

FORGET-ME-NOT.

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CHAPTER II.

There are some of us born and reared far enough beyond the contaminating influences of evil, who, nevertheless, take so naturally to rascality, that one is prone to ask a question as to whether it is not the outcome of some hereditary taint or mental disease. To some aberrant class, Anthony Wingate, late of the Queen's Own Scarlets, naturally belonged.

Commencing a promising career with every advantage conferred by birth, training, and education, to say nothing of the possession of a considerable fortune, he had quickly qualified himself for a prominent position amongst those cavaliers of fortune who hover on the debatable land between acknowledged vice and apparent respectability. In the language of certain contemporaries, he had once been a pigeon before his callow plumage had been stripped, and it became necessary to lay out his dearly-bought experience in the character of a hawk. Five years of army life had sufficed to dissipate a handsome patrimony; five years of racing and gambling, with their concomitant vices, at the end of which he awoke to find himself with an empty purse, and a large and varied assortment of worldly knowledge. Up to this point, he had merely been regarded as a companion to be avoided; as yet, nothing absolutely dishonourable had been laid to his charge, only that common report stated that Anthony Wingate was in difficulties; and unless he and his bosom friend Chris Ashton made a radical change, the Scarlets would speedily have cause to mourn their irreparable defection.

But, unfortunately, neither of them contemplated so desirable a consummation. In every regiment there are always one or two fast young "subs" with a passion for cards and unlimited loo, and who have no objection to paying for that enviable knowledge. For a time this pleasant condition of affairs lasted, till at length the crash came. One young officer, more astute than the rest, detected the cheats, and promptly laid the matter before his brothers-in-arms. There was no very grave scandal, nothing nearly so bad as Ashton had suggested to Winchester, only that Captains Wingate and Ashton resigned their commissions, and their place knew them no more. There was a whisper of a forged bill, some hint of a prosecution, known only to the astute sub and his elder brother and adviser-in-chief, Lord Bearhaven and to Vere Dene, Ashton's sister, who is reported to have gone down on her knees to his lordship and implored him to stay the proceedings. How far this was true, and how Vere Dene came to change her name, we shall learn presently. But that there was a forged bill there can be no doubt, for Wingate had stolen it from Winchester's studio while visiting Ashton, after the crash came; and moreover, he was using it now in a manner calculated to impress upon Ashton the absolute necessity of becoming the greater scoundrel's tool and accomplice. Since that fatal day when he had flown to careless bohemian Jack Winchester with the story of his shame, and a fervid petition to the latter to beg, borrow, or steal the money necessary to redeem the fictitious acceptance bearing Bearhaven's name, he had not seen his sister, though she would cheerfully have laid down all her fortune to save him. But all the manhood within him was not quite dead, and he shrunk, as weak natures will, from a painful interview. Winchester had redeemed the bill, and Wingate had purloined it.

Winchester had been brought up under the same roof as Vere Ashton, by the same prim puritanical relative, who would hold up her hands in horror at his boyish escapades, and predict future evil to arise from the lad's artistic passion. It was the old story of the flint and steel, fire and water; so, chafed at length by Miss Winchester's cold frigidity, he had shaken the dust from his feet, and vowed he would never return until he could bring fame and fortune in his train. There was a tender parting between the future Raphael and his girlish admirer under the shadow of the beeches, a solemn interchange of sentiments and Jack Winchester started off to conquer the world with a heart as light and unburdened as his pocket.

But man proposes, Vere's mother had been the only daughter of a wealthy *rentier*, who had literally turned his only daughter out of doors when she had dared to consult her own wishes in the choice of a husband; and for years, long years after Vere and Chris had lost both parents, he made no sign. Then the world read that Vavasour Dene was dead, and had left the whole of his immense fortune to his grandchildren; three-fourths to Vere on condition that she assumed the name of Dene, and the remainder to Chris, because, so the will ran, he was the son of his mother. Presently, Winchester, leading a jolly bohemian existence in Rome, heard the news, and decided, in the cynical fashion of the hour, that Vere would speedily forget him now. And so they drifted gradually apart. Winchester had been thoughtless, careless, and extravagant; living from hand to mouth, in affluence one day, in poverty another; but he was not without self-respect, and he had never been guilty of a dishonourable action. He hated Wingate with all the rancour a naturally generous nature was capable of feeling, and set his teeth close as he listened.

