Are we really goin' back?" asked Dan, gripping the Tarantaula's stirrup and looking up at him with a face almost rosy with delight. The Tarantaula sat astride his tall horse, and Dan stood on the ground, sweating and smiling, the bride of a pack-horse gripped in his dirty fist.

The Tarantaula spat on the dust that closed thickly around the gob.

"Are all them jewels packed?" he asked.

"Yes, every one of 'em."

"And are they strapped on the mules and horses?"

"Ye're, I done three boxes meself."

"Well, then," said the Tarantaula, "we're goin'."

"Back ter Panama?"

"Ay, back ter Panama. Ye seem in a flamin' hurry, don't ye? Thinkin' of yer gal?"

"Ay, cap'n?" laughed Dan. "That's who I am thinkin' of."

"Back to Panama! At last! They left the old monastery on the hill, they led the mules and horses down the white narrow roadway into the jungle. Back into the jungle. But now it was a different jungle to them. It was a happy place in which every tree that they passed, every inch that was strode over, drew them nearer to Panama, to drinking and wrenching. They laughed and chattered, passed the wineskins and bottles, wreathed together, shot at birds and animals, and once when passing a crec, they threw stones at a big alligator that coughed and spluttered and snarled at them, showing enormous white teeth like a dead man's ribs, until it scuttled into the safety of water. Even the Tarantaula seemed to wake up a little, and grinned evilly now and again and made grabs at occasional butterflies. Through the jungle, they went, singing, kicking aside the bushes, wounding trees with axe and

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Sword out of sheen happiness, throwing stones and shooting at lovely monkeys; and once they brought down a toucan that barked shrilly like a wounded dog. They raced for the corpse, and the first to reach it hacked off the enormous yellow beak, and they had good sport with it afterwards, nipping dreamers from the rear and using it for a false nose and such-like trinkery.

For they were coming back now: the jungle had no hold on them, they had no fear of Tommy Cowley’s big cats or of the great snakes as thick as a man; they were safe, they were coming back, back to Panama.

CHAPTER XVII

THE COWARD SPEAKS

They were coming back to Panama. Now, it was not the Tarantula who objected to long reefs, it was the men themselves. They slept at night, in the cool shadows of the jungle, burrowing into the darkness as if it were something solid, black snow, and lighting trees to keep the wild beasts at bay. They walked quietly, tearing down branches that swung in their way, wriggling long creepers that threatened to blind them and wrenching them off the trees as if they were severed from a black ocean. Panama came nearer at every step.

And at Panama itself things were exactly as they had been before they left: the men still drank and, grumbling, worked only under pressure, dreaming of that high time when they would be back at Port Royal lounging in steves and boasting to the gaudily-dressed women: Biddy still made her pilgrimage to the Cathedral of San Anastasius; Dofia Martina and Biddy still came down into the patio every late afternoon to breathe the cool air and sip light wines with Harry Morgan and Jake; and outside, Clem still wandered—listening, watching, waiting.

Soon it would be time to leave. Panama was almost too raucous for fire to think of ramroasting it. Over three-quarters of it was charred wood and powder; slowly the hidden stores of treasure were being dug up; and every day the pickets brought in fewer and fewer prisoners until sometimes they returned empty-handed. Now and then, priests came from Tavera, Cavaquilla, Nombre de Dios or Porto Bello or Lima or Mexico or even lesser towns, weighed down with ransom, and lucky men and women were shipped away or given passes signed with a great flourish, Henry Morgan, Admire, by John Pebe, that saved them from moderation and left them free to put what remained of their houses in order. But Dofia Martina’s father, Don Juan de Guzman, made no sign. Morgan knew that he was alive, for scouts had brought him news that he had been very ill with arrysepia and was now recovered or near recovering, but he never bothered to inform Dofia Martina. He forgot that it might interest her, and she did not ask him.

Until de Guzman made a move, Morgan was determined not to move himself. Dofia Martina was, in his own phrase, worth a mortar of money, and he intended to get that money; besides, he still had a vague hope of extorting some ransom for the remainder of the city. He had tried to discover what food had started the fire, it was an impossible search, and although strong suspicion centred round Reesemere, there was nothing quite definite enough to hang him. That villainess act had lost Morgan unreckoned doubleoons, and he hated to think of it. The streets of burnt houses made him ill with rage.

There was for a time now more or less peace in Panama, it was a breathing-spell, a kind of interlude after the rape, in which the men rested to tell lies of what they’d done to the fighting and to tell greater lies of what they’d do in Port Royal. The corpse there, it now only remained to bury it, so the grave-diggers made money after their fashion, looked the body and, resting on their swords, gazed daily at the spade.

It was an unnatural peace that entered even the houses of the captives, amending away their memories, calming their fears, and putting them into a fatalistic despair. Some of them could stand the strain no longer and leaped in a half-mad fashion, hurling themselves into debauch as if it were a bonfire to consume their woe. There was no need now for the prisoners to chase their girls or to trap them behind bolted doors, the girls dipped to their own piping and gazed whenever wine was handy.

One girl, however, in Panama stayed aloof from madness and debauch. Dofia Martina in her room rested her chin upon her white hand and sighed lonesomely, a prisoner. She was desperately bored, and that was the sum of her despair, except that now and then a spasm of worry would wrinkle her eyes and shut her full mouth, when she remembered her father. But Dofia Martina was, in her way, a fortunate girl. She had one of those opaque minds that can be only dented momentarily, and are never really smashed. She was swayed not by conscious thoughts, but by nerves and emotions. Things grew in her, unsuspected dreams flourished in the darkness of her mind and never appeared until suddenly they were ripe and heavy with fruit.

