

# HIS HEIRESS; OR, LOVE IS ALWAYS THE SAME.

## CHAPTER IV.

"Oh! thou hast set my busy brain at work. And now she musters up a train of things. Which to preserve my peace, I'd cast aside and sink in deep oblivion."

There is a silence that lasts for quite a minute, as Margery embraces Mrs. Billy while they sit at the window of the room the latter so much admires; then, "I love you," says Margery, simply, a little tremor in her voice.

"That's all right. Quite right. That is just as it should be," sweetly. And now we are real sisters without any law about it."

"And we—we thought we should have to leave the Manor," begins Margery, a little guilty, full confession on the tip of her tongue, but Mrs. Billy will not listen.

"Rubbish!" she cried gayly, "as if this dear old shed isn't big enough to hold a garrison! Why, if we do come to loggerhead or a pitch battle there's plenty of room herein which to fight it out; that's one comfort. Why so serious, Meg?"

"I was thinking May's thoughts. How well it is for us that you married Billy!" Her eyes are full of tears.

"And doubly well for me. By the bye, there is one of you I seem to hear very little about—Lady Branksmere, Muriel. Margery getting up from the crazy old seat goes somewhat abruptly to the window.

"We don't as a rule talk much of each other," she says after a slight pause.

"Well do you know I think you do, a considerable lot at times," returns Mrs. Billy with a quaint candor. "But of her—never! I knew her marriage was a surprise to you all, because Billy was so taken aback by it. We heard of it when on our tour. But why? That is what I want to know. Tell me about it."

"About it?" Miss Daryl, colors faintly, hesitates and looks confused. "About what?"

"Look here," says Mrs. Billy, good-naturedly, "if it is anything that requires you to think before answering, of what will sound well, don't mind it at all. I would far rather you didn't answer me."

"Yet, I should like to speak to you of her. It would be a relief—a comfort," exclaims Margery, eagerly, "though, indeed, I hardly know what it is I want to say. You are one of us now—her sister as much as mine—why then should I be silent about her? My manner," impatiently, "is absurd. One would think by it there was some mystery in the background, but in reality there is nothing."

"Things often look like that."

"It was all terribly sudden, terribly unexpected. The marriage with Branksmere, I mean. She had always avoided him, as I thought—had—had, in fact—with a little rush—given us the idea that she rather disliked him than otherwise, so that when one morning she came into the school room and said in her pretty, slow, indifferent way that she was going to marry him in a month, we were all so thunderstruck that I don't believe one of us opened our lips."

"A wise precaution."

"I'm not so sure of that. I doubt our silence offended her. Your congratulations are warm," she said, with that queer little laugh of hers you will come to understand in time. It was cruel of us, but we were all so taken aback."

"It was startling, of course. Tell me," stooping toward Margery, and speaking very clearly, "was the other fellow desirable?"

"The—the other f—"

"Why, naturally, my dear child. It would be altogether out of the possibilities not to think of him. When a woman gets engaged and married, all in one second, as it were, to a man whom she appeared to dislike very cordially, the mind as a rule is alive to the knowledge that there is another man hidden away somewhere."

"I know so little, I imagine so much," says Margery, with quick distress, "that I am half afraid to speak. But I always thought, until she declared her engagement to Lord Branksmere, that she liked some one—a great contrast to Branksmere—who had been staying down here with some friends of ours for several months in the autumn. Whether he and she quarreled, or whether she threw him over, or whether he tired, I know nothing."

"Pity wasn't there just then. I'd have seen through it all in the twinkling of an eye," declared Mrs. Billy, naively.

"Muriel is difficult, you must understand. One can't read her, quite. Yet I did fancy she was in love with Captain Staines."

"Staines, Staines?"

"That was his name. He was staying with the Blounts, who live two or three miles from this. Know him?"

"It is quite a usual name, no doubt," says Mrs. Daryl, in a tone that might almost suggest the idea that she has recovered herself. "Yet it gave to me a train of thought. Know him? Well—one can't be sure. Short, little man. Eh?"

"Oh, no. Tall, very tall."

"Stout?"

"Meager, if anything. A handsome figure, I suppose," doubtfully, "but too much of the hair-pin order to suit me. But, at all events, I know he could lay claim to be called distinguished-looking."

"Most dark men look distinguished."

"He isn't dark. Fair if anything."

