SUNSHINE

SHADE. AND

CHAPTER XLII -FACE TO FACE. Toat hint sobered him. He roused himself to actual action at last. It was now eight, and Elsie was off by the 9 40! Too many thoughts had crowded him fast.

That single hour enclosed for Hugh Massinger a whole eternity.

He rose and dressed himself with all expedition, remembering-though by an after thought-tor decency's sake to put on his his evening suit-and to approach as near to a mourning tie as the narrow resources a hollow, hollow mockery, a transparent farce, a mere outer semblance : his coat might be black, but his heart was blithe as a lark's on a bright May morning. He drew up the blind : the sun was flooding the bay and the hillsides with Italian lavishness. Flowers were gay on the parterres of the public garden. Who could pratend to be sad at soul on a day like this, worthy of whitest chalk, when the sun shone and flowers bloomed and Elsie was alive again? Let the dead bury their dead. For him, Elsie! for Elsie was alive again. He lived once more a fresh life. What need to play the hypocrite, here, alone, in his own hired house, in the privacy of his lonely widowed bedchamber? He smiled to himself in the narrow looking-glass fastened against the wall! He laughed hilariously. He showed his even white teeth in his joy: they shone like pearl. He trimmed his beard with unwonted care; for now he must make himself worthy of Elsie. "If I be dear to some one else," he murmured, with the lover in Maud, then I should be to myself skill in imitating to the letter-to the very more dear." And that he was dear to Elsie, he was quite certain. Her loved had suffered eclipse, no doubt: Warren Relf, like a shadow, had flitted for a moment in beteween them; but when once he, Hugh, burst forth like the sun upon her eyes once more, Warren Relf, paled and ineffectual, would hide his diminished head and vanish | tenderly-for was it not Elsie's? into vacancy.

"Warren Relf! That reptile-that vermin! Ha, ha! I have you now at my feetmy heel on your neck, you sneaking traitor. Hiding my Elsie so long from my sight! risen. Before its rays the lesser Lucifers But I nick you now, on the eve of your victory. You think you have her safe in the away from me to England! Fool! Idiot! Imbecile! Fatuous! You reckon this time without your hostess. There's many a slip lip shall never touch my Elsie's. Nectar is pension, is he?' for gods, and not for mudlarks. I'll bring you down on your marrow-bones before me. You tried to outwit me. Two can play at ster from the bed, and flinging it with a dash on the carpetless floor, trampled it in an ex. approval. His tastes were fine; he disliked cess of frenzy under foot for Warren in familiarity. effigy. The relief from his strain had come too quick. He was beside himself now with | And he couldn't get at him. Horrible! love and rage, mad with excitement, drunk horrible ! with hatred and joy and jealousy. That creature marry his Elsie, forsooth! He danced in a fever of prospective triumph

Warren Relf, meanwhile, by nimself next and packed, in sober sincerity: "Poor been arranged about the poor signora. Massinger ! What a terrible time he must be having, down there alone with his dead | you, Luigi, he can eat nothing." wife and his accusing conscience! Ought | At a shabby trattorta in the main street, in the train from Mentone. I to go down and lighten his burden for him, he took his breakfast-a sloppy breakfast; I wonder? Such remorse as his must be but the coffee was good, with the exquisite age observed complacently: "who'd ever Elste's alive ?- that that death at least don't fresh fruit was really delicious. On the South for the winter, or on a visit? Come lie at his door ?-that he has only to answer | Mediterranean slope, coffee and fresh fruit | for pleasure, or is your wife with you? for poor Mrs. Massinger ?-No. It would cover a multitude of sins. What could you Whitestrand too much for you in a foggy be useless for me to tell him. He hates me have nicer, now, than these green figs, so | English November, he?" too much. He wouldn't listen to me. Elsie daintily purpled on the sunny side, and Hugh made up his mind at once to his shall break it to him in her own good time. | these small white grapes from the local vine. | course of action; he would say not a single But my heart aches for him, for all that, in | yards with their faint undertone of musky | word about Winifred. "On a visit," he spite of his cruelty. His worst enemy could flavour? The olives, too, smack of the bask- answered, with some slight embarrassment.' wish him no harm now. He must be suffer- ing soil: "the luscious glebe of vine-clad | "I expect to stop only a week or two." As ing agonies of regret and repentance. lands;" he had called it himself in that a matter of fact, it was not his intention to Perhaps at such a moment he might accept pretty song in A Life's Philosophy-He reconsolation even from me. But probably not. | peated the lines for his own pleasure, rolling I wish I could do anything to lessen this them on his palate with vast satisfaction, as misery for him."

