

THE WAY TO HAPPINESS

I met a man the other day Whose sunny manner seemed to say That he had found the Happy Way. I asked the secret of his smile, He gave a thoughtful look the while And answered somewhat in this style. Six things have I that spell content, Six things that mean a life well spent, That make for real accomplishment: A Peaceful Mind, A Grateful Heart, A Love for all that's true, A Helpful Hand, Real Tolerance And Lots of Things to Do.

I took my way with courage new With kinder feelings, broader view, Trying to think his answer through. That man had found the secret key Of how to live and what to be, And passed it on to you and me. Then let us try his simple plan Of Faith in God and Love to man. And imitate him if we can. S. W. Graffm

SPORT!

Sam Chadwick, who earned his living precariously by farm work and less precariously by shooting other people's partridges and rabbits, leaned over the white garden gate.

"Morin', Captain Ridley," he said. Ridley, a lean, wiry man of forty-five, weather-beaten and clean-shaven, paused in his task of cutting down dead delphiniums and hollyhocks and lupines.

"Mornin', Captain Ridley," he said. "Doin' a bit of tidin', sir?" "Yes. This rubbish will have to be burned."

"Ah!" said Chadwick. He dug his yellow teeth into a lump of plug tobacco and tugged and twisted. "You got to keep on all the time if you want a garden to be a garden."

Ridley went on with his work. "Fine, 'untin' day," said Chadwick, who was in no hurry to be gone. "Good scent. 'Ark at them 'ounds givin' tongue. That'll be over to Blackcap Woods. 'Ear 'em, sir?"

"Yes, I hear them," said Ridley. He straightened his back and gazed through puckered eyelids in the direction indicated by Sam Chadwick's nod.

The day was fine and clear. Not even in England is the month of November always cold and wet and foggy. The gale of the week before had blown itself out; a soft breeze blew from the southwest; the sun shone on the vivid green of the meadows and the brown bare woods and the distant blue hills.

"Good 'untin' country, this," said Chadwick. He turned and spat over his shoulder. "So they say," Ridley said. "Grand sport, fox-'untin'."

"It's not. It isn't a sport at all." "Er?" said Chadwick, unable to believe his ears. "Why, the 'ighest in the land goes fox-'untin'. Foxes is vermin."

"I know that. That's why if foxes come prowling around my place I shoot them, as the farmers do."

"If the master got to 'ear of it 'e'd 'ave a fit."

"Ah! The master? Sir James Brattle. It's a wonder to me, Captain Ridley, you don't go 'untin' yourself."

Ridley continued to stare across the meadows toward the distant woods through which some wretched fox was being harried.

After a while Chadwick said: "You've made changes in Sheepfold since you bought the property, ain't you, sir? For the better, all of 'em."

Ridley nodded his head. Yes, he had made a good many changes, and for the better, Chadwick was right. He had laid down another strip of lawn by the side of the small apple orchard. He had planted dwarf and standard rosebushes. He had cut down a large dead willow tree that was an eyesore.

He had made a shrubbery and a rockery. And the iron fences that had divided the rambling garden from the young pine wood and the meadow that sloped down toward Packman's Brook he had taken away, so that now he could walk from the stone terrace in front of his little old-fashioned red-brick house across the lawn and through the roses into his fifteen acres of pasture with no intervening barrier. He liked to feel he was free. Fences and hedges irked him.

"You mean to settle 'ere permanent?" Chadwick asked. "I think so." Ridley cut a clump of dead Canterbury bells and smiled dryly at Chadwick's questioning.

The country folk regarded him with suspicion, he knew, because he was a stranger and because he did not talk about himself and his humdrum past and because he had, so far as they were aware, no friends. But why should he talk, even to Sam Chadwick, who like himself had been at sea? What interest could it be to anyone to know that he had bought Sheepfold with the money that had come to him through the salvaging of the Armadillo in mid-Atlantic with her passengers and cargo? Why should he have to reveal his secret thoughts—his love of England, the English country, the fields and woods and hills, the animals and birds and flowers; his hatred of shams and cruelty; and his sorrow—the loss of his wife just when life offered him at last the peace and quiet he had always craved?

Chadwick, still leaning across the gate, said: "'Ark at 'em. I bet the 'unt's put up about ten old foxes in Blackcap Woods. Last night

when I came through there I seen two of 'em playin' like puppies." "Out late, weren't you?" said Ridley.