"Fair, and tall, and slender. Ah! he can't be the man I mean," said Mrs. Billy, slowly. Then, "When do you expect Lady Branksmere home?"

"To the castle, you mean? I don't know. She has never, during all her wedding-trip, written so much as a post-card to one of us. Odd, isn't it?"

"Suggestive, at least."

"Of what? Happiness?"

"Let us hope so. But what a long time maintain a settled silence."

"Too long. She is coming home, we hear—through the Branksmere steward."

"When?"

"Any day—any hour, in fact. They have received word to have the castle in order to receive the new Lady Branksmere at a moment's notice."

"I see," says Mrs. Daryl, thoughtfully. She had walked to the window a few minutes ago, and is now staring out into the shrubberies that guard the garden paths. Presently her gaze grows concentrated upon one spot.

"Margery, come here!" she says, in a low tone. "Within the last minute or two I have become aware that there is a strange

man in the garden! He is gazing about him in a most suspicious manner. What can he want? See! there he is. Ah! now you've lost him again. He appears to me to keep most artfully behind the bushes. Can he be a burglar taking the bearings of the house with intent to rob and murder us all in our beds?"

Margery, coming nearer, peers excitedly over her shoulder at the suspicious-looking person in question. As she does so her face grows hot. The bushes may hide his individuality from a stranger, but to her that gray coat, those broad shoulders are unmistakable; she gives way to a smothered ejaculation.

"You know him? It is true, then. He is a person of bad character in the neighborhood," exclaimed Mrs. Daryl, looking round at her.

"Oh! as to that, no! I don't think it is a burglar," says Margery, temporizing disgracefully. "It's—it's nobody in fact. I fancy, as well as I can see, that it is a Mr. Bellew!"

"Ah!" Mrs. Billy grows even more thoughtful. "Mr. Bellew seems rather struck with the house! An architect, perhaps?"

"No. Only a neighbor. A friend of the boys, in fact. He comes here to see them very often."

"That's kind of him," says Mrs. Billy. She laughs a little. "One would think it was the house he came to see," she goes on, meditatively; "at least, that portion of it where the school-room windows begin. By the bye, Meg, it is there you sit, as a rule, eh? I'd keep my eye on that young man, if I were you. He is up to something; I hope it isn't theft."

"I hope not," returns Miss Daryl, with an attempt at indifference. Then she gives way as she catches the other's eye, and breaks into petulant laughter. "He is a thorough nuisance," she says, in a vexed tone. "He is never off the premises."

"The boys are so attractive," adds Mrs. Billy. "At that rate, I expect the sooner I become acquainted with him the better. Take me down, Meg, and bring me face to face with him. As you evidently can't bear him, I suppose I had better begin well and rout him with great slaughter at this our first meeting. Shall I exterminate him with a blow, or—"

"Do anything you like to him," says Meg, who is evidently full of rage when she thinks of the invader.

When they get to the small armory door, however, that leads directly into the garden, she comes to a sudden halt.

"I think if you will walk rather slowly, I will just run on and tell him you are coming," she says rather jerkily, looking askance at her companion as if a little bit ashamed of her suggestion, and then without waiting for an answer, speeds away from her, swift as an arrow from the bow.

"Just warn him that I'm coming—and so is his last hour," calls out Mrs. Billy after her, convulsed with laughter. But Miss Daryl refuses to hear. She hurries on through the old-fashioned garden, full of its quaint flowerbeds, and odd weed he'll cut in fantastic shapes—past a moss-grown sundial, and the strutting peacocks and their discordant scream, until she runs almost into Mr. Bellew's willing arms.

"Ah! here you are at last," cries the young man in an accent of undisturbed delight as she comes up to him breathless. "I thought you'd never come! Such a century as it has seemed. Three weeks in town and not a line from you. You might have written one, I think! I got back an hour ago, and hurried over here to—"

"Make an ass of yourself!" interrupts Miss Daryl, wrathfully, who unconsciously adopted a good many of her brother's pretty phrases. "And here!" looking round her, "is this the only place you could think of? Is there no drawing-room in the house that you must needs be found prowling about the shrubberies? Anything more outrageous than your behavior could hardly be imagined!"

"Why, what on earth have I been doing now?" demands Mr. Bellew, in a bewildered tone.

"Mrs. Daryl has been gazing at you through an upper window for the last ten minutes, and very naturally came to the conclusion that you were a person of no character whatsoever. She was nearer the mark than she knew!" puts in Miss Daryl, viciously. "I didn't betray you."

