Social and Personal.

The wedding of Miss Ellie Storie Noel to Mr. Eliphalet Andrews Lloyd, of New York, was celebrated at 6:30 P. M. yesterday in Centenary M. E. Church, the Rev. Dr. W. J. Young being the celebrant.

The church was decorated in palms and white flowers, the altar illumination showing white wax tapers in silver candelebra. Professor Shephard Webb, at the organ, struck the chords of Mendelssohn's wedding march as the bridal party entered. The wedding chorus from Lohengrin, made the recessional.

The bride came in with her father, Mr. A. F. Noel. She was beautifully gowned in white panne crepe de chine, with berthe and panels of point lace. Her veil was held with sprays of lilies of the valley, and she carried a shower bouquet of the same fragrant flowers. She was met at the altar by the groom and his best man, Mr. William Guy Phillips, of New York.

Miss Madge Weisiger, the maid of honor, wore white chiffon and lace over taffeta, and a white lace hat with garniture of pink. Her flowers were La France roses.

Other attendants were Mr. G. J. Snyder, of Richmond; Mr. Lewis Harvie, of Mattoax; Mr. W. A. Willeroy, of King William county; Mr. Louis G. Shafer, of Richmond; Mr. Allen Pettigrew, of Manchester, and Mr. Herbert E. Weisiger, of Richmond.

Mrs. A. F. Noel, the bride's mother, was handsomely attired in black peau de soie worn with pearls.

Mrs. Asa Snyder, the venerable grandmother of the bride, wore a lovely black silk embroidered net, appliqued in black batiste, with an outlining in hand-embroidery.

Mrs. Herbert E. Weisiger was in an imported Parisian toilet of black silk voile with insets of blue chiffon velvet, and yoke and berthe of duchesse lace. Her ornaments were diamonds.

Miss Nora Southall Weisiger was in champagne colored voile hand-wrought, and trimmed with pink chiffon roses.

Miss Annie Lee Snyder, in white chiffon and lace over turquoise blue silk; turquoise ornaments.

Miss Marie Young, of Washington, D. C., in appliqued jet over white liberty satin; diamonds.

Mrs. B. J. Farrar, of New York, in mauve etamine; amethysts.

Mrs. Scott Malcolm MacDonald, in white Mexican etamine worn over blue; diamonds.

Mrs. Chalmers, of New York, in black lace and chiffon.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd left last evening for an extended tour. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Noel, and the granddaughter of the late Asa Snyder, for many years identified with the business, social and religious life of Richmond. The groom belongs to an old New York family, and is a young gentleman of excellent social and business position. Wedding gifts received by the young couple present an elegant array of cut glass, silver and other articles of value and beauty.

Dr. Murrell in London.

A letter received from Dr. Thomas W. Murrell, who is now in London, gives an account of a pleasant meeting with Richmond friends shortly after his arrival in the metropolis.

The Doctor, who felt decidedly lonesome in such a big city, was viewing it from the top of an omnibus, when whom should he see on an omnibus coming from an opposite direction, but Dr. and Mrs. Warriner and the Misses Tinsley, from near Richmond, who were seeing the sights of London in company!

It is needless to say that the Doctor joined the party, dined with them at the Victoria Hotel, and went with them to see the races on Epsom Downs.

Later, in passing through one of the London parks, Dr. Murrell chanced upon a young man, Mr. Gills, of Petersburg, a member of a former class of his at the University College of Medicine. So it is that the world is proven to be a very little world after all.

Dr. and Mrs. Warriner and the Misses Tinsley will go from London to Carlsbad, where they will spend several weeks.

Burford—Whitehead.

The marriage of Miss May Toomer Whitehead, of Norfolk, to Mr. Robert Milton Burford, of this city, took place Wednesday afternoon in the home of Mr. David Whitehurst, No. 420 London Street, Norfolk, the Rev. J. N. L. Latham, of Monumental M. E. Church, officiating.

The bride was attended by her maid of honor, Miss Emma L. Pedrick and by her bridesmaids, Miss Louise Ernest and Miss Sallie Bain.

Dr. Reynold Fairfax, of West Virginia, was best man; Mr. Samuel P. Pedrick and Mr. Joseph A. Neville, the groomsmen.

Mr. and Mrs. Burford are now enjoying a Northern tour. Mr. Burford is associated in business with A. L. Burford and Brother, and has his home at No. 116 West Clay Street.

