CURRENT TOPICS.

half of 1907 has not [illegible] casualty already [illegible] 1906. There have [illegible] accidents of [illegible] magnitude, in [illegible] have been killed and [illegible] three steamers [illegible] involving the loss [illegible] have been thirteen [illegible] in which 355 persons [illegible] casualties have [illegible] negligence or ignor[illegible] nature has been [illegible] that waves have [illegible] earthquakes 5,100, [illegible] hurricanes thus far [illegible] merciful, un[illegible] to have been [illegible] one at Kurra[illegible] other cy[illegible] been killed. [illegible] added the sum [illegible] can be known in [illegible] ter. The [illegible] however. The [illegible] in all forms [illegible] in six months [illegible] for the [illegible] being $108,[illegible] $106,281,083. [illegible] five months [illegible] only five years in [illegible] settlement and [illegible] has been [illegible] five months [illegible]

[illegible] gave her youth [illegible] despite stupen[illegible] majority of [illegible] are now well [illegible] the teach[illegible] drawing, [illegible] domestic eco[illegible] of technical [illegible] were rap[illegible] schools [illegible] knew Ire[illegible] age can [illegible] the estab[illegible] are schools [illegible] sons. Where [illegible] agricultural [illegible] away the [illegible] their midday [illegible] meetings [illegible] year to hear [illegible] far short [illegible] were kept [illegible] stations [illegible] in three [illegible] been [illegible] and [illegible] maintained [illegible] a great in[illegible] from [illegible] cultural [illegible] teach bee[illegible] million hun[illegible] Twelve [illegible] agent with [illegible] premiums [illegible] are get[illegible] trials, and [illegible] darity and [illegible] long born.

NARROW ESCAPE.

[illegible] During Her Visit [illegible]

[illegible] ever visited [illegible] such [illegible] King Haakon [illegible] who have [illegible] accepted so [illegible] where occur[illegible] and but a [illegible] graphed [illegible] a very narrow [illegible] serious in[illegible] her visit to [illegible] Bridge [illegible] the Trianon [illegible] Mme. Falliere[illegible] when the [illegible] their carriage [illegible] sudden jerk [illegible] horses, mounted [illegible] over the edge. [illegible] itself, the [illegible] stream, drag[illegible] and break[illegible] with fear, a [illegible] to get away. [illegible] harness, and [illegible] only the see[illegible] with horse re[illegible] to a sharp [illegible] prevented from [illegible] the trunk of a [illegible] horses in the [illegible] and the car[illegible] drawn after [illegible] very white, but [illegible] Fallieres cried [illegible] who was driving [illegible] heard the [illegible] carriage and [illegible] help. M. Du[illegible] retary for fine [illegible] Queen's carriage, [illegible] reassure the [illegible] could arrive [illegible] two dragoons of [illegible] from their [illegible] the stream, and [illegible] looked at the en[illegible] In a few seconds [illegible] and the horses [illegible] with the stream, [illegible] at once from [illegible] quickly assured her [illegible] was unhurt. Mme. [illegible] injury, though a [illegible] was being felicitated [illegible] the escort was busy in [illegible] postillion and the [illegible] the latter broke its leg [illegible] was drowned. The pos[illegible] injured.

[illegible] walked for about a [illegible] to the Petit Trianon, [illegible] carriage was in waiting [illegible] was reformed. The Queen [illegible] recovered from her [illegible] appeared unperturbed when she [illegible] Paris again.

Many a man has lost his mental balance by attempting to entertain two or more ideas at the same time.

A woman will never ask your advice unless she is sure you are going to agree with her.

THE WAY TO THE FATHER

First Learn to Assist the Helpless, Help the Needy and Comfort the Wronged.

"First be reconciled to thy brother and then come and offer thy gift."—Matt. v., 24.

Men in the days of the great teacher were [illegible] are to-day, prone to compound for the neglect of duties near at hand by the adoration of spiritual delights far off. They talked about getting right with God while they continued to do wrong to men. The problem of the hypocrite who is so thrilled with the delights of heaven that he scorns earthly duties and decencies is not a new one.

How easy it is to substitute syllogisms for service, to think that we do our duty by delighting it, so to exhaust oneself in pleasant and seductive dreams of a distant heaven that we have no power left to apply to the problems of a needy present day world.