"Ah!" Chadwick glanced at him shrewdly. "I was that. My old woman, she warn't well, and I 'ad to go to the village for a bottle of medicine." He went on hastily, not wishing to be cross-examined. "They're comin' nearer. Mebbe we'll see the pack in full cry and the 'unt followin'." Ah! there's a sight, Captain Ridley: all them fine ladies and gentlemen on the blooded 'orses, ridin' after the one little red fox."

"Why do you keep on calling me 'Captain'?" "Your man, Sharman, told Lord Crowborough's keeper, Bob Harker, down to the Brattle Arms last week. Said you'd been a captain at sea."

"Sharman talks too much," Ridley said. He saw in the distance a flash of scarlet against the brown of the hillside. "They're coming this way. You're right."

"If we're lucky, mebbe we'll see the kill." "If we're unlucky, I hate killin'."

"Ow could us live without beef and mutton and pork? Us couldn't get on without killin', Captain Ridley, sir."

A motor car drew up in the road by the gate. Two young girls in fur coats and close-fitting hats jumped out and without asking permission climbed onto the bank and stood high above the low hedge to watch the hunt.

"Oh, there they are!" one of them said. "Look!" "Aren't they splendid?" said the other. "The darlings."

"We'll see them quite close. I hope they kill."

They called out excitedly and clapped their hands. Their faces were flushed; their eyes were bright. They were young and happy, and without either conscience or sense of responsibility, Ridley thought bitterly.

Chadwick beamed up at them. "A fine sight, miss, ain't it?" "Oh, hullo, Chadwick!" said one of the girls. "It's you, is it? Any partridges left for Father to shoot?"

"Now, Miss Diana, that ain't fair," said Chadwick. "I never touched a partridge in my life, nor a pheasant, neither."

"Of course you didn't. They fly into your pockets and die from trying to eat that tobacco of yours."

A laugh followed and a whispered conversation. Presently Ridley heard a clear, fresh young voice say loudly: "You there, hey? Are you the gardener, without the hat?"

Ridley turned. "If you like," he said. "Yes."

"Do you think my friend and I might cut across your garden and out through the wood into the field? We used to often before the house was sold to—to whoever it is owns it now."

"Meaning me? Well, I'm sorry; you can't."

"Oh!" said the girl. "Oh, right-o! I wasn't going to steal anything in your stupid old garden, anyway."

A bent, white-headed old man rode up on a stout cob. "My friends Diana and Elizabeth, as I live!" he said. "And what's the meaning of this? You young people ought to be hunting, not following in an old rattletrap contraption like that. Why aren't you?"

"Rattletrap, indeed! It's the newest model there is and too marvelously expensive for words. And if it comes to that, Lord Crowborough, why aren't you hunting yourself?"

"Do you think I wouldn't be if my doctor would let me? The finest sport in the world, and I'm too old for it. By Jove, listen!"

Ridley moved away from the white gate. He filled his wheelbarrow leisurely. How queer these people were! he thought. The countryside dead; fields lying fallow; farms going out of cultivation. Did they care? They cared only for the hunt and killing foxes.

Did they know what it was like to be chased for miles across hostile country? Did they know what it was like to feel that one's enemies were close at one's heels and that the slightest slip would be death? They didn't. They had no imagination.

He remained motionless, his eyes gazing blankly into space. He was no longer in his garden gathering rubbish.

He saw himself a prisoner of war, trying to escape, exhausted, famished, thirsty, hiding by day in dense woods, waiting in sick suspense while soldiers searched for him and then, when his hiding place had been discovered, in the open, running, stumbling, falling, picking himself up, panting for breath, hearing a bullet whip past his head, prepared to sell his life dearly, praying that the end would come quickly.

He came to himself, gripped the handles of the wheelbarrow and moved off. "What a funny man that is," said Diana. "He was very rude," said Elizabeth. "E isn't just right in 'is 'ead, miss," said Chadwick. "E don't like fox-'untin'." E says it ought to be stopped."

"What's that? Stop fox-'untin'?" said Lord Crowborough. "The feller's crazy."

Ridley tilted the wheelbarrow and tipped its contents out on the heap of rubbish. He was not pleased. He felt he had made himself ridiculous. He had been rude in speaking so roughly to the two girls. But what else, he argued, could he have said? They were so sure of themselves, they took it for granted they could do as they pleased.

