

WHAT THEY ARE DOING AND WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

The Characteristics and Peculiarities of Well-Known Personages.

The King of Greece only uses Greek when absolutely necessary. He generally talks in English.

The King has expressed a wish that the tradesmen and assistants who serve Windsor Castle shall get vaccinated.

It is understood that the King will lay the corner stone of the Queen Victoria memorial shortly after the coronation.

The King is said to have carefully studied the figures attesting the value of vaccination, and to be convinced of its efficacy.

The Emperor William has given his assent to the erection of a monument to the late Baron von Ketteler, the German Envoy, who was murdered at Peking.

As the Kaiser wishes that more should be done to discover a remedy for cancer, the erection in Berlin of a hospital for the special study of the disease is to be proceeded with at once.

The Etoile Belge of Brussels announces that Prince Albert will represent the royal family of Belgium at the coronation of King Edward. His Royal Highness will be accompanied by several officers.

The Duchess of Argyll, accompanied by the Duke of Argyll and Cardinal Vaughan, visited the Alexandra Palace recently, for the purpose of inaugurating a class for physical culture, which has been commenced by the trustees.

During his visit to Earl and Countess Howe at Penn House, the King had excellent sport, nearly 3,500 head of game having been bagged. Saturday was the best day, nearly 1,400 being killed, but on Monday, owing to the high wind, the number was considerably less.

A memorial to Prince Christian Victor is to be raised in Warwickshire, and it is suggested that a suitable form for it would be the endowment of a regimental cottage home in the country for wounded and disabled soldiers belonging to the Warwickshire Regiment.

Mr. Paranjpye, the Marhattar young man who was bracketed senior wrangler at Cambridge in 1899 and was the first Hindoo elected a fellow of Cambridge University, after studying three years in Germany, has taken up professorship in a little college at Poona, on a small salary, in order to impart what he knows to his own people.

The coronation of the King of Spain, the World says, is to take place at Madrid on Saturday, May 17th, when he will celebrate his sixteenth birthday, at which age he attains his legal majority. King Edward is to be represented by the Prince of Wales, and many other royalalties will be present. The coronation festivities are to extend over a week.

The King has just given the Prince and Princess of Wales a very charming gift, which was all the more acceptable as it came as a complete surprise, the secret having been well kept. The present was a set of miniatures of the four children of the Prince of Wales, the work of clever Mrs. Gertrude Massey, who has painted so many miniatures for royalty.

There is a very happy little girl at Amersham. When the King arrived at the station a crowd of inhabitants assembled. Among them was a little girl, who had forced her way into the station entrance, and, stumbling over a mat she fell almost at the King's feet. His Majesty, noticing the little mishap, immediately took a sixpence from his pocket, and presented it to the child, who has decided not to spend it.

FLYING-MACHINES.

Sir Hiram Maxim, whose large flying-machine was wrecked during preliminary experiments in England a few years ago, recently informed the Aeronautical Society in London that he believed that a flying-machine was not only possible, but practicable. He based the statement mainly on the improvement in motors and in structural materials since his experiments were made. He thought the petroleum motor would now yield the best results, and at present engineers have at their disposal aluminum alloys that are as strong as wrought iron and nearly as light as pure aluminum. He believes that a machine on a large scale can be made to develop a lifting power greater than its own weight.

AWFU, SMITTAL.

Two douce auld wives met on the street in Stirling the other day. First—"There's an awful lot o' trouble gaen about enoo." Second—"Ay, that sma' pox is geyan' bad yet, I see, an' then there's that new fever." "A new one, d'ye say?" "Ay, I see'd it in the papers, ping-pong fever I think they ca't, an' they say it's awfu' smittal."

NEWS AND BUSINESS.

Mrs. Jones (new member) — "Is your sewing society lively?" Mrs. Brown (the secretary) — "I think so, sometimes the ladies gossip so that I don't get to read the minutes for three meetings."

"I can never thank you enough for saving us from such a man," said Helen, as he finished speaking. "I have nothing to give you but myself."