"Of course it was only a matter of time to come to this," he said. "Well of all the abandoned scoundrels! And that man once had the audacity to make love to Vere, you say? I wish I had known before."

"That was a long time ago," Ashton replied; "before—before we left the army, when you were in Rome. Remember, Wingate was a very different man, in a very different position then. Do you suppose that he knows whose place it is that he contemplates?"

"Knows! of course he knows.—Now listen to me, Chris, my boy, and answer me truthfully. I believe, yes, I do, that if you had a chance you would end this miserable life. You say you are in Wingate's power. What I want to know is whether he carries that precious paper about with him?"

"Always, always, Jack. With that he can compel me to anything; the only wonder is that I have never forced it from him before now. Still, I do not see what that has to do with the matter."

Winchester smoked in profound silence for a time, ruminating deeply over a scheme which had commenced to shape itself in his

ready brain. "I don't suppose you understand," he said dogmatically. "Do you think if I were to see Vere she would acknowledge me, knowing who I am?"

For answer Ashton laughed almost gaily. "Your modesty is refreshing. Do you think she has forgotten you, and the old days at Rose Bank? Never! There are better men than you; handsome, cleverer by far; she meets daily good men and true, who would love her for her sweet self alone. She is waiting for you, she will wait for you till the end of time. Whatever her faults may be, Vere does not forget."

A dull red flush mounted to the listener's cheeks, a passionate warmth flooded his heart almost to overflowing; but even the quick sanguineness of his mercurial disposition could not grasp the rosate vision of its entirety. Its very contemplation was too dangerous for ordinary peace of mind.

"One more thing I wish to know," said he, reverting doggedly to the original topic. "Of course the dainty Wingate does not intend to soil his fingers by such an act as vulgar burglary. Who is the meaner rascal?"

"So far as I can gather, a neighbour of ours, a very superior workman, I am told, who is suffering from an eclipse of fortune at present. The gentleman's name is Chivers—Benjamin Chivers. Is the name familiar?"

"Why, yes," Winchester answered dryly, "which is merely what, for a better word, we must term another coincidence. The fellow has a most respectable wife and three children, who are distinguished from the other waifs in the street by a conspicuous absence of dirt. I thought I recognised the fellow's face."

"Recognised his face? Have you seen him, then?"

Winchester gave a brief outline of his interview with the individual he had chanced to encounter in Arlington Street. A little circumstance in which one day he had been instrumental in saving a diminutive Chivers from condign chastisement had recalled the ex-convict's face to his recollection. Perhaps—but the hope was a wild one—a little judicious kindness, and a delicate hint at the late charitable demonstration, might sufficiently soften the thief's heart and cause him to betray Wingate's plans. That they would not be confided entirely to Ashton he was perfectly aware, and that the means confederate had been kept in want of funds by his chief the fact of his begging from a stranger amply testified.

"Which only shows you that truth is stranger than fiction," said he, as he rose to his feet and donned his hat. "If I only dared to see her; and even then she might—but I am dreaming. However, we will make a bold bid for freedom. And now you can amuse yourself by setting out the Queen Anne silver and the treacherous Dresden for supper," saying which, he felt his way down the creaky stairs into the street below.

The ten days succeeding the night upon which this important conversation was held were so hot that even Ashton, much as he shrank from showing himself out of doors in the daytime, could bear the oppressive warmth no longer, and had rambled away through Kennington Park Road, even as far as Clapham Common, in his desire to breathe a little clear fresh air. Winchester, tied to his easel by a commission which, if not much meant at least bore and lodged in, looked at the blazing sky and shook his head longingly.

Despite the oppressive overpowering heat, the artist worked steadily on for the next three hours. There was less noise than usual in the street below; a temporary quiet in which Winchester inwardly rejoiced. At the end of this time he rose and stretched himself, with the comfortable feeling of a man who has earned a temporary rest. In the easy abandon of shirt sleeves he leaned out of the window, contemplating the limited horizon of life presented to his view. There were the usual complement of children indulging in some juvenile amusement, in which some broken pieces of platter and oyster shells formed an important item, and in this recreation Winchester, who had, like most warm-hearted men, a tender feeling towards children, became deeply engrossed. One or two street hawkers passed on crying their wares, and presently round the corner there came the unmistakable figure of a lady, followed by a servant in undress livery, bearing a hamper in his arms, a burden which, from the expression of his face, he by no means cared for or enjoyed.

