THE BLUE BOMB

By J. V. Gisey

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SYNOPSIS

Ned Gafford, who has been unjustly accused of treason when at West Point, and gone to Japan, has become an opium slave. While in an opium dream, he overhears a conversation between two Japanese who want a war against the U. S. for the sake of selling their "Blue Bombs," which are an invention of Karloff, a Russian Nihilist.

Later Gafford saves Shiela McRae, daughter of the American Secretary of of State, from abduction by Oshitua, the Japanese of whose crime Gafford was accused.

She urges him to regain his manhood for the sake of his country, so with the help of "White Kate" he overcomes his drug habit.

While he is kept imprisoned, Shiela is abducted by Oshitu." White Kate" hears of it, and sends Gafford to her rescue.

Gafford was out as they touched. To his stooping eyes the moonlight showed the fresh marks of feet in the sand. They turned inland a few feet from the spot where he stood. Bent low above the trail, he began to follow it back from the shore until it was lost. With a sickening confession he realized that again he was a few minutes tardy. But the small prints of a woman's shod feet told him that the girl of the Nippon had gone that way. Abandoning the vanished track, he plunged straight ahead at a sharp dog trot.

It was only a tiny bit of volcanic upheaval raised above the waters of the bay, after all. The pace at which he was charging forward rapidly carried him to its very center, without his having heard anything or found a trace of those he sought. He paused and looked uncertainly around in the moonlight, and in the same minute he heard a sound. It was sharp, incisive, not to be mistaken—the cough of a motor-boat's exhaust. It came from ahead toward the opposite side of the island. Gafford caught his breath as its meaning grasped him, clenched his fists against his body, and broke into a run. As he ran he dragged out his revolver and carried it in his hand.

And while he strained forward, panting from the unaccustomed exertion, the rattle of the gas explosions grew on the night and settled down to a steady roar.

He came in sight of the beach and of a trim launch, into which several men seemed lifting an impassive figure. With a yell he leaped forward and charged down upon the group. One of them, standing a little apart, turned toward him. A dart of flame leaped out, and Gafford heard the whine of the bullet as it sped past. He lifted his own weapon and fired as he ran. His panting breath and his motion caused his shot to go wild. In the few instants since he had seen them, they had placed the burden they carried in the launch.

Now the man who had fired at his appearance leaped aboard. The launch moved forward, gained headway, and swept from the shore. Gafford reached the water's edge and paused breathless before the strip of widening water. By just that much he was again too late. Oshitu had made good his escape. From impulse rather than purpose, the man on the beach lifted his revolver and fired again after the speeding launch. In a way it was a defiance, a declaration of war to the last.

A moment later he began to retrace his steps. He had but one thought now—to get back to Kate and report his pitiful failure, and plan how he might still continue the pursuit. "God help her! God help her!" he panted as he ran across the island to where he had left the sampan. Surely the woman who had gone an unwilling captive on the launch of Oshitu had need of help.

He found his man waiting. For a moment he had feared that even he might have deserted. But no doubt he, too, had heard the pant of the launch's escape, and decided to wait for his passenger and collect his pay. Gafford boarded the sampan in silence, and courtly ordered the man back to the water-front.

A man of a lesser fiber would have been totally cast down. Gafford, on the other hand, seemed to himself to be turning to ice. The continued success which attended his enemy's efforts was rousing a deadly cold purpose of combat within him which nothing else could have done.

The fight, aside from all question of nations, was narrowing to a personal issue. This man had begun by wrecking his life prospects, soiling his name, driving him into exile, and to the very brink of the oblivion of the lost. Now once more he was flaunting his every effort. Tonight he had won by the narrow margin of a strip of water—but he had won. Deep in his soul, Gafford swore that the next time he would not win.

From now on he would take up the trail, and not pause until he had run him down. He had a triple purpose to urge him; the life of a nation, the honor of a pure woman, and his personal score. Each foot that the sampan crept back across the moon-silvered water seemed to put some of the steely reflection of the glinting rays into his soul. His face took on new lines of firmness while he sat and waited for his arrival at the beach.