And surely he desired no better reward than that.—London Tit-Bits.

BRINGING IT HOME.

Mr. Williams is quite an elderly wealthy gentleman, having for his second wife a lady many years his junior, much petted, and very ignorant of the value of money.

Any expressed wish of hers he at once gratified if money could be the medium. One evening she remarked in her charming way:

"I saw to-day in Regent Street a lovely camel's-hair shawl that I want ever so much. Would you let me have the money to-morrow. It's only £25."

"Yes, dear," he replied, "I will bring the money." And next day, with the assistance of his porter he did bring home and place on the table 500 shilling pieces.

At the sight of this pile of metal the wife exclaimed:

"What are you going to do with all that money?"

"Why, love, it's the money you wanted for the new shawl."

"Good gracious! does it take all that to make £25? Why, I had no idea it meant so much. I will do without the shawl and put it all in the bank if you will let me."

And she did so, and has since added several sums to the deposit. Mr. Williams affirms on his honor that since the event she has not asked for a quarter so much money as before the incident.

RESPECTED HIS LAST WISHES.

Two cowboys once met on a Texas plain and rode along together.

They were strangers to each other and their notions as to the merits of right and wrong were about as loose as possible.

Suddenly one of the "boys" made a suspicious movement towards his hip-pocket. Instantly the other drew his revolver and shot him dead.

The "live" boy then dismounted, gazed steadily at his victim and said to himself:

"Now, I wonder if he was really going to shoot me? The evidence was against him, but anyway I'll see for myself."

Turning the body over he discovered that the only murderous weapon the dead man bore was a whisky flask; and then, in sorrowful tones, he said:

"Such a blessed idiot I am! I've killed an innocent man and a perfect gentleman. He wasn't going to shoot me; he merely intended to invite me to have a drink."

As he drew his sleeve across his mouth, he continued:

"The last wishes of deceased shall be duly respected."

Then he emptied the flask and went on his way.

WHERE PING-PONG BALLS ARE MADE.

There is a factory at Branham, near Mitley, Essex, England, where work goes on night and day at a headlong pace, under conditions of secrecy that might well excite curiosity to the highest pitch.

The factory is the Xylonite Works, where the balls used in ping-pong and tennis are made. The works at Branham practically make all the balls used in the game of the hour, at any rate so far as England is concerned, and some idea may be formed of the extent of the trade that has suddenly been created by the fact that six tons of balls are turned out every week.

It is computed that it takes nearly 300 ping-pong balls to weigh a pound, so that the number required to form the weekly output is no less than 4,032,000. Another way of expressing the quantity required to meet the demand is that if the balls made in one week were strung together they would stretch almost from London to Brighton and back.

The manufacture has come as a boon to Branham where an army of workers is employed at good rates of pay.

STORY OF PRINCE EDDIE.

Little Prince Edward of Wales is already showing a delightful sturdiness of character. He has a profound dislike for arithmetic, and shares the opinion of the bard who laid down the axiom, "Multiplication is vexation." Many times has the future King of England been "put in the corner" owing to this; and recently, when he saw the hated preparation of slates and arithmetic book being made to start the day's lessons, he arose from the table with a sigh for the impending inevitable catastrophe, and said quietly to his tutor: "I don't think I'll do 'rithmetic to-day; I think I'll go to the corner again instead, if you don't mind." And marched away like a soldier under arrest, leaving a very bewildered tutor in the rear.

POPULAR LUNCHEON CARTS.

A new and practical arrangement for providing masons and other building laborers, coachmen, errand boys, policemen, and so on, with cheap food and non-alcoholic drinks has been called into being by the Berlin section of the German Society for Popular Hygiene. At stated hours special carts pass through the streets and dispense sandwiches, bread and butter, the sausages so dear to the German palate, tea, coffee, and soup, all, of course, at the lowest possible prices.

by a lady. On hearing that he was out she declared her intention of waiting, and after being in the room alone for a few minutes she changed her mind and left, giving no name. As she was thickly veiled the servant was unable to distinguish her features, but she wore a long purple cloak trimmed with ermine, the hood of which was drawn over her head. The case has been placed in competent hands, and it is expected that the whereabouts of this midnight visitor will shortly be disclosed.

