

# The Great Shadow

By A. CONAN DOYLE

Author of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes"

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It was very well to draw pictures of him, and sing songs about him, and make as though he were an impostor, but I can tell you that the fear of that man hung like a black shadow over all Europe, and that there was a time when the glint of a fire at night on the coast would set every woman upon her knees and every man gripping for his musket.

So begins this thrilling and important historical romance. It is the time because Sir Arthur Conan Doyle wrote it. He has been a successful author for 33 years. He has written more than 40 novels, novelettes and plays. Some of his characters, Sherlock Holmes and Brigadier Gerard for example, will live. "The White Company" is a classic.

It is important because it is a story of the latter days of Napoleon, from the viewpoint of Scotch villagers who live under "The Great Shadow." There are three men and a woman in the story. Two of the men die on the field of Waterloo, the culmination of the story.

## CHAPTER I.

### The Night of the Beacons.

It is strange to me, Jack Calder of West Inch, to feel that though now, in the very center of the nineteenth century, I am but five-and-fifty years of age, and though it is only once a week, perhaps, that my wife can pluck out a little gray bristle from over my ear, yet I have lived in a time when the thoughts and the ways of men were as different as though it were another planet from this. For when I walk in my fields I can see, down Berwick way, the little bluffs of white smoke which tell me of this strange, new, hundred-legged beast with coils for food and a thousand men in his belly, forever crawling over the border. On a shiny day I can see the glint of the brass work as it takes the curve near Corriemuir. And then as I look out to sea, there is the same beast again, or a dozen of them, maybe, leaving a trail of black in the air and of white in the water, and swimming in the face of the wind as easily as a salmon up the Tweed. Such a sight as that would have struck my good old father speechless with wrath as well as surprise, for he was so stricken with the fear of offending the Creator that he was chary of contradicting Nature, and always held the new thing to be nearly akin to the blasphemous. As long as God made the horse, and a man, down Birmingham way, the engine, my good old dad would have stuck by the saddle and the spur.

When he died we had been fighting with scarce a break, save for two short years, for very nearly a quarter of a century. Babies who were born in the war grew to be bearded men with bulges of their own, and still the war continued. Those who had served and fought in their stalwart prime grew stiff and bent, and yet the ships and the armies were struggling. During that long time we fought the Dutch, we fought the Danes, we fought the Spanish, we fought the Turks, we fought the Americans, we fought the Montevideans, until it seemed that in this universal struggle no race was too near of kin or too far away to be drawn into the quarrel. But most of all it was the French whom we fought, and the man whom of all others we hated and feared and admired was the great captain who ruled them.

It was very well to draw pictures of him, and sing songs about him, and make as though he were an impostor, but I can tell you that the fear of that man hung like a black shadow over all Europe, and that there was a time when the glint of a fire at night upon the coast would set every woman upon her knees and every man gripping for his musket. He had always won. That was the terror of it. The fates seemed to be behind him. And now we know that he lay upon the northern coast with a hundred and fifty thousand veterans, and the boats of our country look up arms, and how our little one-eyed, one-armed man crushed their fleet. There was still to be a land of free thinking and free speaking in Europe.

There was a great beacon ready on the hill by Tweedmouth, built up of logs and tar barrels, and I can well remember how night after night I strained my eyes to see if it were ablaze. I was only eight of the time, but it is an age when one takes a grief to heart, and I felt as though the fate of the country hung in some fashion upon me and my vigilance. And then one night as I looked I could only see a little flicker on the be-

acon hill, a single red tongue of flame in the darkness. And then the flame shot higher, and I saw the red, quivering line upon the water beyond, and I dashed into the kitchen, screaming to my father that the French had crossed and the Tweedmouth light was aflame. I can see him now as he knocked his pipe out at the side of the fire, and looked at me from over the top of his horn spectacles.

"Are you sure, Jack?" says he.

"Sure as a stone," I gasped.