The mockery of religion to-day is that men and women are going to the churches singing themselves into ecstatic complacency and imaginary harmony with their God while their greed is crushing the hearts of the helpless and they are hardening themselves to the world's gloom and pain that unhindered they may enjoy spiritual delights.

Things cannot be right in our relations to the Father of spirits until they are made right in our relations with

OUR BROTHERS IN THE FLESH.

In Christianity social righteousness is basic to spiritual blessing. The ideal kingdom waits for ideal conditions and relations amongst its subjects.

The way to the Father lies through the Brother. If you would learn to love God—and how indefinite and idealistic that seems to most of us—the lesson is simple. First learn to love his other children, especially the helpless, needy and wronged. Delights high and spiritual always will be remote until duties near at hand are done.

The revival we most of all need to-day is a revival of the social conscience, the recognition of the fact that we can offer no gift acceptable, in the temple of worship, the place of prayer, until we have washed our hands from the blood of our fellows, that we can pay nothing to God until we have in earnest set about paying our debts to men.

Anxious, perhaps, to claim our rights as children of the Father in heaven, we have forgotten that that title is promised to the peacemakers. What avail is it to pray, thy kingdom come, if we block its advent by cherishing enmity in our hearts? What use is it to carry hearts torn with malice, souls sunken in selfishness, and spirits torn with pride and covetousness to the place that belongs to the meek and lowly?

Many a man is going away and coming away empty in heart; perhaps he has given up any hope of finding solace in religion, who would find, as it were, the windows of heaven opened up if he should give himself for an hour to making some other helpless lives happy, to righting some wrong or bringing some joy to lives embittered and oppressed.

We have been insisting on the church, the altar, the ritual, and all the forms of religion, asking hearts hungry only for things and spirits swept by winds of covetousness to enter the place that belongs to the pure in heart and the lowly in spirit. What shall it avail those who can see nothing of God in their fellow men made in his likeness to try to find him in

FORMS AND CEREMONIES,

in architecture or furniture?

The happiest people in this world have not been those who have shut themselves off from this world that they might, in quietness, seek out the source of the soul's life and see the face of God, for themselves. They are those who seemed to turn their back on oratory and temple, and, burning with a passion of love for men, found heaven as they sought to bless earth.

The pathway to God is a plain one, strikingly lacking in romance, with no attendant visible angelic choir. It is the doing of whatever duty or kindness I owe to those near me, the breaking down of walls of prejudice—spite fences built in ignorance and fear—the learning to love and help, the seeking of peace, good feeling, and harmony with all men.

This does not mean that all must become professors of sociology; the study of social theories often is a substitute for the practice of social duties; but that we must seek out the good in men, we must set ourselves right with them, we must discharge all our responsibilities toward men before we can realize God.

HENRY F. COPE.

THE S. S. LESSON

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, JUNE 30.

Lesson XIII. Temperance Lesson. Golden Text: Rom. 14. 21.

[illegible] LESSON WORK STUDIES.

Based on the text of the Revised Version.

Temperance. The Lesson Setting.—The word "temperance" means literally self-control, self-restraint, or moderation, and is the sense in which the great New Testament writers have used the word in many different passages. Thus in the translation of the American Standard Revision it makes Acts 24. 25 read: "And as he reasoned of righteousness, and self-control [King James Version, temperance], and the judgment to come, Felix was terrified" (compare also 2 Pet. 1. 6). The practical experience of mankind, however, has demonstrated the fact that alcoholic liquors in every form are most treacherous beverage their influence on the physical organism, even when moderately used, being to create a craving for strong drink. The element of risk, therefore, even for the moderate drinker, is greater than prudence warrants one in assuming, and the only safe course, as experience has abundantly proved, is to be found in total abstinence from the use of alcoholic drinks. Hence the word "temperance," so far as alcoholic liquors are concerned, has come to mean "total abstinence." The apostle's argument in this passage is much profounder and broader than a mere attack upon the evils of strong drink, touching, as it does, on the philosophy and practical value of self-restraint and moderation in all things which pertain to the carnal or physical man.