Faulkner—Terrell.

The wedding of Miss Elizabeth Terrell, the daughter of Dr. Terrell, of Hanover county, but for some time a resident of Richmond, to the Rev. Thomas G. Faulkner, rector of the Episcopal Church at Clifton Forge, Va., will be celebrated at 6 o'clock P. M., June 29th, in Monumental Church, the Rev. Dr. W. E. Evans officiating.

Interesting Event.

Of interest to Richmond and Virginia society was the marriage on June 8th, in Cove Church, Covesville, Va., of Miss Maude Boaz Hamner, of Covesville, to Dr. Paul Warriner Beckham, of Farmville, a great-grandson of Hon. James Pleasants, Governor of Virginia from 1824-1828.

The church was handsomely decorated and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. B. M. Beckham, of South Boston, Va., assisted by the Rev. Dr. Samuel Blaine, of Covesville.

Mrs. James M. Keith, of Strasburg, was matron of honor, and Mr. Christopher Haskins, of Chase City, Va., was best man.

The bride came in with her uncle, Hon. William H. Boaz. Bridesmaids and groomsmen were: Misses Natalie Harris, of Frederick Hall; Bessie Lamb, Richmond; Mamie Wade, Farmville; Fannie Caskie, Lynchburg; Pearl Watson and Florrie Watson, Covesville; Messrs. John Hayth, Lynchburg; Charles Birch, Covesville; Dr. W. J. Gills, Farmville; Dr. George Hamner, Nelly's Ford; Mr. Robert Watson, Covesville; Dr. C. B. Crute, Farmville.

Johnson—King.

The wedding celebration of Miss Lillian Seabrook King and Mr. Llewellyn Johnson took place Wednesday afternoon, at 5:30 o'clock, in the home of Mr. G. D. George, No. 2601 East Grace Street, the Rev. Dr. Eggleston officiating.

On account of illness in the family, the marriage was attended only by immediate relatives. The bride, who wore a going-away gown of brown silk, with brown hat and gloves, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. King, of King William county, and the niece of Mrs. G. D. George. The groom is well established in business in Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson left for their future home in the Quaker City yesterday.

McClintic—McGeorge.

Miss Christine Pauline McGeorge, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. McGeorge, and Mr. J. Warwick McClintic, the son of Mr. J. H. McClintic, of Hot Springs, Va., were united in marriage Wednesday, June 15th, at the home of the bride, on East Clay Street, the Rev. Dr. Cooper performing the ceremony.

Miss Elsie Lee McGeorge and Dr. Bernard V. McCraw were the attendants.

Mr. and Mrs. McClintic left after their marriage for Hot Springs, Va., where they will visit the groom's father. They will make their home in Clarksburg, W. Va.

Brandon-Shirley Excursion.

The anxiety of Richmond people to visit these noted old colonial homes has been shown by the fact that a number of tickets for the A. P. V. A. excursion, to be given June 29th, were engaged before the tickets were printed.

These are, however, now ready, and may be obtained at the Virginia Historical Society. The Carters and Harrisons are famous for hospitality, but the widest hospitality possible to a private family can only enable a very small proportion of people who would like to visit these beautiful and historic houses, an opportunity to do so.

Therefore, when Mrs. Carter, of Shirley, and Mrs. Harrison, of Brandon, each give cordial invitations to the A. P. V. A., there is a very general desire on the part of Richmond people to take advantage of them.

There has been no excursion to Shirley for many years, and to Brandon only the few which Mrs. Harrison has kindly allowed the A. P. V. A. to bring.

Called Meeting.

A called meeting of the board and members of the Woman's Christian Association will be held at 11 A. M. Monday, for the purpose of electing a president. All are asked to be present.

Stay-at-Home Club.

Duplicate whist was played at the meeting of the Stay-at-Home Club this week, Miss Harvie and Mr. Robert Scott scoring the highest. The next meeting of the club will be held with Mrs. Correll, at No. 320 East Franklin Street.

Personal Mention.

Mrs. Charles L. Ledbetter and little daughter, of Birmingham, Ala., who have been visiting Mrs. S. F. Neale, have returned home.

• • •

Mrs. Percy I. Creath and son returned to the city last evening from Lawrenceville, Va., where Mrs. Creath had been on a visit to her mother, also to be present at the marriage of her sister, Miss Grace Stanfield Short, to Mr. Joseph Jeter Pond, which occurred on June 14th, at 1:15 P. M., in Lawrenceville Baptist Church.

