

FRANCIS GALTON, M.A.,
F.R.S.

BORN 1822.



SCIENCE possesses a learned devotee in Mr. Francis Galton—a name made famous by research in the subjects of heredity, meteorology, anthro-



AGE 12.
From a Silhouette.

Society. His "Meteorographica," in 1863, resulted in establishing the theory and existence of anti-cyclones. In 1886 a gold medal came to him from the Royal Society. He has been President of the Anthropological Institute and Vice-President of the Royal and Royal Geographical Societies, and is now chairman of the committee in



From a) AGE 22. [Photograph]



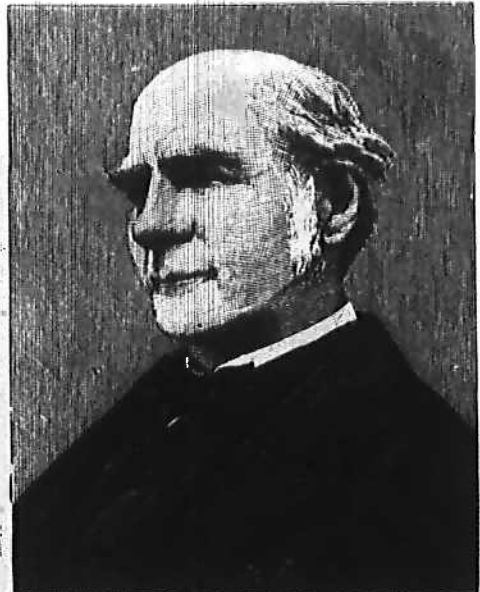
From a) AGE 66. [Photograph]

pometry, and by successful scientific travel. Mr. Galton was born in 1822, and after studying medicine, graduated at Trinity College,

charge of the Royal Observatory at Kew. The present interest in finger-prints as a means of identification is almost wholly due to the writings of this indefatigable scientist.



From a Photo. by] AGE 42. [Moira & Haigh



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by The Cameron Studio.

Cambridge. For an exhaustive account of a journey in 1850 to the unknown Damara and Ovampo lands in South Africa, he received a gold medal from the Royal Geographical

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The Tragedy of the Korosko.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER VIII.



AS none of the three could understand Arabic, the order of the Emir would have been unintelligible to them had it not been for the conduct of Mansoor. The unfortunate dragoon, after all his treachery and all his subservience, found his worst fears realized when the Dervish leader gave his curt command. With a shriek of fear the poor wretch threw himself forward upon his face, and clutched at the edge of the Arab's jibbeh. The Emir tugged to free himself, and then, finding that he was still held by that convulsive grip, he turned and kicked at Mansoor with the vicious impatience with which one drives off a pestering cur. The dragoon's high red tarboosh flew up into the air, and he lay groaning upon his face where the stunning blow of the Arab's horny foot had left him.

All was bustle and movement now, for the old Emir had mounted his camel, and some of his party were already beginning to follow their companions. The squat lieutenant, the Moolah, and about a dozen Dervishes surrounded the prisoners. They had not mounted their camels, for they were the ministers of death. The three men understood as they looked upon their faces that the sand was running very low in the glass of their lives. Their hands were still bound, but their guards had ceased to hold them. They turned round, all three, and said good-bye to the women upon the camels.

"All up now, Norah," said Belmont. "It's hard luck when there was a chance of a rescue, but we've done our best."

For the first time his wife had broken down. She was sobbing convulsively, with her face between her hands.

"Don't cry, little woman! Give my love to all friends at Bray! Remember me to Amy McCarthy and to the Blessingtons. You'll find there is enough and to spare, but

I would take Rogers's advice about the investments. Mind that!"

"Oh, John, I won't live without you!" Sorrow for her sorrow broke the strong man down, and he buried his face in the hairy side of her camel. The two of them sobbed helplessly together.

Stephens meanwhile had pushed his way to Sadie's beast. She saw his worn, earnest face looking up at her through the dim light.

"Don't be afraid for your aunt and for yourself," said he. "I am sure that you will escape. Colonel Cochrane will look after you. The Egyptians cannot be far behind. I do hope you will have a good drink before you leave the wells."

He spoke quite quietly, like a man who is arranging the details of a picnic. A sudden glow of admiration for this quietly consistent man warmed her impulsive heart.

"How unselfish you are!" she cried. "I never saw anyone like you. Talk about saints! There you stand in the very presence of death, and you think only of us."

"I want to say a last word to you, Sadie, if you don't mind. I would die so much happier. I have often wanted to speak to you, but I thought that perhaps you would laugh, for you never took anything very seriously, did you? That was quite natural, of course, with your high spirits, but still it was very serious to me. But now I am really a dead man, so it does not matter very much what I say."

"Oh, don't, Mr. Stephens!" cried the girl. "It was only to tell you how I loved you. I always loved you. From the first I was a different man when I was with you. But of course it was absurd, I knew that well enough. I never said anything, and I tried not to make myself ridiculous. But I just want you to know about it now that it can't matter one way or the other. You'll understand that I really do love you when I tell you that, if it was not that I knew you were frightened and unhappy, these last two days in which we have been always together would have been infinitely the happiest of my life."