KING OLAF

Or, Kinship Between Man and Horse

CHAPTER XI.—(Con.)

Picking up her habit in one hand, and taking hold of King Olaf's bridle with the other, she started off at a good round pace. She had not, however, gone above half a mile, and had already begun to discover that patent leather riding boots and lengthened pedestrian exercise were highly incompatible one with the other, before she was startled by hearing a voice close behind say—

"I hope you have not met with an accident."

Her first impulse was one of relief, her second to notice that the horseman who thus addressed her was mounted on a sporting black mare, and was decidedly good-looking. He had fair hair, honest grey-blue eyes, a smiling open countenance, and a manly upright carriage, which impressed Kate favorably at first sight.

"Is anything the matter?" he repeated riding up alongside. "Have you had a fall?"

"Oh dear no," answered she airily, now that help was at hand, determined to make light of her adventures. "I could not open the last gate, it was so heavy, and after bungling for a long time, dropped my hunting-crop. Being a favorite one, I got off to pick it up, and then was unable to remount, consequently was obliged to have recourse to Shank's mare. Are all the gates about here equally refractory?"

"Some of them are awkward I admit, particularly for a lady. To tell the truth, I wonder you got on as well as you did. Many fair equestrines of my acquaintance stand in the same awe of a five-barred gate as of a full-crown bull, and cannot stir without a groom riding close to their horse's tail."

"They ought not to come out hunting then," said Kate, decisively. "Women have no business to be so stupid and such cowards."

The stranger laughed, seemingly amused at her sentiments.

"Don't you think the farmers are more to blame," he said with a smile "who fasten up their gates by all sorts of such odious contrivances, that even we men are often at our wits' ends how to undo them, and were it not for such things as hinges would many a time be stopped in the midst of a good run? The ladies are not so much in fault as you appear to imagine."

"I am glad for their sakes they have found so chivalrous and so courteous a champion," answered Kate politely, though a trifle sarcastically.

He looked at her, as if not quite sure whether she were joking or in earnest.

"You are too flattering," he replied in the same tone. "But the courtesy of which you speak is not very apparent so long as I remain seated and you standing. Allow me to assist you to your horse." So saying he jumped dowo to the ground.

Now the human voice is a wonderful index of character, and possesses immense powers of attraction and repulsion. A pleasant-toned voice goes far towards creating a favorable impression, and the new-comer's had a soft truthful ring which inspired Kate with confidence, and made her forget that this gentleman was an utter stranger.

"Do you know how?" she asked saucily. "I'm awfully heavy, remember."

"I'm not afraid of that," he replied, apparently confident in his own powers. "Try me."

Kate placed her foot somewhat coyly in the palm of his broad hand—she noticed it was broad, and thought men's hands ought to be so—and the next instant with a dexterous hoist he sent her flying into the saddle.

"Capital!" she exclaimed, not a little pleased to find herself there again. "Stirrup himself could not have done it better."

"Who's Stirrup?"

"Oh! Stirrup's my groom, and such a dear old man! Still, as he does not always accompany me out hunting, the very first time I come to grief I shall know now where to apply for help. There's nothing like a friend in need."

"No. Let that be a bargain. All the same, I hope," turning the frank blue eyes full upon her, "the day will never come when you may meet with a bad accident. If there is one sight in the whole world I hate more than another, it is seeing a lady fall. Their limbs are so delicate compared to ours, and so much more easily injured. However," with a cheerful smile, "it's much too early in the season to talk of broken bones. They're bad enough at any time, so no need to think of them qeforehand. Now," giving Kate the reins, and lossing King Olaf's head, "are you quite comfrtable. Is there nothing more I can do for you?"

"No, nothing, thanks," she said, wondering if he meant to depart, and wishing he would stay a little longer, at least until she had reached the high-road. "I cannot thank you sufficiently for the trouble already taken on my behalf."

"Please don't mention it. I feel only too proud to have been able to render any service, and am already amply repaid by the pleasure of your society instead of riding home alone." He did not intend trotting on then after all. His next speech rendered that fact stil more evident.

"There are still two or three gates to be opened," he said, as he once more remounted. "So, if you will allow me, I propose seeing you safely through them."