• • •

Miss Virginia Hagan has returned from Petersburg, where she was maid of honor at the Nelms-Beasley wedding.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Ellett will leave this morning to spend the early summer season at Atlantic City.

• • •

The many friends of Mr. H. C. Fletcher will learn with regret that the Pennsylvania tug No. 7 has been completed, and Mr. Fletcher will return to Brooklyn, New York.

• • •

Miss Mary S. Neale has returned home from Birmingham, Ala.

• • •

Miss Susie Young Creath returned home last evening from Lawrenceville, Va., where she went several adys ago to be where she went several days ago to be Stanfield Short and Mr. Joseph Jeter Pond.

• • •

Mrs. George B. Finch, of Boydton, Va., will be at No. 215 East Franklin Street for the next week.

• • •

Professor George Fitzgerald, of Miss Jennie Ellett's school, will leave to-day at 2 o'clock to take a three months' course at the University of Chicago.

• • •

Professor Lee McBain, assistant principal of Richmond High School, will also leave for three months to take an extra course at the same university. Both will return in September to take up their respective duties.

• • •

Mrs. H. L. Spilman will spend several weeks at the "Pollock Cottage," Virginia Beach.

• • •

Mrs. W. G. Ferguson and Miss Margaret Ferguson are visiting friends near Staunton, Va.

• • •

Mr. Ernest Smallman, who has been very ill since going to Bedford City, Va., is now much improved. He and Mrs. Smallman will go on an extended trip West as soon as he is able to travel.

• • •

Colonel and Mrs. John Murphy are stopping at "The Wiltshire," Atlantic City.

• • •

Mrs. W. A. Powers will spend the coming two weeks at the Washington Cottage, Virginia Beach.

• • •

Mrs. John A. Hancock will be in Bon Air, Va., for the next month.

• • •

Mrs. Charles Watkins will spend some time at Mr. Russell Buford's, at the University of Virginia.

• • •

The executive meeting held Wednesday by the ladies composing the board of the Home for Incurables brought out the fact that $300 was made for the Home clear of all expenses, at the concert given by the kindness of Mrs. John Murphy in the annex to Murphy's Hotel during May.

• • •

Calvary Baptist Sunday school will give its annual outing to West Point Saturday, June 18th.

The train leaves the Southern station at 8:15 A. M. A pleasant time is promised all who go.

POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Prof. Charles Eliot Norton.

No. 213.

THE NAMELESS ONE.

By MANGAM.

James Clarence Mangan was born May 1, 1803, in Dublin. He died in 1840. By occupation he was an attorney's clerk. His life was a tragedy of luckless love, poverty and intemperance. His biography was written by the Irish patriot, John Mitchel, Louise Imogen Guiney has also written an appreciative sketch of him in her edition of his selected poems. "Dreeing" means "Enduring."

William Maginn, born at Cork, July 10, 1793, died August 21, 1842. He was educated at Trinity, Dublin, and was a brilliant magazine writer in prose and verse. He led an irregular life.

Robert Burns was also irregular in his life, but, unlike Mangan, did not have recourse to opium. Burns' death was the result of exposure occasioned by intoxication; at least that is the story usually told. He was, however, a temperate man compared to Mangan.

ROLL forth, my song, like the rushing river
That sweeps along to the mighty sea;
God will inspire me while I deliver
My soul of thee!

Tell thou the world, when my bones lie whitening
Amid the last homes of youth and eld,
That once there was one whose veins ran lightning
No eye beheld.

Tell how his boyhood was one drear night-hour,
How shone for him, through his grief and gloom,
No star of all heaven sends to light our
Path to the tomb.

Roll on, my song, and to after ages
Tell how, disdaining all earth can give,
He would have taught men, from wisdom's pages,
The way to live.

And tell how trampled, derided, hated,
And worn by weakness, disease and wrong,
He fled for shelter to God, who mated
His soul with song;

With song which alway, sublime or vapid,
Flowed like a rill in the morning-beam,
Perchance not deep, but intense and rapid:
A mountain stream.

Tell how this Nameless, condemned for years long
To herd with demons from hell beneath,
Saw things that made him, with groans and tears, long
For even death.