"Mrs. Daryl? What! The new woman?" anxiously.

"New? One would think she was a purchase. What an extraordinary way we speak of one's sister-in-law," exclaims Meg, who is determined to give quarter nowhere. "Yes," she was so annoyed by your prowling that she is coming round presently to give you a bit of her mind."

"Bless me! I hope not!" says Mr. Bellew, who probably had never known fear until this moment. "I—I think I'll go," he says, falteringly.

"You can't. She's coming. Why on earth couldn't you have called at the hall door like any other decent Christian?"

"Well, so I did," indignantly. "I did the regulation thing right through. Knocked at the front door," asked for Mr. Daryl; heard he was out; left my card, and then thought I'd come round here to look for you."

"Well, I won't have it!"—decisively. "I won't be followed about by anything but my own terrier, and I distinctly refuse to be made by you the laughing-stock of the world. She was dying with laughter. I could see that. I tell you she thought first you had designs of the house. I had to explain you away. I had—angrily—" to assure her you weren't a burglar, but only a person called Curzon Bellew."

This contemptuously, and as though Curzon Bellew was a person distinctly inferior to the burglar.

"I won't come here at all if it displeases you," says Mr. Bellew, in a white heat.

"Say the word, and I go forever!" There is something tragic about this.

"Go, and joy go with you!" returns she, scornfully.

"That is a kinder wish than you mean," says the young man, clasping her hands.

"No. I won't go. Would I take joy from you? And do your words mean that if I went joy would of necessity go too?"

"Go, too," repeats Miss Daryl, but in a very different tone, and then, as though impelled to it by the glad youth within them, they both burst out laughing.

After a while Mr. Bellew grows grave again.

"Well," asks he, confidentially, "what do you think of her?"

"Her? You should speak more respectfully of such a dragon as she has proved herself, if, indeed, you mean Mrs. Daryl. But why ask me for a photograph? She will be here in a moment to—"

"Yes, yes, I know," hastily. "That is why I want to be prepared. What is she like, eh?"

"All the rest of the world. She has a nose, two eyes, and a mouth—quite ordinary. Disappointing, isn't it?"

"Then she isn't—"

"No, she isn't!" saucily. "What did you expect? An ogress?"

"Why, that was what you expected," says Mr. Bellew, very justly incensed. "You said—"

He is stricken dumb by the sight of a pretty little plump person who has emerged apparently from the laurel close by.

"You will introduce me, Meg," says the vision, smiling friendly wise at the disconcerted young man. "Is this the ogress? the tyrant? the—"

"Certainly! This is Mr. Bellew, a very old friend of ours," says Margery, in the tone of one who evidently deems the Mr. Bellew in question of no account whatsoever.

"So glad to meet you, Mr. Bellew," says Mr. Daryl, with the sweetest smile. "Margery tells me you are quite an old friend with all here, so I hope by and by we, you and I, shall be friends too."

Where is the ogress in all this? Mr. Bellew feels his heart go out to this pretty, smiling, gracious little thing upon the graveled path.

"You are very good," he stammers, feeling still somewhat insecure, the revulsion of feeling being extreme.

"Billy was out then? I am so sorry. One of the servants told me on my way here that you wished to see him. Never mind. Perhaps—what do you think, Margery? Perhaps your friend, Mr. Bellew, will dine with us without ceremony to-morrow evening?"

The two words "your friend" does it. From that moment Curzon Bellew is her slave. Margery murmurs something civil, and presently Mrs. Daryl, with another honeyed word or two, disappears between the branches.

"Well," says Meg. "Well?"

"She isn't quite the ogress you imagined, eh?"

"Why, it was you who used to call her that," exclaims Curzon, with some righteous wrath. "And now you try to put it upon me. It is the most unfair thing I ever heard of. You have forgotten, you know."

"Unfair?"

"Yes. You said you were miserable at the thought of having to live with an ill-tempered—"

"That's right. Put it all upon me by all means. I'm only a woman. Ill-tempered! Why, she is sweet. How can you so malign her?"

"A voice comes to them through the twilight:

"Margery! Margery Daw! Where are you? Come in. The dew is falling."

Miss Daryl makes a step towards the house.

"Oh, Meg, to leave me without one kind word after three weeks. How can you?" cries Bellew, in a subdued tone that is full of grief.

