

Diamond Cut Diamond

OR, THE ROUT OF THE ENEMY.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

But Albert, Tichet little knew the man with whom he had to do, he was as incapable of comprehending Matthew Dane as a mouse is incapable of entering into the habits of an elephant. Matthew Dane was never swayed by the complications of life. He swayed them. Unexpected problems delighted him. They only incited him to battle. He loved to bend all men and all things to his will—but he loved it still better when there were difficulties to overcome. Albert flattered himself that what he had had to do would have altered his plans and prejudiced him in his own favor. He had altered wrong. Matthew Dane had no doubt, glad of the information he had received, because it was of use to him—but he had no warnings of heart towards the tool who had supplied the information. He made use of men, he never allowed them to profess himself of him. That is why he dismissed Albert as if he had been a footman, and went into his dining-room leaning on Miles' shoulder as though he had been his familiar friend. His ways were perfect inscrutability. He had no ways a motive for everything he did.

When he chose he could lay aside all his autocratic airs, and unbend into gracious and genial companionship. He did so choose on the night when Geoffrey had seen his uncle so pleasant and so light-hearted. He sat at the end of the table, helping his guests, asking questions as to the day, chaffing the young men upon their good fortune in having had the charge of such charming young ladies, complimenting the girls upon their looks and their dresses. He asked questions, too, as though they were of the deepest interest to him, as to who roved, who steered, who had caught crabs, and who had been himself thankful that so giddy a crew had come safely to land without a more intimate acquaintance with the waters of Father Thames. Miles, who knew only the sterner official side of the great man's character, rapidly began to lose that sensation of cold awe with which for some years, he had been in the habit of regarding him; Geoffrey told himself in characteristic vernacular, that "the old boy wasn't bad sort after all, when you got to know him"; and the two girls, never having had occasion to fear him, chattered to him with a saucy freedom, which pleased him from his novelty.

Only Mrs. Dane, at the other end of the table, sat silent, constrained and uncomfortable. She knew him so well. He was never like this unless he had some part to play, some deep scheme in his mind, some object in view. What was it she wondered, glancing apprehensively at him now and again. Something or other was to be sacrificed to his will—pray Heaven it did not involve the happiness of her dear Geoffrey, thought the poor woman, whose one bright spot in life was Geoffrey's kindness. She could not join in the fun and laughter, knowing well that it was only put on to some end. She looked nervous and wretched. A fancy came to her that her husband was filling up Geoffrey's champagne somewhat frequently, and she knew it was his best way to get them to discuss the length of the table, and there must have been some mute appeal for mercy in them, for her lord darted forth one of those angry gleams at her, that had always the power to make her shrink and tremble.

"Why don't you laugh, too, Mrs. Dane? You don't seem very gay to-night. Miss Angel, when you are married, I hope you'll keep your husband's home bright and cheerful, and sour, sad face is but a poor comfort to a business man after his day's work." And so he rattled on, addressing chaff and his banter chiefly to Angel and Geoffrey, so that Miles and Dulcie felt again apart into quiet talk together.

It is certain that this, too, was not lost upon old Dane. It amused him, and for the present it served his purpose, so he let them alone, watching them furtively from the corner of his eye.

"That can easily be stopped when it suits me," he said to himself. "For the present it is a help to me." What did Miles and Dulcie signify to him? He didn't care to know, and if they were so unlucky as to get in his way—why then, of course, they would be crushed!

CHAPTER XV.
Angel and Dulcie had two little bedrooms opening out of each other, in Cromwell Road. When they went upstairs both girls were tired out with their long day of pleasure. They parted at once with a kiss, at the doorway between their rooms, and in a very few minutes, in Angel's room, at least, there reigned darkness and a complete silence. Then, when all was still, Dulcie took the letter out of her pocket that she had found upon the hall table, and opened it.

She knew who it was from, and she was pretty well aware before she began to read it of what its contents would consist. It was a proposal of marriage from Horace Lester. He wrote to her now, he told her, although he knew that he had better have waited longer, because an unexpected crisis had come in his fortunes. A cousin settled in Australia had written to offer him a share in a very good business if he would come out and join him at once. Horace told Dulcie frankly that he was so much in debt that he hardly knew which way to turn; that his brother, who had helped him more than once, had refused to do so again, and that his difficulties were such that it had become necessary for him to do something towards earning his living. Such an opening as this was not likely to present itself again.