He reached out his hand for the Bible upon the table and opened it upon his knee as though he meant to read to us, but he shut it again in silence and hurried out. We went down to the gate which opens out upon the highway. From there we could see the red light of the light on the coast, and the glimmer of a smaller one to the north of us at Ayrton. The old road had more folk on it than ever passed about it, it might be, for many of the women up our way had enrolled themselves and were riding now as fast as hoof could carry them for the muster. Some had a stirrup cup or two before parting, and I cannot longer one who bore past on a huge white horse brandishing a great rusty sword in the moonlight. They shouted to us, as they passed, that the North Berwick law was blazing, and that it was thought that the alarm had come from Edinburgh castle. There were a few who galloped the other way towards Edinburgh, and the land's son and Master Clayton, the deputy sheriff, and such like.

But early in the morning we had our minds set at ease. It was gray and cold, and my mother had gone up to the house to make a pot of tea for us, when there came a gig down the road with Doctor Horscroft of Ayrton in it and his son Jim. The collar of the doctor's coat came over his ears, and he looked in a deadly black humor, for Jim, who was but fifteen years of age, had tromped off to Berwick at the first alarm with his father's new fowling piece. All night his dad had chased him, and now there he was, a prisoner, with the barrel of the stolen gun sticking out from behind the seat. He looked as sulky as his father, with his hands thrust into his side pockets, his brows drawn down, and his lower lip thrust out.

"It's all a lie," shouted the doctor, as he passed. "There has been no landing, and all the fools in Scotland have been gadding about the roads for nothing." His son Jim snarled some "lung up at him on this, and his father struck him a blow with his clenched fist on the side of the head, which sent the boy's chin forward upon his breast as though he had been stunned. Now all this has little enough to do with what I took my pen up to tell about; but when a man has a good memory and little skill he cannot draw one thought from his mind without a dozen others trailing out behind it. And yet, now that I come to think of it, I had something to do with it after all; for Jim Horscroft had so deadly a quarrel with his father that he was packed off to Berwickshire's Berwick academy; and as my father had long wished me to go there he took advantage of this chance to send me also.

There was from the first a great friendship between Jim Horscroft, the doctor's son, and me. He was cock boy of the school from the day he came, for within the hour he had thrown Barton, who had been cock before him, right through the big blackboard in the classroom. Jim always ran to muscle and bone, and even then he was square and tall, short of speech and long of arm, much given to lounging with his broad back against walls, and his hands deep in his breeches pockets. I can even recall that he had a trick of keeping a straw in the corner of his mouth, just where he used afterward to hold his pipe. Jim was always the same, for good and for bad, since first I knew him.

Heavens! How we all looked up to him! We were but young savages, and had a savage's respect for power. What tales we used to whisper about his strength; how he put his fist through the oak panel of the game-room door. How when Long Merri-dew was carrying the ball, he caught up Merri-dew, ball and all, and ran swiftly past every opponent to the goal. It did not seem fit to us that such a one as he should trouble his head about sponges and dactyls, or care to know who signed the Magna Charta. When he said in open class, that King Alfred was the man, we little boys all felt that very likely it was so, and that perhaps Jim knew more about it than the man who wrote the book.

For two years we were close friends, for all the gap that the years had made between us, and, though in passion or in want of thought he did many a thing that galled me, yet I loved him like a brother, and went as much as would have filled an ink bottle when at last, after two years, he went off to Edinburgh to study his father's profession. Five years after that did I bide at Berwickshire, and when I left I had become cock myself, for I was as well and as tough as a whistone, though I never ran to weight and snow, like my great prede-

cessor. It was in jubilee year that I left Berwickshire, and then for three years I stayed at home, learning the ways of the cutter, but still the ships and the armies were wrestling, and still the great shadow of Bonaparte lay across the country.

How could I guess that I, too, should have a hand in lifting that shadow forever from our people?