If the apostle Paul himself who had founded the church in Corinth, the congregation consisting partly of Jews and partly of Gentiles. As was natural in a seaport city, many of the members of the church had been but recently converted from idolatry and heathenism. It was natural, therefore, that many questions should arise on which the Jewish and the Gentile members of the church should disagree, and also that some disorders should creep into the practice of the church. Reports of these disagreements and disorders reaching the apostle after his departure from Corinth prompted him to write a letter of admonition and counsel to the Corinthian converts. The letter was written from Ephesus in the spring of the year 57 A.D. Among the questions which it discusses is the attitude which converted from heathenism were to take toward the existing heathen custom of eating food part of which had been previously dedicated to idols. The apostle exhorts the Christians to consider not only their own profit in deciding this question, but the welfare of others also. And this consideration and respect for the scruples of others, and the persistent endeavor to avoid giving offense to any, make up the principal part of the apostle's exhortation, which is at once a defense of Christian liberty and a warning against the misuse of such liberty.

Verse 23. All things—All the points and courses of action under dispute. Lawful—Permissible, that is, not in themselves wrong, though possibly for other reasons not expedient, profitable, wise or contributing to a desired end. Edify—Lit., build up. Our word "edification" thus includes the thought of building up the spiritual life, strengthening the faith, and moulding the character.

24. Each his neighbor's good—Neither "each" nor "good" occur in the original, but are necessarily inserted in the English translation for the sake of clearness. This verse states the great fundamental principle of Christian life, which is that of unselfish and self-forgetful service in behalf of others.

Asking no question—Raising no unnecessary question of principle. In buying a piece of meat from the public market the Corinthian could not be certain whether the meat had not been previously dedicated to an idol, since it was customary for the priests to dispose of the surplus supply received by them as their portion of the heathen sacrifices by selling the same to the traders in these public markets.

26. The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof—Quite possibly a conscious quotation from Psa. 24. 1, with which the apostle was certainly familiar. The entire verse in Psalms reads:

"The earth is Jehovah's, and the fullness thereof;
The world and they that dwell therein."

27. One of them that believe not—An idolater.

Biddeth you to a feast—The words "to a feast" as the italics in the text indicate, do not occur in the original. Among the Greeks especially religious ceremonies, as well as family and other social gatherings, were made occasions of feasting.

28. This hath been offered in sacrifice—It might easily occur that someone knowing the guest to be a Christian might challenge his action by such a definite statement concerning the food or a portion of it. In this case it might seem to some that the partaking of food known to have been thus consecrated would on the part of the Christian be equivalent to a recognition of the idol to which it had been offered. It therefore would become necessary to take into account the influence that this action might have on others.

29, 30. Conscience, I say, not thine own, but the other's—The conscientious scruple of another and weaker brother in the faith must be respected, and the giving of offense to such a one avoided. On the other hand, the apostle points out in the next clause and the following verse that the other may by which takes offense at an action not in itself wrong is in reality at fault, and that it is not right for persons having conscientious scruples on any specific point of action to judge rashly those who differ from them on the point in question and who indulge themselves in a greater liberty and freedom of action than they can conscientiously. Arguing from the standpoint of the Christian with the broader vision, the apostle asks: Why is my liberty judged by another's conscience? If I partake with thankfulness, why am I evil spoken of for that for which I give thanks?"

31. All to the glory of God—Eating and drinking in themselves may be matters of indifference. But there are circumstances under which conceivably they may become matters of great importance. The controlling principle of a Christian's action at all times, therefore, should be the glory of God and the welfare of his fellow men.

32. Give no occasion of stumbling—The negative putting of the same principle expressed in the preceding verse. If a Christian cause another to stumble, he fails in the eyes of that person to glorify God; that is, this other person will not by his action be led to faith in God.

33. This verse in another form restates the principle of expediency of action for the sake of others. The chapter division of Paul's letter at this point is unfortunate, the first verse of the 11th chapter belonging properly with what immediately precedes. This verse reads: "Be ye imitators of me, even as I am also of Christ."

Two Cats I Know.

I KNOW a flat where dwells a cat
Named Mrs. Tomson Tabby;
'Tis badly kept, and never swept,
The furniture is shabby.

The washing-up of plate, or cup,
She leaves until tomorrow;
I think with me you will agree
Her days will end in sorrow.

She says she is "not very strong,"
Alas! she's only lazy.
Her careless ways are quite enough
To drive poor Tomson crazy.

