THE HARMSWORTH MAGAZINE

PRICE 3½D

'THE STOMACH GOVERNS THE WORLD.'

—General Gordon.

DEPARTED ERRORS—*'Our past becomes the mightiest Teacher to our FUTURE; looking back over the tombs of DEPARTED ERRORS, we behold by the side of each the face of a WARNING ANGEL.'*—Lord Lytton.

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'THOU COMEST IN SUCH A QUESTIONABLE SHAPE.'

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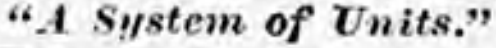

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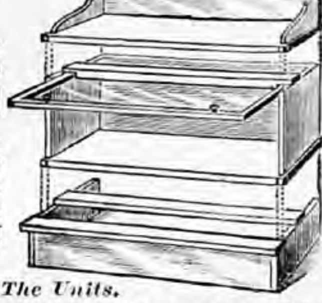

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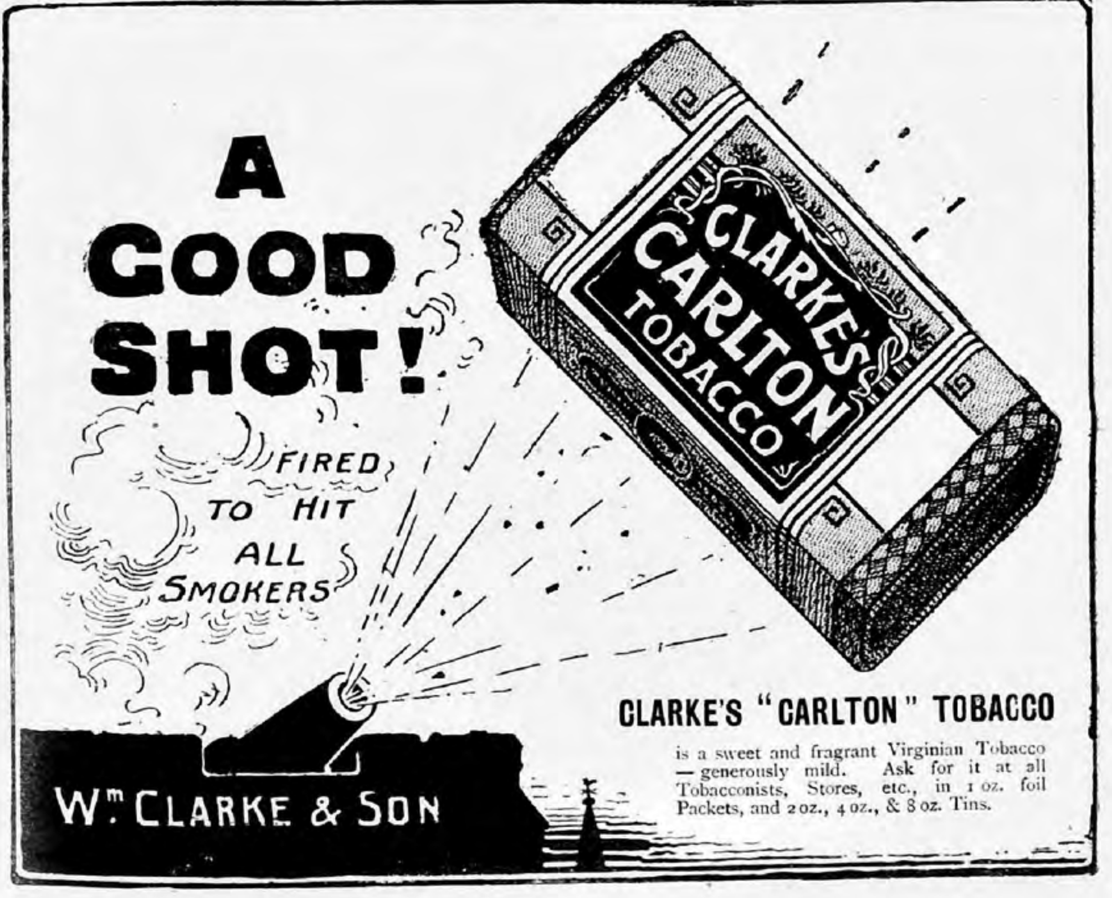

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PAINS IN THE BACK,

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Made specially to own measurements—Waist, and Round Leg below Knee.