Go on to tell how with genius wasted,
Betrayed in friendship, befooled in love,
With spirit shipwrecked, and young hope blasted,
He still, still strove,

Till, spent with toil, dreeing death for others,
(And some whose hands should have wrought for him,
If children live not for sires and mothers),
His mind grew dim;

And he fell far through that pit abysmal,
The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns,
And pawned his soul for the devil's dismal
Stock of returns;

But yet redeemed it in days of darkness,
And shapes and signs of the final wrath,
When death, in hideous and ghastly starkness,
Stood on his path.

And tell how now, amid wreck and sorrow,
And want, and sickness, and houseless nights,
He bides in calmness the silent morrow
That no ray lights.

And lives he still, then? Yes! Old and hoary
At thirty-nine, from despair and woe,
He lives, enduring what future story
Will never know.

Him grant a grave to, ye pitying noble,
Deep in your bosoms: there let him dwell!
He, too, had tears for all souls in trouble
Here, and in hell.

J. C. Mangan

This series began in The Times-Dispatch Sunday, October 11, 1903. One is published each day.

CORDES, MOSBY & CO. | CORDES, MOSBY & CO.

Ready-to-Wear Apparel

PRICES CUT EXACTLY IN HALF.

RARE CHANCES TO SAVE FOR FRIDAY'S AND SATURDAY'S SHOPPERS.

Linen Shirtwaist Suits.

New, Stylish and Half-Priced.

Our buyer was fortunate enough to secure a sample line of these at half their value. We are going to give our customers the benefit of this fortunate purchase. They are seventy-five in all, fashionably made of light-weight white and tan linen, all elaborately trimmed, with embroidery or lace. These go on sale Thursday morning at $6.98 and were made to sell at $16.50 and $18.50; you will readily see the bargain that is offered you, special..... $6.98

Silk Shirtwaist Suits.

Only twenty, are made of plain and fancy taffeta, peau de soie and Rajah; these were made to sell at $20 to $27.50 each; a fortunate pick up by our buyer, enables you to take your pick, at, special..... $12.50

CLEARING-UP SALE

Summer Shirt Waists

AT HALF PRICE.

All of our high-grade Custom-Made Waists, including every Madras, Mousseline and Colored Waist in our house, divided into four lots:

LOT 1—Waists that were $1.50 and $2; your pick 98c

LOT 2—Waists that were $3 to $3.75; your pick..... $1.59

LOT 3—Waists that were $4 and $4.50; your pick $1.98

LOT 4—Waists that were $5 and $6; your pick $2.98

Four Sensational Skirt Bargains.

Skirt bargains that will interest and suit you. Don't fail to read, call and see and you will be convinced, that you have never seen goods offered at such prices.

BARGAIN NO. 1—Very stylish and serviceable Skirts, of all wool, light and dark and fancy weave Cheviot and Kersey Walking and Dress Skirts; former prices $5, $7 and $7.50; your pick..... $2.98

BARGAIN NO. 2—Very fashionable Walking Skirts, newest cuts, made of cheviots, etamines, Panama and light-weight kerseys and fancy weave crashes; former price $8.50; your pick..... $3.98

BARGAIN NO. 3—A very select assortment of Taffeta Silk, Voile, Kersey, All-Wool Hopsacking and Crash Skirts; prices were $9 to $15; your pick.. $4.98

A Silk Petticoat Bargain.

Beautifully made of black taffeta, nine in all and only one of each style; prices were $12.50, $15 and $17.50; your pick..... $7.98

A Semi-Made Robe Bargain.

Twelve Robes of plain linen and linen etamine, trimmed in the most fashionable manner; former prices were $15 to $25; your pick..... $9.98

Cordes, Mosby & Co. HALF-PRICE SALE. Cordes, Mosby & Co.

GIVES ITS CONSENT.

Virginia Committee Acts on the Consecration of Dr. Strange.

The Standing Committee of Virginia has given its consent to the consecration of the Rev. Robert Strange, D. D., of this city, as bishop coadjutor of East Carolina. At its meeting, held a few days ago, the committee also recommended the ordination to the priesthood of the Rev. Ernest E. Osgood, of Emmanuel Church, Henrico, and the Rev. William Henry Darbie. Mr. S. Roger Tyler and Mr. C. G. Chamberlayne were recommended for ordination as deacons, and Mr. Guy D. Christian as a candidate for holy orders.

The Rev. George S. Vest, assistant at St. Paul's, this city, has been called to St. Thomas's parish, Christiansburg, Montgomery county, Va.