Her tenderness towards Morgan grew, unsuspected, like a thistle in her heart. She never for a moment considered him rationally, never really thought about him; or if she did, never troubled to apply her thoughts. He was there, he was a vivid figure, that was all; an image, not a man. She enjoyed her hour with him, even looked forward to it as a child looks forward to a promised treat—that was all.

Her indifference infuriated Sarah. She could never get inside her mind, could never understand her. Occasionally she tried to probe within, but always her words glanced off that blank mirror, were reflected for a moment, the barrier were never absorbed.

"Ain’t he a fine brick brulka!" she said on suddenely, hoping to surprise her into an admission of, at least, admiration.
"Do no’ remind me o’ that!” cried Dofia Martina, shuddering. "I do no’ likey to think on of him as brute. I try to seeek heem juva a man, a goo’ man!”

"Oh, you don’t understand!” said Sarah.
"Course he’s a man, and a mighty strong man as ye’d find out of y’d only give him the chance fer prove it. I didn’t mean he was a brute like a Lion or anything. I meant he was strong and handsome.”

"Then why no’ yer say what you meant? I do no’ unknok you speak good Renglish, sir?” said Dofia Martina wearily.

"Aw, come on!” snapped Sarah. "It’s time fer us fer go.”

There was one person whom Sarah really disliked and of whom she was even a little afraid—perhaps because she could never understand him—and that was Biddy Morgan. His careless, almost sinister, figure stood outside her web, and she feared that he might suddenly step into its delicate folds and snap it. What he did, what he thought, she could never understand. Her only hope was to avoid him, as she could see no ways of entangling him and making him helpless. And therefore she was careful to have Jake warn her whenever he was about so that she could hide her mistress, as if she was some wary diana, lacking her charies away from a dangerous Lothario. She had seen the glance he gave Dofia Martina, and Sarah knew exactly what they meant; she knew that, if Morgan had been as difficult as stone, Biddy was on fire like a jewel, that he realised Dofia Martina’s beauty, and
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that he desired her. Yet he made no move to attain her, made no effort even to speak to her. Bilbury was something that Sarah could not understand; she felt that he was plotting something dark and that he might any moment burst in, grab Doña Marina in his arms and sweep her off her feet.

But Bilbury's love was of the helpless kind that must have a lead. He was a craven before women, and he knew it. Only in his dreams could he paralyse a ballroom of ladies; then, in those poor dreams, he would walk carelessly up to the most fastidious beauty, would linger with his lips upon her lilied hand and pass up at her through his lashes, catching her with his eyes like a snare on a rabbit. In life, he made no move; he was the rabbit.

But like most weak men, he could sometimes cut out of sheer desperation a circumstance that came his way. He could grip it like a bulldog and stubbornly hang on with the strength of despair. And that circumstance once came to him. Morgan was away, haggling about some rancous that Pake could not arrange, and Sarah had hastily submitted to Jake's importunities and was wasting him on the roof. Doña Marina and Bilbury were alone, and they met. He was walking along the upper hall to his room, and she came out of her room looking for Sarah.

In that narrow passage they faced each other, both flushed and nervous.

To hide his embarrassment, Bilbury swept off his hat and bowed low, sweeping the plume along the dusky floor and almost crinking his back. Then he straightened up.

"It is very hot, señorita," he said in halting Spanish.

She answered in English, as if not wishing to admit him into the familiarity of her own tongue: "Si, cet eaa very hot, señor.

'That was why they were both silent, Bilbury trying to pluck up his courage to meet this long-awaited situation. He said airily, in English: "It is hot but for comfort, do you not agree, señorita?"

"Si, señor, I thank that cet eaa too hot for comfort," she answered solemnly.

"Of course, I come from a cold country, from England, therefore I feel it more. But you, you have the hot blood of old Spain to warm your veins."

She answered slowly, after a pause: "I hav never seen my countries. I was born here in these New Worlds."

That brought the shamed blood into Bilbury's cheeks. Almost he blurted out that he was a liar, that he also had never seen his own country, and was, like her, a child of the New World. That would have been a bond between them. But he had gone too far and could not draw back. So he bit his lip and said softly: "That is sad, señorita, very sad. I know how you must feel. My country too is a long way off. Perhaps I shall never see it again."

She did not answer at first, but looked curiously at him, then lowering her eyelids, she said hurriedly: "I look for my Sarraráh, and I can no find her. Hav you seen her?"

"No," said Bilbury, "I am afraid I haven't."

"Then set see no matter. I dwell do without her. You weal excuse me, señor."

Then the cowardice in Bilbury welled to such a pitch that he became almost mad with determination, and he gripped her arm as she turned away.

"Please, señorita," he cried, "please, do not leave me. I am so lonely for wanting to talk with you. You are so beautiful, you do not understand. But my heart, here, it is pierced, señorita, it bleeds at your feet. Do not go. Be as kind as your eyes are tender. You should be large to your beauty. Do not hide it. We poor mortals suffer when the sun is gone from earth. Do not let me shiver by taking my sun away."

She gazèd astounded at him, breathing a little heavily; then she looked down at his clenched hand on her arm, and was surprised and frightened to see that it shook as if in a strong wind. Each hair on its back looked very distinct, and she thought vaguely of the soft brown frogs at the hole of a young palm tree.