"Some fashionable doing the Lady Bountiful," Winchester murmured. "Anyway, she has plenty of pluck to venture here. If she was a relation of mine—"

He stopped abruptly and stared in blank amazement, for there was no mistaking the tall figure and graceful carriage of Vere Dene. She passed directly under him, and entered a house a little lower down the street with the air of one who was no stranger to the locality. In passing the group of children, she paused for a moment, and selecting one or two of the cleanest, divided between them the contents of a paper parcel she carried.

Directly she had disappeared, a free fight for the spoils ensued. The interested spectator waited a moment to see which way the battle was going, and then hurried down the stairs and out into the street towards the combatants. The presence of the new ally was sorely needed. The three representatives of the house of Chivers were faring sorely in the hands of the common foe. In that commonwealth all signs of favor were sternly discontinued.

"What do you mean by that?" Winchester demanded, just in time to save the whole of the precious sweetmeats. "Don't you know it is stealing, you great girls, to rob those poor little children?"

"They don't mean it, bless you," said a voice at the mediator's elbow; "and they don't know any better. It's part of their nature, that's what it is."

Winchester turned round, and encountered the thickest form and sullen features of his Arlington Street acquaintance. As their eyes met, those of Chivers fell, and he muttered some incoherent form of thanks and acknowledgment for the past service. Presently he went on to explain.

"You see, my wife is better brought up than most of them about here, and she do try to keep the children neat and tidy; and that makes the others jealous. They ain't been so smart lately," he continued, "with a glance half kindly, half shameful, at his now

smiling offspring, "cause mother has been poorly lately, and I've been out o' luck too." In spite of his shamefaced manner and the furtive look common to every criminal, there was something in the man's blunt candour that appealed to Winchester's better feelings. Besides, knowing something of the ex-convict and his doubtful connection with Wingate, it was his interest to conciliate his companion with a view to possible future advantage.

"It must be a miserable life, yours," he said not unkindly. "Better, far better, try something honest. You will not regret it by-and-by."

"Honest, sir! Would to heaven I could get the chance! You are a gentleman; I can see that, though you do live here; and know what misfortune is. If I could only speak with you and get your advice. You have been kind to me, and good to my poor little ones, and I'm—I'm not ungrateful. If I could help you—"

Winchester laid his hand upon his companion's shoulder with his most winning manner. He began to feel hopeful. "You can help me a great deal," said he; "come up to my room and talk the matter over."

It was a very ordinary tale to which he had to listen.

"I was a carpenter and joiner, with a fair knowledge of locksmith's work, before I came to London. I was married just before then, and came up here thinking to better myself. It wasn't long before I wished myself back at home. I did get some work at last, such as it was, a day here and a day there; till I became sick and tired of it, and ready for anything almost. I needn't tell you how I got with a set of loose companions, and how I was persuaded to join them. . . . I got twelve months, and only came out ten weeks ago. I have tried to be honest. But it's no use, what with one temptation and another."

"And so you have determined to try your hand again? You run all the risk, and your gentlemanly friend gets all the plunder."

It was a bold stroke on Winchester's part; but the success was never for a moment in doubt. Chivers's coarse features relaxed into a perfect apathy of terror. He looked at the speaker in speechless terror and emotion.

"We will waive that for the present," Winchester continued. "What I wish to know is how you have contrived to live for the past ten weeks?"

"I was coming to that, sir, when you stopped me. You see, when the trouble came, my poor wife didn't care to let her friends know of the disgrace, and tried hard to keep herself for a time. But illness came too, and she and the little ones were well-nigh starving. My wife, sir, remembered once that she was in service, with an old lady whose niece came into a large fortune. Well, she just wrote to her and told her everything. And what do you think that blessed young creature does? Why, comes straight down here into this den of a place and brings a whole lot of dainty things along. And that's the very lady as is up in my bit of a room at this very minute."

"I am quite aware of that," said Winchester quietly. "Miss Dene, as she is called now, and myself are old friends. I remember everything now. Your wife was once a housemaid at Rose Bank; and you are the son of old David Chivers, who kept the blacksmith's shop at Weston village.—Ben, do you ever remember being caught bird-nesting in Squire Lechmere's preserves with a ne'er-do-well fellow called Jack Winchester?"