## CHAPTER II.

### Cousin Edie of Eyemouth.

Some years before, when I was still but a lad, there had come over to us upon a five weeks' visit the only daughter of my father's brother, William Porter had settled at Eyemouth as a maker of fishing nets, and he had made more out of twice than ever we were like to do out of the whin bushes and said lark of West Inch. So his daughter, Edie Calder, came over with a brown red truck and a free-shilling bonnet and a list full of things that brought my dear mother's eyes out like a parter.

I took to great stock of girls at that time, for it was hard for me to see what they had been made for. There were none of us at Berwickshire that thought very much of them; but the smallest laddies seemed to have the most sense, for, after they began to grow bigger they were not so sure about it. We little ones were all of one mind that a creature that couldn't fight and was carrying tales, and couldn't so much as shy a stone without flapping its arm like a rat in the wind was no use for anything.

So when this one came to the steading at West Inch I was not best pleased to see her. I was twelve at the time (it was in the holidays) and she eleven, a thin, tallish girl, with black eyes and the queerest ways. She was forever staring out in front of her, with her lips parted as if she saw something wonderful; but when I came behind her and looked the same way I could see nothing but the sheep's trough or the midden or the sheep's breeches hanging on a clothes-line. And then if she saw a lump of heather or bracken, or any common stuff of that sort, she would mope over it as if it had struck her sick, and cry "How sweet! how perfect!" just as though it had been a painted picture. When I used to tell her that she was good for nothing and that her father was a fool to bring her up like that she would begin to cry, and say that I was a rude boy, and that she would go home that very night, and never forgive me as long as she lived. But in five minutes she had forgotten all about it. What was strange was that she liked me a deal better than I did her, and she would never leave me alone, but she was always watching me and running after me, and then saying, "Oh, here you are!" as if it were a surprise.

Jim Horscroft was away when Cousin Edie was with us, but he came back the very week she went, and I mind how surprised I was that he should ask any questions or take any interest in a mere lassie. He asked me if she were pretty; and when I said that I hadn't noticed he laughed and called me a mole, and said my eyes would be opened some day. But very soon he came to be interested in something else, and I never gave Edie another thought until one day she just took my life in her hands and twisted it as I could twist this quill.

That was in 1813, after I had left school, when I was already eighteen years of age, with a good forty hairs on my upper lip and every hope of more. I had changed since I left school, and was not so keen on games as I had been, but found myself instead lying about on the sunny side of the braes, with my own lips parted and my eyes staring just the same as Cousin Edie's used to do. It had satisfied me, and filled my whole life, that I could run faster and jump higher than my neighbor, but now all that seemed such a little thing, and I yearned and looked up at the big arched sky and down at the flat blue sea, and felt that there was something wanting, but could never lay my tongue to what that something was. And I became quick of temper, too, for my nerves seemed all of a fret; and when my mother would ask me what ailed me, or my father would speak of my turning my hand to work, I would break into such sharp, bitter answers as I have often grieved over since. Ah, a man may have more than one wife, and more than one child, and more than one friend, but he can never have but one mother, so let him cherish her while he may.