He spoke with such an air of calm decision that there was nothing to be said, and Kate gratefully bowed assent. The presence of this handsome stranger was far from being displeasing. He had a courtly way of speaking, which appealed to her sense of refinement and put her at her ease. Some such thoughts ran through her mind, as for a few seconds they rode on in silence. Her companion was engaged in a critical examination of King Olaf. Presently he said, resuming the conversation—

"May I be forgiven for expressing my extreme admiration for your horse? He is a real beauty," once again running him over with the eye of a connoisseur. "A trifle small perhaps, but a rarely well-shaped animal. He's a good one, too, I know, for I saw him jump a fence this morning in grand style. There happened to be a blind ditch on the take off side, and I noticed him particularly, because to tell the honest truth, I thought you were riding just a wee bit too fast at it, but the chestnut steadied himself exactly at the right moment, and evidently requires no teaching. You're lucky in having such a good hunter."

"That I am," said Kate, charmed at hearing her favorite's praises sung, and stooping down to pat his glossy neck. "Even my bad riding can't make him go wrong."

"Please believe I intended to cast no aspersions on your horsemanship, on the contrary—I—I" checking himself suddenly.

"Well, what?" she asked, with all a woman's love of flattery.

"I admired it."

Kate blushed without exactly knowing why, and endeavored to start another topic of discussion. Nevertheless she felt pleased that the stranger considered her debut in the Shires had proved creditable.

"I thought I was wrong," she said, "in going quite so fast, but Mrs. Forrester had specially warned me against the dangers of slow riding, and her advice carried the day. You see," turning towards him with a frank humility, "I am only a novice as yet."

Her candor was attractive, and pleased him. Coquettes and flirts he had met by the score, but straightforward, out-spoken girls, with no humbug about them, were comparatively rare.

"To you know Mrs. Forrester?" he asked.

"Yes, a little. She called upon me yesterday. We had a long chat together, and she told me a variety of news."

"Ah! she's a regular old gossip, but a good soul all the same, if only she could be persuaded to leave horse-coping alone. This animal that I am now riding once belonged to her."

"Indeed!" said Kate, speculating as to whom her companion might be.

"Yes," continued he, "I bought her at the end of last season, and I call her M'liss, for a wilder young savage never looked through a bridle. You remember Bert Harte's story, don't you?"

"Ah! poor M'liss. I always felt sorry for her, and she possessed such an intense capacity for suffering. Her emotions were almost too keen. I hope your M'liss does not resemble the original one in that respect."

"No, my M'liss is a very sulky, thick-skinned creature, or rather was, for she has marvellously improved lately."

"Perhaps she too loves the schoolmaster," suggested Kate, with a little air of finesse.

"Not so much as she fears his spurs and whip in the shape of a sharp pair of spurs. Talking of horses, however, I should like you to see a four-year-old of mine, who is almost, if not quite, as handsome as the one you are one. Ah! I see"—as Kate made a cynical gesture—"you find that hard to believe?"

"Very. You must excuse my scepticism, but even if your animal were as beautiful as Venus herself, she could never compare with King Olaf in my eyes. Perhaps it sounds conceited to say so, but you see, when you have ridden a horse a season or two, been well carried, and found out all his good qualities, you learn to regard him with a peculiar pride and affection which prevent any other filling his place, or even approaching him in the smallest degree."

"Prayo! That is honestly spoken. I see you are fond of horses."

"Fond! I love them. The gift of speech, after all, is a dangerous one. Our friends bother us perpetually with their ill-timed chatter, our horses never. I like dumb things—things with no tongues to irritate and madden."

"Still even horses are vexations at times. They are not all good, quiet, placid, amiable-tempered creatures."

"I know, but whatever their faults they cannot speak. Silence is golden."

"Well, your ideas strike me as rather peculiar. Would you like to lay at marchance for the rest of the way home?"

"Certainly not," said she with a laugh, "I was indulging in generalities, not personalities. Besides, there are exceptions to every rule."

"I suppose I could not acquire this desirable dumbness?" he asked playfully.

"It does not appear likely," she answered, while a demure smile trembled upon her lips.

"Ah! you think I am a chatterbo ?"

"I did not say any such thing."

"No, but you implied it."

"Conversation by implication is always unpleasant, and liable to lead to misconstruction. Suppose, instead, you were to tell me where we are?"

For they had quitted the green fields and were now pacing down a good wide road.