I know a flat where dwells a cat,
Her name is Mrs. Fluffy;
Her rooms are beautiful to see,
They're never hot and stuffy.

No mouse-tails lie upon the floor,
All spotless is her kitchen;
Tho' Mr. Fluffy may be poor,
There's one thing he is rich in—

His wife is worth her weight in gold,
And gracious, too, and witty—
Ah! here she is for you to see,
Now, don't you think she's pretty?

CREMATING THE BODY

"HIS ASHES FLUNG TO THE FOUR WINDS OF HEAVEN."

Some Very Curious Funeral Requests Left Behind by Eccentric Persons.

Frequently the man or woman who desires to be cremated stipulates in his "last will and testament" the manner in which his ashes are to be disposed of, and instead of having them enclosed in an urn, as is customary, and sent to the family mausoleum, he imposes on his relatives duties which often entail a good deal of trouble. A couple of years ago, for instance, a gentleman of the name of Chambers, a Philadelphian, left directions in his will by which he was not only to be cremated, but his ashes taken by a committee of friends (whom he named) to the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty, at New York, and there "flung to the four winds of heaven."

This ceremony was to be performed within two months of his death, and therefore on a certain day the committee travelled up to New York, crossed to the island on which the Statue of Liberty stands, and after a few short prayers the ashes of the eccentric individual were thrown into space—some to the north, some to the east, some to the south, and some to the west. When none of the sacred dust remained the urn was broken into fragments and cast into the sea. Then the friends returned to their homes, deeply impressed by the

SOLEMNITY OF THE CEREMONY.

There was much publicity given to this unique method of disposing of a human body at the time, and the beauty and picturesqueness of the ceremony made so vivid an impression on the minds of many that a number of men and women afterwards added codicils to their wills leaving behind requests similar to that of Mr. Chambers—though choosing, of course, other points than the Statue of Liberty from which the ashes were to be thrown. One of these persons was Charles A. Johnson, who left behind strict instructions that he was to be cremated and his ashes "thrown to the four winds" from the Tennessee River bridge. Some years before, however, Johnson was one of a party of four who were commissioned to throw to the winds of heaven the ashes of a friend who lived in New York, and he was so impressed by the ceremony that immediately afterwards he made his wife promise that his remains should be similarly disposed of. Therefore, in compliance with his wishes, his body was cremated and afterwards taken by the undertaker to the Tennessee River, where they were cast to the winds. Mr. Johnson's wife, who is not an advocate for cremation, could not summon up sufficient courage to be present at

THE WEIRD CEREMONY,

but remained at home.

As a matter of fact, whenever the ashes of a cremated body are thus disposed of and the story becomes public, there is always a number of imitators who seem to be struck by the novelty, picturesqueness, or beauty of the ceremony, and leave behind equally queer instructions regarding the disposal of their remains. One of the most interesting ceremonies in connection with cremation took place in 1903, when Theodore Jones, a philanthropist whose good works will long live after him in Pennsylvania and Maryland, left written instructions that his body was to be cremated and his ashes divided, placed in a number of small caskets, and deposited in the different institutions which he had either founded or endowed. Before his death Mr. Jones himself designed a number of caskets in ivory and silver, and these may now be seen in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Pittsburg, where they are treasured in the archives of the many institutions associated with the name of Theodore Jones.

Women, as a rule, do not look favorably upon cremation—to them it borders too much on the horrible. However, some women are able to look upon death and subsequent burial with so calm an eye that they leave behind minute instructions regarding the disposition of their remains which sometimes

BORDER ON THE GROTESQUE.

Here is an instance in support of this statement. In 1900 a Mrs. Henry Davenport, an Englishwoman who had spent all her life in the States, died, leaving behind a will in which she stated that her body was to find a resting-place in the living-room of her nephew, Mr. John Roberts, during his lifetime. On his death it was to be handed over to his heir, after which it was to be passed on to the next nearest relative, and so on "throughout all ages." She left behind a sum equal to $5,000 a year for "any little inconvenience which such a request might entail." She did not, however, stipulate in what way the body was to be "confined." Mr. Roberts the coupon had his aunt cremated and her ashes enclosed in a neat urn, after which he built a safe in the wall of his drawing-room and there he placed the remains of his deceased relative. Each year the urn is brought forth from its retreat and placed on a flower-decked altar, and a short service held, in which the good deeds of her whose ashes it contains are dwelt upon by those whom she has left behind.—London Tit-Bits.

