

**FROM THE
FOUR WINDS**

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From the four winds by John Sinjohn

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JOHN SINJOHN

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BY
JOHN SINJOHN

LONDON: T. FISHER UNWIN
PATERNOSTER SQUARE, 1897

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THE RUNNING AMOK OF
SYNGE SAHIB

A yellow stain is a yellow stain,
Though the heart is white and the brain is white;
And a lonely man is a lonely man,
That's reason eno' for me.

—Doggerel Meditations of John Hay.

'You lucky beggars Oh! You lucky beggars!'

The speaker rose, and stood stretching a languid length against the railing of the verandah, his tall figure outlined in its white clothes against the overhanging foliage.

'Well, I don't know,' said Clemenson, 'you fellows don't seem to have such a bad time out here; only wish I were going to stay, instead of toddling back to the beautiful and salubrious climate of the British Isles which you seem to covet so much; what d'you say, Taplin?'

He waved the end of his cigarette, glowing in the dark, towards another recumbent figure.

'Um—um,' the second globe-trotter lay back, looking curiously at the face of the man standing, and offered no further reply.

'I can't stay up to see you off,' said the first