"Don't you recognize that house?" he said, pointing to one on the left-hand side.

"Why, it is Sport Lodge, surely. I had no idea we were so near home."

"Yes, Miss Prewser," he said, "it is Sport Lodge, and I am afraid I must wish you good-bye, for my way leads more to the right."

"Stay," she exclaimed, impelled by a sudden desire to learn her companion's name. "You possess an unfair advantage over me. Before we part, at least let me know to whom I am indebted for so much kindness?"

The sun was sinking in the horizon, and its rays caught the stranger's hair as, turning it into golden as he raised his hat from his head and said quietly—

"I am Colonel Clinker."

He was not, however, prepared for the effect produced by these apparently simple words. Kate's countenance fell, assuming an expression of unfeigned astonishment, for the announcement came upon her as an overwhelming surprise. The possibility of this pleasant, agreeable young man turning out to be the depraved individual who gambled, betted, and vowed nolens volens to make her his wife, had never entered her mind. The disillusion was complete. Her interest had been aroused once or twice during their short ride home, the soft voice had thrilled her strangely and now, when she recalled these things her animosity found vent in regret.

"Colonel Clinker," she echoed impulsively. "Oh! I am so sorry."

The next moment she could have bitten out her tongue. How could she make so foolish, so idotic a speech?

"Sorry!" he said, feeling in his turn somewhat surprised and scarcely flattered. "Why sorry? What has sorrow got to do with my identity?"

"Oh, nothing," she answered coldly, striving hard to conceal her confusion.

"You are enigmatical in the extreme, Miss Browser. You first do me the honor of wishing to know my name; then, when you hear it, tell me you are sorry. What inference am I to draw from such a speech?"

"I—I—really don't know."

"Miss Brewser," he said, looking Kate full in the face, "you are equivocating. You know perfectly well, and are concealing something from me."

The hint of deception touched her to the quick.

"Well, then," she said, with considerable heat, "if you must know I will tell you. I thought before I knew who you were that you were nice, and now—" hesitating how best to conclude the discourteous sentence. "You are sorry because I am not."

An awkward silence ensued. Colonel Clinker was evidently both hurt and perplexed, but when he spoke again all the anger had died out of his face.

"After all," he said, "why should I be vexed at your frankness? Very likely you are right, and I am a worthless fellow. It does one good now and again to be taken down a peg or two in one's own self-esteem. Tell me, is there nothing I can do to become nice, or at all events nice-er?"

She felt beaten. This humble appeal went far to disarm her wrath and raise her respect in spite of his previous shortcomings, but she was not going to let him see that he had gained the smallest advantage.

"That," she replied coolly, "is for you, not me, to ascertain."

"Miss Brewser," he said, with visible annoyance, "you appear to know of something to my disadvantage, and therefore I feel as if I were groping in the dark, being ignorant of any possible cause of offence. Can you not tell me what it is?"

"No."

"Then you admit that there is a cause?"

"I admit nothing. And really, Colonel Clinker, I hope you will excuse me, but I must be going. I don't want my horse to catch cold."

"At least you will give me the opportunity of endeavaring to regain that good opinion which I seem to have forfeited?" he urged, with a persistence that surprised himself, but she had piqued his curiosity and wounded his pride. "I shall do myself the honor of calling," he added, taking a sudden resolution.

"It's hardly worth your while," was the encouraging reply, though Kate, as she uttered the words, felt ashamed of her rudeness.

The Honble. Jack opened his blue-grey eyes in surprise, and gazed steadily at her; her own sank to the ground. Once again victory rested with the assailed, and the assailant encountered a serious rebuff.

"You must allow me to be the best judge of that," he said calmly, and then, raising his hat, without looking to the right or to the left rode away in the direction of Foxington.

Kate unconsciously watched his retreating form. Certainly this Colonel Clinker was a cool hand. She had signified clearly she did not wish him to call, and yet he had announced his intention o doing so. Evidently he intended carrying off the money-bags with the smallest possible amount of delay. Such conduct was outrageous. She quivered with indignation as she walked King Olaf up the hill that led to Sport Lodge.

"It is abominable!" she said to herself. "What a fool I was not to tell him what I think of him when I had the chance! I can't imagine what made me such a coward!"