BATHING IN THE DEAD SEA.

"No sooner has one plunged into the water than one is whipped off one's feet and goes bobbing helplessly about like a wretched cork," says the Rev. Haskett Smith of bathing in the Dead Sea. "In the effort to regain one's footing and to get back to shore, one's feet and shins are harked by the jagged stones and pebbles, and when at length one does emerge from its treacherous bosom, with the lower limbs bleeding and torn, one becomes aware of a horrible tingling and burning sensation in eyes, ears, nostrils, mouth and almost every pore of the skin, from the brine and bitumen which have penetrated everywhere. Unless great care is taken the bather in the Dead Sea is liable to an eruption, which breaks out all over his body, and which is commonly known as the 'Dead Sea rash.' The best antidote to this is to hurry across as quickly as possible to the River Jordan and take a second plunge therein. The soft and muddy waters of that sacred but dirty stream will effectually remove the salt that has incrusted the body."

HORRIBLE.

Practical Father—Why did you find it necessary, Elinor, to discharge the baby's nurse?

Hygienic Mother—Why, I actually caught her giving baby a bath in water a third of a degree hotter than the physician had ordered. We can't afford to risk baby's life in that reckless manner.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

A Few Interesting Facts About Well-known People.

Mr. Augustine Birrell, Chief Secretary for Ireland, recently said at a public dinner: "I have no desire to cultivate my garden. I do not like stooping. I would rather go without vegetables than grow my own."

While recently conducting a mission at Dudley, the Bishop of Worcester (Dr. Yeatman-Biggs), in the course of an address to an assembly of policemen and postmen, made a humorous reference to a newspaper placard he had seen, on which was printed: "Bishop of Worcester's Mission to Dudley. Daring Burglary." "In a sense I am a burglar," continued the Bishop, "for I desire to steal away your sins."

As is well known, Dr. Spooner, the head of New College, Oxford, England, has gained distinction by his inveterate habit of inverting his words, resulting in what has been designated "Spoonerisms." His latest in that line occurred at a recent temperance gathering, when as chairman he rose to move for Viscount Peel's report on the subject. At the critical moment, however, his remarks took the form of a request for the "repeal of Lord Port," instead of the "report of Lord Peel"!

The King of Siam is a great admirer of British institutions, and has had three of his sons educated in England. During his visit in 1887 the King went down to Harrow to see one of the sons, and took a lively interest in the proceedings at the famous school, of which Dr. Welldon, now the Dean of Manchester, was then the headmaster. The visit took place on a Saturday, and the term was to end on the Tuesday following. Speaking to Dr. Welldon, the King said: "Mr. Headmaster, please may my son broke up to-day?" Needless to say, this quaintly-put request was readily acceded to.

The Father of the British Navy is Admiral Sir Arthur Farquhar, who, now ninety-one years old, entered on a sea career seventy-seven years ago! The son himself of an admiral and knight, Sir Arthur has three sons and three grand-sons in the senior service. One of the sons is also an admiral—Rear-Admiral A. M. Farquhar. In addition another son, Major Monbray Farquhar, D.S.O., distinguished himself as a member of Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry during the Boer War. Truly a remarkable fighting family!

The late Pope was a godfather of the present King Alfonso. On the occasion of the little fellow's first Communion the Pope sent a letter to his godson, who decided to answer it himself. After much work he put together a short letter of thanks, which he carried to his mother. She was delighted, but, finding a misspelled word, corrected it and told Alfonso to copy the letter again. "That's no use," exclaimed the boy King. "As my godfather did not see the letter with the mistake, he will not know that it was not I who corrected it. We will send it just as it is now!" So the letter, corrected by the mother, was duly dispatched to Rome.