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Chamois Seated, **1/6.** Knees faced Chamois, **1/.**

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A 6d. BOTTLE makes *8 Gallons*

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WHOLESOME.

Prepared from English Herbs.

Sample Bottle Free 9 Stamps, 2 for 15 Stamps.

NEWBALL & MASON, Nottingham.

Good! it's Mason's

8 GALLONS

The Best Beverage for your Meals.

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Is a name registered to prevent fraudulent Imitations.

OVER SIX THOUSAND

Unsolicited Testimonials have been received from MEDICAL MEN in favour of

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"Applecross, Ross-shire, N.B., *July 2nd*, 1897.

"Dear Sirs,—Please forward quarter-of-a-dozen 'Wincarnis' immediately, as my patient's supply is almost done.

"I trust there will be no delay, as he takes no other nourishment, and has been sustained and gained strength by

WINCARNIS

for twelve weeks.—Yours faithfully,

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is Sold by all Druggists, Wine Merchants, and Patent Medicine Vendors. In bottles **2s. 9d.** and **4s. 6d.** Ask for COLEMAN'S "WINCARNIS," and see the word "WINCARNIS" on the shoulder of the bottle.

COLEMAN & CO., LONDON and NORWICH.

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SULPHOLINE
SKIN LOTION.

ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES

Entirely fade away.

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STRENGTH for WEAK MEN, WOMEN, DELICATE CHILDREN.

1/- Bottles.

KEEPS THE HAIR IN CURL

THE natural wavy curl of the hair that some ladies possess is their great charm and glory, and adds chiefly to the embodiment of female beauty, giving pleasure alike to lover and husband, and is the greatest comfort to the lady herself.

FRIZZETTA BRINGS THIS CHARM TO ALL!

It imparts and preserves to the Matron the freshness and grace of Maidenhood.

NEVER TRAVEL WITHOUT IT! At concerts and other social functions the heat, damp, and wind have no effect on its efficacy, and after travelling and exposure to rain, it immediately restores the hair to its natural beauty. **INVALUABLE AT HOME,** and in all positions where a smart appearance is indispensable.

F. W. BATES, Brooks's Bar, Manchester.

BATES' FRIZZETTA Regd.

Sold by all Chemists and Hairdressers at 1/6 *or post free for 3d. extra*

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CARRIAGE PAID.

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IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

The terrible afflictions of threatened BLINDNESS and DEAFNESS successfully arrested without pain, operation, or loss of time, by a perfect system of treatment that has stood the test of nearly 70 years, and is daily effecting marvellous cures in cases of Cataract and all Diseases of the Eye and in Deafness in all its varied forms. Head Noises, Ear Discharges, Deafness from Influenza, &c. No "Ear-Drums," or painful instruments. Up-to-date testimonials from all parts of the country. Sufferers, write for full particulars sent free. Mr. T. ISON, Eye and Ear Dispensary, Leeds.

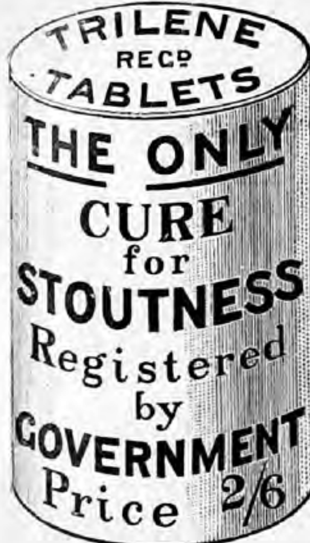
THE ADVICE of an eminent LONDON PHYSICIAN to his PATIENTS—"Drink the Purest Water you can get." ST. ANN'S WELL, at Malvern, is the purest spring, and most reliable. Messrs. BURROW of Malvern are the Lessees, who bottle the water in glass bottles for the table. They will answer any enquiries, and send the bottled water to any address. They pay the carriage on six dozen bottles.