For answer, Chivers burst into tears. Presently, after wiping his eyes with the tattered fur cap, he ventured to raise his eyes to his host. "You don't mean to say it's Mr. Winchester?" he asked brokenly.

"Indeed, I am ashamed to say it is. This world of ours is a very small place, Ben, and this is a very strange situation for you and me to meet. But before we begin to say anything touching old times, there is something serious to be discussed between us. Remember, you are altogether in my hands. I might have waited my opportunity and caught you red-handed. Don't ask me for a moment what is my authority, but tell me"—and here the speaker bent forward, dropping his voice to an impressive whisper—"everything about the Arlington Street robbery you have planned with that scoundrel Wingate."

Once more the old look of frightened terror passed like a spasm across the convict's heavy features. But taking heart of grace from Winchester's benign expression, he, after a long pause, proceeded.

"I don't know how he found me out, or why he came to tempt me—not that I require much of that either. It seemed all simple enough, and I was very short of money just then, and desperate-like, though I won't make any excuse. I don't know all the plans; I don't know yet whose house—"

"Whose house you are going to rob," Winchester interrupted with a thrill of exultation at his heart. "Then I will tell you as an additional reason why you should make a clean breast of it. Perhaps you may not know that Miss Dene lives in Arlington Street; and that Miss Dene, whose name, I see, puzzles you, is Miss Ashton, once of Rose Bank?"

"I didn't know," Chivers exclaimed with sudden interest. "If it is the same—"

"It is the same. She changed her name when she inherited her grandfather's fortune. Come! you know enough of Wingate's plans to be able to tell me if No. 281 Arlington Street is the house?"

"As sure as I am a living man, it is," said Chivers solemnly. "Mr. Winchester, I have been bad; I was on the road to be worse; but if I did this, I should be the most miserable scoundrel alive. If you want to know everything, if you want me to give it up this minute—"

"I want to know everything, and I certainly do not want you to give it up this minute. You must continue with Wingate as if you are still his confederate. And of this interview not a word. I think I really think that this will prove to be the best day's work you have ever done."

Chivers answered nothing, but drew from his pocket a greasy scrap of paper out from a cheap society paper, and placed it in Winchester's hand. "As far as he could discern, the paragraph ran as follows:

"The delicate and refined fancy of a jewel ball, designed by the Marchioness of Hurlingham, will be the means of displaying to an admiring world the finest gems of which our aristocracy can boast. Starr and Fortier, of No. 10, are busy setting and polishing for the important event, not the least valuable portion of brilliant stones in their hands being those of Miss Dene, the lovely Arlington Street heiress who

rumour says, intends to personify diamonds. Half a century ago the Vere diamonds had become quite a household word. Certainly they never had a more lovely mistress to display their matchless beauty."

"That," explained the penitent criminal in a hoarse whisper, "is about all I know at present. But if I made a guess, I should say it would be the night after the ball."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

POINTS ABOUT PRINCE GEORGE.

Popular at Home and Abroad—Incidents of His Trip on the *Bacchante*.

The young prince captain of the British warship *Thrusit* now lying at Halifax, is almost as popular as his father, the Prince of Wales. His brother, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, heir presumptive to that imperial and royal crown which from the bleak hillside of Soane has grown to overshadow so much of the civilized world never achieved the place in popular favor that is held by Prince George. The latter has a reputation for heartiness and lack of display which has endeared him to Englishmen, and he is, moreover, accounted an excellent sailor, a quality that in the greatest maritime nation of the world could not fail to bring popularity. His full name is George Frederick Ernest Albert and he was born at Marlborough House in June, 1865. He is therefore only twenty-five years old, but he is a lieutenant in the navy of Great Britain.

Prince George has been in the navy since 1879, passing through all the various grades up to his present rank. In 1881 and 1882 he, with his brother, made a trip around the world as officers of the *Bacchante*. The ports visited were principally those of British colonies. At the end of the cruise the two young princes published a book about it. It was written partly by Prince Albert Victor, partly by Prince George and partly, so rumor hath it, by their tutor. The book bears evidence of this composite workmanship. Prince George writes like a fun-loving young midshipman, and speaks of his brother as "Eddie." Prince Albert Victor writes in a less frank and jolly manner, and calls his brother "George." The book is peppered as it were, all through with statistics and more or less wise reflections on the state of trade in the colonies, which are taken to be the staid and rather pedantic productions of the tutor.