The white yacht lay sleeping as they passed her. Not a soul aboard her dreamed that the girl who had come as her honored guest to this port had been abducted under their very eyes. Gafford scanned her closely, reading the lettered "Nantucket" upon her pointed bows. And it seemed to him that at that instant a new link in the chain of his endeavors was forged by Fate. He nodded slightly in approval of the thought which had waked, and began to plan anew.

Gradually the sampan moved up the harbor. The little fire of the boatmen winked from the beach. After a time they reached it, and Gafford sprang ashore. Without a glance he handed the astonished boatman a piece of gold. How much it was or how little he did not notice as he turned away.

The man burst into frantic avowals of undying gratitude and cut them suddenly short. The man he addressed was already racing along the beach in the direction of the quay.

"They are an odd people, these Americans," mused the boatman, "and I am certainly lucky beyond all my hopes. Here in my hand I hold much rice and fish, and the price of a fowl or two. Ai! The Gods are good."

Gafford in the mean time had reached the first street of shops, and still running, arrived at the House of Moon Faces. He entered and made his way back through the tea-rooms, spied White Kate as he passed, and signed her to follow. Once in the seclusion of her rooms he turned upon her with a white face and lips that snarled.

"They have beaten us, Kate," he said harshly. "They got the girl. I was too late."

CHAPTER VII.

A Self-Possessed Coolie.

White Kate's lids half closed for a second. Her hand, half lifted to her bosom, clenched.

"Where have you been then?" she questioned quickly. "Gaffy—you haven't—"

Gafford laughed roughly.

"No, I haven't!" he snapped in answer. "I've been too busy, and I've been a little bit of all over. I took a boat-ride on the bay to pass the time."

Kate bit her lips. "Forgive me," she requested. "You were gone such a long time, and I have been anxious. What do you mean by that stuff about the bay?"

"Sit down. We've got to talk," said Gafford. "Give me a cigarette."

She handed him one from a package in the sleeve of her kimono, and he lit it while she dropped to a seat.

"It's just as I told you," he went on. "I was too late. I always have been too late in my dealings with Oshitu; but, by the Lord, I'll catch up with him yet! That's what I want to talk with you about. I'm on his trail. I'll find him and his bombs and this girl. Think of her, Kate, kidnaped and dragged off by that yellow devil! Think what her fate must be." He ground his teeth in an access of rage and loathing disgust.

"I am thinking of her," said White Kate in a strange tone of voice. It seemed, indeed, as if she might be thinking of something or some one far away. "Well, what will you do next? Have you formed any plan?"

"Follow him, Kate. Just follow him. Follow them both until I get Oshitu, and destroy his menace to our country and save that girl. You're sure your information about the steward on the yacht was correct?"

"I think so, Gaffy. What happened tonight would go to prove it."

"Right. Now, another question: could that geisha find out anything about where Oshitu is buried while he makes these bombs?"

"Not directly. Still, it may be that one remark will serve," said Kate. "She heard him tell Yamata to address him under the name of Hashimoto at Kobe. That would look as though he were somewhere in that region."

Gafford nodded. "And it would be made comment. Somewhere back of Kobe they could tuck a plant away in the hills. Kate, I think I had better go to Kobe tonight."

White Kate widened her eyes. "Go to Kobe tonight? How?" she gasped.

"In the Nantucket — McRae's yacht," Gafford replied.

Kate smiled.. "They'd be likely to take you without McRae's orders or permission. You yourself said he was in Tokyo. Oshitu knew that when he chose his time to strike."

"I've an idea they'll take me all the same," said Gafford; "and there's something you've got to do. I want to be disguised."

"As what?" inquired Kate.

"As a Jap. If I'm going poking around the neighborhood of Kobe on Oshitu's trail I can't go as a white man, can I? You've got to make me up. You haven't forgotten the art since you left the stage, have you?"