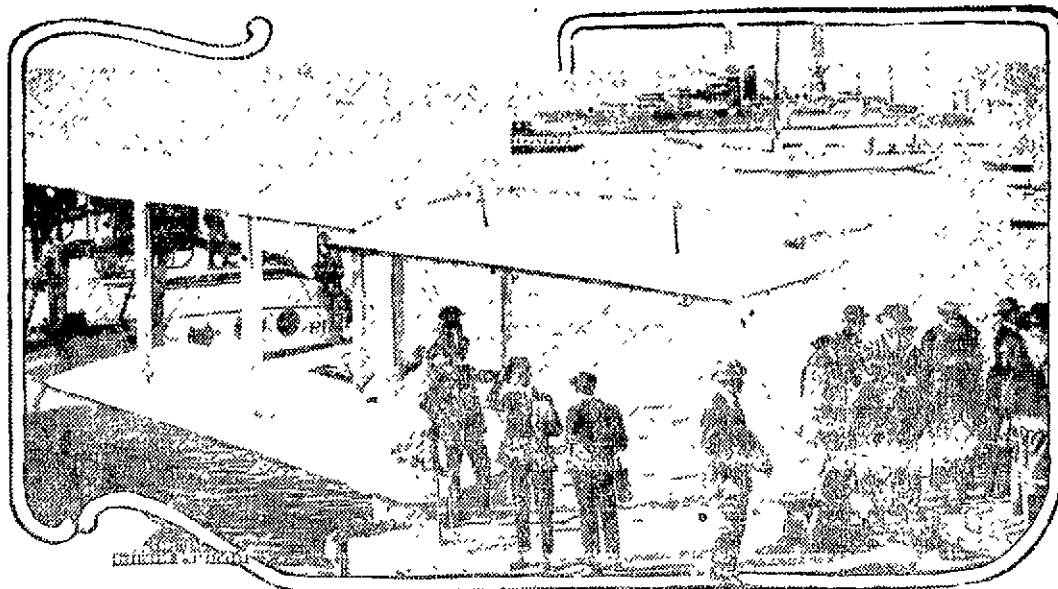
### How the Queen of West Inch arrives in black.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

### Drink Water When Tired.

Dr. Eliza B. Mosher of Brooklyn urged the members of the Women's Medical Society of New York state to drink a glass of water at 10 a. m. and others at 3, 4 and 5 p. m. This, she told them, would dilute the products of fatigue which were entering the blood and causing that tired feeling.

## Ships of the Air Named After Columbus' Caravels



The Santa Maria and the Pinta, two 15-passenger ships named after Columbus' caravels, "hopped" from the Columbia Yacht Club, New York, for Key West, where recently a passenger and mail service between Key West and Havana, Cuba, opened.

## NEW ERA OPENS IN HISTORY OF OUR NORTHLAND

### Flight of Daring Army Aviators to Alaska Means the Dawn of New Day.

### GREAT REJOICING IN WRANGELL

Thrilling Story of Their Arrival in the Land of Ice and Snow Is Told—Alaskans Hold Celebration in Honor of Event.

New York—When, in 1846, President Polk signed with Great Britain a compromise treaty which extended the Canadian border line from the Rocky mountains to the Pacific ocean on parallel 49, he settled the long-drawn-out controversy over the Oregon boundary and insured for all time the campaign slogan, "54-40 or fight," which had come to be a very insistent one during the middle forties.

There was a wait of twenty-one years before a more prophetic imagination, a wider vision, flung our coast line to the furthest limit of the continent by the purchase from Russia of that vast storehouse of mineral, agricultural and timber wealth, the wonder world of Alaska.

A new era in the history of our far northland, says the Service News Letter, began on August 14, 1920, the date on which the four army airplanes, piloted by those daring aviators, Capt. St. Clair Street and Lieut. Clifford C. Nutt, C. H. Crumrine and Ross Kirkpatrick, with observers and mechanics, Lieut. Eric H. Nelson and Sergeants James Long and Joseph E. English, in the 9,000-mile transcontinental flight from New York to Nome and return, made the jump from Hazelton, Dominion of Canada, to Wrangell, territory of Alaska.

### A Day of Joy.

We can picture what the scene was like when the fliers first reached Alaskan soil. It was Saturday, and when it became known that the fliers were expected that afternoon, the mayor of Wrangell declared a holiday. Flags were hoisted over the principal buildings of the town. Mill whistles blew and bells rang that all might set out for the landing field at Sergef Island, made ready for the arrival and in charge of Sergt. W. W. McLaughlin. All during the afternoon small boats were leaving, loaded with passengers. At noon the Barrington Transportation company's "Hazel B. No. 3" left the dock, floating a big scow, both boat and scow loaded to the limit with night-neers. Meanwhile no news had come from Hazelton saying just when the fliers had left for Wrangell. There was no way of guessing the hour when they would arrive. All eyes scanned the sky. The hands of the clock turned relentlessly, cutting away the afternoon. One o'clock, 2, 3, 4. Some discouraged spectators turned their faces, homeward, making ready to take the boat back to Wrangell.