ALL FAT PEOPLE

. . Can be **CURED** by taking . .

TRILENE TABLETS

(Regd.)



for a few weeks. They will safely REDUCE WEIGHT and CURE CORPULENCY PERMANENTLY, whether Abdominal or General. They are small, agreeable, harmless, sent privately, and never fail to Improve both Health and Figure without change of Diet.

An English Countess writes :—

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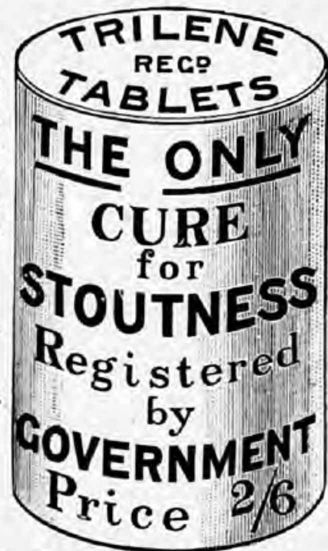
Send 2s. 6d. to Mr. A. Wells,* THE TRILENE CO., *66, Finsbury Pavement, London.

An Interesting Book accompanies each Box.



SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

"87, Alexandra Road, Norwich, 19th Oct. 1896.

"Gentlemen,—In reference to Trilene Tablets, I may say that my wife found the greatest possible benefit from the use of them—their action was rapid and exceeded our utmost expectations, as they were also most beneficial to the respiratory organs. My wife was many years growing too stout, but although the disease was, I consider, chronic, the Tablets soon reduced the same completely. You have our united thanks, and if I can do anything to promote your interests I will freely use my utmost endeavours to do so.

"Yours faithfully, **J. R. Canham.**"

Countess G. Furstenberg, of Stammheim, Germany, writes : "They act speedily and well."

Mrs. James Smith, of Cowell Terrace, Soham, says : "Your 2s. 6d. box of Tablets reduced my weight 12 lbs."

Convalescent Home, New Brighton, Cheshire.

Miss S. J. Pritchard says : "They have done me much good. I am 21 lbs. lighter already."

Extract from "The Lady," 3rd Sept. 1896 : "Many stout persons have suffered untold agonies in unavailing efforts to reduce their bulk either by means of severe dieting or by taking more or less deleterious drugs ; but all these pains would have been saved if they had only invested in a case of the wonderful Trilene Tablets, which are guaranteed absolutely harmless, containing neitner mercury, arsenic, nor any other mineral poison, and which are an unfailing Cure for Obesity."

Miss S. J. Gowlett, of Rufforth, near York, writes :—"The girl who took your Tablets is five inches less in waist, and has lost about 2 st. The Tablets worked very quickly."

25, Windsor Terrace, Penarth, Cardiff.

Miss M. Flavell says : "I have lost 2 st., and am much better in health."

Princess Liechtenstein writes from Landsberg, Austria : "Pray send your excellent Tablets directly."

Lady Constance Conrad writes from Wiesbaden : "I am very pleased with your Tablets."

Windsor Hotel, Merthyr Vale, South Wales.

Mr. J. Thomas writes : "When I started the Tablets I weighed 17½ st., and have got down to 14 st. 9 lb."

West Cornforth, Ferryhill.

Mr. Wm. Usher says : "A sister of mine, who was 17 st., was greatly reduced by your Tablets to 15 st."

Miss M. A. Heywood, of 77, Hindhill Street, Heywood, Lancs., writes on Feb. 5th, 1898 : "I have almost finished the Tablets and am 21 lbs. lighter. Several friends have begun the treatment, which strengthens as well as reduces—also cured my rheumatism."

Mr. Butler, M.R.C.V.S., Surgeon of Hampton Manor, Evesham, writes : "My patient has lost 1 st. through your Tablets."

Father T. M. Byrne, of Holy Cross Abbey, Sligo, writes : "When I began your Tablets I was 12 st. 5 lbs., I now scale at 10 st. 11 lbs. My case, too, is hereditary."