Mr. Sefton is in the drawing-room, miss, and asks to see you," announced the maid, as Helen finished reading.

It was with cheerful face and outstretched hands that she darted across the drawing-room to meet Frank Sefton.

"I am so glad you have come," she cried; "I have been longing to see you all day. But, Frank, what is the matter? Have I done anything to offend you?"

"You have not offended me, but there is something you must explain. I saw you last night leaving Watson's rooms very late. I was passing along the opposite side of the street. I could not see your face, but there was no mistaking your walk or the cloak you wore. I followed you home to make sure you were safe, but I was not the only person interested in your movements, for as soon as he had seen you out of the house Watson's servant dogged your footsteps to this very door. I don't know what you were doing in that man's house at such an hour, but knowing you as I do, I have never doubted for a moment that your reason was a good one. I don't want to force your confidence, but I think you ought to trust me."

"Have you seen to-night's paper?"

"Not yet."

"In there you will find that the person who visited Watson's rooms is suspected of stealing £400 in bank notes."

"Good heavens! Helen, there is some villainy afoot. Won't you tell me what you were doing there?"

"I can't; but need I assure you that I never saw those bank notes?"

"I don't suspect you for one moment, but the thing is serious."

"Frank, I am going to ask you to do a great thing for me—will you lend me £50 and not ask what I want it for?"

"You shall have it in less than an hour. I am willing to trust you, if I can help you in no other way."

"You are very good, better than I deserve. Forgive me, but—"

"Mr. Watson to see you, miss. I have shown him into the library."

"Quite right, Jane; I will go to him there. Frank, I must see him alone; will you wait here till I come back?"

Helen showed no sign of nervousness as she entered the library. For a few minutes she conversed calmly on conventional topics; but her companion was evidently ill at ease, and at the first opportunity he broke in hurriedly:

"Miss Merivale, a most unfortunate thing has happened. In my absence yesterday a sum of £400 disappeared from my rooms. A lady who visited them during the evening was naturally suspected, and I am sorry to say that the lady in question has been traced to this house."

"I am the lady you refer to."

"Then no doubt you will give a satisfactory explanation of your presence there?"

"I am afraid I cannot do so."

"But surely you understand what your refusal will imply?"

"Do you mean to insinuate that I have stolen your money?"

Watson shrugged his shoulders.

"The money has gone; somebody must have taken it."

"Is your servant honest?"

"Certainly. I would trust him with all I possess, and he swears that nobody entered the room but yourself."

"It is strange, but I never saw your money."

"Yet you won't say why you visited my rooms?"

"Again I repeat that I cannot."

"Miss Merivale, do you know that your brother owes me money?"

"I do; and it shall be paid within a few hours."

"I have a proposal to make if you will listen to me. I will forgive your brother's debt, and hush up your connection with this theft, on one condition. Will you marry me?"

"Marry you! cried Helen, in horror; 'I would rather die.'"

An ugly look passed over Watson's face.

"You are too proud, I suppose, yet I am a wealthy man and you would find me an indulgent husband. Why do you refuse me?"

"There is one great obstacle to your proposal," she said, quietly.

"I have already promised to marry Frank Sefton."

Watson looked somewhat disturbed.

"The engagement is not a public one, then."

"That does not make it any less sacred in my eyes," said Helen.

Suddenly Watson threw off all restraint, and in a fit of passion burst out:—

"I made up my mind to have you the first time I saw you, and sooner or later you will have to give in. You shall have time to consider, but if you persist in your refusal I will bring down your haughty spirit, and proclaim to the world that your brother is a forger and that you are a thief. Prove yourself innocent if you can."

Helen's voice trembled with suppressed anger.