It was in 1857 that Mr. Charles Santley, the famous baritone, first sang in London. Mr. Santley tells of an accident on the stage which nearly ended fatally. "It was in the season of 1861," he says, "when I was appearing as Ray Bias at Covent Garden Theatre. Harrison and I were playing the last scene as it was arranged by Fechter. At the end of the duel Ray Bias stabs Don Salust and throws him through a window. Harrison, very manfully, I think, would use a real dagger in this scene, and one night he really stabbed me in the side. Luckily I had sufficient presence of mind to put my hand behind me and withdraw the dagger as I fell, or I should undoubtedly have been killed. As it was, it was bad enough, for my doctor said that had I not been well covered with flesh the dagger would have penetrated my lungs."

LIVE ON MILK AND HONEY.

Men of Fine Physique Living on Slopes of African Volcanoes.

Dr. A. F. R. Wollaston of the British Museum expedition to Ruwenzori (Mountains of the Moon), with Mr. E. Carruthers, has just crossed Africa from Mombasa to the mouth of the Congo, passing from the south of Lake Albert Edward through the heart of the Mumbiro volcanic region, a wild, mountainous and difficult country, with waterless stretches, where no English man had ever been before. The natives in many cases, he informs Reuter, had never before seen a white man, although Captain Grogan, on his Cape-to-Cairo journey, passed the eastern side of the region.

For the most part the nine volcanoes are extinct; the highest is about 14,000 feet. Near the top they are covered with dense bamboo, supposed to be inhabited by a race of pigmies who live by raiding the villages on the lower slopes. As they are far removed from the Congo forest pigmies they are probably a new race. The sides of the extinct volcanoes are thickly populated by a people of fine physique, living principally on milk and honey.

The Manyuema country is devastated by sleeping sickness. Dr. Wollaston saw dead and dying on the roadside. Almost every village presented a revolting spectacle, as it is the custom to turn out the stricken to die.

DEATH BEFORE RIDICULE.

Urchin's Taunts Drive a Greek Priest To Suicide.

A pathetic account of the tragic death of a Greek priest comes from Cardiff, Wales, where early on a recent Friday morning his body was recovered from the Glamorgan Canal. The victim, Marcus Cokolaras, came from Smyrna, and for some weeks he had been filling minor offices at the Greek church at Cardiff.

His host says that when he first came to England his hair reached to the middle of his back. Street urchins annoyed him considerably by laughing at him, and once, when he was in a coffee tavern in London, some youngsters surreptitiously tied his hair to the back of his chair.

When he came to Cardiff local youths also poked fun at him, and one day he mentioned the matter to his landlord, who suggested that he should have his hair cut. He did so, and ever since he had worried over it, because he could not return to his own country and hope to become the priest of a church there with his hair cropped. His host thought this had preyed on his mind, but neither he nor his wife suspected that he contemplated suicide.

"Father," said little Jimmy, as his parent seated himself at the tea-table, "I was very near getting to the head of my class to-day." "How was that, Jimmy?" "Why, a big word came all the way down to me, and if I could only have spelt it I should have gone right up to the top."

How He Scored

CHAPTER I.

I am absolutely convinced that Bill Scupps and I were neck to neck in the running with Geraldine before Fate played me the fiendish trick that literally drove her into his arms.

Geraldine was beautiful—not on youthfully chiselled-statuary lines, but in every way to make a man's blood tingle in his veins, to make him catch his breath as in the down-stroke on a switchback. Her small oval face flashed like a meteor—her eyes could shower spears. She was as elusive as a will-o'-the-wisp. Her figure was lithe as a willow.

I was over head and ears in love with her. So was Bill. Bill was a horse-dealer on a big scale. His horses, if you weren't particular to a hundred, ran into four figures. This, of course, spoke to money.

I am, on the other hand, a hack journalist of attempting a penny-a-liner. In the matter of money, therefore, a great gulf yawns between us. But there are other attributes in life supposed to weigh with women—for instance, appearance for instance. We, I, modestly, I believe that the balance in these rests in my favor. About this time I got promotion on the newspaper staff on which I worked. The despatch thought had been possessing me like a mania of late had Scupps in a "nip in" before me with Geraldine. So, while I was dressing one morning, I resolved I would propose to Geraldine that very day. The resolve went to my head like champagne. It made me positively giddy.

Geraldine was so well off in her own right that, I told myself, my comparative impecuniousness would not stand in my way as it might have done with another girl. Neither, for the same reason, could Scupps's "opinion regime" weigh down the other scale.

Scupps had a detestable way of giving her presents, and "By Jove!" was his favorite explective when they presents were getting.