The Australian cousin was an older man than himself, who had retained an affectionate remembrance of him in his boyhood, and he had written in a generous manner and seemed really anxious to have him out there. Yet, sooner than leave Dulcie for ever, he declared that he would drive a hansom, or sweep a crossing, or beg in the streets, or do any other of those impossible things that men swear

to do so glibly, and yet that no love of woman has ever yet made them do for her sake, if only by resigning her, they can do anything more comfortable to themselves. If she would give him the smallest hope, he wrote, he would either go out and make a home for her, and ask her to follow him to the other side of the world when the home was ready, or else he would remain, and do some such desperate thing as he had mentioned at home, in order to be near her. "But," he added, "if my case is utterly hopeless, let me know the worst at once, and I will take my passage and sail next week, leaving England for ever, and you, the only woman I have ever, or ever shall love, shall never hear of me again."

When Dulcie had finished reading the letter, which was very long, she held it in her hand, gazing thoughtfully into the flame of her candle, with a small contemptuous smile at the corners of her mouth. Personally she was not very much affected by the seeming love and despair of her suitor, she had never given him credit for much feeling, and she could not exonerate him in her own mind from a certain amount of double dealing. He loved her, he said, and no doubt he desired to marry her; but he believed, been unable to resist the temptation of trifling with Angel's feelings. He had made love to one sister and he had pretended to make love to the other. It had no doubt amused him to do this, but in doing so he had brought real sorrow to Angel, and Dulcie was not likely to forgive him.

It was for Angel's sake, now, that she hesitated and debated. If she sent him away definitely to the other side of the world, then would he not be for ever lost to her sister? Would she be justified in doing so? Would not the faint chance of his making Angel happy be for ever thrown away if, on the contrary, she temporized, if she bade him refuse his cousin's offer—stay in England, in short, under more or less of false pretence—might not time, perhaps, open his eyes to the beauty and sweetness of the sister who really loved him, and give Angel a chance of winning the man who would make her happy?

For ten minutes or more Dulcie debated this question with grave, fixed eyes, whilst the smile of scorn faded away from her lips; then, with a little wave of her hand she brushed away the delusion into which a less clearly balanced mind than hers might have fallen.

"No. He shall go. He is not good enough for her," she said half aloud, adding with a quaint little smile at herself in the glass in front of her, "Nor, for the matter of that, for me either!"

Then a little later she murmured: "She shall never know it—never!" meaning that Lester had proposed to her. "He shall go away out of both our lives for ever, and she shall never understand why." And then she thought about Geoffrey Dane, and any woman desire a better lover than he would be? Was there not a charm about him, about his pleasant voice, his quiet thoughtful manners, his thoughtful, intelligent face, that were a guarantee in themselves of the goodness of his heart and the refinement in his nature?

"He likes her already, he will love her soon," she said to herself. "She will forget this unworthy lover, and there is happiness before her with this other man."

Then Dulcie took up the candle, and crept softly into the adjoining room. Angel lay fast asleep. Her face, in its perfect repose, was lovely, in dream. The long lashes drooped close upon the flushed cheek. The soft masses of brown hair lay scattered loosely upon her pillows, and through the parted curves of her red lips, she was breathing some sweet and sweet and deep as an infant's slumber. One arm bare to the elbow, lay flung back behind her head, and the small shell-like palm, with doubled-up fingers, lay like a fallen rose upon the smooth surface of the pillow. The whole attitude was one of utter peace and abandon. Sleep is only lovely thus in maidens and young children. Angel, lying asleep, was like her name, and she was beautiful, with a strange, unreal beauty—the white tinted face, the smooth white arm, the warm rounded neck, half concealed in the framework of soft tresses that fell away from it like a wreath of snow-flakes, all made a picture that an artist would have raved over, and to which Dulcie was far from being insensible. As she stood watching her, carefully shading the light with her hand, Angel stirred slightly, and her lips curled into a smile of pure, gentle happiness, and a thousand sweet thoughts were fitting pleasantly across her sleeping face. Dulcie felt strangely moved by that smile; there was something of the maternal instinct in her concerning these she loved much, and there ever is in a true-souled woman. That sleeping smile appealed to her tenderness to her protecting faculties; her eyes filled with tears.

"She shall not suffer if I can prevent it," she said to herself, as she bent and touched her sister's cheek with a butterfly caress. Angel always seemed to present a certain helplessness of character to the sturdier nature of her sister. Perhaps she was less helpless than she seemed her to be.

