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LIKE AND UNLIKE.
 By M. E. BRADDON,
 Author of "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "WYLLIARD'S WEIRD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—NOT THE AVERAGE GIRL.
 Helen said to the breakfast table next morning, "I want to go home."
 "What half-past nine o'clock. Breakfast over, and Lady Belfield had gone off to her house and morning hunting with her dog and gun. It was a hunting day, and Valentine was jolling in his easy chair by the fireplace, waiting for his horse to be brought to the door.
 Helen and Adrian were standing in front of the window watching the drizzling rain. The window was morning, wet and warm, and a low grey sky, and a mist from the neighbouring sea.
 "Go home, dearest, but why?"
 "I shall order them home immediately, but the only way to make them obey is to shame myself. As long as he—my father—knows I am provided for here, he will never let his reckless career abroad."
 "I can't spare you yet awhile, Helen," said Adrian, tenderly. "You have become a daughter of the house. My mother wouldn't do without you. We shall only let you go home in time to get your frocks ready for your metamorphosis. I believe how which insists upon new frocks as a preliminary of marriage is like the laws of the Medes and Persians, and altereth not with the march of enlightenment."
 "Perhaps when a man marries a girl out of the gutter, he does it to escape being shamed about her tressure," said Valentine; "and that when a fellow runs away with another man's wife, it is for the sake of slipping the horrors of the marriage ceremony and the ordeal by wedding presents."
 "No, Helen, we can't spare you yet," said Adrian, ignoring his brother's remarks.
 "No, Helen, we can't spare you yet," said Valentine, from his easy chair. "There's my horse. I'd better be off pretty sharp. It's a long way to Tadpole Pond."
 He jumped up, took his hat and whip, and hurried out. Adrian and Helen watched him mount and ride away, tall and straight as an arrow, wearing his weather-worn, scarlet coat and black velvet cap with an easy grace, as much at home on the slightly impatient hunter as he had been in his easy chair.
 The horse went straight on end, while Helen and Adrian were watching, and his progress for the first few hundred yards seemed to be more upon two legs than on four.
 "Oh, how I envy him, how I should like to be going with him," cried Helen, spontaneously, forgetting that only a few minutes before she had been trying to get herself out of the house, deeming that she would not exist beneath the same roof with Valentine Belfield. "Would he take me next Friday, do you think? Would you?"
 "Would I mind? Well, no, not if you really care for hunting so very much."
 "Care for it? I wish with all my heart it were not. I adore it. Why, you know it is my passion. I wish with all my heart I were not. Just for once in a way, that I may see a little more of your picturesque country, she pleaded."
 "I could drive you all over Devonshire, Ireland."
 "Oh, but there is no fun in driving; and there are lots of places where you could not go—break-neck hills, and boggy bits of moorland, woods and winding streams. The proper way to see a country is out hunting, when one's blood is up and one's nerves are on fire with eagerness to go. You'll not be about a little more before the season is over. Just once or twice, or so—won't you, Valentine?"
 "Think how very good I have been for the last three weeks."
 "This was said with the air of a martyr.
 "My poor, self-sacrificing Helen," said her lover, half sad and half ironical. "Yes, you must hunt, I suppose. You must go to hazard that life on which hangs my own life in the most break-neck country in England. I will go out with you and potter about while you follow Valentine, who always takes the very wildest line and will lead you over some of the worst ground in Devonshire."
 "Then may I send for my little Irish mare to-morrow? Your horses have charming manners, but they are not quick enough for hounds. Nora's Creina is nothing much to look at, but she can go like the wind."
 "Naturally, Helen had her way. The Irish mare was sent for that afternoon, and the young lady said no more about her desire to go back to Morcomb.
 She tried to forget Valentine's offence and her own indignation. "After all he is to be my brother," she told herself.
 His presence in the house was a disturbing influence; even the expectation of his return bothered her spirits a little as she sat at work with Lady Belfield that afternoon. She was not very fond of needlework, but she had felt constrained to put on an air of occupation in the long wet afternoons, lest her future mother-in-law should take offence at her idleness.
 This afternoon her thoughts were of the deep breakneck lanes or on the brown barrow moorland, rather than with her basket of many-colored silks, or the bunch of poppies which she was stitching at mechanically, caring very little whether the shading came out well or ill, stopping every now and then to yawn.
 Adrian was in the library writing letters, and the two women were alone together.
 "What dreadful weather for the hunting!" said Lady Belfield, looking up at the

creepers, with a verandah, where a fellow could smoke his cigarette after dinner in the summer evenings, and a breakfast room where a fellow could keep his best. You would be in your place, Madge. Is that cottage, with a couple of servants to wait upon you. Why should we not be happy, sweet? This world was made for love and lovers.
 "This world was made for honest men and women. You are a scoundrel. Yes, you are right, I was a fool to come to this house. But the temptation was too great—to see you—to be near you."