"Well, there," says Meg, extending to him her little slender, white hand, with all the haughty graciousness of a queen.

"If I come to dinner to-morrow night, you will be glad?"

"Glad? It won't put me out in the least, if you mean that," says Miss Daryl, slipping from him through the dewy branches.

The day has waned; night—a dark, damp, spring night—has fallen upon the earth. There is an extreme closeness in the air that speaks of a coming storm. The shadow of a starless night is thrown over the world that lies sleeping uneasily beneath its weight, and from the small rivers in the distance comes the sound of rushing, that goes before the swelling of the floods. Storm and rain, and passionate wind, may be predicted for the coming morn.

Dinner long since has come to an end; it is now close on ten o'clock. Margery and Mrs. Daryl are sitting together in the library, before a blazing fire—rather silent, rather depressed in spite of themselves—a little imbued unconsciously by the electric fluid with which the air seems charged. The windows leading on to the balcony are thrown wide open. The fire has been lighted as usual, but the night is almost suffocating, so dense and heavy is the still, hot atmosphere without.

"One feels uncanny, somehow, as if strange things were about," says Mrs. Billy presently, with a rather nervous little laugh.

"I can't bear lightning, can you? And there is sure to be plenty of it before the morning. What a weird night. Look how dark it is without. Ah! what is that?"

"What?" cries Margery in turn, springing to her feet. There is a sound of light, ghostly footsteps on the balcony beyond, and from the sullen mist a tall figure emerges clothed from head to heel in some garments. It comes quickly toward them through the open window, the face hidden by a black hood, until almost within a yard or two of them. Then it comes to an abrupt stand-still and flings back the covering from its face.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Adrift For Seven Days.

The mate and crew of the Nova Scotia steamer Annie, who have just returned to Canada from England, tell a terrible tale of the sea. The vessel was on her way from Nova Scotia to Havana with a cargo of timber, when she sprang a leak and capsized. The mate and crew of four men were thrown into the sea, which was rough at the time, but the deck-load falling overboard the vessel partially righted herself, and the men were able to lash themselves to a rail on the steamer's side. In this position they remained for seven days, the sea often up to their waist, and without a portion of food or a drop of water. "There were some biscuits," said the mate, "but they were salt-water soaked, and would have made us crazy. As it is, we shall carry the marks of that seven days to our graves. Eventually they were sighted by the German steamer Gutheil, and were with much difficulty dragged from the capsized vessel, and taken to Bremerhaven.

## THE HAWAIIAN PANTHEON.

### Strange and Terrible Gods once Worshipped by the Natives.

The Washington Bureau of Ethnology has received from the Hawaiian Islands a quantity of information respecting the traditions and religious beliefs of the natives inhabiting that group which just at this time possesses a great deal of interest. Their pilgrim fathers, according to the accepted story, first reached this paradise of the Pacific in canoes with mat sails, bringing with them a few household idols, a live pig or two, some emaciated chickens, a bread-fruit plant, and some seeds. There were women as well as men in the company, but the little children had succumbed to the hardships of the voyage. These people were survivors of a party defeated in tribal warfare on some ocean isle in Polynesia.

Coming upon the refuge in the midst of a watery waste, they gladly took possession of it. No inhabitants had preceded them. They found fish and shrimps in the streams, while the ocean afforded shellfish, crabs and other provender. Fruits, some of them unfamiliar to the new-comers, were plentiful. They hit upon the "kapa" plant, from the bark of which they knew how to make cloth, and with it they renewed their scanty wardrobes. A delight to them was the discovery of the taro, growing wild in the mountain streams, which they hailed as an old friend. They knew it as a dry land crop, and generations passed before they learned to adopt the present method of cultivating it in permanent patches of standing water.

Under these happy conditions arts and industries prospered. The manufacture of "kapa" bark flourished and made progress in the direction of variety of fabric and aesthetic finish. Royal garments of wondrous beauty were woven out of birds' feathers. Tools of stone and wood were invented and improved. Great engineering enterprises were undertaken, such as irrigating systems and great sea walls inclosing bays and reefs for fish ponds. The antiquity of some of these works is so great that even tradition fails to account for their origin. The deep water fish pond on the Island of Kauai is said to have been built by a fabled race of dwarfs, remarkable for their cunning and engineering skill.