It is said that while on this cruise Prince George once threw himself on a trampoline in the gun-room of the *Bacchante* and said, "Eddie, get down your violin and play 'God save your grandmother.'" Wherever Prince George went he was popular and was "up to" all sorts of pranks—common to young middies. Now that he has reached the mature age of twenty-five and is in command of a ship, he feels the weight and responsibility of his place and is as steady as a man of forty. Among Prince George's other titles is that of Naval Aide to the Queen.

An Indian Crime.

The crime it is proposed to briefly describe certainly exists in Calcutta and in Bengal generally, and is not unknown, reports say, in the South of India. But the circumstances attending it, as related, are taken from record, or founded on observation in the North western Provinces. The adjective Indian is, however, not inappropriate, because, as far as the writer is aware, the particular offense is unknown elsewhere, and, indeed, is suggested and led up to chiefly by habits and associations existing in that part of the East. A social outrage so striking very forcibly impressed itself on the writer's mind when he was commencing magisterial work in a district near Agra, many years ago. And an account of it was written, entitled, "Food Play in the Jungle," which—published in an ephemeral magazine and long forgotten by its author as well as by everybody else—is only mentioned because some of the facts here put down were doubtless put down there also. It may be safely affirmed, however, that not a letter of that account has ever reached England.

The crime is that of the murder of children for their ornaments. And three strange points have been noticed about this terrible outrage. First, that it is generally committed without due provision for its concealment, and often with circumstances of extreme folly. Secondly, that the crime appears to be almost always discovered and punished. The writer has never heard of missing children supposed to have come to violent ends, about whom nothing further was known, for the people are with the authorities in this matter, and will do their utmost to bring the suspected to justice. The third point is that this special offence does not seem materially to diminish. And here it may be justly said that murders, if found out, do not necessarily reflect discredit on the police. Many women are put to death in India, as in other parts of the East, from motives of jealousy. If a man wishes to destroy his wife and does not fear dying for the act, Vidoo himself could not prevent him. And so with this destruction of children. A law could be passed prohibiting their wearing ornaments, but if they do wear ornaments no law can prevent and no vigilance hinder persons who will risk being hanged from murdering them.

It will be remembered that among Hindus the son has the duty of performing the religious rites to his dead father, and male children are on this account, among others, much valued and indulged. And affection often displays itself by placing necklaces round their throats, charms and horoscopes case in silver upon their arms, and bangles on their wrists.

Female Dentists.

There are now female dentists in New York all of whom are thoroughly qualified to practice the profession. Only one of them is a specialist. She is a clever and handsome young Jewess, and she has studied the work of filling teeth with a great deal of care for several years. She is amply equipped with diplomas, is business-like and industrious, and it is said that her trade is almost exclusively among men. Formerly she was employed as a type-writer in an office down town. Her hours were from 8 to 6, and her employment uncertain. It is said that she clears \$4,000 a year. She has been more than five hours a day. The number of women physicians in New York is so great, very much greater than the number of female dentists. None of them had for his attracted particular attention as a specialist, though the number of at least half a dozen of them are known as being general practitioners of ability.

Household Hints.

Wash the mica of the stove with salt and vinegar. Use a warm knife in cutting warm bread and the like.

A woolen cloth is better than a brush to polish the kitchen stove. A coarse comb is good to smooth the fringe of towels, napkins, tidies, &c.

If, after having a tooth pulled, the mouth is filled with salt and water it will allay the danger of having hemorrhage.

One or two tablespoonfuls of ammonia added to a pail of water will clean windows better than soap.

An egg well beaten in a glass of milk and sweetened makes a nice strengthening drink for a teething child.

The best and most convenient cover for a jelly tumbler is thin paper fastened over the top of the glass by a rubber band.

A feather bed or mattress will remain clean and in excellent condition for years if kept in a case made of common sheeting, which can be removed and washed at will.

Soda will brighten tin ware, remove spots from paint without taking the paint off, as soap does. Wet a cloth, dip it in soda and rub the bottoms of tea cups, or any other dish that is stained; it will come out as white as when new.