"She shall be happy yet. She will be happy, I know it. Not with Horace Lester, but with Geoffrey Dane, who is worthy of her." And then she crept away back to her own room, and sat down and wrote at the corner of her dressing-table—three lines—short and incisive lines, that decided the destiny of more than one person in this history.

"It can never be as you wish. Go to Australia, and make your fortune. I shall always be your friend, and hope you will find a better wife than I could ever be to you. D. H.

After that she got into bed and fell asleep; and she, too, had her dreams. Dreams about smooth-flowing rivers, and green, over-hanging banks. Dreams, in which salads and Australasian cousins, love-letters, and big men in white flannels, were oddly jumbled up in a strange confusion.

The house in Cromwell Road seemed to be enveloped in slumber. Yet its master and mistress were awake far on into the night.

Matthew Dane, still in his evening dress, stood up erect and stern, with his back to the mantelpiece, in his wife's dressing-room. His eyes, no longer the genial host, the kindly old gentleman, the pleasantly affectionate uncle, and master of the house. All that, which had only been assumed for the time, was done with, and laid aside.

Matthew Dane was himself now, his worst self—the domestic bully, laying his cruel orders upon the wife, who feared him because she understood him.

She sat before him, twisted up upon her sofa, wringing her hands, that were moist from nervousness, with head turned away, not daring to look him in the face.

"There's nothing about her that appealed either to his affection or to his respect. She was thin and wasted, a poor, washed-out, neverless thing, with no spirit and no courage. Her very dress, an unlovely bed-room wrapper, found disfavor in his eyes. By reason of its disordered impudency. But she was still his creature, his bond-slave. The only use of her was to fulfill his orders and to carry out his commands. She might write under the name of the wife, but she was driven, but she was always incapable of any struggle against his will.

"You must get it out of him," he was saying to her, "worn yourself into his confidence—women can always do that."

"Indeed, Matthew, Geoffrey is so open and candid, I should not know how to do it in that way. I could only ask him right out if he knew—"

Mrs. Dane. "Could not you have some day disfavor in his eyes, precisely what you are not to do, don't you want to scare the game away. That woman, de Brefour, has been to me, weeping, and praying for forgiveness—wanting to sign a paper, or some such rubbish. Does the woman take me for a fool? People don't ask for forgiveness for the dead, but for the living. I tell you, that swindling thief of a husband of hers is alive to this hour—and as sure as I'm a living man, I'll bring him to you."

"Oh! After all these years—you might show mercy, Matthew. And was it not certain that the poor man was killed in that dreadful railway accident?"

"I never was convinced of that, and now I am certain that he is still alive. In hiding somewhere, probably with her."

"Ah, poor woman, what a life she must have led, if that is so," sighed Mrs. Dane. "Could not you have some pity for so sad a case, Matthew? All you get back nearly all the papers and the cheques; there was very little lost—"

"And why should justice go unappealed, pray? Why should the man get off scot-free? Why should he not suffer for his sin? Don't be a fool! As to the poor woman, as you call her, she is a deal better dressed than you are, let me tell you, and as handsome as paint—course her! And, what is more, she has got at Geoffrey, somehow. The Lord knows how—flattered him, no doubt, till she can twist him round her finger. A fine chance for her to keep a hold over the firm, no doubt, she thinks, Geoffrey knows where she is, and sure as you and I are sitting here, and that's what I want to find out."

"Then why don't you ask him to tell you," she suggested, with a momentary boldness.

"Do you suppose he would tell me! Of course he has sworn secrecy, she doesn't want me to find out her whereabouts; of course I can get the police to work if other things fail, but I'm not going to sound an alarm. I'll be sure the man's alive. It is you, who are always making a fuss over that boy, and petting and coddling him, who can find out. Good Lord, it's easy enough, and you've got to do it, I tell you!"

Then she fell to weeping softly.

"I'm so fond of him, Matthew—I hate to play a traitor's part to him."

"Traitors be d-d if it's all for his good. What advantage is it to a young fellow to dangle after a married woman, or even a widow? I shouldn't have thought you would have been a woman to look with favour on that sort of love-making."

Mrs. Dane looked unspcakably shocked.

"Oh, but why should you suspect such things? You have no proof of anything so wrong! she cried with something almost of indignation.