Surgeon-Colonel E. S. Brander writes from Jhansi, India, 14th September 1897 : "In my experience your Tablets are excellent for reducing weight."

Mrs. T. Boston, Cambridge Villas, Clifford Street, South Wigston, near Leicester, says : "I congratulate you on your wonderful Tablets. My weight on starting them was 11 st. 7 lbs., and I now weigh only 9 st. 10 lbs."

Mr. Claude Carter, of Thorn House, Johnstone, N.B., says : "Your Tablets reduced my weight. I waited to see if reduction permanent, and am glad to find it is so."

Miss Duggleby, 16, New Road, Driffield, writes : "The girl who took your Tablets is reduced about 2½ st."

Mrs. Crossley, of Rose Hill, Torver, nr. Coniston, says :—"There is a very decided diminution of fat. I am delighted, and cannot speak too highly in praise of Tablets. My heart is better, and I can breathe so much easier. You may refer to me as often as you like."

Miss McPherson, Balnagowan Lodge, Methuen, Perth, says : "I have taken one box, and am reduced 1 st."

Mrs. Edmonds, Pontyguesta, Pontychin, Llantrissant, says : "I have lost more than a stone in a very short time."

Marion Taylor, Church Farm, St. James, Halesworth, says : "I have lost quite 2 st. since taking your Tablets."

Mrs. Weaver, of Greenpits Villa, Station Road, Ross, Hereford, writes : "I wish to say that I have been reduced from 13 st. 8 lb. to 11 st. by your tablets, and can recommend them highly. You may make use of this if you wish."

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£5 FOR CORRECT ANSWERS

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On the vote for public education, Sir John Gorst explained in the House of Commons that it was estimated the sum spent upon education in the course of the coming financial year would be £11,690,000. This sum was an earnest of the conviction of the people that education was a national necessity, and that the country depended for its greatness on an intelligent and instructed population, just as much as it did upon fleets and armies. All readers of this paper will, doubtless, endorse this view, and we, the publishers of "HOMELAND," now offer you an opportunity to display your knowledge and receive most generous payment for a little study. The object of this contest is to give an impetus to many dormant minds to awaken and think; also, we expect by this competition of brains to extend the circulation of "HOMELAND" to such a size that we shall be able to charge double the present rate for advertising in our columns. By this plan of increasing the number of subscriptions, and receiving more money from advertisers of soaps, pianos, medicines, books, baking powders, jewellery, &c., we shall add thousands of pounds a year to our income, and with this mathematical deduction before us, we have decided to operate this most remarkable "missing letters" contest.

HERE'S WHAT YOU ARE TO DO.

There are thirty words in this schedule, from each of which letters have been omitted, and their places have been supplied by dashes. To fill in the blank spaces and get the names properly, you must have some knowledge of geography and history. We want you to spell out as many words as you can, then send to us with a Postal Order for 1/6 to pay for a One Year's Subscription to "HOMELAND." For correct lists we shall give £5 in cash. Also, if your list contains twenty or more correct words, we shall send you a beautiful Egeria Diamond Scarf Pin (for lady or gentleman), the regular price of which is 2/6. Therefore, by sending your list you are positively certain of the 2/6 prize, and by being careful to send a complete list, you have an opportunity of the £5 cash award. The distance that you live from London makes no difference. All have equal opportunity for winning. Full particulars of the prize awards will be published in "HOMELAND."

PRIZES WILL BE SENT PROMPTLY.