That puzzled and surprised Warren not a little. He had begged her to let him know first thing in the morning whether she could get away by the 9.40. He wondered Elsie could be so neglectful-she, who was generally so thoughtful and so trustworthy. Moment after moment, he watched and waited: a letter must surely | church clock; and Elsie goes at 9.40. come from Elsie.

He began to face the position like a man.

deliberate sensibly. you at the station at the hour you mention." question.

Warren Relf was here, in this self-same meditation.

If he wrung the creature's neck now, a foolish prejudice would hang him for it, under all the forms and pretences of law. And that would be inconvenient-for then he could never marry Elsie!

mitted to crush under foot a lizard or an ad- for the 9 40 ! der, but be hanged, by a wretched travesty of justice, for wringing the neck of that noxious vermin! He stamped with all his

upon." to England?

There, now, would be a dramatic triumph indeed for you! At that very moment when the reptile was waiting in his lair for the heroine, to snatch her by one bold stroke regret, or penitence; not of his sin and the from his slimy grasp, and leave him, disconsolate, to seek her in vain in an empty waiting room ! It was splendid !- it was magni-

But no! The scandal—the gossip—the black cutaway coat and his blackest trousers | indecency ! With Winifred dead in the -he had with him none black save those of | room below! He must shield Elsie from so grave an imputation. He must bide his time. He must simulate grief. He must let a proof his wardrobe permitted. But it was all | per conventional interval elapse. Elsie was his, and he must guard her from evil tongues. and eyes. He must do nothing to compromise Elsie.

Still he might just go to the station to meet her. To satisfy his eyes. No harm in that. Why give the note at all to the reptile?

But looking at it impartially, the straight road is always the safest. The proverb is right. Honesty appears to be on the whole the best policy. He had tried the crooked path already, and found it wanting. Lying too often incurs failure. Henceforth, h would be - reasonably and moderately-

Excess is bad in any direction. The wise man will therefore avoid excess, be it either on the side of vice or virtue. A middle course of external decorum will be found by average minds the most prudent. Oc this, O British ratepayer, address yourself

Hugh took from his portmanteau an en velope and his writing case. With Else's torn envelope laid before him for a model, he excercised yet once more his accustomed stroke, even-the turns and twists of that sacred handwriting. But oh, with what different feelings now! No longer dead Elsie's, but his living love's. She wrote itherself, that very morning. Addressed as it was to Warren Relf, he pressed it to his lips in a fervour of delight and kissed it

His beautiful, pure, noble-hearted Elsie To write to that reptile! What desecration! Pah! It sickened him.

But it was not for long. The sun had would soon efface themselves.

He rang the bell, and after the usual arishollow of your hand. You'll carry her off tocratic Italian interval, a servant presented himself. Your Italian never shows a vulgar haste in answering bells. Hugh handed him the letter, readdressed to Warren in a 'twixt the cup and the lip. I'll dash away forged imitation of Elsie's handwriting, and this cup, my fine fellow, from yours. Your asked simply: "This gentleman is in the

Luigi bowed and smiled profusely. "On the same floor; next door, signor," he answered, indicating the room with a jerk of that game, my friend .- He seized the bol- his elbow. The Italian waiter lacks polish Hugh noted the gesture with British dis-

On the same floor -as yet unchoked!