Extensive improvements are contemplated to the Sunday school of Christ Episcopal Church, of which the Rev. G. Otis Mead is rector. The present accommodations are insufficient to accommodate the attendance.

It is remored here that the name of the Rev. Dr. W. H. Whitsitt, of Richmond College, is prominently before the Nominating Committee of the University of Tennessee, which will meet on Monday in Knoxville to name a man for the presidency of the institution. Dr. Whitsitt will spend his vacation canvassing several Virginia counties in the interests of Richmond College.

The annual outing of the Broadus Memorial Bible school and the Sunday school of Immanuel Baptist Church will be held Monday at Buckroe Beach. The train leaves the Main Street Station at 8 A. M. and returns at 7 P. M.

REPORTER WAS ANXIOUS.

Bessie Gibson Failed to Answer After Having Been Bailed.

Bessie Gibson failed to answer to her name in the Police Court yesterday, and an attachment was sent out for her. In the meantime Bessie was in durance vile in Manchester, and naturally could not answer to her name.

A newspaper man had gone on Bessie's bond the day before at the First Police Station, and when she failed to appear the newspaper man got nervous and saw a week's salary going by the board, for Bessie had promised to appear in penalty of $50.

The Eacho-Hutzler affair was not investigated yesterday morning. Mr. Hutzler did not appear, and the case went over until this morning.

The affair started over a lost ticket from West Point, and when the party reached the Southern depot the two men got together in a little scrap. Officer Ogilvie arrested Mr. Eacho, and later Mr. Hutzler surrendered himself. The soldiers of the Grays, who came back from their outing on this train, separated the combatants.

John Harrison, a colored man, was charged with criminal assault on a small colored girl, but he was dismissed, as there was no evidence upon which to hold him.

The drunks were few.

"DAS IST GUT"

is good, plain German for "That is good," and that remark applies to every cake, every doughnut, every loaf of bread leaving this bake shop. Our reputation depends on our output—why should we imperil it by letting you have indifferent things to eat?

L. BROMM,

516 East Marshall Street.

THE NEWEST BOOKS

PUBLISHED AT $1.50,

Our Price, $1.08. By Mail, $1.20

BRED IN THE BONE—Thomas Nelson Page.
THE CROSSING—Winston Churchill.
WHERE THE TIDE COMES IN—Lucy Meacham Thruston.
DAUGHTERS OF NIJO—Onoto Watanna.
AN EVANS OF SUFFOLK—Anna Farquhar.
THE SIGN OF TRIUMPH—Sheppard Stevens.
THE BRIGHT FACE OF DANGER—R. N. Stephens.
HEMMING, THE ADVENTURER—Theodore Roberts.
AZALIM—Mark Ashton.
THE YOKE—Elizabeth Miller.
IN THE BISHOP'S CARRIAGE—Miriam Michelson.
THE GRAFTERS—Francis Lynde.
HULDAH—Alice Macgowan.
MEMORIES OF A BABY—Josephine Daskam.

Mail orders given prompt attention.

The Bell Book and Stationery Co.,
914 E. Main Street.

Enjoyed the Outing.

The faculty and students of Smithdeal Business College were given a delightful picnic on Wednesday afternoon and evening. The party went to Forest Hill Park on a special car, and after an hour or two of enjoyment, they still more enjoyed the delicious luncheon served.

Mrs. G. M. Smithdeal and Misses Stacy and Robertson chaperoned the party, and after romping and in many ways enjoying themselves, the company returned home delighted with their outing.

Visitors at Auditor's Office.

The employes of the Auditor's office are kept busy lately receiving the settlements of treasurers of cities and counties. These are supposed to be closed by June 1st, and most of the reports are in. Among the visitors in the office yesterday were Dr. J. P. Gilliam, of Chesterfield; Treasurer S. Y. Gilliam, of Dinwiddie; J. W. Bronaugh, Jr., of Manchester, and Sheriff W. M. Crouch, of Goochland.

Had No Quorum.

No quorum appeared in room No. 5 at the City Hall yesterday afternoon, and in consequence no meeting of the Street Committee was held. Another attempt will be made next Monday afternoon.

ELECTED OFFICERS IN THE AMERICAN GUILD

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA., June 16.—The Triennial District Convention, No. 1, of the American Guild, met here to-day at the Bingham House. It was a large and enthusiastic gathering of delegates. Hon. P. H. O'Brien, of New Haven, Conn., was elected chairman, Colonel E. Leslie Spence, of Richmond, Va., secretary, and S. Galeski, of Richmond, was elected representative to the Supreme Chapter, which convenes in Richmond, Va., January next.