White Kate shook her head. "I see," she said. "You'll want a coolie suit and not much else, except to have your skin painted. All right, Gaffy; I still have my make-up outfit. I'll get it. Strip yourself to the waist."

Gafford nodded, rose and threw off his jacket and shirt. Meanwhile, White Kate knelt at a trunk and rummaged out an old stage make-up box, which she brought back to a stand and pushed to Gafford's side. She rolled back the sleeves of her kimono, preparatory to mixing a stain which should darken his skin; and suddenly Gafford cried out:

"Kate! What have you done to your arms?"

White Kate gave him a glance and a smile. "Nothing," she said.

"But those bruises! You're black and blue to the shoulders! It looks as though some one had struck and maltreated you. What happened? Who did it? I want to know!"

"I'm glad you don't know." She smiled her response. "I didn't think you did—but I'm glad. I've more of the things on my body, Gaffy. You tried to get out of the room the other day, and you nearly made it. I called for help, and it came just in time."

Gafford's eyes dilated in shocked horror. "You mean—I—did that—attacked you—made those marks? Kate!" He clenched his hands and turned to pace the length of the room and back to her side. When he spoke again his voice was tense with emotion. "I'm sorry, Kate—more sorry than you can know. God! I must have sunk to the beast level to have done a thing like that. I never lifted my hand to a woman, yellow or brown or white, before, no matter what happened. I didn't think I ever would."

He put out a tentative finger and touched her arm. "Are they painful? But of course they are."

"Never mind it, boy," said the woman. "It wasn't you, Gaffy—it was the thing we were both fighting. You didn't know what you were doing and I don't mind the bruises. They were won in a good cause. Oh, boy, I'm so glad to see you conquer! Don't say a word more about it. Come here and let me make you up."

He seated himself without a word, and she set to work sponging his skin with a brown stain. By and by he told her of the events of the evening—the trip to the Nippon, the pursuit to the island, and the escape of Oshitu with the girl.

"I suppose he'll run straight outside," he surmised, "and transfer her to a vessel or a coasting banka, or they may even run up the coast in the launch. They could do it. Anyway, I figure that Oshitu will take her with him, and Oshitu is evidently going to Kobe. The girl has spirit, and he won't find her an easy victim. It took several of them to put her in the launch, and from the way they handled her I imagine she was bound."

"Poor kid!" said White Kate as he paused.

She began working on his face, finished, and dropped down and rolled up the legs of his trousers; tinted his feet and legs from the knees, and rose. She picked up a hand-glass and held it to him.

"Take a look at yourself," she invited. "Thank Heaven, Gaffy, your hair is straight and black and your eyes brown. I think your hair had better be cut short."

Gafford looked at his changed self, while she plied a pair of scissors and a comb. He grinned at the new visage which looked back at him.

"You might add that the high cheek bones are an asset, too," he observed as he laid the glass down. "How long will this dye stuff last?"

"About three days if you don't wash," said Kate. "I'll give you a bottle of stain to take along."

Half an hour later he was ready. To all seeming he was nothing more than a coolie. Dozens of his fellows could be picked up any day on the waterfront or be seen playing their parts of bearers, drawers of rickshaws, rowers of sampans, beasts of burden on the wharves and lighters. Unlike them, he carried Yamata's revolver and a supply of cartridges, a small mirror, a strong knife, a bottle of stain, and a sponge, to which Kate now added a small chamois bag with a long string.

"What is it?" asked Gafford. "A charm?"

"The most potent of charms," she retorted. "It will open doors, prisons, secrets, and other things. It's money, boy."

"How much?"

"A thousand, Gaffy."

"Dollars?"

"Yes."

A slow flush mounted in Gafford's cheeks under the stain, and he put down the bag.

"I can't take it, Kate," he protested. "I already owe you too much, anyway, both of money and other things. A man can't take money from a woman and keep his self-respect."