For Elsie's sake he must assume some regret for dead Winifred. So he told the landlady with a sigh of

over the prostrate body of his fallen enemy. | sensibility he had no heart that morning to taste his breakfast. He would go and stroll door, was saying to himself, as he dressed by the sea-shore alone. Everything had her bed at San Remo! "What grief!" said the landlady. "Look

a connoisseur rolls good old Madeira; Why did no answer come from Elsie? My thirsty bosom pants for sunlit waters,

And luscious globe of vine-clad lands, And chanted psalms of freedom's bronzecheeked daughters,

And sacred grasp of brotherly hands.

After a while Hugh's excess of mania-for | station with his hands in his pockets. Fresh it was little else-cooled down somewhat. air and sunshine smiled at his humour. He Monsieur," he said with a courtly air, " would have liked to hide himself somewhere, | caused you some slight surprise and discom-He must be calm; he must be sane; he must and "see unseen," like Paris with the god- fort by my peculiar demeanor in the train desses in the dells of Ida; but stern fact | this morning. - To tell you the truth, your Elsie was going by the 9.40; and Warren intervened, in the shape of that rigid con- attitude discomposed me. I was coming to Relf would be there to join her. "I'll meet | tinental red-tape railway system which | Monte Carlo to join in the play, and I carried admits nobody to the waiting-room without no less a sum for the purpose than three But not unless Relf received that letter. the passport of a ticket. He must buy a hundred thousand francs about my body. Should be ever receive it? That was the ticket for form's sake, then, and go a little Not knowing I had to deal with a person of way on the same line with them ; just for a honor, I felt somewhat nervous, you may He glanced once more at the envelope- station or two-say to Monte Carlo.-He readily conceive, astoyour muttered remarks torn hastily open: "WARREN RELF, Esq., presented himself at the wicket accordingly, and apparent abstraction. Figure to Villa della Fontana (Piano 3°)." Then and took a first single as far as the Casino. | yourself my situation. So much money

house—on this very floor—next door, pos | corner, behind the bookstall with the paper- | I trust, will have the goodness to forgive sibly! He would like to go in and wring the | covered novels. Elsie and Relf would have | me.' creature's neck for him !- But that would be | plenty to do, he shrewdly suspected, in lookrash, unadvisable-premature, at anyrate. ing after their own luggage without troub- frankly, "I was so much absorbed in my The wise man dissembles his hate-for a ling their heads about casual strangers. So while-till occasion offers. Some other he lurked and waited. The situation was a little hesitation you may have happened to time. With better means and more pre- strange one. Would Elsie turn up? His express in your looks and manner. Three heart stood still. After so many years, after | hundred thousand francs is no doubt a very so much misery, to think he was waiting large sum. Why it's twelve thousand again for Elsie!

room, his pulse leaped again with a burst of expectation. The time went slowly: 9.30,

Elsie, Elsie, Elsie!

might upon the bolster (vice Warren Relf, walked on hastily, side by side with War- discovered." not then producible) and gnashed his teeth | ren, the serpent, the reptile. Hugh let her in the fury of his hatred. "Some day, my pass out on to the platform and choose her fine fellow, it'll be your own turn," he mut- carriage. His flood of emotion fairly overtered to himself, "to get really danced powered him. Then he sneaked out with a hangdeg air, and selected another compart-Happy thought! If he let things take ment for himself, a long way behind Elsie's. | ingales. "The bank's bound to beat you in | individual culture by the exhibition of the diamonds and jewels. Shapely shoulders their own course, Relf would probably never But when once he was seated in his place, at his go down to the station at all, waiting like a ease he let his pent-up feelings have free play. fool to hear from Elsie; and then-why, He sat in his corner, and cried for joy. The long enough." then, he might go himself and-well-why tears followed one another unchecked down not?—run away with her himself off hand his cheeks. Elsie was alive! He had seen of superior wisdom. "I know better," he are generally people of very strong self; ball-rooms of France will once more sparkle

frontier. Bordighera, Ventimiglia, Roya, the Nervia, were soon passed, They entered France at the Point St Louis.