"Don't, señorita," continued Bilbury, jerkily, scarcely knowing what he said, "do not desert me! I would die for you. To-morrow I would die if I could be with you. I am not am, señorita. You do not know how I have dreamed of you. For you would throw away my country, yes, even my country that has been my only true love until now. I would turn Roman, kiss the Pope's foot, take the Spanish oath and love your Queen only less than I love you. Don't leave me, señorita! Listen to what I say. You are killing me. I can think of nothing but you, nothing. You have driven me mad!"

"You are heurting me," said Doña Marina with a little sob, and he noticed that he had beenclutching her arm. He flung his hand away and saw with horror that his fingers had left their red imprint behind. They whitened as he watched, then faded into the soft brown of her flesh. "Ah, fädéd fädéd just as his image would fade from her heart! He felt sick and unbalanced." "I am sorry, señorita," he said gruffly, "You will forgive me?"

She looked dazedly at him, then turned and rushed into her room, sobbing with hysterical fear and wondertainment, leaving Bilbury to bite his lip, alone.

At the bottom of the staircases, Clem straightened up, smiling. He leaned a moment on the balustrade and looked at the smile on his lips as he was playing music on it. Clem was one of those men whose whistles never seem to be longer or shorter than an inch, and were of such a sandy colour that they were scarcely visible, although as prickly as cactus. But he liked to rub his thumb over them, and to hear the rough noise like the tearing of distant silts. Now he did that for a moment, and whispered softly to himself as if singing to the music of his brisket: "A day of sport, he, he, my day of sport!"
and compared bruises, calling each other by endearing names and wafting over past glories. Some danced, but it was early yet for dancing; canoodling ankled in their hands as if they clutched angry claddies, the tambourine thunders and their postures clashed. He was preparing for the nightly feast, and erecting piles of cow-dung and deep-lying thatch. Yet there was that, when sent up a coupling stick to asphyxiate mosquitoes. Fruit was piled in multi-coloured heaps, whole ones were left piled on great piles of empty jars of home-sweetened wine for women's fattisfuls tastes.

Yet nothing happened. It was an ordinary evening. Just like yesterday, and the yesterday before that, and before that. Just like, very probably, tomorrow would be, and tomorrow morrow.

But Bledry was troubled as he sat in the cho- les of San Anastasia's, his heart sick with shame and despair. He could hear the sea close down, then the guns on his mole. The moon shot, the sucking anxious mumble of the tide drawing away, and the ominous promise of black death, a glorious death, to choose the highest star and swim towards it. But sharks... That held him—the shark, and the sea, and all that. The seamen, the swarming, the terrible sea monsters with their parrot-beaks and a thousand spiky arms. If it weren't for these vile things, the sea would be the happiest place. To drown, ah, to slide through green layers into the coral grooves of Coring Utundine, to die in the arms of a loving mermaid, her cold scales twisting around your legs, her mouth, the kindly sea, sucking your soul away, her green hair strangling you, her blue eyes drinking in your mortality... that was heaven! Indeed, it was happiness!

The thought of these sea-ladies was so strong, their voices were so insistent in his ears, that at last Bledry rose to his feet, tiptoed out of a side-door in the choles and stood against the sea-wall.

Now their voice was thunderous. The dying sun shone up behind him, reddened the clouds and showed its violet mists even into the eastern sky, blurring the moon. The sea quivered like a gigantic snake at his feet, the enormous sponges rolled in, burst here and there with little flecks of white in sudden grins of cannibal-teeth, then churned like a valley of muckets on to the spit, burling in a bubbling mass of scoured green, frothing and spluttering like some frantic beast wounded.

Only the turmoil greeted him, only the heat of angry surf, the explosions of white-created green. He could see no hint of mermaids. Only the endless stretch of ocean dissolved into the vast skyline.

He went out to sea, instead of from him as if the strong wind had wiped it from his forehead. For the wind was fierce, heavy with salt, hurling his eyes and lifting his long white black hair as if it strove to pull him off his feet to meet the headlong axe.

He turned hurriedly with a feeling of being cheated, and walked quickly back into the thickening mist.

Twilight. And in the tropics, twilight is but a moment before the flood of night engulfs the earth. Yes, it was twilight, and Clem's day was ending as futilely it seemed, as dully as any ordinary day. But he himself had many fears about it being an ordinary day. He chuckled and wheezed with delight as he listened behind the curtains and heard Morgan shouting angrily in the patio. Morgan was shouting:

"By the living God, say what you like! I've warned him. I told him. He thinks he can do what he likes because he's my boy. I wondered what his name was. I'll show him.

"Don't let it happen," said Clem. Or is it, as you like it. Come, come, do ye like the feller?"

"Oh, no!" she cried almost passionately. "I do no' like heem, but I do no' want heem looked. You weel no' kneel heem?" She turned pleadingly to Morgan. "Men should no' die for such things, surely no?"

"I won't kill him," said Morgana sulkily. "He's my blood, my memory." He shuffled in his hammock.

"I'll just talk to him seriously." It was at this moment that Bledry arrived. Clem just managed to look as if he were only casually passing, and tipped his forelock to Bledry who didn't even trouble to nod in reply, and that put Clem's opinion of him up another notch.