C. & O.
SUNDAY OUTINGS
STILL THE FAVORITE.

There always has to be a leader in everything, and the Chesapeake and Ohio's every Sunday excursion occupies that position. For $1.00 you have the choice of two routes in and out of Norfolk, and you have also the choice of spending the day at Newport News, Buckroe Beach, Old Point, Willoughby Beach, Ocean View, Norfolk or Portsmouth, or you can divide your time between these resorts. Two special fast trains with parlor cars leave Richmond (Main Street Station) every Sunday, 6:30 and 9 A. M.; $1.00 round trip.

Going to Norfolk by the Chesapeake and Ohio you are landed in the heart of the city. Your route is combined, water and rail. You are taken to Old Point over a stone ballast track, making the Chesapeake and Ohio Sunday outing the most attractive that can be offered. Ten hours at the seaside. Three hours longer at Ocean View than via any other route.

CUT THIS OUT AND KEEP IT. You Will Want to Read this Story Later If Not Now

WITH EDGED TOOLS,

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

ONE OF MERRIMAN'S STRONGEST BOOKS

(CHAPTER XXXII—Continued.)

"No harm, sir, but we're just like two cats on a wall, watchin' each other and hating each other like blue poison. There's more villainy at that man's back than you think for—mark my words."

Joseph moved away towards the door.

"Do you know anything about him—anything shady?" cried Meredith after him.

"No sir. I don't know anything. But I suspects a whole boxful. One of these days I'll find him out, and if I catch him fair there'll be a rough-and-tumble. It'll be a pretty fight, sir, for them that's sittin' in the front row."

Joseph rubbed his hands slowly together and departed, leaving his master to begin a long letter to Guy Oscard.

And at the other end of the passage, in her room with the door locked, Jocelyn Gordon was sobbing in a wild burst of grief, because she had probably saved the life of Jack Meredith, and in doing so had only succeeded in sending him away from her.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

DARK DEALINGS.

"Only an honest man doing his duty."

When Jack Meredith said that there was not another man in Africa who could make his way from Loango to the Simiacins Plateau he spoke no more than the truth. There were only four men in all the world who knew the way, and two of them were isolated on the summit of a lost mountain in the interior. Meredith himself was unfit for the journey. There remained Joseph.

True, there were several natives who had made the journey, but they were as dumb and driven animals, fighting as they were told, carrying what they were given to carry, walking as many miles as they were considered able to walk. They hired themselves out like animals, and as the beasts of the field they did their work—patiently, without intelligence. Half of them did not know where they were going—what they were doing; the other half did not care. So much work so much wage was their terse creed. They neither noted their surroundings nor measured distance. At the end of their journey they settled down to a life of ease and leisure, which was to last until necessity drove them to work again. Such is the African. Many of them came from distant countries, a few were Zanzibaris, and went home made men.

If any doubt the inability of such men to steer a course through the wood, let him remember that three months' growth in an African forest will obliterate the track left by the passage of an army. If any hold that men are not created so dense and unambitious as has just been represented, let him look nearer home in our own merchant service. The able-bodied seaman goes to sea all his life, but he never gets any nearer navigating the ship—and he a white man.

In coming down to Loango Joseph had had the recently-made track of Oscard's rescuing party to guide him day by day. He knew that this was now completely overgrown. The Simiacine Plateau was once more lost to all human knowledge.

And up there—alone amid the clouds—Guy Oscard was, as he himself tersely put it, "sticking to it." He had stuck to it to such good effect that the supply of fresh young Simiacine was daily increasing in bulk. Again, Victor Durnovo seemed to have regained his better self. He was like a full-blooded horse—tractable enough if kept hard at work. He was a different man up on the Plateau to what he was down at Loango. There are some men who deteriorate in the wilds, while others are better, stronger, finer creatures away from the luxury of civilization and the softening influence of female society. Of these latter was Victor Durnovo.

Of one thing Guy Oscard soon became aware—namely, that no one could make the men work as could Durnovo. He had merely to walk to the door of his tent to make every picker on the little plateau bend over his tree with renewed attention. And while above all was eagerness and hurry, below, in the valley, this man's name insured peace.