On the other side of Packman's Brook he could see the hounds moving to and fro in the undergrowth. A check. He hoped that the fox had got away. A shrill yelp from a hound, followed by the cries of the pack, told him that they had picked up the scent again. He sighed. He could not keep the hunt off his property, though he would have liked to.

A sudden movement close at hand made him glance quickly over his shoulder. For an instant he did not know what had attracted his attention, and then he saw creeping through the pine wood, ears thrust back, its bushy tail dragging, a big red dog fox, covered with mud, teeth showing in a snarl of fear, foam on the lips, death in the red eyes.

Ridley watched without moving. And then the fox said: "For God's sake, help me! They'll find me and kill me. Once your enemies might have killed you. Have mercy."

Ridley turned and gazed out across the meadow. He saw the hounds, the scarlet coats, the galloping horses.

The fox limped slowly toward the rose garden. Chadwick began to yell: "Tallyo! Tallyo!"

Ridley reached the lawn. Already the hounds were among the pine trees, tails erect, fangs gaping for the blood which was theirs by right. The fox cowered on the grass, snarling in its terror, exhausted, unable to run another yard, yet ready to fight its last impossible fight against odds.

As the pack came charging forward him, Ridley swung his rake from left to right, from right to left, in a sweeping semi-circle. A hound yelled in agony and sprawled on its back. Ridley heard someone shouting angrily and continued to swing his rake. The hounds were on every side of him, snarling and yelping.

The huntsman, mounted on a big white horse, galloped through the pine trees, bawling: "What are you doing, you fool!"

Ridley threw away his rake, stooped and grabbed the bleeding fox in his arms. The hounds leaped at the fox. He called to the huntsman: "Call off your hounds, can't you! They're in my garden."

The fox struggled in his arms. A hound grabbed its paw. The fox snapped savagely. Another hound leaped. Ridley staggered and fell. When he rose to his feet the fox was in the midst of the pack being torn to pieces.

The huntsman, a brown, wizened man, sat his horse, grinning. "Serves you right, you fool! Teach you a lesson. You hurt my hounds. I hope they hurt you."

Ridley advanced. Without knowing exactly what he intended, he seized the huntsman by the knee and ankle and, paying no heed and to the hunting crop that beat against his head and shoulders, he dragged him forcibly from the saddle.

The white horse plunged and trod on one of the hounds. The huntsman, livid with rage, lifted his crop once more. Ridley punched him in the face twice and he sat back in the midst of dwarf roses.

"Get up," Ridley said. "A stalwart, red-faced man in scarlet coat and white cord breeches rode up on a big brown horse and dismounted hurriedly. "You," he said in a high-pitched voice, striding toward Ridley, "what the devil do you mean by knocking my huntsman down? Has he hurt you, Dodd? If he has, by heaven, I'll cripple him!"

Ridley knew that this was the great Sir James Brattle, the Master of the Hunt, but he said dryly: "Who are you? Why are you trespassing all over my garden? Get out at once."

"I've a good mind to give you a damn good hiding!" said Sir James. "An insane desire swept over Ridley to feel Sir James Brattle's soft, puffy face under his hard fists. He moved a step forward. "Hit me," he said. He moved a step forward. "Hit me," he said. "Just once."

A supercilious, pink young man caught hold of Ridley. "Keep away, Sir James. I've got him. He swung Ridley around roughly. "If you want trouble, my man, you can have it."

Ridley broke the grip on his arm easily. "I've whipped better men than you, son, with one hand."

He looked past the humiliated, blushing young man at the circle of well-dressed men and women on horseback and saw in their eyes contempt and curiosity, and he laughed. He looked at Sir James Brattle, struggling to break loose from the friends who were holding him.

"You people have always done as you liked, haven't you?" he said. "But you won't do it much longer. We're getting wise to you. What right have you to come on a man's private property and ruin his garden under the pretense of sport? Your horses are more civilized than any of you."

"There was no fences, Sir James," said the huntsman. "Ow was we to know we was in 'is garden? 'E tried to get the fox from the 'ounds and couldn't." He snarled at Ridley. "You ain't 'eard the last of this. I'll get you yet."