 "You might be more than that, sweet one. You might be with me always, if you would. Will you go with me to-morrow to see that cottage, Madge. You could slip out at the back of the house quietly, and I could pick you up near the stables, and drive you in an hour. The place would not look so pretty as in summer, but it is always picturesque—and Madge," pleadingly, "we might be so happy there."
 "No," she answered resolutely, not with the air of a woman who means yes; "I could never be happy that way."
 "Your mother was of another way of thinking, Madge."
 "How dare you throw my mother's shame in my face. What do you know of my mother?"
 "I have had the honor of meeting her in London society," he answered with a malicious sparkle in his eyes.
 "And I do not even know if she is alive."
 "Oh, she is a lady who has made herself a reputation in London, I assure you. When was it I met her? About five years ago. I was up in town on the quiet, went to a theatre, and supper party afterwards—a sporting nobleman's party. Your mother was there. Mature, gone to seed a little, perhaps, but remarkably handsome still, and dressed as only a woman of genius knows how to dress at forty, dressed to make forty more attractive than twenty. Your mother would never wear a housemaid's cap, or trundle a broom, I can assure you. She knows her own value too well. She has better sense."
 "What is her name in London? I have never heard of her by any name but my own, Madge."
 "Oh, she has a name of greater dignity than that. I was introduced to her as Mrs. Mandeville. There was a Major Mandeville, about whom people told some curious stories, but I did not see much of him."
 "Do you know where my mother is living now?"
 "No, child. But I dare say I could find out. Do you want to know?"
 "Yes, I want to know all I can about my mother. Even if she is a wicked woman, leading a bad life, she is more to me than any other woman on this earth. The day may come when she will want my help."
 "I fancy she is too clever for that, Madge; but I have no doubt she would be glad to see you, if it were only to be reminded how handsome she was twenty years ago."
 A bell rang in a lobby below, the servant's call.
 "I must go," said Madge, hurriedly, and so they parted, Madge to the back stairs and the servant's hall, Valentine to his mother's drawing-room, where she had been waiting for him for a quarter of an hour. Lady Belfield exclaiming herself for keeping Helen and Adrian waiting, on the ground that afternoon tea was more to the returning sportsman than to anyone else. "And it is so much nicer for us all to have our tea together," she said.
 "Don't apologize, mother," said Adrian, smiling at her, "as if we didn't know that your tea would be worse than tasteless if you began without Valentine."
 "You have not been so expeditious as usual, Val," said the mother, as her younger son sauntered into the room in velvet jacket and slippers, and with a Byronic throat.
 "I was wetter than usual, mother, and taking off my boots was like drawing double teeth," he answered, as he seated himself by Lady Belfield's elbow, and attacked a pile of toasts.
 He looked across at Helen, who was sitting on the other side of the fireplace with her workbasket in her lap, the image of propriety. He looked at her critically, as he stepped his tea and munched his toast, comparing her delicate beauty with that of the brilliant face he had just now been gazing upon. No two faces could have been more distinct in their beauty, more widely diverse in their characteristics. In Helen's countenance, the lightness of a frivolous and shallow nature was obvious as her beauty; in that other face there were suggestions of the sublime in passion or in thought, the face of a woman strong for good or evil.
 There was a relief in watching the play of Helen's countenance after the passionate earnestness and fixed purpose of that other face, so full of evil augury to him, the would-be seducer. Here he could gaze unappalled.
 "How pretty she is, just as butterflies and flowers that last a day are pretty," he said to himself, "and how soon a sensible man would get tired of her. Perhaps she may do for my brother all the same," he went on, musing lazily as he ate and drank, "he is a dilettante, loves prettiness in everything, from architecture to bookbinding. Yes, she may succeed in making him happy, shallow as she is. He will play the organ to her, expatiate upon Bach and Beethoven, read Shelley and Keats to her, and she will pretend to be interested, and they will get on pretty well together in their nobby-pamby way."
 He could read Helen's thoughts easily enough as he watched her face in the lamplight. Her eyes were cast down for the most part on her teacup or her work-basket, but now and then she glanced shyly, inquisitively, in his direction.
 "She feels embarrassed still on account of yesterday's escapade," he said to himself, "yet she is monstrous curious about me, would like to know what manner of man I am; would like to be friends."
 He descended to describe his day pleasantly, when he had taken the edge off his appetite, and then asked Helen why she was not out.
 "The Toftstaffs and the Tradnoys were full of inquiries about you, thinking it such a pity you don't hunt now. You seemed to enjoy it so much, they said."
 "They were not over civil to me when I was out," said Helen; "I shouldn't ride so hounds for the pleasure of their society—dear, but, faltering a little, and with a gleaming preening glance at Adrian, "I should very much like to get out on two more days before the end of the season."
 "One or two more days," said Valentine, "what about? You must get every day, get every chance you can. There is not

THE SMALLEST PEOPLE OF THE WORLD.
 A Race of Men Under Four Feet High—The Akkas, the World's Dwarfs.