Elsie was crying in her carriage too-crying for poor tortured, heart-broken Winifred. And not without certain pangs of regret for Hugh as well. She had loved him once, and he was her own cousin.

And all the time, Hugh Massinger, in his own carriage, was thinking-not of poor dead Winifred, not of remorse, or mischief it had wrought-but of Elsie. The bay of Mentone smiled lovely to his He's a very nice chap, the Paymaster of the eyes. The crags of the steep seaward scrap Russian Mediterranean squadron. I picked ficent! The humour of it made his mouth on the Bay Martin side glistened and shone him up at the Cercle Nautique at Nice last in the morning sunlight. The rock of week; and he and I have been going every-Monaco rose sheer like a painter's dream where in my yacht ever since together." from the sea in front of him. And as he stepped from the carriage at Mont Carlo rible new-born careless glee of his recent will think rothing of pulling it up to her station, with the mountains above and emancipation. "I don't mind twopence knees and in wobbling along with her bare the gardens below, flooded by the rich what I do to day. Vogue la galere! I'm calves showing at the back. Mediterranean sunlight, he locked about game for anything, from pitch-and-toss to him at the scene in pure aesthetic manslaughter." He never suspected him has no pins nor hooks and eyes to keep it delight, saying to himself in his self how true those casual words of the stock together, and as for buttons, they are a throbbing heart that the world after all was slang expressions were soon to become. foreign invention. It consists of a long robe very beautiful, and that he might still be Pitch and toss first, and afterwards man | made of silk, crepe, or cotton, and this is happy at last with Elsie.

### CHAPTER XLIII. - AT MONTE CARLO.

Hugh had not had the carriage entirely with him at Mentone station. But so absorbed was Hugh in his own thoughts that he hardly noticed the newcomer's presence. Fall of Elsie and drunk with joy, he had utmore than once. Crying and laughing by the stranger almost like a madman. He had smiled and frowned and chuckled to and though he saw occasionally, with a careless glee, that the stranger leaned back ner-Elsie, Elsie, recovered?

gaming-rooms themselves were not yet open. to play-the use of two hundred European ed it from her neck and fastened it to her for want of somewhere better to go to, and where a splendid band discourses hourly to Japanese girls never wear ear rings, and who meant to return to San Remo by the all comers the enlivening strains of Strauss | their only ornaments are on this belt. The first train, strolled casually without any and of Gungl. But all that is the merest belt is the costliest part of the dress, and thought to a seat on the terrace. Preoccu- prelude. The play itself, which forms the I have seen some which I am told cost as nevertheless took him fairly by surprise. place in the gambling saloons on the left of ones go as low as a few dollars, and some His poet's soul lay open to its beauty. He | the Casino. had never visited Monte Carlo before; and | Farnished with their indispensable little even now he had merely mentioned the name | ticket of introduction, the three newcomers at random as the first that occurred to him | entered the rooms, and took their places when he went to take his ticket at the San | tentatively by one of the tables. The Rus-Remo booking office. He had stumbled | sian, selecting a seat at once, addressed himupon it wholly by chance. But he was glad | self to the task like one well accustomed to he had come; it was all so levely. The systematic gambling. Hugh and his acsmiling aspect of the pot took his breath | quaintance Lock stood idly behind, to watch away with wonder. And the peaceful air | the outcome of his infallible method. of all that blue bay soothed somewhat his feverish excitement at the momentous dis- Winifred's body lay on the solitary bed of covery that Elsie, his Elsie, was still living. | death, attended only at long intervals by Elsie was alive, and he must be a poet still. | the waiting-women and landlady of the shab-He must build up a fortune for himself and | by pension. for Elsie.