"But how are you going to get along without it?" she argued. "How are you going to Kobe? Oh, don't be silly, Gaffy! Take the rotten stuff and turn it to some good."

"I'll get to Kobe all right," he assured her. "I've got a scheme."

"But I'm not giving it to you," she persisted. "I'm giving it to the fight for our country. You'll need funds to put this thing through. You're doing the work, running the risks, endangering your life. Won't you let me do my part? You don't mean to shut me out? It's my country as much as yours, Gaffy, and it doesn't matter what I am or what I've done. I love it, Gaffy—I love it as a person does something he can't ever have any more. Please, Gaffy—" she extended the bag toward him— "please boy. My part, Gaffy—my part."

"But I don't need it. I can get money to put this over, I tell you. I'm sure of it, Kate. Why, McRae'd put up ten times what I'll need when he knows. I've an idea you've been saving that to go back to a white man's world with some time. You've spoken of such things to me—before this. I can't take that money from you, girl. I—"

White Kate set her lips in purpose. Her face quivered for an instant and then she spoke:

"We're wasting precious time. You haven't time to get word to McRae, let alone get money from him, Gaffy. I told you once that perhaps I'd tell you what it was that brought me to this place—why I killed that man. I'm going to tell you now. Listen.

"In those days when you first knew me back home I had a sister. She was younger than I. Virgie we called her; her name was Virginia. She was just a living sunshine in those days. And because there are men who can't see a beautiful thing without wanting to possess and crush it, and because Virgie was a child in her faith in a promise, though a woman in years, the sunshine of her life went out. When it was too late she came to me and told me all about it. It was one night in my dressing room, after the show. There isn't any use telling about that scene. I took my little crushed baby sister in my arms and promised to stand by her. That night she died, Gaffy—by her own hand.

"From that time on I lived for revenge. She had told me the name of the man who had wronged her, and I made it a point to get into touch with him. I threw myself in his way, and after a time he took notice. I outdid all my acting in trying to fascinate him, and all the time I loathed him, hated him, meant to kill him when I could. Finally I yielded to his pleading and agreed to meet him in a certain place.

"I met him, Gaffy, and I told him about my sister, and then I killed him, while he groveled on the floor like a dog and begged me not to shoot. They didn't find him for two days, and by then I was gone. I left the country, and I've drifted to this. Now, do you understand?

"That girl who was stolen tonight is the same sort of girl as my sister—young, sweet, full of life and ambition and hope. She is in deadly peril in the hands of a man whom we know to be a brute. Can you think what it means to her—what it may mean to her? Gaffy, I want you to save her before it is too late, as I would have saved my sister had I known in time. I want you to take this money and go save her from what threatens.

"I'm not giving you this money, or lending it to you, or anything like that. I'm giving it as a pledge for her life and honor. Take it and go. Take it as a pledge from one woman for another, from the one who would like to be as simple as the other is. Please, boy, understand and take it and go. Please, Gaffy, please!" She paused and began to tremble. "Oh, for God's sake, let me be worthy of the name of woman just once!" she cried out.

"Kate!" said Gafford. "Kate! Don't! I never knew how you felt; I never dreamed. Here; give me the stuff. I'll take it and I'll save that girl with it. You're white—a white woman, Kate—the real thing—white. I'm going now, old girl; wish me luck."

She seized his hand and wrung it. "God go with you, boy," she said with a sob. "There won't be a minute of the time till I hear but I shall be thinking of you. Goodby, Gaffy, and—luck."

A dim shape slipped into the alley back of the tea-house of Moon Faces. It slunk along in the shadows as though seeking their protection. Its bare feet made no sound as it shuffled over the uneven passage. It reached the end of the alley and turned along the street which led to the quay.

Some time after a sleepy sampan coolie, lying outstretched on the sand was surprised beyond measure to open his eyes and discover what appeared to be another of his ilk bending above him.

He started up, and his surprise grew. The seeming coolie placed a round piece of gold in his hand and whispered. To the wakened one's sense of hearing it seemed that he said: "For Nippon."