The average Hawaiian still regards the old gods of his nation as living and active beings, even though he may not worship them. Though Christianity has become the ostensible religion of the Sandwich Islands, there has been a very marked renewal of the old heathen faith within the last few years. It sleeps, but it is not dead. There are plenty of gods in the native pantheon.

Fiercest of them and most universally dreaded is the lizard-god. She is represented as a mermaid—a woman above with long flowing tresses, while below she is a lizard. Usually she lives in the water, but at times she comes on land and appears as a beautiful girl. Every one who is well acquainted with the Hawaiians know the dread, even terror, which they feel at the sight of a lizard. "Oh, the lizard!" is a familiar exclamation of fear. The introduction of small-pox and leprosy among them is attributed by the native sorcerers to the implacable malice of the lizard-god, who afflicts people with painful ulcers, eruptions and general wasting of the system. When a person is taken with a chill on leaving the water, it is said to be due to her ill-will.

Another powerful divinity is the fire goddess Pele—she who makes her abode in the crater of the terrific volcano Kilauea. She is the genius of the burning mountain. At times she assumes the appearance of a handsome young woman, but usually she shows herself in her true form as a hideous hag, with a tattered and fire-burnt garment scarcely concealing the filth and nakedness of her person. Her bloodshot eyes and fiendish countenance paralyze the beholder, but her touch turns him to stone. She is a jealous and vindictive monster, delighting in cruelty, and at the slightest provocation overwhelming the victims of her rage. A painful deformity of the eyelid not uncommon in the Sandwich groups is attributed to the malice of this female fiend, who is herself represented as suffering from the most exaggerated ophthalmia.

The shark has been perhaps the most universally worshipped of all the Hawaiian gods. Strange to say, the fish is regarded as peculiarly the friend and protector of all those who pay him devout attention. Each locality along the coasts of the islands used to have its special patron shark, whose name, history, place of abode and appearance were well known to all frequenters of the shore line. The largest and most celebrated of these shark divinities was a male whose mouth was said to be as large as an ordinary grass-house, and who could swallow two or three common sharks with ease. Most of the channels around the islands of Maui and Oahu were too shallow for his huge bulk. To avoid getting aground he spent most of his time in deep waters.

Second to him in size and power was a goddess Pele. Like many of the other shark gods he was able at pleasure to assume the human form. From time to time he walked among men. In his fish form he is still said to roam in the deep waters about the island of Maui and is claimed by many as their special divinity and protector. One reason for the affection displayed toward the shark gods was that many of them were supposed to be of human parentage. For example, two of them, who inhabited the Ewa lagoon, were originally Hawaiian children. One day the children disappeared, and their parents were informed that they had been transformed into sharks. As such they became special objects of worship for the people in that vicinity, with which they maintained the most agreeable relations. When one considers the amphibious habits of the Hawaiians, and their familiarity with the dangers of the sea, it is not so very surprising that they should revere certain sharks and even maintain the most pleasant relations with them, as a defense against other sharks with whom they may not be on friendly terms.

The worm is another divinity regarded with dread by these islanders. Once upon a time, as the story goes, a monster in this disagreeable shape lived in a cave at the base of a hill in the district of Kau, on Hawaii. By day he carefully kept out of sight, but at night he assumed the form of a man and made love to the daughter of a prominent chief in that neighborhood. The fraud being discovered, the creature was tracked to his den and slain by the angered relatives of his lady-love. But from his body sprang all the worms which are so de-

structive to vegetation, as well as the cucumbers and allied forms of marine life.

Large mammals being unknown to the islanders of the Pacific, the early Hawaiians regarded the pig as the most powerful of all land animals. In one of their legends, which requires sixteen hours to repeat, the hero is a gigantic hog who was able for a time to defy the power of the mighty Pele. Like so many of the demi-gods of native mythology this unruly beast was born of human parents, and could appear as a handsome young man, a fish or a tree. The owl and the rat are regarded as most beneficent divinities. When the god Makalii attempted to rob mankind of food by putting all the taro, potatoes, yams, bananas, etc., into a net, which he hung up in the sky out of reach, it was a rat, hidden in the net, which bit a hole in it and let all the provender fall to earth. The "cat's cradles," which the Hawaiians are so expert in weaving on fingers with loops of string, serve to illustrate the making and the breaking of the net of Makalii.