Somebody touched his elbow as he sat there. He looked up, not without some passing tinge of annoyance. What a bore to be discovered! He didn't want to be disturbed or recognized just then-at Monte Carlo-and with Winifred lying dead on

It was a desultory London club acquaintance—a member of the Savage—and with him was the man who had come with Hugh

"Hullo, Massinger," the desultory Sav

remain very long after Winifred's funeral He was in haste, as things stood, to return to England-and Elsie. "I came over with your friend from Mentone this morning, Lock."

"And he took you for a maniac, my dear boy," the other answered with a quiet smile. "I've duly explained to him that you are not mad, most noble Massinger; you're only That was written before he knew Winifred! | a poet. The terms, though nearly, are not His spirits were high. He enjoyed his quite synonymous." Then he added in breakfast. A quarter to nine by the big French: "Let me introduce you now to one another. M. le Lieutenant Fedor Raffa-He strolled down at his leisure to the levsky, of the Russian navy."

M. Raffalevsky bowed politely. "I fear, In the waiting room he lurked in a dark | makes one naturally fanciful! Monsieur,

"To say the truth," Hugh answered own thoughts that I scarcely noticed any pounds sterring-isn't it, Lock ?-You As each new-comer entered the waiting- mean to try your luck, then, en gros,

Monsieur ?" The Russan smiled. "For once," he answer-How inconsistent? that one should be per- 9.25 9.36, 9.38 - would Elsie come in time ed nodding his head good-humouredly. "I have a system, I believe: an infallible A throb! a jump!-alive! alive! It was system. I'm a mathematician myself by taste and habit. I've invented a plan for She never turned; she never saw. She tricking fortune—the only safe one ever yet

Hugh shook his head almost mechanically. "All systems alike are equally bad," he too much commonsense to believe in martpurse, and must win in the end, if you go on

answered quietly. "I have worked for consciousness.

The train rattled on upon its way to the years at the doctrine of chances. I've the | calculated the odds to ten places of decimals, If I hadn't, do you think I'd risk three hundred thousand francs on the mere tarn

of a wretched roulette table ?" The doors of the Casino were now open, him," Lock suggested in English. "There can be no particular harm in looking on. I'm not a player myself, like you, Massinger; but I want to see whether this fellow really wins or loses. He believes in his own system most profoundly, I observe.

slaughter.

of the Casino, that stately building in the the froat, and it is held in place by a wide gaudiest Hausmannised Parisian style, belt or opi. This belt is the finest part of planted plump down with grotesque Yum Yum's toilet, and it forms her girdle incongruity beneath the lof y crags of the and bustle, all in one. It is four yards long to himself all the way; a stranger got in Maritime Alps. The palace of sin faces a and its material is as rich as her circum large and handsome open square, with stances will warrant. Sometimes it is made greensward and fountains and parterres of of magnificent stiff fabrics and loaded with flowers; and all around stand coquettish embroidery. It is tied in a big butterfly shops, laid temptingly out with bonnets and | bow at the back, and, though not a pin is terly forgotten the man's very existence jewelry and asthetic products; for people used, it keeps its place and holds the dress who win largely disburse freely, and many perfectly. Yum Yum, however, does not turns as he went, he must have impressed ladies hover about the grounds, with want her dress spread out like the tail of fashionable dresses and shady antecedents, the peacock. She runs rather to the pullby no means slow to share the good fortune | back and the the loose folds of the unstarchhimself, exactly as if he had been quite alone; of the lucky and all too generous hero of ed stuffs, which wrap themselves about the the day. Hugh mounted the entrance stair form, showing its every outline. They case with the rest of the crowd, and pushed impede the walking of the ladies, and the vously in his seat and seemed to shrink through the swinging glass doors of the result is that the Japanese girl totters along away from him, as if in bodily fear, he Casino. Within, they came upon the large in a half pigeon-toed fashion, and when she scarcely troubled his head at all about so and spacious vestibule, its roof supported tries to run she goes off in a gait like a cow. insignificant and unimportant a person. His by solid marble and perphyry pillars. The dress in the summer is open at the neck soul was all engrossed with Elsie. What Presentation of their cards secured them and Yum Yum does not know what a breast was a casual foreigner to him, with Elsie, the right of entry to the salles de feu, for pin is. everything is free at Monte Carlo-The Casino gardens were already filled except the tables. You may go in and out with loungers and children - gamblers' of the rooms as you please, and enjoy for pinned it at her neck. The girl was delight. children, in gay Parisian dresses-but the nothing-so long as you are not fool enough ed with the present, but she at once remov-Hugh, who had come there half by accident, newspapers, and the music of a theatre, girdle in the region of her bustle. The pied as he was, the loveliness of the place solid core of the entire entertainment, takes much as \$100 and upward. The cheaper