Before he could collect his wits further the figure had left him, stalked to his sampan, shoved it into the water, and leaped aboard. Ere he could scramble to his feet and cry a protest the figure in the boat had seated itself and begun to row.

The coolie's eyes came back to the gold in his hand. He lifted his fingers and scratched his head. "Two gold pieces in one night!" he exclaimed to himself and sat down on the sand. "Ai! what a night indeed! Ai! My luck has changed!" He lost interest in all else and sat counting his gold. The figure in the sampan rowed on.

It seemed in truth to be a night of surprises. The officer of the Nantucket's deck in the first watch was surprised to see what appeared to be the head of a native appear above the forward rail just after four bells had gone. It was followed by the arms, shoulders, and body of the man, who came over and dropped to the deck.

Mr. Mathison, second officer, deemed it about time to take a hand. He sped forward and reached the figure, where it was just scrambling to its feet.

"Here!" he rasped sharply in good United States. "What in time are you trying to do? Get off this boat!"

Immediately he received his second surprise. The coolie finished the process of rising, surveyed him calmly, and addressed him in perfectly good English: "I really can't do it, old fellow. There's a considerable tide running, and the sampan I came in is by now somewhere between here and the China Sea. You wouldn't ask a man to swim a tide rip, now would you?"

Mathison's jaw dropped and then closed with a snap. "Who the devil are you?" he demanded. "What are you coming aboard like this for? What do you want?"

"To begin with," said the coolie, "I am as white as you are. I came aboard by your stay chains because the accommodation ladder wasn't down, and I want to see your sailing master or captain right away."

"If that's all so, why didn't you hail us?" Mathison was suspicious.

The coolie grinned. "It requires a harsher spirit, Mr. Officer, to throw a man off after he has boarded than to keep him from getting on," he advised. "Still, we're wasting time, rather. My mission is important, and I would suggest that you notify your superior of my presence. Just tell him how I got here and say that my errand concerns Mr. McRae."

Mathison started. "McRae?" he repeated in evident surprise. "Here, you come with me. We'll get you to a light and see what you look like, anyway."

He led the unexpected guest back to the rear of the deck-house, opened a door, and escorted him to the after saloon, beckoned one of the watch to stand guard outside the door, and then turned and looked his companion up and down. He was a young, well-set-up fellow, whose face now wore a puzzled frown. "You may be white. You sure speak like a white man. What are you—secret service?" he asked.

"I'll explain to your captain," said the coolie, and sank into a chair.

Mathison frowned again, more deeply, turned, and disappeared from the room. He was back again in a few moments and signed the coolie to follow. "Come into the captain's cabin," he directed, and led the way.

Captain Spry, of the Nantucket, sat on the edge of his berth as the second officer and the other man came in. Out of deference to his rank he had put on his cap, beneath which his ruddy face rose from the jacket of a suit of pajamas.

He eyed his unceremonious visitor with frank interest as he came in His keen gray eyes widened somewhat when the coolie drew himself up to attention and gave him a correct military salute.

"Well, well," grumbled the captain. "Who are you, my man?"

"Captain," replied the newcomer. "I am Lieutenant Edward Gafford—some time of the U. S. Engineers."

"Gafford!" The captain started and stammered. "Old Dan Gafford's son Ned?"

"The same, sir."

Spry's face grew a more ruddy color. "You've got a crust to come aboard a government vessel, I must say, Gafford," he burst out gruffly. "I heard you'd come this side, but I never looked for this.".

Gafford felt the blood rush into his own cheeks at the words, but he controlled himself by an effort.

"I don't wish to speak of the past, but of the present, captain," he said coldly. "I came out here for only one purpose. It was to tell you that Miss McRae was kidnaped tonight from the Hotel Nippon by the Japanese."

"Kidnaped? Miss Shiela?" Spry repeated dryly. "What sort of a fairy story is that?"