Could it be possible that the low tones of that truthful voice, or the pained look of those honest, wondering eyes were to blame for a fault not often attributable to Kate Brewser?

"Bother the man!" she exclaimed, working herself up to a still further pitch of indignation. "I wish to goodness I had never seen him. I—I—hate him!"

But even while she spoke the words she knew they were false, knew that though Jack Clinker might have—aye, and probably had—a hundred faults, he was both a man and a gentleman. Nevertheless, Kate, when she reached home, did not feel so satisfied with the results of her afternoon's ride as to communicate any portion of them to Mary Whitbread. Neither did Colonel Clinker, though he dined out that evening with Captain Fuller and the Chirper, and was plied by them with questions as to his early disappearance from the hunting-field, consider it necessary to inform his friends how he, that afternoon, had made the heiress's acquaintance. Perhaps the circumstances were not so pleasant as to justify him in doing so. Anyhow, he acted upon that remark of Miss Brewser's in which she had alluded to the special value of silence. But though he spoke little he thought a good deal, and his mind dwelt freely on the strange manner in which she had expressed her sorrow at hearing his name, and the frigidity she had afterwards displayed. That any kind friend had informed the young lady of a certain bet written down in Captain Fuller's betting-book never entered his head. In fact the bet itself had been forgotten as soon as made, sharing the fate of many another post-prandial transaction, and had entirely escaped his memory. Mrs. Forrester's "good turn" was, however, already commencing to bring forth fruits. The seed carefully sown by her judicious hand was sprouting into life, though whether adverse storms might not beat it to the ground and stamp out all its vital germs still appeared uncertain.

(To be continued.)

CATS THAT CATCH CRABS.

It seems probable that the tailless Manx cats originally came from Cornwall. They managed to survive longer as a distinct breed in the Isle of Man than in Cornwall, the predominance of the common tailed cat being, of course, aided in the latter district by the fact that, although remote, it is part of the mainland of England, whereas new cats could be carried to the Isle of Man only by sea.

The Manx cat which first attracted modern attention was a very different animal from the variously colored specimens which now take prizes at cat shows. It was always of the color of a hare, and had fur like a hare. Like a hare, too, it always moved its hind legs together. Its chief food was crabs caught on the beach; and, when transported inland from the sea-coasts, it very seldom, if ever, survived long. No cat of this kind has been seen for many years in the Isle of Man, though there are plenty of tailless cats, its crossed descendants, to be purchased there.

Case of Nervous Prostration

For Months Mrs. Myles Lay a Helpless Sufferer—Attributes Restoration to

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Mrs. John Myles, senior, of South Woodslee, Essex County, Ont., is well known throughout the surrounding country because of her work among the sick and suffering, and it was on account of over-exertion in this regard that her health broke down, and she lay weak and helpless, a victim of nervous prostration. Doctors could not help her, and she resolved to try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. As a result she has been thoroughly restored, and by recommending this treatment to others has been the means of bringing back health and happiness to many a weakened and discouraged sufferer from diseases of the nerves.

Mrs. Myles writes:—"When I began the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I was confined to my bed with what the doctors said was nervous prostration. My stomach was very weak, and I could not sleep at all for any length of time. Nervous chills and trembling would come over me at times and I seemed to be getting weaker and weaker all the time. There were also pains on top of the head, which caused me much suffering and anxiety.

"After using half a dozen boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I began to gain in weight and to feel stronger. Since then I have been gradually restored to health, and in looking back can say that the improvement has been something wonderful. I used in all forty boxes of this preparation and feel it a duty, as well as a privilege, to recommend it to all who are suffering from nervous disorders. Several persons to whom I have described my case have used it and been cured, and I am sure that I owe my present good health, if not life itself, to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

FOR FARMERS

Seasonable and Profitable Hints for the Busy Tillers of the Soil.

PLANNING FOR AN ORCHARD.

A problem to be considered in orchard culture is the exposure. On good soil any exposure is preferable to a south-western one. There is one exception, a southern exposure that is so enclosed as to feel the effect of the winter's sun which will produce winter thawing alternating with freezing. For peaches probably a northern exposure is preferable. For apples and pears I prefer a south-east exposure writes E. P. Powell. The pear will prove as a rule hardier than the apple but it will demand a richer soil and better cultivation. The ideal location is probably that which has the best windbreaks from both north and south.