And all the time, alone at San Remo,

(TO BE CONTINUED )

# He Will Do the Typewriting.

Oh, the type writing girl, Oh, the type writing girl, With her debonair smile and her hair All in ourl; And her finger triptripping all o'er the machine-The slenderest fingers that ever were seen-While my husband can take his wife to his own tent. heart like the alphabet, jumpsup and down, There in that country, as in Europe, it is Depending, of course, on her smile or her not wise to let the future husband take his frown. And I gaze on the maiden so fresh wife without getting from him all that he and so pretty, and say to myself It is really has promised to give for her. a pity That she should be sitting there too heavy to bear. Ought I to tell him that aroma of the newly roasted berry, and the Thumping for money, When I am just dying who was bought by her husband for 150 to call her my honey. Then I slowly draw horses. As the husband was very old and up Near the maiden so fair, And trembling- she was the third wife, and moreover as she ly gaze On her shimmering hair. Then, bore him no children, she was beaten nearly never once thinking it may be displaced, I every day and finally came to me for conput my arm suddenly Right round her solation. I have a sketch of her in one of waist And beg her to be my type-writer my albums, and you will see that she is a through life-Implore her to be my own most beautiful woman. Unfortunately, I dear little wife. She blushes and struggles | could not change her position, and I fear and ceases her letter, And says, very that if her husband is not dead she is still sternly, "You ought to know better!" But | beaten every day. stoutly I hold her, The dear little miss, And double my guilt by the theft of a kiss, I learned from actual conversation with And implore her again To be my dear wife a Kirguis chief, who introduced me to his -To be my type writer the rest of her life. | young and pretty wife, as having no other And then with a smile her whole countenance object in life than to vie each with other lighting Says, "I will be your wife, But | wives in their efforts to please the head of you'll do the typewriting."

# A Hairless Mare.

A very interesting equine currosity, in the shape of a horse absolutely without hair, arrived at San Francisco the other day from Australia. It was exhibited to a few connoisseurs in horseflesh by the owner, R. A. Cunningham. The horse, or rather the mare, for it belongs to the latter gender, is a pronounced phenomenon. Her skin is black and as smooth and fine as that of a human being. She stands over fifteen hands high, and is about seven years old. It would be difficult to find a handsomer or more shapely animal. She looks well bred and is strongly developed. In action the movement of every muscle is plainly discernible by reason o the animals utter nakedness. Were it not for her abnormal appearance the mare would make a most excellent carriage horse. Any. thing more peculiar than the appearance of the beast, with her smooth, shiny skin, black as ebony, attempting to whisk from her back with a hairless, stumpty tail the flies clustering there it is impossible to conceive. The softness and smoothnes of every part of her anatomy, even where the mane ought to be found, precludes the idea that the hair has been gotten rid of artificially, as by shaving. Mr. Cunningham purchased the mare in Echuca, Victoria, from a farmer, who utilized her as a buggy horse.