"He's a 'pride un'," said himself. "And a sly, un, is Bledry. That feller's arter me own 'earst. Proud yet quiet. That's as a man ought be!"

Bledry walked through the curtains into the patio and stopped confused at the awful silence that greeted him. The buzz of voices stopped as if it had been razed off with a knife, and he looked from face to face, to chill a growing around his heart.

Harry Morgan was in his hammock, half-raised, half-reeling on his elbow he had an expression of anger in both cheeks and his eyes were bright like jewels. At his foot sat Jake on the square stool, his head down, and eyes stiffly avoiding Bledry's. But the girl at his side, the abigail Sarah, gazed im-

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(Continued on Page 108)
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(Continued from Page 107)

"I have no idea . . ."

"Don't lie to me!"

Bledry fumed and straightened up. The anger mounted to his throat and choked out the fear.

"By God, Harry!" he cried, "mind what you're saying! I'd stand that from no other man but you. I'm not a liar. I'm prepared to prove it to you any time you like. And you know it. Look me in the eye, Harry, and say that again!"

Morgan twisted in his hammock. At the sight of Bledry, somehow all his rage died. If the others had not been there, particularly that jeering wretch of a Sarah, he would have taken Bledry by the shoulders and have even asked him pardon. For he loved Bledry. He repeated that to himself. By heavens, he loved the man, he was his friend, his blood. But even as he thought that, he remembered all his old suspicions, Andy's warning—higher than the House of Lords—and Bledry's mysterious disappearances. Now was his chance to probe into him, to get some satisfaction. The sweat burst out on his forehead with anxious terror, as he gazed at the quiet, Bledry whose hand shook as it played with his sharply-clipped beard.

"No, Bledry!" cried Morgan suddenly. The words seemed wrenched out of him. "No! I won't say it again, I can't!"

"Then what have I done?"

"You know. I warned you before. You remembered—" I said that I'd stand no man fooling around with her. No man! You remember that?"

"If you are referring to the señorita, said Bledry, softly, lowering his eyelids, "I do remember."

"Then what did you do for? You don't care two coppers about what I say! You think you're too high and mighty to be toppled down, don't you? By God, Bledry look at me! I've stood from you more than I'd stand from the King! I've forgiven you for what in another man I'd shoot him for. I've ignored things you've said, things you've done. And you deliberately, deliberately stick my command. Why?

"I am sorry you think so," said Bledry, "because it isn't true. Surely you know me better than that!"

"I know nothing whatever about you. You are more of a stranger to me than—the King of England, God bless him!"
want facts. Perhaps I did catch her arm when she touched it. She was so far above me. But ask the señorita, ask yourself, if I did not let her go the instant she told me I hurt her. I didn't mean to. When I saw that finger-marks, I just caught her arm to stop her from going. But it had to be done. I was afraid of her. I was afraid of that woman. I thought I was a man and a soft woman. You wouldn't have felt that grip, that squeeze. Oh, it's the same since I've spoken to a woman! This life kills all the courtesy, the romance in one. It makes you a brute, something hateful.

The sweat was as heavy on his forehead as if he had just stepped out of the rain. With a shaking hand he pulled a handkerchief from his cuff and dabbed with it at his brow and around his eyes.

"This is the truth," he said.

In the silence that followed, only Sarah's faint telling of the new day in the hammock, unmooring as if he slept. Dolma Marin and Jake both sat like statues and stared at the ground. At last Bledy spoke again. Her anger had more control over his voice now, but less over his anger. The whole hammock was tense and fierce, and he.

"Is that all?" he cried. "Have I done nothing else? Out with all the malice now that I'm alleged here. Throw everything at me. Every-thing. All the rumours, the lies. I know I'm hated. I haven't a friend here. I shouldn't have come. You should have brought Charlie with you. Or dragged Bob Blindloss from his kids. They're my only kids. I'm with the Morgan curse. They're all against me. All the rabble. At least I thought you were on my side. It's merely another division of the Faith's last joke. I suppose it's because I keep to myself and don't join in with all the bloodthirsty little games? Well, I'm waiting. What have you got against me now? Let it all out. I haven't cut enough throat, I'm not sociable, haven't been blind enough. After a week, I've washed every morning and before each meal—out with everything!"

He stood back, red spots of anger on his cheek, his left hand gripping the sword-hilt at his side.

"Come on!" he cried. "Out with all the malice!" Bledy moved in his hammock like a tired whale. He glanced up at Bledy and said in a soft, rapid voice.

"Where do you go every afternoon?"

His words were like the cut of a whip over Bledy's face. He flashed a guilty scarlet and muttered when he answered.

"Can't my time own own? Do I have to report every little thing to you? Am I still a child?"

"That's what Cahin said, wasn't it?" murmured Sarah, looking at him.

"You don't answer me," said Morgan. "Where do you go every afternoon?"

"Where do the birds go? Where do the fish go? Where do you think I go? Where is there a place for a man to go in this damned hole? Seeing the sights? Blackened walls and poor crazy women where Harry Morgan's clenched his hand! I've nothing to do but go to—go to anywhere, nowhere. Where do you think I go? To talk secrets?"

"That is what I ask you," said Morgan in the same quiet way. "Why don't you answer me?"

"Why do you ask me?"

"Don't you want to know?" Morgan suddenly heaved himself up to sit in the hammock. He stared at Bledy, his hand twisting the cigar to shreds. "I'll tell you," he said slowly, "if you really do want to know. It's because I've heard things that I don't believe, because whispers have come to me. I've shut my ears to them. I haven't dared to think of them. But now you ask me, and I'm telling you. So I want your answer. Where do you go every afternoon?"