"Excellent," said Ridley. "Master and man of the same mind. And if there had been fences, you and your gang wouldn't be here, would you? I've no right to come between you and your kill? Well, if it's any consolation, I couldn't stop you, though I did my best. And now get out of here damned quick, you and your women and the whole blasted lot of you!"

Sir James Brattle climbed slowly into the saddle. The horse pranced. "Damn you, stand still!" he shouted.

"Here, you," he said, glaring at Ridley. "I'd have apologized for hurting your cabbage patch, but now—damn you! He flung a five-pound note on the grass. "Take it and buy yourself something—and the sooner you're out of this country the better. I'll make the place so hot for you you'll be sorry you ever came here. You're no sportsman. You don't understand the meaning of the word."

He spoke gruffly to his huntsman, who had also mounted. "That scarecrow, talking to me like that! Let's go."

Ridley stood in the middle of his ruined lawn and watched the glossy horses tramping across his shrubbery and grass. He felt sick and bery and the violence of his emotions had drained him of his strength. And then he realized he was alone. The hunt had gone.

The stillness after all the tumult seemed oppressive. He put his hand to his forehead and tried to think. He had lost his temper, of course. He had hit the huntsman, poor devil! He wished he had hit Sir James Brattle. He wished he had saved the fox. What swine English people could be when they had money!

"Hadn't you better come into the house, sir?" said Mrs. Sharman. "You ought to rest awhile."

"You're bleedin', sir, did you know it?" said Sharman. Sam Chadwick approached, holding the five-pound note. "This 'ere, sir—I dunno as you want it. I was thinkin'—"

"I do want it," said Ridley. It'll have to be given back to Sir James."

"I warned you," said Chadwick. "You made a rare enemy today, sir. Sir James, 'e's a mad man to cross 'e won't forgive you for what you 'e do to 'im."

"That'll do," Ridley said. "No need to remind me."

"Look 'ere, you, Chadwick," Sharman said; "you clear out."

"I'll clear out, yes," said Chadwick, "but Captain Ridley, you mind what I said, as man to man, friendly like. England is England. Sport's sport. You can't think you'll come 'ere interferin' with lawful customs and upsettin' the 'unt. Fox-'untin' is England, sir. Where would the country be if it wasn't for fox-'untin'?"

"A fine sport, finest in the world. That old fox they killed, sir, 'e was game."

"He was dead-beat. He couldn't run."

"No wonder 'e couldn't run. 'E led them a pretty dance, 'e did. A matter of nine miles, point to point, so they said. No wonder 'e couldn't run."

"That's what I said," said Ridley. "He couldn't run and they killed him."

Chadwick looked puzzled. "Well, that's all right, sir. 'E couldn't run no more because 'e was tired, so of course they killed 'im."

Ridley turned and went into the house. Sir James Brattle sprawled in a big armchair in his library before a roaring log fire. On the little table by his side were a decanter of Irish whiskey, a siphon of soda water and a glass. Between his lips was a cigar. On his knee was a book.

He was a big, healthy man, aged thirty-seven; his tastes and pleasures were simple. He had an appetite for good food and drink and fresh air. He understood how to handle men. He was afraid of nothing. He lived for fox-hunting and the company of fine horses and not quite so fine women.

His day in the open had pleasantly tired him. A hot bath and a good dinner and a bottle of wine had softened his mood. He wore a dinner jacket, a soft white shirt and collar, a black bow tie, dress trousers, black patent shoes with square toes. And as he puffed at his cigar he thought of the maniac who had tried to come between the pack and their kill.

A man who despised fox-hunting! His lips twisted into a sneer. What a fool the feller must be! What was England coming to when men like that could interfere with other men's sport? By heaven, he ought to be horsewhipped!

The lower classes needed a lesson. Interfering, sanctimonious humbugs! But that feller, he had some nerve.

Sir James Brattle laughed. He was too tired, too good-natured, too replete with good food and drink to be angry.

And then as he gazed dreamily into the red glow of the fire he heard the sound of the door being opened and closed and the key clicking in the lock.

He turned and saw a man approaching him. "Who the devil are you?" he said. "Good evening," said the man. Sir James sat upright in his chair. The man was thin and tired-looking. His hair was dark, his face pale, his eyes were hard and his mouth was stern. He was dressed in a shabby blue suit. There was something about him that was oppressive, even sinister. And where, Sir James wondered, had he seen him before, and when?

The man said: "I wanted to speak to you on business."