On the day on which I made up my mind to propose to Geraldine, two things happened. First, the postman brought me a little pink-scented missive from the lady in question, inviting me to come to dinner that evening. She and Miss Serle, a whole she kept on the premises, were to be alone. She wanted to ask my advice on something. The blood pulsed in my veins. Clearly, Fate meant to be propitious.

The second memorable incident that in the afternoon, as I was dodging along Oxford Street on my way to snatch a bite of lunch, I met my vanity opponent, Peter Robinson. She smiled on me.

"I hope you are coming to dine," she said, with a little pouting, as if the invitation had been a command—as indeed it was.

"Need you ask?" I replied, standing by her side as she moved along the pavement. "As if any other engagement would have stood against that!"

She laughed highly. Then looked at "Look," she cried. "What a pretty duck of a dog, that being carried in a man's arms."

I looked in the direction in which the parasol pointed.

A couple of yards ahead of us, standing in the gutter, was a man of shady type who attracts a closely-toned greasy black poodle, and a cigar in place of a collar. By a strange freak, a dog of the Danish Dane species, and in his arms nestled the minutest creature I had ever seen, the shape of a dog, something bigger than a good-sized squirrel.

The pavement at the lunch-hour was comparatively deserted.

We paused in front of the man. The little creature, with silky brown hair almost drowned by a scarlet bow designed to set off its charms, had sprawled against the man's body, and every there, the latter's mistrustful eyes, covered by a fringe of shaggy hair, looked out on us with a shrinking timidity.

Among my lady's endearing qualities was a very passion for animals. A French poodle and a couple of Persian kittens were among her drawing-room ornaments.

I watched her, stirred to jealousy, her delicate sue-gloved fingers lightly on the man's greasy coat as she leaned nearer to pat the shrinking animal, murmur coaxing endearments.

Suddenly she remembered her companion.

"I have to meet Miss Serle," she broke off. "Au revoir, then!" she added lightly, and left me with a wave of her parasol.

I watched her disappear into a recollecting for lunch. In the middle of my lunch I had an inspiration. What had I been thinking of before? I dashed into Regent Street. The dog-fancier still stood where we had left him. I approached him, trying to veil the eagerness in my eyes. What would he take for the little creature in his arms? The sum named was stiff, but there was an independence of manner about him that alarmed me. I agreed.

I hailed a hansom, and, holding the shrinking, resisting creature, I drove to Geraldine's address. I scribbled a few lines on my card, and triumphantly handed my gift to the servant.

I felt I had scored. There was a grace and delicacy about my offering, I told myself, which compared favorably with the mere vulgarity of diamonds. Throughout the afternoon I continued to plume myself.

CHAPTER II.

In the evening I presented myself at Cadogan Gardens. No one was in the drawing-room when I entered, but presently Geraldine trailed in in a mist of ethereal, filmy white. She came to me, both hands outstretched.

"How good you are," she exclaimed, "I am perfectly enchanted with my present. It is the sweetest little thing. You couldn't have given me anything I'd have liked better."

Her dewy eyes shone gratefully, her lips were parted. She had all the freshness and charm of an ingenue. There was nothing blase about her. I felt that I was being handsomely paid, I felt, as I looked down upon her and continued to hold her hands.

She was close to me. It was intoxicating. The touch of her fingers set my pulses galloping.

Suddenly she threw an inquiring glance round the room.

"Where is he?" she asked. "I left him here. He was scared at first, but I gave him some cream, and he went to sleep on a cushion."

She knelt on the floor in front of a blue silk heap resembling a giant bun, and tied with a cord round the middle. The impression of a small body still remained upon it.

"He must be hiding somewhere," she said, puckering her brows. Together we peered beneath chairs and sofa, but without success.

"Extraordinary!" she exclaimed. "Simmins must have left the door open. Bag, please, will you?"

I moved to the bell. As I reached it the door was thrown open, and Simmins announced:

"Mr. Scupps!"

A chill sense of blank fell on my heart. I looked up. Bill was in evening dress, partially concealed by a light overcoat, his face held eagerness and resolution. In spite of his strong resemblance to the groom, there was a consciousness of conquest in his manner that struck me like a blow. I thought he hesitated slightly, as if checkmated at sight of me. Then he advanced eagerly to Geraldine.