"Sir, I am glad to see you in your

true colors. One minute you do me the honor of wishing to marry me and the next you call me a thief. As for your threats, I despise them as much as I despise you. Now, go, and do your worst; your presence is an insult to me." As she finished speaking Helen's courage gave way and she burst into a passion of tears.

Sefton had not been alone many minutes when he was joined by Bertie. The boy wandered restlessly from one side of the room to the other, hurriedly poked the fire, and at last, with a nervous cough, began:—

"I say, Sefton, can you help a fellow out of a difficulty? I wouldn't ask you if I could get the money any other way; the fact is, can you lend me £50?"

"If I lend it to you will you tell me what you want it for?"

"Well, it's to pay a debt."

"A debt to Gilbert Watson?"

"How did you guess that?"

"Never mind how I guessed; but seriously, Bertie, I half suspect that Helen's visit to Watson was connected with you, and it would be better for all of us if you would make a clean breast of it."

Bertie looked disturbed, and for a minute or two he hesitated. Suddenly his better nature asserted itself and he broke out eagerly:

"I know I was a fool to play with Watson again; I might have known I should lose. I was in despair, I had no way of raising the £50; you know how mean father is about our pocket-money. Well, like an idiot I forged a cheque for £50, and as soon as I had sent it to Watson I wished myself dead; in fact, I should have shot myself if Helen hadn't stopped me. She undertook to see Watson and get the cheque back, but he was out; my letter was unopened on the table, so she brought it away, and we thought the whole thing ended there. But this confounded loss of his £400 has landed us in a fine mess."

"You shall have the £50, but, Bertie, how long is this to go on? Helen can't stand between you and the consequences of your follies for ever; she has been doing it too long already. Why don't you act like a man instead of a weak, silly boy?"

"Sefton, I promise you this shall be the last time. If I once get out of this fix I will never speak to Watson again. I mean to work hard to pay back the £50; you may trust me this time."

"I do trust you, Bertie," said Sefton, as he shook his hand heartily. "And now I must be off. I promised to wait for Helen, but she will forgive me when she knows that I have gone to see Watson. I fancy I have a card to play that will astonish him."

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It was quite two hours later when Helen greeted Sefton for the second time that evening.

"Are you tired of waiting, dear?" he said, as she rose to meet him with a bright smile.

"I don't mind at all now that you have come, but I am terribly anxious to know the result of your interview."

"You will be pleased to hear that Watson is not likely to trouble you any further. Bertie shall send him the £50, and then I fancy we shall not see his face again."

"Do you know that he asked me to marry him?"

"Confound his impudence, yes, he told me that; he was very candid, but he had to be, for he knew he was in my power."

"How did you manage that?"

"Well, quite by accident I found out that Watson had been mixed up in a disgraceful affair out in California, which would ruin his reputation in this country if it became known. It is best to fight a man of that stamp with his own weapons, so I told him what I knew and threatened to disclose it unless he told me the whole truth. I had no real evidence, but the fact that his servant had followed you home struck me as suspicious, and I half-guessed that the bank notes had never been stolen at all. That servant was too cunning to leave you alone in his master's room without putting you under close scrutiny. From behind the curtain which separated that room from the adjoining one he watched your movements and heard you exclaim, 'Now Bertie will be saved.'"

"He followed you in order to tell his master where you lived. Watson is fairly sharp at putting two and two together; he knew at once who his visitor was. Bertie owed him money, you took a letter which evidently contained something damaging to Bertie's character; what was more likely than that Bertie had resorted to some dishonest method of paying his debt? You see, he knows Bertie's weaknesses fairly well."

"Now, Watson wanted to marry you partly because he was fascinated by your beauty, partly because he knew that with a wife like you he could take a place in society which his wealth alone would never give him. Your indifference maddened him, so he determined to humble you; the theft of the bank notes was all a pretence; he sent the paragraph to the paper himself thinking that he would have you in his power and so persuade you to marry him. He ought to be punished as he deserves, but I can do nothing without betraying Bertie's forgery, and he has promised to make known through the papers that his money was only mislaid and not stolen."