"As you've had me up on me," said Bledy bitterly.

"We've put no spies on anyone, let alone on you," cried Morgan with anger. "I've trusted you. I still do trust you. I only want you to tell me. Why the hell don't you? For God's sake, say the answer!"

"There's nothing to answer. If you want to believe devilment of me, what can I answer?"

"But I don't believe it! Don't you understand that I don't? I can't! I can't believe it!"

Bledy stood silent, very white, and slowly licked his lips.

"Why don't you answer?" cried Morgan as if in pain.

"I answer you. Bledy, answer me! Where do you go every afternoon?"

"I have told you," answered Bledy quietly. "Everyone's nowhere of his own free will. He can't tell of his dreams of the church or of the graves. And if he did tell, would he be believed? I wasn't saying I could say, or do. And he was hurt, hurt terribly, to think that Harry could believe treachery of him. Only with a very great effort could he keep his anger down and manage to speak softly.

"I have nothing to say," he said. "If you think me a traitor, a spy, what does it matter what I say? The thought's enough. Why should I try and argue? You think it, that's sufficient."

"But I don't think it!" cried Morgan. "I don't! Answer me, Bledy, for God's sake!"

Buried swung sharply round, and Clem faced him, puffing and grinning.

"That was a good 'un, cap'n, that was a good 'un," he wheezed. "I'm almost crushed me ribs alle-limintin'. Ye're the feilin', be gaid. It made me heart fairly bounce for listen ter yer. Well pleased ye are, and ain't afraid of nothing.

Bledy stared coldly at him through the darkness, holding his anger down with a mighty effort. They were in the gloom, just beyond the light flung through the open door, and the clean clear-cut light an inch away seemed to make their darkness more intense, as if they stood in hall and the world seemed beside them just out of their hunger reach. Suddenly he heard a voice behind him, and stopped dead.

"Don't walk so fast, cap'n," said the voice. "Them long legs o' yours go like a windmill."

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(Continued from Page 109)

ye know she's comin' back, daughter be along any minute now?"

"What do you mean?" cried Bidry. "Go away, you devil, before I lose my temper!"

"No need ter keep et now, cap'n," grinned Clem.

"Ye're a sly'un, but ye ain't with that same now, ye're with me. And I'm in the same boat with yer. But the mask don't have ter stay on much longer. It'll be down ter-day, cap'n, and oh! what a rip-roarin', rambus'tin' time we're going ter have! Lordy, et's worth being born for ter have such sport! I'd kiss me ole lady, I would, fer the pleasure of ter-day!"

Through the anger simmering in his ears, Bidry suddenly realized what Clem was saying. He, too, evidently thought him in some conspiracy, he, too, considered him a traitor. Was the whole world mad? He clapped his hand to his sword.

"What made you think I was on your side?" he asked slowly, savouring the pleasure of his last being master of a situation, and glancing on the back of bulk of Clem in the darkness, like a wild beast judging the distance of its prey.

"I knew it, I just knew it. There ain't no think hid from Clem, I can tell yer. Et was when ye give me the friendly glove that day when Dan came rambustin' in arter Mory—that put things straight ter me. I knew et then. And when you was goin' off every day ter that there church, havin' yer sly little talks with Eriesby—that's when I thought: Here's a deep 'un, here's a cap'n arter Clem's own heart. I knew et. I knew et instinctively. And now, cap'n, our time's at an end. He's comin' back ter-day!"

"Who's comin' back to-day?

"Drop the viand, cap'n! As ye didn't know as well as me! Who but Dan! Ah, I knew there weren't no mistake. Ye're a deep 'un, jest the cap'n for me, he God! I never make no mistake. I knew ye at once!"

"Look at me now," said Bidry, drawing his sword. "Do you think you know me?"

And at that, fear gripped Clem's compartment heart. In one horrifying moment he knew his collar mistake. It loomed up before him like a monster in a nightmare, as his life he said to pass before him, a drowning man. He realized it in all its horror, and the sweat burst out on his body as if something had exploded within him. He gave one wild turn—and, his sword thrust out, then screamed like a sick dog as Bidry's sword cut into his shoulder, missing the head. The blood burst from the artery and rushed over him, yet he still ran, shrieking, zigzagging blindly ahead. Another blow caught him clean on the back of the skull and he staggered and fell on his face.

Bidry stood quite still, breathing heavily, holding the sword in his hand. He heard the blood drip from it to the cobblestones and he eased down as if not fully comprehending the deed he had committed. Then with sudden resolution, he darted forward, back to the house.

He swung the curtains aside and faced them in the patio. They jumped up, startled, clear in the bright glaring light from the glass lanterns.

"Bidry!" cried Morgan, "what have you done? Your sword..."

"There's blood on it!" cried Charley with a startled scream.

Bidry could not speak for a moment, he passed so quickly. Struggling, he strove to force the words through his throat, and at last jerked them out:

"The rat! The rat!" he cried. "The rat!" and he flung the sword away. It clattered against a pillar and tinkled on to the marble floor. "The dirty rat, to try that on me! By God, I wish that I could do for him again!"

"Who was it? What do you mean?"

"Clem, the rat! They're coming! Dan's coming for you! Put the women away! Quick! The mob are after us!"