Prizes will be honestly awarded and promptly sent. We publish the list of words to be studied out. In making your list of answers, be sure to give the number of each word:—

1. **-RA-I-** A country of South America.
2. **-A-I-I-** Name of the largest ocean.
3. **M-D- -E- -A-E- -** A sea.
4. **-M- -O-** A large river in South America.
5. **T-A- -S** Well-known English river.
6. **G-AS-OW** A great Scotch city.
7. **H- - - - -X** A Yorkshire town.
8. **N-A-A-A** Noted for display of water.
9. **PO-TL-ND** A place in England.
10. **-A-RI-** A city of Spain.
11. **H-V- -A** A city on a well-known island.
12. **D-BL-N** An Irish city.
13. **G- -R-L-A-** Greatest fortification in the world.
14. **S-A-LE-** A great explorer.
15. **C-L-F- - -I-** One of the United States.
16. **B-SM- - -K** A noted ruler.
17. **- -CTO-I-** Another noted ruler.
18. **P-R-U-A-** A country of Europe.
19. **A-ST-A-I-** A big island.
20. **M- -IN-E-** Name of the most prominent American.
21. **P-R-SM- -TH** A famous English seaport.
22. **Y- -KS- -RE** An English county.
23. **B- -G-T-N** A south-coast holiday resort.
24. **T-NN- -ON** A noted poet.
25. **W-ST-IN-T-R** A famous abbey.
26. **J-RS-Y** An island in the English Channel.
27. **H-M-L-N-** A popular family magazine.
28. **B-H-I-G** A sea.
29. **A-L-N-I-** An ocean.
30. **M-D-G-S-A-** An island near Africa.

In sending your list of words, mention whether you want prize money sent by cheque, money order, or registered post; we will send any way that winners require. The Egeria Diamond is a perfect imitation of a Real Diamond. We defy experts to distinguish it from real except by microscopic test. In every respect it serves the purpose of Genuine Diamond of purest quality. It is artistically mounted in a fine gold-cased pin, warranted to wear for years. This piece of jewellery will make a most desirable gift to a friend if you do not need it yourself. At present our supply of these gifts is limited, and if they are all gone when your set of answers comes in, we shall send you 2/6 in money instead of the Scarf or Shawl Pin, so you shall either receive the piece of jewellery or the equivalent in cash, in addition to your chance of winning £5 cash prize. This entire offer is an honest one, made by a responsible publishing house. Now study, and exchange light brainwork for cash. With your list of answers send postal order for 1/6 to pay for twelve months' subscription to our family magazine, "HOMELAND," which is only sold by subscription; also send a stamp for immediate reply. If you have already subscribed, mention that fact in your letter, and we will extend your subscription from the time the present one expires.

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Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, by taking the place of stimulants of an ardent nature, has made happy many a home which otherwise to-day would have been wretched, and the ultimate effects of which it is impossible to foresee. For breakfast, dinner, supper—indeed, at any hour of the twenty-four—Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa will be found light and refreshing; it leads the way among all beverages, and nothing can equal it.

The unique vitalising and restorative powers of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa are being recognized to an extent hitherto unknown in the history of any preparation. Merit, and merit alone, is what is claimed for Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, and the proprietors are prepared to send to any reader who names the "Harmsworth Magazine" (a postcard will do) a dainty sample tin of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa free and post paid.

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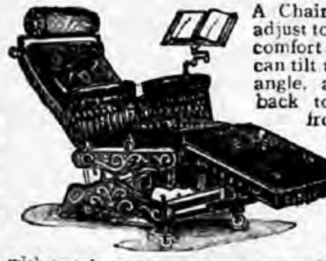

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"I could not sit up."

This brief Letter tells of a case of Chronic Indigestion of three years' standing. The patient tried many things, and was under three Doctors, but was growing worse every day. Guy's Tonic proved of great benefit in one week.

"6, Wigan Road, Standish.

"I have been suffering from very bad Indigestion "for three years, but this last month it has seemed "to get a stronger hold of me, so that I could not "sit up. I have tried many things, and been "under three Doctors, but it was growing worse "every day. Last week I heard of Guy's Tonic, "and obtained some. *I have found great benefit "already.*

"(Miss) M. J. MEADOWS."

"Fifty years I suffered from Indigestion."

This Letter reports a most obstinate Case of Chronic Indigestion and Loss of Appetite. When taken, Guy's Tonic was immediately successful, and the writer says: "Guy's "Tonic increased my Appetite; I feel much "better."

"Lower House, Threapwood,
"Malpas, Cheshire,
"Aug. 19th, 1897.