Who Stole the Bank-Notes?

The clock was striking ten; Bertram Merivale counted the strokes until the last one died away, but still he stood irresolute. He had entered the library with a fixed purpose in his mind. He had walked across the room with a firm step, unlocked one of the drawers in the heavy oak bureau, and drawn out a small leather case, but there his courage had failed him. Suddenly he gave a guilty start, and for the first time he noticed that he was not alone; a young girl rose from the depths of the easy-chair in which she had been sitting, stretched out her arms, and with a sleepy yawn said:—

"Is that you, Bertie? I think I shall go to bed."

But something in the attitude of the boy struck her as peculiar; she looked at the white, haggard face, the nervous hands, and springing forward seized his arm eagerly.

"Bertie, what does this mean?" she cried. "Are you drunk or mad? What are you going to do with that revolver? Good heavens! Surely you are not such a coward as to shoot yourself?"

"It's no use talking, Helen; I'm the most miserable fellow on earth and no good to anybody, so I'm better out of it."

"Sit down," she said, sternly, as she pushed the trembling figure into the nearest chair. "Now, tell me everything; mind, you must keep nothing back."

"I'm in a worse mess than ever this time, Helen. Father said he wouldn't pay my debts again, and threatened to turn me out the next time I displeased him. Well, to cut a long story short, I owed some money—not a great sum—only £50, but where can I get even £50? I found father's cheque book, and I think I must have been mad when I did it—I know I have been mad ever since. I forged his name and sent off the cheque by post, but I can't face the disgrace if I am found out," and the boy burst into a flood of tears.

"Whom did you owe this money to?" said his sister, in a calm voice.

"Gilbert Watson; you know what he is—as hard as stone."

"You lost it at cards, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"When did you post it?"

"This morning."

"Then he can't cash it before to-morrow. Bertie, I shall go and ask him to give it back to me, and we must find the money in some other way."

"You can't go to-night. What would people say if you were seen going alone to a man's rooms at this hour?"

"I must chance that. I daren't trust to a letter, and he is more likely to give it to me than to you. But one thing more, Bertie: can I trust you not to be so foolish again?" she said, with a meaning glance at the leather case on the table. "I must have your promise before I leave you alone with that."

"Helen, I give you my word of honor that I will not touch it."

"Is Mr. Watson at home?"

"Not yet; but I am expecting him every minute, if you care to wait."

"Important that I should see him as soon as possible."

"Thank you, I think I will; it is soon as possible."

Helen felt that the onsequious manservant eyed her from head to foot as he showed her into a luxuriously-furnished sitting room, but she knew it was useless to resent his curiosity. Left to herself, she paced the room in a fever of excitement, glancing every moment at the clock on the mantelpiece, until at last she paused before the writing-table and ran her eye carelessly over its contents. Her attention was caught by a pile of unopened letters; in breathless haste she searched them through.

"Ah, here it is," as she recognized her brother's handwriting and the monogram on the back of the envelope; and in her excitement she spoke her thoughts aloud. "He has never opened it. Bertie will be saved."

Putting the letter in her pocket, she rang the bell for the servant.

"It is too late to wait any longer," she explained. "I will communicate with Mr. Watson by letter if necessary."

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The next evening Helen was quietly reading in her sitting-room, when Bertie opened the door in a state of great excitement; in his hand he held a copy of the evening paper.

"Read this," he said, in a choked voice, and, thrusting the paper into her hand, he left the room.

Her eyes travelled down the sheet and rested almost immediately on a paragraph headed—"Daring Robbery. A Woman Suspected." With quickened pulse she read it through.

"Close upon midnight last evening a daring robbery was committed at the rooms of Mr. Gilbert Watson, in B—street. This gentleman was called away on a matter of business, and in his haste he unfortunately omitted to lock one of the drawers of his writing table, in which he had placed bank-notes to the value of £400. On his return the notes had disappeared, and on questioning his servant, who is an old and trusted attendant, he learnt that during his absence the room had been visited