Suddenly there was a shout: "There they come." And the four planes came humming overhead, circling the landing field. With a dip and whirr that thrilled the spectators, Lieut. Kirkpatrick came to earth at sixty miles an hour. The three other planes followed in quick succession, plane No. 1 with Capt. Street, commander of the squadron, being the last to leave the air. In seven minutes from the time the first plane landed, all four had come to earth, and in spite of recent rains that had caused a wet field, all were happy landings.

### No One Worked That Day.

So the great deed was done. The work was accomplished! The 3,000 miles between New York and Alaska had been cut to less than fifty flying hours. The journey itself was to continue 175 miles farther, to Fairbanks to Nome. But the reality of the accomplishment was established when they touched Alaskan soil at Wrangell.

done at an altitude of 5,000 feet, but between Hazelton and Wrangell, an altitude of 9,000 to 10,000 feet was reached.

The aviators are all young men, the oldest being 27 and the youngest 22. Four of the eight are southerners and all but one have mothers living; two are foreign born, Lieut. Eric H. Nelson being a native of Sweden and Sergt. Edmond Henriques a native of Australia.

The take-off from Wrangell for the flight up country was spectacular. Swerving from their course, on invitation from Mayor Robertson of Juneau, the fliers circled over the capital city, Lieut. Kirkpatrick dipping low enough to drop a package sent by the New York Times to Gov. Riggs.

With stops at Whitehorse, Dawson, Fairbanks, Ruby, the great flight reached its destination, Nome, at 5:30 p. m. August 15, having made fifty-five hours actual flying time from New York, 1,200 miles away.

### WOMEN OF EGYPT ARE ACTIVE

Interest in Affairs Outside of Home Draws Comment From High Commissioner.

London.—Egyptian women are at last beginning to take an interest in public affairs, particularly in the schools. Viscount Milner in his report as high commissioner of Egypt, says that no change in that country in the last few years is more striking than the awakening interest of women in affairs outside of the home.

The commissioner added that a few years ago it was rare to find a mother showing a direct personal interest in the welfare of her daughter at school. All this was left to the father, who often had to overcome the mother's opposition to the education of her daughter.

"During the last few years these conditions have changed in the larger towns where mothers now visit the schools and discuss their daughter's progress with the head teacher," said the report.

This change is attributed by the high commissioner largely to education, and he predicts that its influence will be potent on the future progress of educational development in Egypt.

### "Lady" and "Gentleman" Get License to Wed

San Francisco.—Elmer J. Mott, gentleman, age fifty.

Laura E. Gairbraith, lady, age forty-eight.

This was the unique record on a marriage license granted by "Cupid" Munson. Mott said he had no other occupation than that of a year ago he was in the real estate business in Rome, N. Y. His bride was a resident of Guelph, Ontario, Canada, and is a wealthy widow.

After a stay of three months on this coast they will return to the East to make their permanent residence there.

### RUSS TOTS SMASH WINDOWS

United in Drastic Protest Against Being Barred From Their Own Country.

Berlin.—Only 135 of the 781 Russian children brought from Vladivostok by the American Red Cross and landed at a Finnish port have been permitted to enter Russia, according to Col. E. W. Ryan, director of the Red Cross work in the Baltic states, who passed through Berlin en route to Paris. The children are being held in Finland until proper papers are presented, showing that parents or other responsible relatives will receive them.

Some of the little Russians, he said, had smashed windows and furniture in a sanitarium near Helsingfors, where they are being quarantined. Their action was in protest against being denied the privilege of entering Russia at once.

Fireproof barrels made from sugar mill refuse have been invented in Hawaii.