Morgan stood dazed a moment, while Jake leaped to his feet; then he rushed up to Bidry and caught him lovingly, firmly by the shoulders.

He could find no words to express his happiness. He could only squeeze Bidry's shoulders and cry foolishly:

"Thank God, thank God... thank God! I've found you!..."

CHAPTER XIX

REBELLION

LIKE a nest of glow-worms, Panama lay before them. There was the night all around them; and before them, the bright nest of Panama. On the savannah, they could see men and women dancing and sporting by the light of scattered flamebeams. A merry crowd rushed to meet them, lugging jars of wine; and the men drank thirstily. They left their miles and horses, and darted off with the women and wine, the tambourines clenched in their hands, beating them on their knees and bursting with consternation. A drunken, one-legged wounded with a paletty reeled up through the darkness, plucked the strings of his instrument and chanted with a husky voice that cracked every few minutes:

"When the sailor's nohere. Now don't you lock yer door, For he'll only bust et in! And yous tender little girls, Come, stop prissin' yer curls, For he'll only undo 'em again!"

while a drunken Spanish lady, naked except for a
ragged mantilla, swathed carelessly over her fat limbs, clutched him around the neck and followed him with a fulminating Spanish ditty. Dan grinned joyfully, tightened his belt and took off his hat. Suddenly somebody behind him turned. Turning, he saw suddenly the face of the Italian he had championed at Kequemeling's staring from under the yellow glare of a flambeau, like a drowned face floating up through black water.

"Hi, hi!" he called, "Dan, you come with me now. Queeck, queeck, dam' queeck!"

At this call of his, Queeck, who had followed back on Dan and taunted the muscles of his throat and chest,

"Da black one, da Quaco," cried the Italian, "per Dio! he home somesemce fer you. From da Cawell!"

"Clem! that's the boy I want. Lead on, me Roman!"

The Italian made off at once as if afraid of being seen. He hurried so quickly into the darkness that an hour later he had disappeared behind the railroad tracks.

The Tarantula raised himself in his stirrups, cupped his hands around his mouth, and shouted:

"No! No! Bisonte, bisonte! Queeck, to queeck, to nussen'k off! Come here, or I'll braun ye!"

Dan's own hands were flemt back on him by the keening sea-wind.

The little Italian led Dan into the city, over the bridge, through the ruined streets, keeping always in the shadows, jumping from shadow to shadow with great agility, like a fantastic man-avoiding puddle.

Dan lumbered behind him, cursing, garring his shins on fallen stones and shooting at him to reef his topknot and lay to a moment. But the Indian showed no inclination to reef his top-knot, and seemed to let out more sail at every step, taking no notice of a moment, leaped obstacles, and kept straight on like a clean-cut fringe before a good yelping wind. And like a damaged galleon, Dan kept steadfastly on behind him. Scouring, butting against hidden shoals and almost capstaining every now and then. And howling threats to his guide.

But the Italian did not pause. To his first terror of being seen was added now the even more potent terror of Dan's catching up to him and wringing his neck. Fortunately, he kept his breath until he reached his destination, knocked the recognized number of knocks at the door, and slithered in just as Dan burst up, panting, groaning and cursing all in a breath.

The door swung open at once to the Italian's knock and Dan hurled in, pushed aside the sentries, and fell, barking his shin on the stairs. Dan was knolling the stairs, he crawled to his feet and limped up into the big lighted room that stank like a charnel-house—a mixture of rum, sweat, tobacco, grease and common humanity. It was crowded. Faces on all sides watched the door.

There was a hint of expectancy as if they were worshipping awaiting a miracle. They all gazed at Dan, then there was a joyful hubbub around him, they all shouted at once, welcoming him. All frozen jars, glasses and mugs of liquor into his hand. He took one first one and drained it to the dregs, then stood back panting, and wiped his mouth.

"Well, ye all seem mighty pleased ter see me," he said, "and dat's ticklin' fer a man's vanity. Where's Clem?"

The men instantly fell away from him, and Dan saw Queeck leaning on the opposite end of the table.

"Hallo, blackgut!" he said, "I don't want nothin' fer do with negroes. I want Clem. Where is he?"

"Clem, he's tell me dat he cannot come, but fer I ter git yer you' de compliments and ter say how anxiously sorry he's am. But he's am not come, and he's say ter Queeck: 'Quaco, he's am, gone off wid yo' and see Masse Dan when he's am come, and Queeck, yo' tell him from me dat de gal he's am askin' of, she am dead.'"

"What!" cried Dan. "What's that! Who killed her?"

"I am coming to dat. Masse Clem, he's am say: 'Yo' tell he's dat I am de man o' outrages liar dat skinned is sweeping away, dat is warren she she was she all de time but Las de two men o' outrages a reward fer to tell he. Yo' tell Queeck, dan and dem.'"

Dan strode up to him and caught him by the shirt, twisting it around and dragging the negro up to an inch away. He looked him straight in his bloodshot eyes and said, his voice trembling with rage.

"'Ee yer lisy yer me, Quaco, I'll cut yer dirty liver out and choke yer with it. Tell me yer self, not Clem says, but what you say. Was that her that langed erself?"

The negro shifted uneasily under Dan's stare.

"May de gawdness Lahd such de murrer out ob allbery bene in it, I, if I be not tellin' yo' Gospel life!" he cried. "It was she dat langed erself, before de Lahd it were."

"Why did she hang herself?" Dan asked through his teeth.