The third problem to be considered is the height to which the youngest trees shall be trimmed. From many nurseries I am unable to get trees limbed sufficiently low. I would have apple trees limbed just a little higher than needed for a horse to work under, but this height should be obtained after several years of growth and of trimming. Pears I would head out at about four feet from the ground and work about them with fork instead of plow. The advantages of low headed trees are first, easy of pruning, second case of picking third less damage to falling fruit and fourth, the flowers are more easily pollenized by insects during cold Mays and bad weather. The disadvantages are that the loaded limbs hang too low and injurious use to work in them readily. The advantages predominate. A pear tree should be picked with a step-ladder till it is ten years old. The loss from falling fruit from high trees is often

ONE-THIRD THE CROP.

Fourth, any good soil is good fruit tree soil but clay is always preferable to sand because the growth is slower and sourder. This implies well drained claw and claw high ened by proper cultivation. An apple or a pear orchard in claw cannot have too much coal ashes applied to it. But whatever the soil it must positively be free from all standing water. Trees invariable like moist soil but never wet soil. Every form of disease is provoked and aggravated by having roots in soil where they cannot feed freely. It is also true of these trees that natrally grow in wet soil that they thrive better in ground that is well drained.

Fifth, there has been a great deal written on the subject of setting trees that is pure fussiness. It does not take half a day to set a tree well. The important matter is to have the soil loose and friable with good soil at the bottom of the hole and no manure. Whether set in spring or fall always mulch every newly set tree with compost or coal ashes. Use only good clean average garden soil. Manure in the roots of a pear tree is sure death and it is nearly as dangerops for an apple tree. Plums and cherries like fence corners they all protest against barn yard manure.

THE SIXTH POINT

I have partly suggested that is fertilization, Pear trees differ in the amount of food required and so do apples. I always top dress a Seckel and Bartlett more than a Sheldon and an Anjou. No tree however can endure being starved nor will it thrive in soil that lacks nutriment. In setting simply see that the roots are spread so as to reach immediately as much food as possible.

Seventh the matter of pruning is important from the very outset. Small trees should be sharply cut back leaving two or three buds. As growth continues there should be a heading back each season always leaving the last bud pointing in the direction that you wish the limb to grow thereafter. Summer pruning should simply cut away useless growth—superfluous shoots and suckers that waste the vital force of the trees. The object of fall pruning is to remove all unripe wood and keep the trees shapely. Summer pruning is the most important of the two—that is suckers should not be allowed to grow at all. Do not undertake to make fruit trees grow alike. The Bartlett should have an open head the Seckel a round; the Buffam a very poplar-like head. Pruning should only preserve natural characteristics.

JUDGING CATTLE.

An expert judge should be able to select an animal by the sense of feeling, and in judging cattle the touch as well as the eye is brought into request, according to an authority. Except in regard to certain facts of conformation and color, some experts are by no means sure that "touch" is not the most important qualification. The skin and the flesh can only be fully examined by touch or handling in ascertaining if the bones are well covered with flesh and also if the latter is soft to the touch and ample in quality on the examined points. The squeeze of the palm of the hand is not so delicate as the touch of the tips of the fingers. The former ascertains the quality; the latter judges the quality. The touch may be hard or mellow, thin or harsh, good or bad, as it is frequently termed. A slow feeler is marked by having a thick-set, hard, short hair, which constitutes a bad touch; a thin, meagre, papery skin covered with thin, silky hair, though the opposite to the one just mentioned, does not constitute a good touch, but is indicative of weakness of constitution, though probably of good breeding qualities. A good touch will be found in a thick, loose skin floating, as it were, on a layer of soft fat, yielding to the least pressure, springing back toward the fingers like a piece of soft, thick chamois leather and covered with thick, soft, glossy hair, which looks RICH AND BEAUTIFUL and seems warm and comfortable to the animal. A curly pile of soft hair indicates a vigorous constitution and also a propensity to fatten. Such a skin is to most "mossy" from resembling a bed of fine, soft moss. The sensation of a fine touch is very gratifying to the handler. The animal is liked, and more especially if it is accompanied by a symmetrical form.