Her lord laughed grimly. "What other proof do I want than woman's nature, my dear, all the world over? Mme. de Brefour is, what all beautiful women are, artful and fond of admiration—trust her to make love to a good-looking young fellow, especially if there's an end to be gained by it. So, you see, you may in fact be saving your favourite from a great danger. He can't marry this woman. I intend him to marry the eldest Miss Halliday."

Mrs. Dane looked up with deep interest.

"Will it be for his happiness, do you think?" she enquired a little doubtfully for she was apt to regard her husband's schemes of benevolence with some suspicion. "Of course she seems a sweet girl, and if they were to love each other—"

"That's neither here nor there. It is settled between Halliday and myself, who are the principal persons concerned, that it is to be so. So you may consider that fixed. As for the boy, it will be an arrangement very much to his advantage every way. So you see that any other entanglement he has got into will have to be broken off. That will come after—but before I take strong measures in that direction, I want to make use of the turn things seem to have taken, and to discover the truth about Leon de Brefour; this folly of Geoffrey's will set me on the right track—and then old Dane levelled his long forefinger at his wife's head and fixed his glittering eyes upon her.

(To be Continued.)

ANCIENT WAR CUSTOM.
In the ancient wars it was the custom for both armies to go into winter quarters, but nowadays such a thing is quite unknown, and several battles during this century have been fought during Christmas Day and New-Year's Day.

BAIT FOR A TIGER TRAP.

HORRIBLE EXPERIENCE OF AN ENGLISH ENGINEER.

Moung Goung Gee's Vengeance in the Wilds of Burmah—Saved From the Claws of the Great Beast by a Detachment of Sikhs and a Native Girl. Burmah was a most disturbed country from 1852 till 1856. I had my share of rough work, for I was detailed to survey and explore the country with a view to opening it out by roads, writes Henry Stone.

I was quite young, and owed my position to my knowledge of surveying and civil engineering, which I had learned at school at Woolwich. I was surveying a line for a road between Prom and Rangoon. I cannot give details, as I have not my diaries by me, but one day some villagers came to ask me to shoot some elephants that were destroying their Dhan, paddy fields.

I asked them if the herd was a large one. They said yes, but that if the two rangers, who looked like twins, were killed, the rest would go back quietly into the Yomahs.

I was not particularly busy that day, so I agreed to go out. I had a long trudge, and, sure enough, I came on the two inseparables, and accounted for them both. But the day was overcast. We strayed erratically; finally, night came on, and our men acknowledged that they did not know their way out of the forest.

I ought to have mentioned that Moung Goung Gee, an independent warrior, half soldier and wholly a daocoi, was in arms at this time, and appeared here and there from time to time. Whenever he met our troops he was defeated, of course, but as a rule he only attacked outlying towns, and levying blackmail whenever possible. His whereabouts, however, had not been heard of for some time, and as there was no hope of our getting back to my headquarters we lit fires and composed ourselves to sleep.

I suppose it was between 2 a.m. and 3 a.m., when we were savagely awakened, and before we knew for certain whether the whole thing was a fantastic dream or not, we were securely bound and taken off to Goung Gee's headquarters, about six miles off.

We had an interview with him next morning. He said he had long wanted to catch a sahib of the detested English, and would mete out to me a punishment so terrible that it would effectually prevent others from wandering into his country. As for those with me, he said they had been warned what their fate would be if they assisted the Kala-logue.

He ordered them off for instant torture and execution, but I cannot describe the horrors that followed. Their memory is a horrid nightmare to this day.

About 8 p.m., I was walked off a good six or eight miles through dense jungles, reviled and tortured more or less the whole way, and at length I found myself stripped and thrust into a trap prepared for a tiger—a bamboo arrangement of simple construction. My jailers were needlessly brutal and abused me in every way, hoping I'd like the treatment I should meet from the man-eating tiger which hovered about near where the trap had been especially laid.

But previously, while a prisoner and tied to a tree, a Karen girl had, at the risk of her life, given me a little water, and I begged of her to send some one hurriedly to Capt. D'Oyly, who was camped a few miles off, to hurry to my rescue.

The trap was one of those usually erected for tigers in Burmah. It was a long, rectangular box-like structure made of bamboo. The portion set aside for the bait was only just large enough for me, I erouched there dumbly.

HALF DAZED WITH HORROR.
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(To be Continued.)