"I came on the chance of your being disengaged," he began. "I have got a box for Weddon's play, you know, the one that is having such a run, 'The Ways of Women.' You wanted to see it. If Trenayne is all

He looked from one to the other of us.

My brows were black. Geraldine replied:

"Mr. Trenayne is dining with us. At present he and I are engaged in a duel for a little dog he has given me. I like you to see it. Send away your carriage and stay to dinner," she added. "We'll see about the play later."

He left the room, and almost immediately returned, dressed of his outer coat.

"Where's the new acquisition?" he asked, walking over to the low window where Geraldine stood.

I had removed myself, with what I meant to be an air of haughty aparteness, to the hearth-rug.

"I'd like you to see it," she said to him. "You are a judge of dogs. It's such a tiny thing. You can't think how sad it looks at times. Barely larger than a squirrel. I do hope it won't never grow!"

She was interrupted suddenly by a curious sound that seemed to proceed from the low window behind the curtains, crackling and growling by a strange, deep, guttural growl, dropped, apparently also from the thing, at her feet. Geraldine started nervously, and glared down at the mischief. But the creature, with a vicious snarl, had jerked itself free from its bonds, and, with hackles bristling, was making for the door.

Bill's eyes had followed its movement, and he fastened on the intruder as it reached the door, and stood with hands hanging.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "what a dog! Why, it's the image of the one I had in the Transvaal! Why, it's the very dog, I tell you, that I had in the Transvaal! Why, it's the very dog, I tell you, that I had in the Transvaal!"

"Bill, Bill, I'm ashamed of you," I said, with a little pouting, as if the invitation had been a command—as indeed it was.

"Need you ask?" I replied, standing by her side as she moved along the pavement. "As if any other engagement would have stood against that!"

She laughed highly. Then looked at "Look," she cried. "What a pretty duck of a dog, that being carried in a man's arms."

I looked in the direction in which the parasol pointed.

A couple of yards ahead of us, standing in the gutter, was a man of shady type who attracts a closely-toned greasy black poodle, and a cigar in place of a collar. By a strange freak, a dog of the Danish Dane species, and in his arms nestled the minutest creature I had ever seen, the shape of a dog, something bigger than a good-sized squirrel.

The pavement at the lunch-hour was comparatively deserted.

We paused in front of the man. The little creature, with silky brown hair almost drowned by a scarlet bow designed to set off its charms, had sprawled against the man's body, and every there, the latter's mistrustful eyes, covered by a fringe of shaggy hair, looked out on us with a shrinking timidity.

Among my lady's endearing qualities was a very passion for animals. A French poodle and a couple of Persian kittens were among her drawing-room ornaments.

I watched her, stirred to jealousy, her delicate sue-gloved fingers lightly on the man's greasy coat as she leaned nearer to pat the shrinking animal, murmur coaxing endearments.

Suddenly she remembered her companion.

"I have to meet Miss Serle," she broke off. "Au revoir, then!" she added lightly, and left me with a wave of her parasol.

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[illegible]

FEATS WITH A LASH.

Fred Lindsay [illegible] at Melbourne, Australia, [illegible] served through the recent Boer war with the First Victorian Bushmen, was raised on cattle stations in New South Wales and Queensland and [illegible] in the search for [illegible] the loneliness of camp life [illegible] there he turned to the lash, which with a 24 foot lash, used in controlling the mob of less wild cattle. Among the feats he performs are the extinguishing of a lighted candle by a flick of the whip; the use of the lash as a lasso in order to trip up a man; the disarming of a person of a revolver in hand, and the cutting in half of a cigarette while actually being smoked. In each case the trick is performed from a distance of twenty-five feet, and the lash of the whip used is made from sixteen strands of tanned kangaroo hide.

DIDN'T HAVE IT.

Floorwalker—"See here, Mr. Sayles, that customer complains that you didn't show her ordinary civility."

Salesman—"Great Scott! I showed her everything in the store, and she bought nothing. If I didn't show her that, we haven't got it."

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

"Read that romantic story from France of a marriage broken up by suspicion that the bride had a cloven hoof?"

"No; but I know some unromantic stories of marriages broken up by the certainty that the man had a cloven breath."