For Name and Fame
or, Through Afghan Passes

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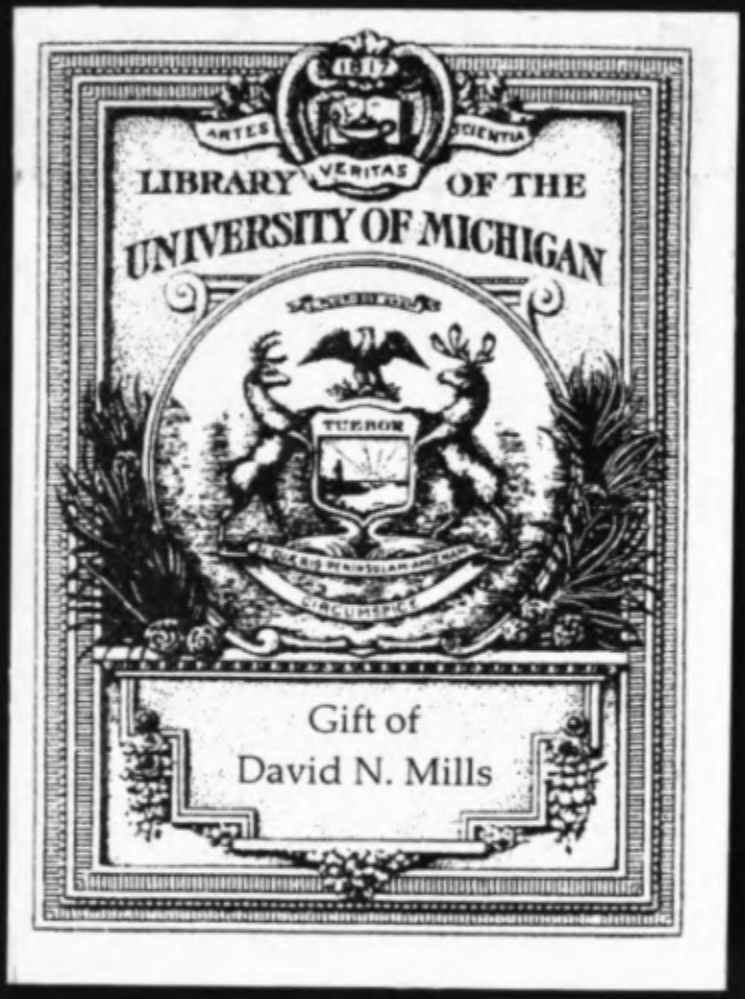
G. A. HENTY



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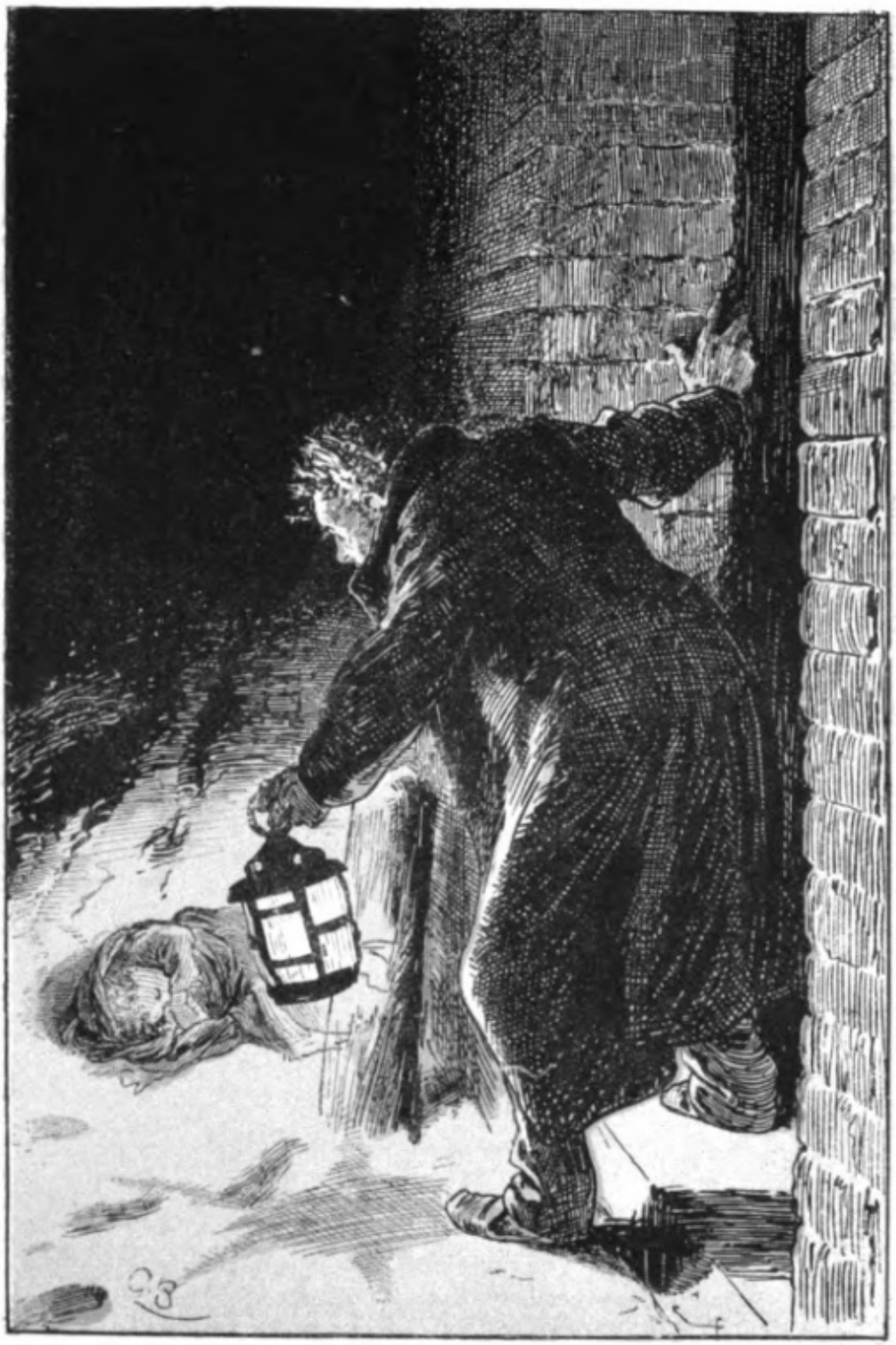