"To Guy's Tonic Company.

"Having suffered from Indigestion more or less "for about fifty years, and having tried various "remedies with no permanent benefit, I thought I "would give Guy's Tonic a trial.

"I have only taken two bottles, and I feel much "better. Guy's Tonic increased my Appetite to "such an extent that I could scarcely resist the "temptation of partaking of anything there was "on the table.

"I wish to know all I can respecting Stomach "Derangements and Advice on Diet, and should "therefore feel obliged if you would send me your "Book on Digestion.

"Yours faithfully, S. R. HALL."

"Was very ill. I can now eat my food with pleasure."

This is a serious case of Lost Appetite and consequent Debility. The writer graphically states that Guy's Tonic has made him "feel "quite another person."

"Great Paxton, St. Neots, Hooton.

"I am thankful to say that Guy's Tonic has "made me feel quite another person. I was "very ill when I commenced to take it, but I can "now eat my food with pleasure, and don't know "how to be sufficiently thankful. I always recom- "mend Guy's Tonic, and will do so.

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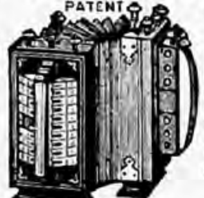

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The Editor is very pleased to consider any **Articles, Interesting Photographs, or Short Stories** that may be submitted. But a stamped envelope must be sent in every instance to cover postage in case of rejection.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed: "The Editor, THE HARMSWORTH MAGAZINE, 24, Tudor Street, E.C."

CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1898.

		PAGE
FRONTISPIECE—Why the Antelopes Stampeded! From a Painting by WM. STRUTT.		226
Famous Railway Smashes An Article Illustrated by many remarkable Photographs.	*F. A. Talbot*	227
Beyond the Sunset An Illustrated Poem Page, with Design by CHARLES ROBINSON.	*Clifton Bingham*	235
The Behaviour of Warrington, V.C. (A Complete Story) Illustrated by W. B. WOLLEN, R.I.	*Percy E. Reingaum*	236
Training Our Fire Brigade Heroes Described at the Headquarters of the London Brigade. Illustrated with Photographs.	*Alfred Arkas*	243
How the Minister's Notes were Recovered The Story of a Bit of Diplomacy. Illustrated by FRED PEGRAM.	*Beatrice Heron-Maxwell*	250
Little Maid An Illustrated Poem Page.		258
Photographic Lies An Article with Remarkable Photos, proving the Uselessness of the Camera as a Witness.		259
Gascoyne's Terrible Revenge A Thrilling Story of the Indian Mutiny. Illustrated by VEREKER M. HAMILTON R.P.E.	*J. F. Cornish*	265
The Most Remarkable Fortress in the World Telling some Adventures in Scaling its Walls. Illustrated by Photographs	*Percy L. Parker*	274
Overtaken A full-page Picture telling its own story.		280
My Fair Neighbour's Piano, and what came of it A Complete Story. Illustrated by F. H. TOWNSEND.	*Henry Marley*	281
American Wives of English Husbands An Article Illustrated by Portraits of some charming Links in the Anglo-American Alliance.	*Ignota*	289
The Tragedy of a Third Smoker A Story of the Metropolitan Railway. Illustrated by J. FINNEMORE, R.B.A.	*Cutcliffe Hyne*	297
Some Incriminating Documents With Facsimiles of Fatal Writings.		304
A Tiny Shoe Illustrated Poem Page, with Design by ARCHIE WATKINS.		308
Ian's Sacrifice (A Complete Story) Illustrated by RALPH PEACOCK.	*Alick Munro*	309
"Perpetual Motion" Seekers With Illustrations of Machines that have been invented recently.		315
The Stir Outside the Café Royal A Story of Miss Van Snoop, Detective. Illustrated by HAL HURST.	*Clarence Rook*	319
A Very Queer Cricket Match Describing the Play of Mr. Dan Leno's XI. *v.* Camberwell United C.C. Illustrated by Photographs.	*Gavin Macdonald*	323
Postage Stamps Worth Fortunes Illustrated by Facsimiles of Valuable Stamps.		327
Our Monthly Gallery of Beautiful and Interesting Paintings		329–336