Long practice is required to appreciate a fine touch, but when it is acquired it is alone sufficient to estimate the feeding properties of an ox. In a fat animal the position of the flesh on the carcass is a great consideration. The finest meat lies on the loins and rump and on the fore and middle ribs. Consequently that ox that carries the largest quantity of beef on these parts is the most valuable. The other parts of various qualities and used for soups and salting do not fetch the high price of the parts described. The point on top of the rump is the first part of a feeding ox that shows fat, and the parts that are last in being covered with flesh are the top of the shoulder and the point of the shoulder points. When these parts are felt to be well covered, then the other and better parts may be considered to be in perfection, and prime condition may be expected. But the general handling must establish the real condition, for there is a wide difference between the apparent and real fatness of an ox. The flesh of an ox that appears very fat to the eye may feel loose and flabby, but a truly fattened animal always feels "hand fat." Such handlers never deceive. the buttocks while loose fattenings never

MASAMPHO AND FUSAN.

How the Russians Tried to Gain Control of the Former.

Dr. William B. Scranton, who was for seventeen years a missionary in Corea, says the strategic importance of the port of Fusan, in the south of Corea, has been occupied more or less by the Japanese for trading purposes and political influence for more than a century, and for several centuries imperial rulers of Japan, such as the death grip or the election of his successor, have been deemed of sufficient importance for communication with the neighboring country of Corea. But this has been done by the ports of Tsushima and Fusan.

Tsushima, or Twin Islands, is midway in the Corean strait between Japan and Corea. They are beautiful islands, with abundance of precipitous shores, beautiful bays and a peculiar to Japan, and having a harbor. These islands, of which Tsushima, are used for strategic purposes and have been extensively fortified by the Japanese with the purpose of controlling the straits of Corea, and in time of war the very approach of the enemy's ships to Japan.

A few years since some discussion arose in regard to the port of Fusan, which, although it is excellent in itself as a port and for shipping, yet has no near river entrance into the country for purposes of traffic. Hence the port of Masampho, lying further west on the southern shore line of Corea, has been chosen, having some features in common with Port Arthur and being easily fortified and near the mouth of a river leading to the interior.

The place was, therefore, selected as an open port, the land divided up into lots and, as is customary, auctioned off. In one way or another the deal went out that the Russians obtained in this way the greater part of the port, to the exclusion of traders of other nations. The Russians were obliged to yield up possessions in favor of general and specific at that point as against ownership of the port on the part of Russians. Ever since the Russian Government has repeatedly to gain a foothold in that port, asking first for the concession of the island in the mouth of the port and for sufficient land for a coaling station. In all these attempts Japan has opposed Russia and prevented her entrance there up to the present time.

For the Russians to occupy Masampho, as a coaling station even, would probably be followed by fortifications of some sort and these would be a constant menace to the Japanese control of the Corean strait, but more particularly to Tsushima itself, which is within easy gunshot from Masampho. To make the importance of Tsushima and Masampho a little more evident it is only necessary to state that when sailing from Nagasaki, Japan, to the Corean port, Fusan, on a clear day, one can detect both the coasts of Japan and Tsushima easily when midway between them; and in sailing from Tsushima to Fusan both coasts are all the time in view. The distance from Masampho to Tsushima is only slightly greater than that to Fusan.

NOTHING WASTED.

An old slave named Sambo had been in the habit of stealing his master's chickens. For a long time he escaped detection, but was finally caught in the act and brought before his master.

"Now, you black scoundrel," said his master, "are you not ashamed of yourself for stealing my chickens?"

"Well, massa," answered Sambo, "I'se don't see very much wrong in it, for I'm your property and the chickens are your property, and I only put one piece of property with another. You certainly got the best chicken, but you've got more nigger."

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CAN TALK JAP IN A YEAR

LEARNING TO READ IT IS A HARDER JOB.

Points in Which the Natives Say Their Tongue Resembles Ours.

The Japanese are [illegible] by the difficulty presented to [illegible] speaking lessons in the [illegible] and other names of Japan [illegible] Russian names that bristle [illegible] despatches from the seat of war [illegible] still, may very properly [illegible] difficulties and may be [illegible] English-speaking persons will [illegible] cold in the head to pronounce [illegible] Japanese, they think, ought [illegible] serious difficulty.