SOME ROYAL SLUMBERS.
How a Few of the World's Rulers Sleep—Many Early Risers.

The Kaiser sleeps on a regulation camp bed, such as is served out in the German army to junior officers, but the sheets are of somewhat finer linen. Everything else is of the rough regimental pattern. He goes to bed at 11 p.m. and rises with rigid punctuality at five o'clock in the morning. His sleep is slightly agitated, but fairly regular.

Queen Wilhelmina goes to bed about eleven o'clock and gets up early. Like her father, on rising, she takes a stroll round the park and visits the stables. Her bedstead is of monumental size, being broad enough for six, and proportionately deep. It is whispered that her youthful Majesty snores slightly!

Leopold II., the King of the Belgians, goes late to bed. He spends half the night working and reading. In strong contrast to his neighboring sovereign, he uses an ordinary bedstead, without any other luxury than a quilt of swansdown. He is a very chilly mortal.

King Humbert of Italy cannot sleep except on a very hard bed. He dispenses with the use of pillows. He uses sheets of the very coarsest web, and sleeps like a top.

Abdul Hamid—who would have thought it!—enjoys the peaceful, bland, unbroken slumbers of a child. No visions trouble him; one would think, as one looked upon his sleeping form, that his conscience—if he has one—was calm and clear.

The President of the French Republic, M. Felix Faure, sleeps rather badly. His rest is troubled and he suffers much from nightmare. He has one curious habit which is worthy of notice. In the sultry summer nights he is known to give orders to his valet to bring him fresh sheets two or three times in the night.

The Czar of Russia, the august ally of M. Faure, has the greatest difficulty in getting a good night's rest, and yet he is what old-fashioned people call "a lover of the bed." He gets up late in the morning unless urgent business demands an early rising. He always dresses the night, and in a long talk a chief conversed intelligently about their customs in the forest, and the number of tribesmen. Both men and women except for a tiny stripe of mark, were quite nude. The men were armed with poisoned arrows. The chief told me the tribes were nomadic, and never slept two nights in the same place. They just huddled together in hastily thrown-up huts. Memories of a white traveller—Mr. Stanley, of course—who crossed the forest years ago, still linger among them.

TORTURING THE PEOPLE
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NATIVE PHILIPPINE GIRLS.
The Philippine maiden is usually very pretty, with a graceful, supple figure. Her eyes are large and shaded by long, dark lashes; her hair is black in color, long and glossy, and it is her chief pride. She gives it a great deal of care and attention, frequently anointing it with oil of the coconut, which probably gives it the peculiar gloss. The young girl usually wears her hair hanging loosely down her back, but the older women build it up in a fanciful knot, often adorned with flowers.

Next to her hair the Philippine girl prides herself on her feet. She is not like the poor Chinese women, forced to have them of diminutive proportions, but she is just as careful of them. She wears no stockings, but incases the feet in elaborately embroidered slippers without heels.

Very few of the women in these islands are well educated. Some, however, have been taught in the convents, but this number is small. The Philippine girl is very fond of music and is generally able to play both on the harp and the guitar. The guitar is very popular and might be called the national instrument. For the purpose of assisting them in playing the girls are allowed the thumb nail of the right hand to grow very long.

These girls are athletically inclined. They ride and swim with great dexterity. They are also very fond of dancing. In Manila, which is a very cosmopolitan city, many Mistresses who are Creole girls of the Philippines, go into the best society. One old-time custom prevails in the Philippines that will undoubtedly pass away with the beginning of the new American life and rule. It is an old marriage custom, and obliges the lover to serve in the house of his intended bride's father for several months previous to the ceremony. The marriage feast usually lasts for several days. Then the bride, who has not often seen more than fifteen summers, is led away to her husband's home, a house made of bamboo, probably built by his own hands.

THE FEARFUL BRUTE
finding that he could not get in to me, began to insert his paws gently, but I crept up to the outer bars, and then he could hardly reach me. He did succeed, however, in giving me a claw or two on my back and buttock. As he smelled the blood he began to gnaw at the bars, and would doubtless have made short work of them, but there was a sudden glare of torches, a confused murrain, and then I felt the great hand passed.

The Karen girl, with ten of the Sikhs

TOURED AFRICA ALONE.

EXPERIENCES OF A YOUNG ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

Albert B. Lloyd Visits the Pigmies and Cannibals of the Dark Continent—The Natives Never Troubled Him.