SAM DICKSON FINDS LITTLE WILLIE GALE.

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FOR NAME AND FAME:

A TALE OF THE AFGHAN WAR.

CHAPTER I.

THE LOST CHILD.

"MY poor pets!" a lady exclaimed sorrowfully; "it is too bad. They all knew me so well, and ran to meet me when they saw me coming, and seemed really pleased to see me even when I had no food to give them."

"Which was not often, my dear," Captain Ripon, her husband, said. "However, it is, as you say, too bad, and I will bring the fellow to justice if I can. There are twelve prize fowls worth a couple of guineas apiece, not to mention the fact of their being pets of yours, stolen, probably by tramps, who will eat them, and for whom the commonest barn-door chickens would have done as well. There are marks of blood in two or three places, so they have evidently been killed for food. The house was locked up last night all right,

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CHAPTER II.

THE FOUNDLING.

IT was a bitterly cold night in January. The wind was roaring across the flats and fens of Cambridgeshire, driving tiny flakes of snow before it. But few people had been about all day, and those whose business compelled them to face the weather had hurried along muffled up to the chin. It was ten at night, and the porter and his wife at the workhouse at Ely had just gone to bed, when the woman exclaimed, "Sam, I hear a child crying."

"Oh, nonsense!" the man replied, drawing the bed-clothes higher over his head; "it is the wind; it's been whistling all day."

The woman was silent but not convinced. Presently she sat up in bed. "I tell you, Sam, it's a child; don't you hear it, man? It's a child outside the gate. On such a night as this too. Get up, man, and see; if you won't I will go myself."

"Lie still, woman, it's all thy fancy."

"You are a fool, Sam Dickson," his wife said sharply. "Do you think I have lived to the age of forty-five,

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CHAPTER III.

LIFE ON A SMACK.

"NOW come along, Gale," Mr. Eastrey said at last, "the *Kitty* is close by."

Following his master the lad went out from the store, and along the wharf, and presently stepped upon a smack on which several men and a boy were at work.

"Harvey," Mr. Eastrey said, "I have brought you a new lad. He will sail with you to-morrow. I have a very good account of him, and I think you will find him quick and ready."

"So as he's not up to tricks I shall do very well with him, I don't doubt," the skipper said; "but boys are an awful trouble the first voyage or two. However, I will do my best for him. Are you ready to begin work at once, young 'un? what is your name?"

"William Gale, and I am quite ready."

"Very well, Bill, chuck off your jacket then, and pass those bags along from the wharf."

The boy was soon hard at work. He was a little disappointed at finding that the skipper was in dress

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CHAPTER IV.

RUN DOWN.

WILLIAM GALE was astonished at the fury of the tempest and the wildness of the sea. Although at the workhouse he had often heard the wind roaring round the walls, there was nothing to show him the force that was being exerted. There were but few trees in the neighbourhood, and William had hardly ever been without the walls except in fine summer weather. He was, therefore, almost bewildered by the force and fury of the gale, and by the noise as it shrieked through the rigging and howled across the water. The occasional flapping of the sails and the rattling of the heavy blocks added to the din, and it seemed to him that the *Kitty*, which, like all fishing-smacks, was very deep in the water, must be completely engulfed by the great waves which swept down upon her.

Several times, indeed, he was obliged to leap down into the cabin to avoid being swept away by the great masses of green water which, pouring over her bows, swept aft, carrying away all before them.

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CHAPTER V.