Barring the fact [illegible] spoken and the written to [illegible] Japanese tongue are very [illegible] this perhaps profes to [illegible] good many resemblances [illegible] their own language and [illegible] The forty-seven sound elements [illegible] Japanese tongue are almost [illegible] same as the number recognized [illegible] English, the genders of Japanese [illegible] are three, and the numbers [illegible] as in English. There are [illegible] cases and three conjugations [illegible] adjectives. Verbs are [illegible] passive and neuter, and there [illegible] moods in English.

If it does take five [illegible] to say "is" in Japanese, and [illegible] Japanese is pretty [illegible] Japanese numerals [illegible] simple enough to an Englishman, and any one who [illegible] person, and who [illegible] the numerals finds the [illegible] of the months simplicity itself. [illegible] fact, the Japs say that [illegible] person of average [illegible] acquire a pretty good [illegible] of the spoken Japanese [illegible] about a year, and might do [illegible] good deal less time by an [illegible]

METHOD OF STUDY.

To acquire an easy [illegible] knowledge of the language, [illegible] immense vocabulary, [illegible] learned from the Chinese, [illegible] native matters.

Those puzzling Japanese [illegible] names become simple [illegible] the most part when [illegible] their elements, and that [illegible] as many of them can be [illegible] English-speaking persons do [illegible] the name "Japan" with [illegible] Nippon," that of the [illegible] the empire. As a matter [illegible] however, the name [illegible] English attempt [illegible] to the Chinese name for Nippon. The [illegible] Land of the Rising Sun.

Shikoku, or Sikoku, as it [illegible] sometimes spelled, the name [illegible] southwest of Nippon, [illegible] the four provinces [illegible] Japanese for the number [illegible] Yeo," the name of [illegible] and northeast of Nippon, [illegible] the barbarians of [illegible] Yezo, the group of [illegible] usually called the Kuriles [illegible] name be cause the [illegible] numerous, for it means [illegible] of islands.

Formosa, which the Japanese [illegible] received from China after the [illegible] between the two countries [illegible] Tai-Wan, which means [illegible] tower." The name [illegible] as it is spelled on [illegible] land that may [illegible] war, for it lies [illegible] from Kiushiu and [illegible] island that may be [illegible]

JAPANESE TOWN AND [illegible]

Names are significant [illegible] Yedo means "the [illegible] Yedo is near the [illegible] the river." Nagasaki [illegible] which Nagasaki [illegible] called Nomo. The name [illegible] Saka means "[illegible] bank."

Many Japanese geographical [illegible] contain the words [illegible] river, of water, the sea [illegible] feature, sometimes [illegible] adjectives of very [illegible] great, or high, or [illegible] strong. Mount [illegible] is an element in the [illegible] of Japanese [illegible] names, as in the [illegible] mountain Fuziyama [illegible] but it is often prefixed [illegible] The same element occurs [illegible] one and in the plural [illegible] ple names.

A very slight study of [illegible] makes the map of Japan [illegible] interesting thing, but the [illegible] names of the empire [illegible] obscured for English-speaking [illegible] by reason of the [illegible] ing of such names [illegible] used upon maps of [illegible] American origin.

In fact, place names on [illegible] maps of Japan are [illegible] the Japs themselves [illegible] pelled to recognize [illegible] islands, capes and the [illegible] Japs, however, look for [illegible] base of interest in the [illegible] and language as a result [illegible] war, and for greater [illegible] part of mapmakers.

ABOUT PARISIAN DO[illegible]

Pets of the French Metropolis and Their Owners.

The chien mouton" is [illegible] the family dog with the [illegible] and holds, says the W[illegible] dear place in the heart. Lucky is his lot if [illegible] be wealthy, for he will [illegible] the best of everything [illegible] his wardrobe, including [illegible] for all occasions, even [illegible] mobiling; he will wear [illegible] on silk-covered cushions [illegible] he end be buried decently [illegible] cemetery for dogs; his memory perpetuated by a monument [illegible] flower covered grave. When [illegible] the dog is understood, [illegible] portance of his appearance [illegible] necessity for the "tendeur" [illegible] apparent. A lady [illegible] seen to stop her carriage [illegible] "al" above and send the [illegible] down with the dog to the [illegible] Apollo while the lady [illegible] dressed above the footman [illegible] fidgeted below, saying [illegible] were not for other [illegible]