"It's the truth sir, and I think I can prove what I say. I happen to know that her father left her at the Nippon while he went secretly to Tokyo. I also know that he has not returned, yet tonight Miss McRae received what purported to be a letter from him, asking her to leave the hotel and come to him aboard the yacht. She—"

"Hold on!" interrupted Spry. "How did you get hold of those facts? Where did such a letter come from?"

"From this ship!"

"That's a lie—a damnable lie!" howled the captain. 'What are you up to, Gafford? That is, if you are Gafford. Are you acting as a Japanese spy? You sold your country once. Are you—"

"Stop!" Gafford leaned forward with clenched hands and bared teeth. "Captain Spry, if it wasn't that I can't afford to quarrel with you, because our country needs us both, acting in concert, at this minute, I would make you eat that cowardly remark. What if I can prove that that letter came from the Nantucket—was written aboard her and used to lure Miss McRae to her fate?"

"I'll apologize and believe you a wronged man from first to last," flared Spry, with total confidence.

"Good! I'll remember that promise," accepted Gafford. "Now tell me, have you a Jap steward aboard?"

"Yes."

"Where did you get him?"

"Where did we get him? Why, good Lord, we picked him up before we cleared! He's been with us all the way across."

"Does he read and write English?"

"Guess he does," admitted the captain. "He turns in his lists and requisitions in that."

"Write a good hand?"

"Fair."

"Is he aboard now—tonight?"

"I believe so. Why?"

"Suppose you call a couple of men and we go see," suggested Gafford. "It would be interesting to know."

Spry shot him a glance and shook his head. "No need of starting talk," he decided. "I'll send Mathison to call him." He glanced at the second officer, who turned and left the room.

"I presume," he resumed after the mate was gone," that you mean the steward wrote this decoy note?"

"Not only that," said Gafford, "but I believe that he forged Secretary McRae's handwriting, so that Miss McRae had no reason to doubt the authenticity of the note."

"But how do you know it worked? Maybe she did doubt it," queried Spry.

"Shiela McRae is no fool, young man."

Gafford shook his head. "It worked, Captain Spry. A man named Oshitu, a member of the war party and an officer in their army, went to the Nippon tonight and represented himself as an escort sent to take her to the yacht. She left. I know, for I have been to the Nippon. They brought her to the water front, took a sampan, and carried her to an island just below us. I followed, and I was just too late to stop their getting away in a launch."

Captain Spry swore in amazement. "You mean to say—" he began and paused. A sound of running footsteps came from the outer alley, and Mathison burst in. The salute he gave was perfunctory in the extreme, and he began speaking even as he raised his hand. "The steward is not in quarters, captain. I took the liberty of looking around a bit. Apparently he's left the ship—cleared out."

Captain Bill Spry came out of his berth in a bound. "By Heaven!" he roared, turning to Gafford. "It begins to look as if you knew more about what was going on on my ship than I do. Come along, both of you, till we search that yellow sneak's room." Without waiting even to thrust his bare feet into slippers, he dashed out and turned forward toward the steward's cabin.

Gafford and Mathison followed. The latter shook his head. "Don't see how he did it," he remarked to Gafford. "He was around at ten o'clock. How did he get away?"

"Probably tied his personal stuff to his head and put on a life-belt, slid down a rope, and swam. These chaps are fish, Mathison, and he could swim to the island, join Oshitu in the launch, and make a clean getaway."

The steward's cabin was empty. Spry, Mathison and Gafford stood and stared around. The place was neat as a pin. The bunk, neatly made, had not been disturbed. A small steamer trunk peeped from beneath the berth. Spry stooped and dragged it out. It was locked.

"No trace," growled the captain. "Well, anyway, Mr. Gafford, I guess this proves your case—on the face of it, at least."

"Wait a bit," said Gafford. With a quick stride he crossed to the folding desk in the bulkhead upon which the absent steward had kept his accounts. Its key was sticking in its lock. Gafford turned it and let the leaf drop outward and down. In the neat compartments were tied bundles and pads of paper and a small leather-bound book. It was the latter which Gafford drew out and laid on the leaf.