A London Letter says:—Probably there has been no such interesting circling around African travellers and geographers since the time of Henry M. Stanley's expedition as has been caused by the arrival this week of a young and hitherto unknown Englishman, Mr. Albert Bushnell Lloyd from Central Africa, after a record journey of three months from the heart of Africa to London, travelling over Stanley's route down the Congo to the west coast. The journey was in one respect more remarkable than Stanley's, inasmuch as Mr. Lloyd travelled quite alone, so far as Europeans were concerned, and was only accompanied by two native servants and a small number of carriers. Moreover, although he marched three weeks in the pigmy forest, and then traversed the whole length of the Aruwimi river, the banks of which are lined with

WARLIKE CANNIBALS, he never once fired a shot in self-defence. On the contrary, he was on cordial terms with both pigmies and cannibals. On entering the great primal forest, Mr. Lloyd went west for five days without the sight of a pigmy. Suddenly he became aware of their presence by mysterious movements among the trees, which he first attributed to the monkeys. Finally he came to a clearing and stopped at an Arab village, where he met a great number of pigmies. "They told me," said Mr. Lloyd, "that, unknown to me, that had been watching me for five days, peering through the growth of the forest. They appeared very much frightened, and even when speaking covered their faces. I asked a chief to allow me to photograph the dwarfs, and he brought a dozen together. I was able to secure a snap shot, but did not succeed in the time exposure, as the pigmies would not stand still. Then I tried to measure them, and found not one over four feet in height. All were fully developed, the women somewhat slighter than the men. I was amazed at their sturdiness. The

MEN HAVE LONG BEARDS
reaching half way down the chest. They are very timid, and will not look a stranger in the face, their bead-like eyes constantly shifting. They are, it struck me, fairly intelligent. In a long talk a chief conversed intelligently about their customs in the forest, and the number of tribesmen. Both men and women except for a tiny stripe of mark, were quite nude. The men were armed with poisoned arrows. The chief told me the tribes were nomadic, and never slept two nights in the same place. They just huddled together in hastily thrown-up huts. Memories of a white traveller—Mr. Stanley, of course—who crossed the forest years ago, still linger among them.

STARTLED BY THE BICYCLE.
Mr. Lloyd then proceeded through the cannibal countries to the coast. He found the cannibal warlike and fierce but open and straightforward, and had no difficulty with them. At one place he put together a bicycle he had with him and rode around their village. A remarkable scene followed, thousands of cannibals, men, women and children, turning out, dancing and yelling at what they described as "a European riding a snake."

WOMEN OF GRIT.
A company of California women is building a railway from Summerville to Stockton, a distance of sixty odd miles.

The majority of the stockholders are women, the directors are women, and the control of the building contracts is in the hands of women.

Mrs. Annie Kline Rickert is the president of the Stockton and Tuolumne County Railroad, which is better known as "the woman's railroad."

Mrs. Rickert, in addition to being a railway president is an owner of mines. During the five years in which she has been riding and driving between Stockton and the mines, she has studied the needs and possibilities of the country with comprehensive eye.

Along the mother lode there are thousands of tons of ore, and on the other side of it in the timber belt there are thousands of feet of lumber to be carried to tidewater at Stockton. Apropos of the railway undertaking, Mr. Rickert tells this story:— "If you are a woman, you know a little more about materials than the directors of the Valley Road did when they started. On a requisition sent in one of the items for the Valley Road was fish plates. A director gravely crossed it out with the remark, 'We haven't a director's car yet, so I guess the men can get along without fish plates.' On the woman's road it is an understood thing that the fish plates will be of steel—not of china."

Seventeen years ago Mrs. Rickert was left a widow without means, and with a little girl to care for. Mrs. Rickert bought a tent, and pitched it in the Mojave desert.

One day she was out prospecting in company with her little daughter, when she heard the latter cry, "Mamma, mamma, I have found some rock exactly like the specimen Mr. Pearson had at San Bernardino."

That was how Mrs. Rickert came to own a gold mine that produced as much as £2,000 to the ton.

NOT AFRAID.
Mrs. Brownston—Why, under the sun are you standing here, gazing out of the front door?
New Servant—Sure, th' sun won't hurt me!

SHE COULDN'T TELL.
Am I descended from a monkey, mad?
I dare say, but I'm not sure, for I never met any of your father's people.

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