Sir James found his voice. His astonishment gave place to anger. "What do you mean by coming here?" he said and half rose to his feet.

But the man said, "Sit down, Sir James!" so sternly that Sir James, a trifle dazed, obeyed him.

And then he remembered. "It's the crazy fool who held up the hunt."

"Yes, Sir James," said the man; "it's the crazy fool who held up the hunt and tried to save a fox from being torn to pieces. I've come here to have a talk with you. My name is Ridley."

Sir James was not afraid, but he felt that this madman Ridley, with the queer eyes, was going to be troublesome. He was wiry and lean and possibly stronger than he looked and it was advisable, Sir James decided, to avoid unnecessary discussion. "I think you'd better go," he said. "You understand me, don't you? If you're not out of here in ten seconds I'll rouse the house."

"Sir James, you won't rouse the house. You can't. There's no one to hear. Your wife is in London. So are your children. Your butler has gone down to the village. I saw him. Your grooms and your chauffeur are in the stables playing cards. I saw them, too. The

cook and the two maids are in the kitchen. You can yell your head off and they won't hear you."

"What do you want?" said Sir James. "I came to talk to you about that fox you killed in my garden."

"Listen, Ridley, in spite of what I said today I'm prepared to make adequate compensation—"

"Oh, that—that's not what I'm here for." Ridley put a crumpled five-pound note on the table. "This is yours. You dropped it today. Sir James, you said something to me that I resent."

"You said I was no sportsman."

"Oh, said Sir James. He wondered what was coming now. "Well?" "I think I am. That's what we've got to decide. But would you say that hunting the fox is really a sport?"

"Of course it is," said Sir James shortly. "The finest sport in the world?"

"Yes."

"And you like it?" "Of course I do."

"Does the fox like it? That's the thing that interests me, Sir James."

Sir James had intended to say, "Don't be absurd!" but he said, instead: "In the main, at the start of a run, the fox enjoys the excitement of the hunt as much as the hounds enjoy it."

"Splendid. The fox likes being hunted. It's extraordinary, isn't it? But that poor brute in my garden today didn't seem to like it. He must have been different from ordinary foxes, don't you think?"

Sir James shrugged. "At the end, when he knows he's trapped, he doesn't enjoy it, naturally. But then, no more does a soldier enjoy being in a battle."

"How well you put it, Sir James! The soldier in battle. You were on the staff, weren't you?"

"I was, at the end of the war, but when I first went out I was in the cavalry."

"Cavalry didn't see much fighting, did they?"

"You're wasting my time."

"I apologize. We were talking about the war. You said that soldiers didn't enjoy being in a battle. That's quite true. And the prisoner of war trying to escape doesn't enjoy escaping."

"What on earth has that got to do with it? I don't suppose a convict enjoys trying to escape from Dartmoor."

"I dare say not. I've not been a convict but I've been a prisoner of war."

"And you tried to escape?" "I did escape," said Ridley. "Sir James was growing more and more uneasy. This man was dangerous. He was mad. "You were talking about fox-hunting, I think," said Sir James.

"Fox-hunting. Yes. We were talking about fox-hunting. You know, Sir James, perhaps I've been prejudiced against hunting without adequate cause. I've a very good mind to—try it."

"I'm sure you'd be welcome," said Sir James. Confound him! He thought. Welcome! He'd welcome him with a hunting crop laid about his head.

"I dare say I attach too great an importance to the feelings of the animal that is being hunted."

"I'm sure you do," said Sir James warily. "And so today, when that fox was killed in my garden, I allowed myself to be unduly carried away. But since then I've been thinking that possibly—possibly it is this hunting spirit, this love of the chase—that has made the English what they are—the envied of every other race. I take it that we are envied, Sir James?"

"Oh, undoubtedly," said Sir James, surer than ever that he was dealing with a madman. "Undoubtedly."

"The fox likes it, you tell me. I didn't like it when I was running, but perhaps I haven't developed the sporting instinct sufficiently. I've a good mind to go hunting. Will you come with me, Sir James?"

"When?" "Now." "Now! What do you mean? Tonight? In the dark? With this wind blowing?" "Yes. It's going to rain, too. That makes it all the better."

"Look here," said Sir James. "I've been patient with you, Ridley, but it's gone far enough. You can't hunt a fox in weather like this, and in the dark."