He opened it and saw that it was the steward's record of stores and supplies. Leafing its pages rapidly, he came to the final entry and stopped appalled, scarcely believing his eyes.

Pasted to the leaf of the book was a single sheet of paper, embossed with the name of the yacht. His eyes swept over the written lines it contained, and he drew a short breath. Success beyond his wildest dreams had come to him in the last moment. The tale of the geisha to Kate stood verified. With a pounding pulse he finished the written proof.

On Board the Yacht.

Shiela:—I've come back from the capitol quite unexpectedly this evening. I am on the yacht now, in conference with Prince Ito, and as soon as we have finished it will be necessary to get away. As time presses, the prince has been so good as to ask Captain Hashimoto of his staff to act as your escort from the hotel. Pack your bags and come with him at once. I enclose enough to settle with the hotel, In haste,

Dad.

Below this, with the methodical impassivity of his race, the man had written: "Account balanced and closed."

It seemed to Gafford that now indeed his fate had stepped in and taken a directing hand, which had led him to the book. The steward had purposely arranged for the discovery of his work, but had not expected it to be so soon. Yet he had meant that it should be discovered, and had deliberately flaunted his treachery in the faces of those he had deceived. Gafford could imagine him grinning as he wrote, "Account balanced and closed," before putting the book on its shelf.

A choking oath at his elbow roused him and told him that Spry had also read the lying screed which had served to dupe the girl. His ruddy face was purple as he took the book from Gafford and thrust it under his arm.

"It's a deliberate challenge," he growled hoarsely. "A thought out admission that was all planned before hand, just as you said. 'Account balanced and closed!' Like hell it is; it's just opened! That settles it. I'm with you. What do you want me to do?"

"Take me to Kobe," Gafford told him. "I happen to know Oshitu will make for there first. Can you do it at once?"

To Be Continued.

THE WILD BOAR

He's Clever, Swift, Fearless, Ill-Tempered and Dangerous.

Where the range is so wide it is difficult to award the palm; but the sport of the East is generally acknowledged to be pig-sticking. Beaters assisted by elephants are usually employed to find the quarry, the hunters being mounted and armed with spears. In some parts a long spear of about seven feet is used, like a lance. Elsewhere a shorter jabbing weapon is used, which is grasped near the loaded butt end (weighted with lead) and held pointing downward.

The boar is, without doubt, the most courageous of all animals. Moreover, he is possessed of one of the worst tempers, and has most effective weapons with which to vent it upon his foes in the shape of sharp, curved tushes. He stands about two feet six inches or more at the withers, and in spite of his great weight is extraordinarily quick. For about a mile he is too fast for any horse over the rough ground he is generally found upon. His weight carries him crashing through small obstacles, while he can, and will, jump the larger ones. He never loses his head, no matter how hard he is being hustled along—a trait which no other beast of the chase can boast—and never forgets to put all and every kind of obstacle between himself and his pursuers.

When at last overtaken he will turn on his foes, charging with sudden and extraordinary rapidity, although perhaps wounded, again and again finally taking refuge beneath some overhanging thorn-trees or other place where he cannot be reached on horseback, to stand at bay. Then it becomes necessary to attack him on foot—a very dangerous proceeding. At least two sportsmen must go in together for he will probably charge once more, and his weight (even if the spear goes into him) will throw a single man over.—Edward Fitzjames in Wide World Magazine.

Nothing Omitted.

The late Calvin Wells," said a Philadelphian, "was at a social gathering in Pittsburg at the time of the Boer war. A British visitor praised the valor of the British troops. Inasmuch as the Boers were having everything their own way at that time, this made us all smile.

"Well, the Briton began to praise one of Gen. Buller's retreats.

"'Buller,' he said, 'was splendid. He retired without losing a man, or a flag, or a gun.'

"'Yes,' said Mr. Wells, 'or a minute.'"

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