# Sociability.

Those individuals to whom social intercourse is most evidently a necessity of their being, and who are the really dominant forces in society, feel this need chiefly as the necessity of securing an opportunity and What a miserable law!"-New York occasion for the display of their own per Herald. replied in a politely careless tone. Gambler sonal qualities, not as the need of seeing the as he had always been by nature, he had qualities of other people displayed for their For a couple of years past the high life own sake. It is the excitation of their own Parisienne has recently eschewed a display of the long run, you know. It has the deepest | individual culture of others which makes | and well-rounded arms have been left unthem so desirous of the latter. Not the adorned, while bracelets, brooches and neck desire for communication, but the need of laces lay neglected in their velvet cases. The Russian's face were a calm expression excitement makes them so sociable. They This winter all that will be changed and the

#### A Japanese Girl's Dress.

As an infant, Yum Yum dresses like her mother, and the girls of Japan spend less upon clothes than do their American sisters. Spring bonnets they never get, for all womanhood here goe: bareheaded. Skirts they and players were beginning to crowd the do not use, and the long stockings and the gambling rooms. "Let's go in and watch high heeled shoe never clasp their toes and calves. The Japanese girl wears no gloves, and she never loses her shoe-buttoner. Her shapely little feet clatter over the street in wooden sandals two inches high, and she holds these on by a white cord, which, tied to the wood between her first two toss, crosses the foot and is fastened to the sandal at the heel. In place of stockings she has foot mittens, and these have a "finger" for her great toe, and they do not come higher than her ankle at the leg. Above this comes "All right," Hugh answered, with the hor- her dress, and if the weather be wet she This dress, however, is a curiosity. It

open at the front like a long jacket. When They strolled round together to the front | worn one side of it folds over the other at

> My wife made a girl in the country, who had done her a favor, a present of one and can be bought which are made of cotton and bright colours, and which cost only a few cents.

#### Women of Mexico.

"Naturally, their position is not to be compared to that of European women. The Kirguis woman is always bought from her parents by her future husband. As a rule the payments are made in cattle, as money is scarce a mong these people.

"A charming and good nature! girl can be purchased for, say one hundred horses, ten or twenty camels and a few hundred sheep, in addition to a large tent, some cloth and some money, if the man has any. Once the price of the girl is settled upon and onehalf or one-third of the amount is paid the future husband can come to the tent of the girl's father, and is even allowed to remain there with her in the absence of the girl's parents, but only for a short time.

"When the whole amount is paid the

"I remember a charming young woman

"The Kirguis look on their women, as the family.

"As the Kirguis woman I refer to was speaking of the fact that the tribe contemplated moving to fresh pasturages and showed her joy at the prospects of a change, I asked her if she did not want to go still further, and I would take her with me, 'far, far, very far.' She laughed and

"'Not yet; but I see that my husband has the intention to take another wife. Should he do so, then, yes; I will ask you to take me away, far, far, very far.'

"I said 'all right; I find it is quite cor-

"'How correct?' asked the husband. 'Do you mean to say that your custom to have only one woman is better than ours, which is to have many of them?'

"'Certainly,' I answered. "But do you not understand,' he continued. "that when they are many they get along much better? Every one of them understands that if she ceases to please me, or if she is capricious I shall leave her tent and go to the tent of another wife and live with the other wife. So they strive one against the other t, be kind to me.'

"I did not approve of this reasoning, and I said: 'In our opinion there is something more in the woman than her person, Our women,' I added, 'are united to their husbands not only by the body, but by the mind, heart and soul.'

"What!' he exclaimed. 'But if my wife by accident should lose an eye, and be blind in one eye for life? Do you mean to say that I must remain with her for the rest

of my life?" "Certainly,' I answered.

"Then the Kirguis chief spat in disgust on the floor of the tent, and exclaimed:

with gems and family heirlooms.