"Beaco, and de Gahd sabe me from de big lie, it was becoo ob dat Mere, he's de sentimental reason. He's mean no debbley, but he's put de fheur ob hell interv her, and dat's de truth." Dan swung away and stared around at the company. He looked suddenly very old, haggard. His face lost its plumage and the eyes grew larger.

"Hello!" he cried. "I know it! I've been hobb-son' meself all the while, like a flaming' post. I knew of the first from the Aw, hell, hell, why did I let him fool me. Aw, hell, hell, hell..."

He hit the table with his fist so fiercely that he bared the skin over the knuckles, but he did not notice it. He looked up, saw all the latent facets watching him with that solemn gaze of foreigners striving to understand an unfamiliar language.

"Bazoom!" he said.

For the moment he was dazed, too dazed even to be angry. There was no anger in the first shock across your world crumbles about you. Dan's world was gone. He was suddenly terribly alone. All purpose seemed gone from his life like a pole snatch-ed from under a leaning roof. She had saved his life, she the gentle lady, had put out her hand to dirt him like and saved his life; and in return, what had he done?—he had let her die. Ah, God! God!

Then the rage flooded up from his heart and he glared around, the corner of his mouth twisted up like a dog's, showing a green tooth or two. Then he suddenly pulled a great sword from the sash of the man beside him, turned to the door and clattered down the stairs.

"Vatt, vatt!" cried Kequemeling, "not for you run, God's commands, you crazy Expeditioner? Vatt, vatt for me!"

But Dan did not waltz; they heard the door slam after him.

"Kum, Kum!" cried Kequemeling. "He will run times. Queeck, go all of you, all of you!"

Always, just a foot or so behind him, the mob shouted and ran after Dan. He heard them, and their fierce voices sent a rhythm into his blood; it was the orchestra behind his play, the murderous music that drove an actor whole-hearted into his part. But he never turned to see them. Their noise was something to him separate from them. It was the note of nature that spurred him on, something disembodied, the spirit of vengeance itself. At last, the plans glared before him, and Morgan's headquarters cut a yellow curtain of light on the darkness. The door was open, but he saw no centry.

As he swerved before it, he tripped over something and fell.

His legs fell on something soft, a body, and in his confused madness he was struck statuesque a
moment to see the white face of Clem grinning fiendishly up at him.

It was the fall that saved Dan. As the mob, unable to pull up, reached the door, a volley of grape burst amongst them and stretched eight of them down on the steps, and wounded many, so that they fell back screaming.

As they fell back, Dan rushed forward and leaped into the great hallway like a demon suddenly whirled up from hell. He saw half a dozen men lounging behind a barricade of sacks, with a small swirl and a pile of furzes, but only one face showed distinct through his madness, the face of Henry Morgan.

"Don't shoot!" cried Henry Morgan. "They've gone. It's only Dan. Leave him to me. I don't want Dan killed."

Dan heard his voice but not the words. Whirling his great sword, he made a leap at Morgan and at the same moment, Bledry, seeing the movement, fired almost instinctively. The ball caught Dan on the right shoulder, and brought him up suddenly as if he had rushed into an adobe wall. He gave one howl, grappled his shoulder, and the sword crashed on to the floor.

"Damn," said Bledry. "I always seem to miss and get them on the shoulder."

Dan was stopped for the moment, but his giant strength conquered all weakness. The pain only made his rage the more intense, and he flung himself on Morgan.

Morgan went down with a crash. Dan on top of him. He could feel Dan reaching for his eyes, but he kicked up quickly with his knee and managed to writhes aside. He grabbed fiercely at the wounded shoulder as Dan's most vulnerable spot. It was. Dan screamed with the pain, but did not relax. His left hand suddenly flung itself out like a stone from a catapult and caught Morgan's throat.

"Aw now," he said between his teeth, "now, I've got yer!"

It had happened almost in a second. The two men lay on the ground, scarcely moving, locked in a bearish embrace, glaring into each other's eyes. Dan lowered his face and grunted at Morgan, the saliva dripping on to Morgan's chin; he could hear Dan chuckle and smell his sour breath. A sudden horror burst the sweet scent on him, but he gripped his teeth and twisted that bloody shoulder as if he were bending a slab of tin. The grip tightened on his throat so that he coughed a moment and felt the sinews agonizingly drawing in until they seemed to meet each side. It was like a wild beast at his throat, the nails cut into his flesh like claws.

A woman screamed somewhere; then Doña Marina was tearing at Dan's wrist. He looked up and gasped with terror.

"You bastids, you brute," she moaned, "let him go, you mus' no'! you wickid brute!"

"Gord!" cried Dan. At that moment the Tarantula burst in, grinned at the sight, and without question or pause, leaped at Dan. "Ah!" he cried joyously, as he drove his long knife between Dan's shoulder-blades: "I wasn't too late after all!"

The others, who had been almost paralysed with shock, helped Morgan to his feet. He spluttered, spat and rubbed his throat, trying to grin, while Doña Marina clung to him and cooed like a bird.

"You are no' knoed!" she asked. "You are no' knoed!"

"No," said Morgan harshly, tossing his head, "not—not—yet."

"Ah, gracias Dios," said she, and rested her head on his shoulder. Morgan glanced down, surprised. Doña Marina herself was surprised. Then he put his hand tenderly on the back of her head, lifted

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her face by levering down her hair, and kissed her mouth.