The trees were now beginning to show the good result of pruning and a regular irrigation. Never had the leaves been so vigorous, never had the Simiacine-trees borne such a bushy, luxuriant growth since the dim, dark days of the Flood.

Oscard relapsed into his old hunting ways. Day after day he tranquilly shouldered his rifle, and alone, or followed by one attendant only, he disappeared into the forest, only to emerge therefrom at sunset. What he saw there he never spoke of. Sure it was that he must have seen strange things, for no prying white man had set foot in these wilds before him; no book has ever been written of that country that lies around the Simiacine Plateau.

He was not the man to worry himself over uncertainties. He had an enormous faith in the natural toughness of an Englishman, and while he crawled breathlessly in the track of the forest monsters he hardly gave a thought to Jack Meredith. Meredith, he argued to himself, had always risen to the occasion; why should he not rise to this? He was not the sort of man to die from want of staying power, which, after all, is the cause of more deaths than we dream of. And when he had recovered he would either return or send back Joseph with a letter containing those suggestions of his which were really orders.

Of Millicent Chyne he thought more often, with a certain tranquil sense of a good time to come. In her also he placed a perfect faith. A poet has found out that, if one places faith in a man, it is probable that the man will rise to trustworthiness—of woman he says nothing. But of these things Guy Oscard knew little. He went his own tranquilly strong way, content to buy his own experience.

He was thinking of Millicent Chyne one misty morning while he walked slowly backward and forward before his tent. His knowledge of the country told him that the mist was nothing but the night's accumulation of moisture round the summit of the mountain; that down in the valleys it was clear, and that half an hour's sunshine would disperse all. He was waiting for this result when he heard a rifle-shot far away in the haze beneath him; and he knew that it was Joseph—probably making one of those marvellous long shots of his which roused a sudden sigh of envy in the heart of this mighty hunter whenever he witnessed them.

Oscard immediately went to his tent and came out with his short-barrelled, evil-looking rifle on his arm. He fired both barrels in quick succession and waited, standing gravely on the edge of the Plateau. After a short silence two answering reports rose up through the mist to his straining ears.

He turned and found Victor Durnovo standing at his side.

"What is that?" asked the half-breed.

"It must be Joseph," answered, Guy, "or Meredith. It can be nobody else."

"Let us hope that it is Meredith," said Durnovo, with a forced laugh, "but I doubt it."

Oscard looked down in his sallow, powerful face. He was not quick at such things, but at that moment he felt strangely certain that Victor Durnovo was hoping that Meredith was dead.

"I hope it isn't," he answered, and without another word he strode away down the little pathway from the summit into the clouds, loading his rifle as he went.

Durnovo and his men, working among the Simiacine bushes, heard from time to time a signal shot as the two Englishmen groped their way towards each other through the everlasting night of the African forest.

It was mid-day before the new-comers were espied making their way painfully up the slope, and Joseph's welcome was not so much in Durnovo's hand-shake, in Guy Oscard's silent approval, as in the row of grinning, good-natured black faces behind Durnovo's back.

That night laughter was heard in the men's camp for the first time for many weeks—nay, several months. According to the account that Joseph gave to his dusky admirers, he had been on terms of the closest familiarity with the wives and families of all who had such at Loango or on the Coast. He knew the mother of one, had met the sweetheart of another, and confessed that it was only due to the fact that he was not "a marryin' man" that he had not stayed at Loango for the rest of his life. It was somewhat singular that he had nothing but good news to give.

Durnovo heard the clatter of tongues, and Guy Oscard, smoking his contemplative pipe in a camp-chair before his hut door, noticed that the sound did not seem very welcome.

Joseph's arrival with ten new men seemed to give a fresh zest to the work, and the carefully packed cases of Simiacine began to fill Oscard's tent to some inconvenience. Thus things went on for two tranquil weeks.

"First," Oscard had said, "let us get the crop in, and then we can arrange what is to be done about the future."

So the crop received due attention; but the two leaders of the men—he who led by fear and he who commanded by love—were watching each other.

One evening, when the work was done, Oscard's meditations were disturbed by the sound of angry voices behind the native camp. He turned naturally towards Durnovo's tent, and saw that he was absent. The voices rose and fell; there was a singular accompanying roar of sound which Oscard never remembered having heard before. It was the protesting voice of a mass of men—and there is no sound like it—none so disquieting. Oscard listened attentively, and sudenly he was thrown upon his feet by a pistol-shot.

(To Be Continued To-morrow.)

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