"It isn't a fox I'm going to hunt Sir James."

"Then what are you going to hunt?" "I'm going to hunt you."

Sir James saw the big service revolver in Ridley's hand and felt rather faint. The man intended to kill him.

"Shall we go now?" Ridley said. "No, you won't need a hat or a coat, and the shoes you have on are stout enough."

"Stop playing the fool! That revolver isn't loaded and you know it."

"It is loaded. Look." "With blank cartridges, perhaps. You wouldn't dare."

"Wouldn't I? Do you know bullets when you see them? Look, Sir James. Are these bullets? They are, aren't they? All right, don't let's waste any more time. It's getting late."

For the moment the violence of the gale was lulled. A voice said clearly and harshly: "Sir James, if you're not out of that covert in a minute—sixty seconds—I'll shoot at you!"

Sir James shuddered and moistened his dry lips with his tongue and swore softly.

He stood in the midst of a thicket and looked first one way and then the other. He knew that Ridley, the madman with the revolver, was watching him and he knew that if he did not obey him he would be killed. The hunt could have but two endings: either he would escape in the darkness or he would die.

The wind rose once more to a snarling fury. A spatter of rain beat down on his face. He turned and made his way out of the thicket and across the grass in the direction of Corby.

And as he ran easily, with long strides, fists clenched, head well up, smiling a little, though furious, he remembered that earlier in the day he had taken the same path on the back of Hector, his big brown horse. And in spite of his annoyance and his fear he grinned. The contrast would have amused Ridley, he felt, had he known.

In his day Sir James Brattle had been a famous runner; an outdoor life had kept him fit in spite of the whisky, or perhaps the whisky had kept him fit in spite of advancing years. He did not know and he did not care, but if he could get his hands on Ridley's throat, if he dared risk the revolver, he would half kill him before he let go.

The field was wide and long and bare. Sir James glanced over his shoulder as he neared the dark mass of Corbydale Woods. Was the madman with the gun following him still? he wondered. Or had he merely been trying to scare him? Was he playing an elaborate practical joke on him? Had he started him off on this wild run, and then abandoned the pursuit and returned home to tell the tale of how he had frightened him? Or what?

Sir James stumbled and fell forward on his hands and knees. As he rose, covered with mud, he heard a yell: "Tallyho! Tallyho!" and broke into a quick run.

He ran downhill now across ground that was water-logged and swampy. He reached a hedge and tried to find the gate. There was a gate, he knew.

He heard the crack of a revolver and wheeled in panic. "Damn you Ridley!" he yelled. "Do you want to kill me?"

"Make haste," Ridley replied. "Make haste, Sir James!"

Irritated by his panic, terrified by the thought of the bullet, Sir James plunged through the hedge and continued downhill toward Headon. Ash a mile farther on, where earlier in the day the hunt had almost lost the fox.

Sir James found it difficult to see clearly or keep his feet. He was growing tired. But if he was tired so too was Ridley, he was positive. Another spurt and he would have outdistanced him.

At Curdie's Brook he slackened speed and breathed in sobs. He was blown.

Again there came the crack of the revolver. Sir James plunged waist-deep into the stream and climbed the bank on the other side and fought his way through gorse and brambles toward the high ridge of Fargate Hill. The grass was slippery underfoot. He fell and scrambled to his feet and fell again and cursed aloud in fear and anger and hatred of the mad man who was chasing him.

If Ridley killed him it would be murder as cold-blooded and as deliberate as though he had shot him in his library. And again he thought came to him that this hunt of Ridley's was all an elaborate joke and he had only to call his bluff, to halt and turn and wait for him to say: "Well, Ridley, do your worst! Shoot, damn you!" and he would acknowledge his defeat and leave him. He had only to say: "Shoo damn you!" and he would be free and yet he did not dare. Ridley was insane, a raving homicidal maniac, eager for blood. He would kill him.

And so without any slackening of speed Sir James ran on, gasping for breath, his heart jumping against his ribs, a band of iron across his aching temples, and so he would run until he outdistanced his pursuer and found safety somewhere or until he dropped.

On the slope of Fargate Hill I came to Podmore's, a small cottage and orchard. A light burned in one of the upper windows. He screamed out: "Help! Help! Bob Harke help!"

He made for the gate. At the crack of the revolver he swerved aside once more.

Sir James dropped down on the soft turf under a