"Ah!" she said contentedly and snuggled against him.

Bledry forced a grin. "A fitting ensemble," he said carelessly.

**ENVOI**

A LAST they were really off. The treasure was packed in baskets and secured on the backs of mules and horses. The long line of beasts stretched from one end of the hacienda to the other, with the men leading on the savages. The men were all very jolly and kissed their girls for the last time, concealed jeers and fond smiles in their eyes as they passed the weavers. They were off, thank God, to Port Royal.

Ah, it seemed to him to be going to happen. The whole plan was packed with men waiting for Morgan to come. The Tarantula picked his teeth and brooded darkly over the loss of his horse; others of the House of Lords who were not ahead, clustered around him.

It was late afternoon, yet still very hot, and the men were eager to be off. They could see no reason had failed for this delay. The Governor of Plymouth was there in touch with Morgan, but there was nothing to be arranged. He had long since sent ambassadors to beg about the city's ransom. Now he had come himself, and Morgan had insisted on seeing him.

It was not even about Dofia Marina's request that Morgan wished to see him. The ambassadors had also arranged that and had paid a goodly sum for the rescue of her beautiful body on condition that it was unsealed; Morgan had left all that business with Pepe to fix up, and Pepe had of course driven a hard bargain, as Morgan knew he would.

As a matter of fact, Morgan did not want to see the Governor at all. It had been Dofia Marina who had insisted on the interview; she had reasons of her own, she said, and he had acquiesced, as he did in almost everything she asked, because he was swept off his feet by her passion. She had abruptly changed. From being a quiet meek creature, she had suddenly become a fierce, almost savage beast. It seemed to him. She would not let him out of her sight. If he had business to attend to, she had a horse saddled and rode with him, guarding him jealously, staring out of countenance any ambitious wolf who made the least gesture towards him. She would not let him out of her sight, or out of reach of her voice. She gave him not a moment's peace, she was jealous even of the men, and sat in a slyly passion whenever he insisted upon sitting up to drink with them. Her fierce love pleased yet frightened Morgan. It flattered yet puzzled him. He was not used to such mad women. His wife was just a wife, a docile creature, and the various common women he had known had made no effort to control him. But Dofia Marina flung herself into his life and clung like a frightened bear around him. He could not shake her off.

"It's the penalty of being too handsome," Bledry had said with a smile when he complained to him once, after he had managed to elude Dofia Marina for a moment by running out of one door and in by the other.

"I suppose it is a compliment," he muttered dubiously.

"Of course it's a compliment," said Bledry. Then she had come running, crying, "Ah, there is you! I win afraid you wiee keeled!"

"Now, now," said Morgan with a grinace at Bledry, "who's going to kill me?"

Bledry was much alone now. Somehow the combat had lost its charm and seemed merely a depressingly vast empty barn. He tried to hear the siren again, and standing on the sunwall, heard only the water hissing against the stone and rattling like a shower of grape. There was no magic there. He drank at first with Jake and once went wenching with him, but that palled quickly. At least, the friendship lasted. But he found a new pleasure in the society of the mule. She was quiet and of a good family. Her complete inexperience frigged him. She had seen her home burnt down, her father and mother murdered, and her betrothed run for his life. She stood alone in the wreck of a whole world. And she did not weep, she did not even complain. She fatalistically sat down and accepted this new life, would even drink heavily if anybody insisted on it, although she had never tasted anything before stronger than a little water. She sat at meals with Bledry's bridge to pluck her reserve, to find some emotion beneath. But he found nothing. When he mentioned the destruction of her home, she told him in Spanish—for she knew only two or three English words, and as she had picked those up recently, they sounded even more peculiarly obsene than they were coming in her virginal lips—they that it was terrible and that she did not want to talk about it. But she did not cry. He asked her what she intended to do in the future, and she said that she did not know, she had not thought about it. She was, he discovered, only fifteen years of age. He was greatly interested in her, and probed cautiously into her mind for reactions.

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thought I was doomed!" he cried. "By God, these Spaniards are rough men!"


"No, she'd have come by this if she was coming. Pape's she'd die."

They contented on in silence, and at last Mor-

That's the last woman I touch, by gods. She was a woman."

"She was a woman," said Bledry. Another pause, then Morgan said suddenly with a

faint smile: "By hell, I hope Mary Elizabeth never meets her!" and he looked really hard when Bledry burst out laughing.

But he need not have worried. In an ecstasy of shame and despair, Dofia Marina knelt in the plaza, pressing the crucifix fiercely against her hot, wet eyes, choking with sobs, her body trembling as if it were in the arms, hands clenched. And the great ball of sun coughed its blood upon the west, and quenched her with it, while the thickening fell faded gradually in the distance, like pebbles down a well, faded, softened, then were gone.

Silence was over the deserted city like a funeral pall, a silence so intense as to be horridly, terrify-

The drunken girl suddenly awoke, wetted her

lips, coughed and sobbed faintly, tears trickling down her cheeks without effort.

"Only the hunk," she murmured, "the hunk, for it is the will of God. And yet it is not security. The hunk, marrowless, fleshless, soulless. Surely it is not security? And yet, the will of God . . ."

Into the sunset the tramper brought the barcarooses, into the streets of the town the young and old gathered, to the sound of the music, to the singing of songs of the dead. And yet it was not security, it was not the will of God. In his heart and wondered what jewel in all his pack was fittest to go around her neck.

The End.

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