 At the last meeting of the Anthropological Institute, Prof. Flower, C. B., Director of the Natural History Museum, gave a description of the two skeletons of Akkas, lately obtained in the Monbottu country, Central Africa, by Emin Pasha. Since this diminutive tribe was discovered by Schweinfurth in 1870, they have received considerable attention from various travellers and anthropologists, and general descriptions and movements of several living individuals have been published, but no account of their osteological characters has been given, and no specimens have been submitted to careful anatomical examination.
 The two skeletons are those of two fully grown-up people, a male and a female. The evidence they afford entirely corroborates the view previously derived from external measurements that the Akkas are among the smallest, if not actually the smallest people upon the earth. These skeletons are both of them smaller than any other normal skeleton known, smaller certainly than the smallest Bushman's skeleton in any museum in this country, and smaller than any out of the twenty-nine skeletons of the diminutive inhabitants of the Andaman Islands, of which the dimensions have been recorded by Prof. Flower in a previous communication to the Anthropological Institute.
 The height of neither of them exceeds 1.219 metres, or 4 feet, while a living female Akka, of whom Emin Pasha has sent careful measurements, is only 1.164 metres, or barely 3 feet 10 inches. The results previously obtained from the measurements of about half a dozen living Akkas are not quite so low as these, varying from 1.216 to 1.420 metres, and give an average for both sexes of 1.356, or 4 feet 5 1/2 inches. But the numbers measured are not sufficient for establishing the true average of the race, especially as it is not certain that they were all pure bred examples.
 According to Topinard's list, there are only two known races which have a mean height below 1,500 metres, viz., the Negritos of the Andaman Islands (1.478), and the Bushman of South Africa (1.444). Of the real height of the former we have abundant and exact evidence, both from living individuals and from skeletons, which clearly proves that they considerably exceed the Akkas in stature. That this is also the case with the Bushmen there is little doubt. The point of comparative size being settled it remains to consider to what races the Akkas are most nearly allied.
 That they belong in all their essential characteristics to the black or Negroid branch of the human species there can be no doubt—in fact they exhibit all the essential characteristics of that branch even to exaggeration. The form of the head is somewhat more rounded than usual but it has been shown that in Equatorial Africa, extending from the west coast far into the interior, are scattered lines of negroes distinguished from the majority of the inhabitants of the continent by their smaller stature, to which the name "Negrito" has been applied by Hamy. It is to this race of the great Negroid branch that the Akkas belong, and they are not by any means closely allied, either to the Bushmen or the Negritos of the Indian Ocean, except in so far as they are members of the same great branch, distinguished among the general character by their closely curled or frizzy hair. It is possible that the Negrito people gave origin to the stories of pygmies so common in the writings of the Greek poets and historians, and whose habitations were often placed near the sources of the Nile. The name Akka, by which Schweinfurth says the tribe now call themselves, has singularly enough been read by Marietta Pasha by the side of the portrait of a dwarf in a monument of the ancient Egyptian empire.
A ROYAL BARBARIAN.
 Reminiscence of the Shah's Visit to the German Capital.
 While in Berlin the Shah attended a gala performance of the ballet "Sardanapalus," and sat in the court box between the Empress and Prince Karl, and here he did one or two barbaric deeds that smote with horror and consternation all those distinguished persons who witnessed them. Wishing to call the Empress' attention to something that was taking place on the stage he reached over and laid his hand on her arm. "Where can he have been brought up?" asked one great lady. "An Empress' arm is not a sabre hilt to be clutched at."
 A few moments later he called for a glass of water. It was brought him by one of his attendants. He drank the contents at a gulp and calmly handed the empty goblet to the Princess Karl, whose patrician countenance as she mechanically took it from him was a study for a physiognomist, and not less interesting was the facial expression of the ladies in waiting and chamberlains who had never before witnessed such a blood-chilling breach of etiquette. But worse remained behind. Presently the shah cleared his throat, once, twice, thrice, with ever-increasing vigor, and then deliberately spat in the stalls. A shudder ran through the house and several fair ladies of fashion hurriedly took their departure.
Some Biblical Data.
 Verses in the Old Testament, 23,241.
 Verses in the New Testament, 7,959.
 The books of the Old Testament, 39.
 The books of the New Testament, 27.
 Words in the Old Testament, 592,430.
 Letters in the New Testament, 838,253.
 Words in the New Testament, 131,820.
 Chapters in the Old Testament, 929.
 Letters in the Old Testament, 2,728,100.
 Chapters in the New Testament, 260.
 The word "Jehovah" occurs 6,865 times.
 The middle book of the Old Testament is Proverbs.
 The middle chapter of the Old Testament is Job xxx.
 The middle verse of the New Testament is Acts xxii, 17.
 The shortest verse in the New Testament is John, xi, 35.
 The longest verse in the Old Testament is Esther, viii, 9.
 The middle book of the New Testament is Second Thessalonians.
 The middle chapter and shortest in the Bible is Psalm cxvii.