Of all the familiar spirits which a Hawaiian sorcerer summons to execute his wishes the most dreadful is an "unihipihi." To secure the services of a demon of this sort the magician takes the corpse of a dead child and removes the flesh from the bones. The latter, together with the hair, he does up in a bundle. Over these remains he performs elaborate ceremonies, until at length he feels a strange supernatural power coming upon him, enabling him to see into the mysterious of the unseen world and to do many wonderful things. To increase this power to a still greater degree he divides the remains of the infant into four parts. One portion he throws into the burning Lake of Kilauea, a second he casts into the sea, a third he commits to a river or lake, and the fourth he preserves and hides away. The sorcerer is now invested with a power most infernal. The shark in the air, the lizard on the land and the spirit of the air are his remorseless agents to pursue, torment and destroy his victims. The fiend which takes these varied shapes has no kindness nor compassion for any one. There are lesser demons of a similar kind which are of a milder disposition. A little infant cast into the ocean may become a shark; another thrown into fresh water may become a lizard. The Hawaiian magicians teach that the decay of their race is the result of the vengeance of the ancient deities, who are offended at being supplanted by the white man's God, who was brought over the water in a book—i. e., the Bible.

### Terrible Predicament of Miners.

A remarkable instance of bravery amid the dangers of coalmining has come to light at St. Helens. A couple of the new shafts are being sunk at the Lea Green Collieries, and the solid rock is destroyed by blasting operations. A day or two ago this work was being superintended by George Atkinson, a young man residing in Boundary Road, St. Helens. Four blasting cartridges had been "rammed" home, and all the men, with the exception of Atkinson and an assistant, were taken up the shaft before the shots were fired. When everything was completed Atkinson signalled up the shaft and received a reply that all was right and ready for winding up the hoppet—the large iron bucket used in sinking operations. Atkinson accordingly lit the fuse attached to the shots and jumped into the hoppet. To the intense horror of Atkinson and his companions, however, the "hoppet" remained at the bottom of the shaft, some 260 yards from the surface, and within a few feet of the four shots, "rammed" home in the rock, which were expected to go off in the course of a few seconds. To remain there meant almost certain death under terrible circumstances. Atkinson leapt from the "hoppet," however, and extinguished the fuse attached to one cartridge, but at that moment the "hoppet" moved upwards. Atkinson, as quick as thought, sprang forward, grasped the edge of the "hoppet" with both hands, and in that terrible position, with his body and legs hanging down, he was rapidly wound up the shaft. A few moments after they had left the bottom of the shaft, the three shots exploded with terrific force, and the men escaped the danger which had threatened from that quarter. Whilst ascending the shaft Atkinson, by a supreme effort, raised himself sufficiently to rest one arm upon the edge of the "hoppet," and in that position finally reached the surface after a frightful ascent. As may naturally be imagined his life literally depended upon his keen grasp of the iron "hoppet" and his fellow-workmen warmly congratulated him upon his escape from a terrible death. Atkinson's assistant, who remained in the "hoppet," was so overcome by terror that, notwithstanding Atkinson's appeal for help, he was unable to render the slightest assistance to Atkinson during the ascent.

### Another English Settlement in Africa.

The advance portion of an expedition left London on Saturday for Mozambique, where it is proposed to form an English settlement. It is proposed to colonize nearly 300 square miles of territory between the rivers Zambezi and Sabi, acquired by the Premier Concessions of Mozambique Company, and confirmed by the Anglo-Portuguese Convention of 1891. Captain L. F. Spring, the chief of the expedition, in an interview said—"I propose to form a township as near as possible to the Beira Railway, to which a road will be speedily constructed, and an English community will soon be located upon the spot where Gungunhana once had his kraal. Farms are to be laid out at once by our surveyor, Mr. Garrard, and exploration parties will be formed to prospect for gold and other precious metals with which the district abounds. I know the whole country, and have no fear for the health of the expedition, otherwise I should not be taking my wife with me. The coast at certain points is not inviting, but the elevated plateau inland are especially salubrious. As a matter of fact this new settlement will be in better touch with England than many of the more widely-known South African settlements, and I confidently expect a great influx of white population into this favoured land within a very short period. I am convinced that it will become industrially and commercially important." Captain Spring has been appointed Civil Commissioner and Resident Magistrate for the district. The remaining portion of the expedition, with all the necessary equipments for pioneer life, will sail within a few days.

The dirtiest and most unhealthy city in the world is Amoy, China.