THE CASTAWAYS.

AFTER waiting on the shore until all hope that any more of their shipmates survived was at an end, the party, by the mate's orders, detached a sail from a yard that had drifted ashore, and carried it well into the wood, where they were sheltered to some extent from the force of the gale. A stout pole was then cut and lashed between two trees; the sail was thrown over this and pegged down at both sides. A fire was lit with some difficulty; then a quantity of ferns and branches of trees were cut: these made a soft and elastic bed, and the whole party slept heavily until the morning. Then they went back to the shore; it was littered thickly with fragments of wreck, casks, boxes, and other articles: here too were nearly a score of the corpses of their shipmates. The first duty was to dig a long shallow trench in the sand, beyond high-water mark, and in this the bodies of their drowned comrades were laid.

The storm was now breaking, glimpses of blue sky

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WILL AND HANS IN SEARCH OF A SHELTER.

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CHAPTER VI.

THE ATTACK ON THE VILLAGE.

A DAY or two later a Malay ran at full speed into the village, and said a few words which caused a perfect hubbub of excitement. The men shouted, the women screamed, and, running up the ladders to their tree abodes, began gathering together the various articles of value in their eyes. The chief came up to the boys, and by signs intimated that a large number of hostile natives belonging to several villages were advancing to attack them, and that they must fly into the interior.

This was very unwelcome news for the lads. Once removed farther from the sea the tribe might not improbably take up their abode there, as they would fear to return to the neighbourhood of their enemies. This would be fatal to any chance of the lads being taken off by a passing ship.

After a few words together they determined to oppose the movement. Will, in a loud voice and with threatening gestures, intimated that he disapproved of the plan, and that he and his companion would assist

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CHAPTER VII.

THE FIGHT WITH THE PRAHUS.

VERY frequently, in the days that followed, William Gale and his friend Hans talked over the possibility of effecting an escape, but the difficulties appeared almost invincible. The various villages which, so far as the boys could understand, were scattered at some distance apart, had little dealings with each other, and indeed were frequently engaged in feuds. The particular people with whom they lived had nothing whatever to do with the sea. They used—at least so the boys understood by their signs—to fish at one time; but they had been robbed of their boats and maltreated by some of the cruising tribes who lived in villages on the coast or on creeks and rivers.

The possibility of escape seemed small indeed. To escape they must get on board a ship, and to do this they must first go out to sea, and this could only be done in a boat of their own or in one of the piratical *prahus*. The latter course could not be thought of, for the coast pirates were bloodthirsty in the extreme;

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE TORPEDO.

IT was about two o'clock in the morning when the watch awoke the crew with the news that they could hear the distant sound of oars coming along the shore. All took their places in silence. After a time the rowing ceased and all was quiet again. Half an hour passed and then there was a slight sound close alongside, and in the channel they could dimly make out a small boat which was rapidly rowed away into the darkness again; several musket-shots being fired after it.

"They have sent on ahead to find if we were lying in the same berth," the captain said. "I expect they will be puzzled when they hear that we are outside and that the entrance is guarded. I should not be surprised if they did not attack before morning. They had such a lesson yesterday, that I don't think they will try to force the channel in our teeth again; but will play the waiting game, sure that they will secure us sooner or later."

So it turned out. The hours passed slowly on, but

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CHAPTER IX.

THE ADVANCE INTO AFGHANISTAN.

THERE was but little talking in the middle of the day in the train, for the heat was excessive. All the men had taken off their coats and sat in their shirt-sleeves. But they were, nevertheless, bathed in perspiration. Late at night the train arrived at Allahabad. Here there was a stop till morning. The men alighted from the train, and lay down on their folded blankets, with their knapsacks for pillows, on the platform or in the waiting-rooms. A plentiful supply of water had been prepared for their use at the station, and outside were several water-carriers, and many of the men stripped off their shirts and had water poured over their heads and bodies.

Will Gale was among these, and, greatly refreshed, he enjoyed some fruit and cakes which he purchased from native vendors; and then lying down on a bench in the station was soon asleep. Four days' travelling brought them to the end of the railway. They were ferried across the Attock, and then their real work began.

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CHAPTER X.

THE PEIWAR-KHOTAL.

AT ten o'clock at night on the 1st of December the troops detailed for the attack mustered in the camp. The assembly took place without sound of bugle, and even the necessary words of command were given in a low tone. Through the still night air the Afghans on the hills, little more than two miles away, would have heard the stir. It was a very dark night although the stars shone clear.

"Where can we be going?" William Gale asked the soldier next to him. "We are going right away from the pass instead of towards it."

"So we are!" the soldier replied. "I am blest if I know what we are up to, and it's so precious dark that I can scarcely see the file before me. I hope we ain't going to fight in the dark, anyhow. What would be the good of being a marksman when you cannot see the end of your own rifle, let alone the man you are firing at?"

"Oh! we can't be going to attack in the dark," Will said. "I expect we have got a long march before us,

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