ORANGE PUDDING.—One pint of milk; let it come to a boil; add one and one-half tablespoonfuls of corn starch, one-half cup of sugar and the yolks of three eggs; let it boil a few minutes and set away to cool; when cool pour over three oranges cut up fine and spread the beaten whites on top for frosting.

POTATO CAKES.—Take two cups of cold mashed potatoes, mix well with the yolk of one egg. When well mixed form into small, rather flat, round cakes. Put two tablespoonfuls of ham or beef drippings in a frying pan, and when hot put in the cakes. Brown on one side, then on the other, and serve.

BORAX WATER IS EXCELLENT FOR SPONGING either silk or wool goods that are not soiled enough to need washing. In washing cashmere or wool goods put a little borax in the water. This will cleanse them much more easily and better without injury to the colors. Do not rub them on a board, but use the hands, and throw on a line without wringing. Press them on the wrong side and they will look almost like new.

STUFFED TOMATOES.—Select average-sized tomatoes, round and about the size of an ordinary apple. Cut off the stem end, with a spoon carefully take out the pulp and seed, leaving only the wall of the tomato. Make a very nice stuffing of equal quantities of bread crumbs, minced-up cold chicken and ham and the chopped up tomato. Season with melted butter, pepper, salt and mustard. Mix well, and taste to see that it is highly seasoned and very nice. It should be moistened with cold gravy, cream or water, so that it will not be too stiff. In each tomato, before stuffing, sprinkle a pinch of salt and one of sugar, then stuff them and set them close together in a baking pan. Pour over each a teaspoon of melted butter and set the pan in the oven to bake for half an hour.

HINTS FOR WASHING.—Half the task of washing is completed when the clothes are sorted, a list made of each piece, and all stains removed. Only an intelligent servant can be trusted with this preliminary work, for quite different treatment is necessary for different articles. The black hosiery, though much of it is now a dye warranted not to crock or fade, remains a stronger black for careful washing, and should first be dipped in water containing a small quantity of ox gall, while hosiery of delicate colors should be soaked in salt water before washing. Most fruit stains may be removed by pouring boiling water on them. Other stains washed by claret, ink or fruit disappear if dipped in cold water and then in a solution made from lemon juice, oxalic acid and rain water. To a tablespoonful of the juice add a teaspoonful of the acid and two gills of rain water. The grass stains so often found upon children's clothing and so hard to get rid of will often fade away if dipped in molasses and laid aside for five or ten minutes.

Ducking a Mischievous Girl.

The Siamese are so near the equator that they have about the same hot weather the year around. Every man, woman and child in Bangkok takes a plunge into the river at least three times a day. Of the 700,000 people of the city at least 500,000 live in floating houses, and inasmuch as the summer costume of the lower classes consists of a garment about the size of a Turkish towel, it is not much trouble for them to go in bathing. They bathe on the steps of their houses and stand up to the waist in the water, grunting delightedly as they pour bucketful after bucketful over themselves and their neighbors. The Burmese man and woman take a bath every night after dinner. This bath is merely pouring water over the person. Soap is never used and particular care is taken not to wet the hair.

At New Year's, when the weather is as hot as our summer, these people have what they call a water feast, and at this time the whole nation throws water upon one another. All the pretty girls go out with buckets, and the boys have squirt-guns, and for three days there is nothing but water-splashing. The foreigners of Rangoon also engage in this. One Chinaman rigged up a hydrant with a two-inch pipe during the last feast, and as his house was on the main street, he had the bulge, as it were, on every one else. He engaged a "coolie" to work the machine all day, and, as he was selling water-works, he had a good advertisement in addition to his fun. A well Englishman arrived in Burmah last year during the feast. He went to call on one of the leading men of Rangoon in a tall silk hat and black clothes and was met at the door by a girl with a bucket of water. The girl asked him in Burmese whether he was observing the water feast, and he, supposing that she wanted to know whether he had come to see her father, nodded his head, and with that nod this whole bucket of water went over his silk hat and down the back of his collar completely drenching him. During the same time another party of Englishmen were told that some girls were coming to throw water on them. They had the servants bring out the bathtub and put it on the veranda, and when the girls came they go, possession of the bathtub and splashed the Englishmen until one of them, rushing in, seized one of the maidens, and, lifting her up, dropped her into the tub. This was considered very impudent, and the young man who did it suffered by receiving no further attention from the Burmese beauties.