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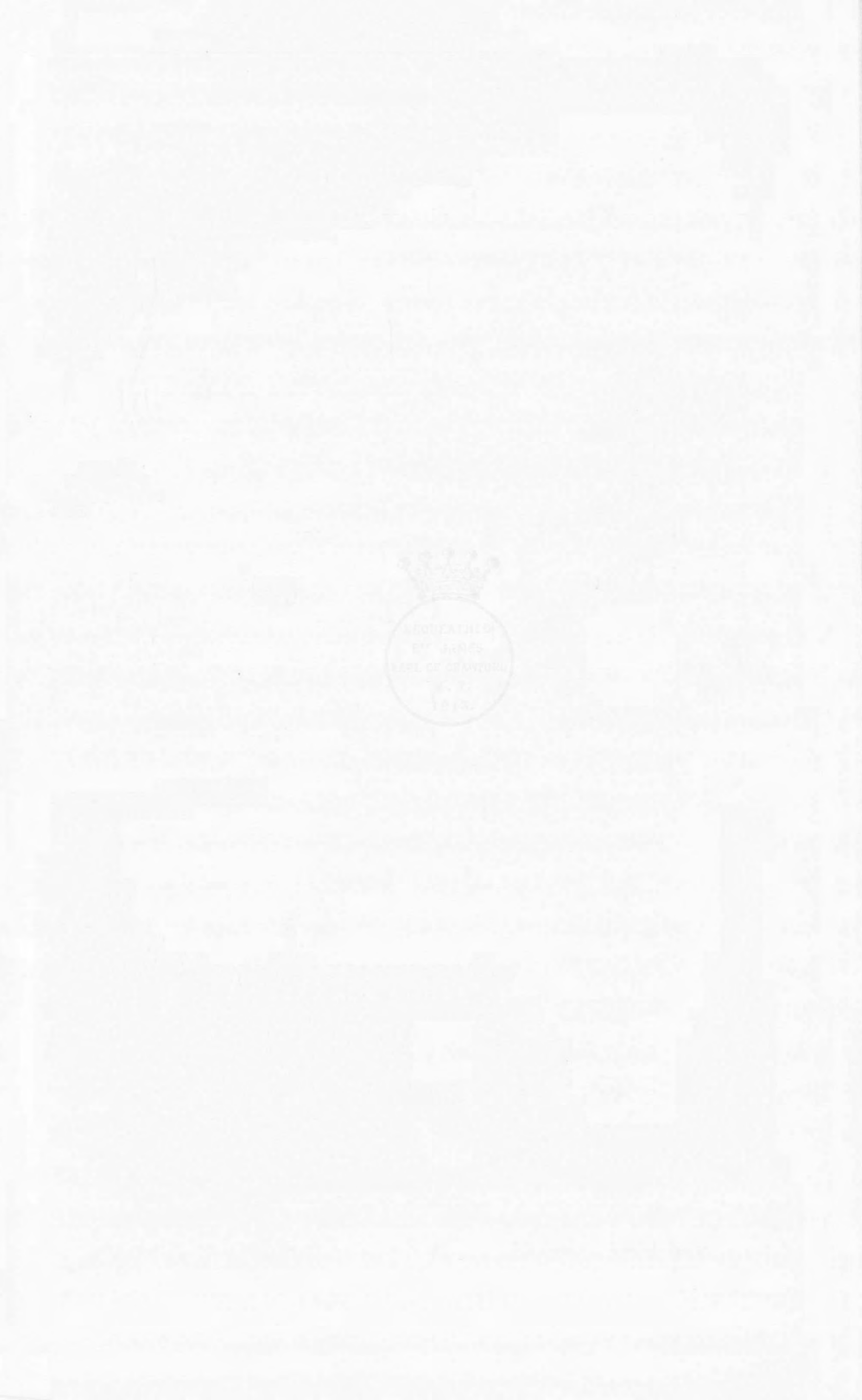

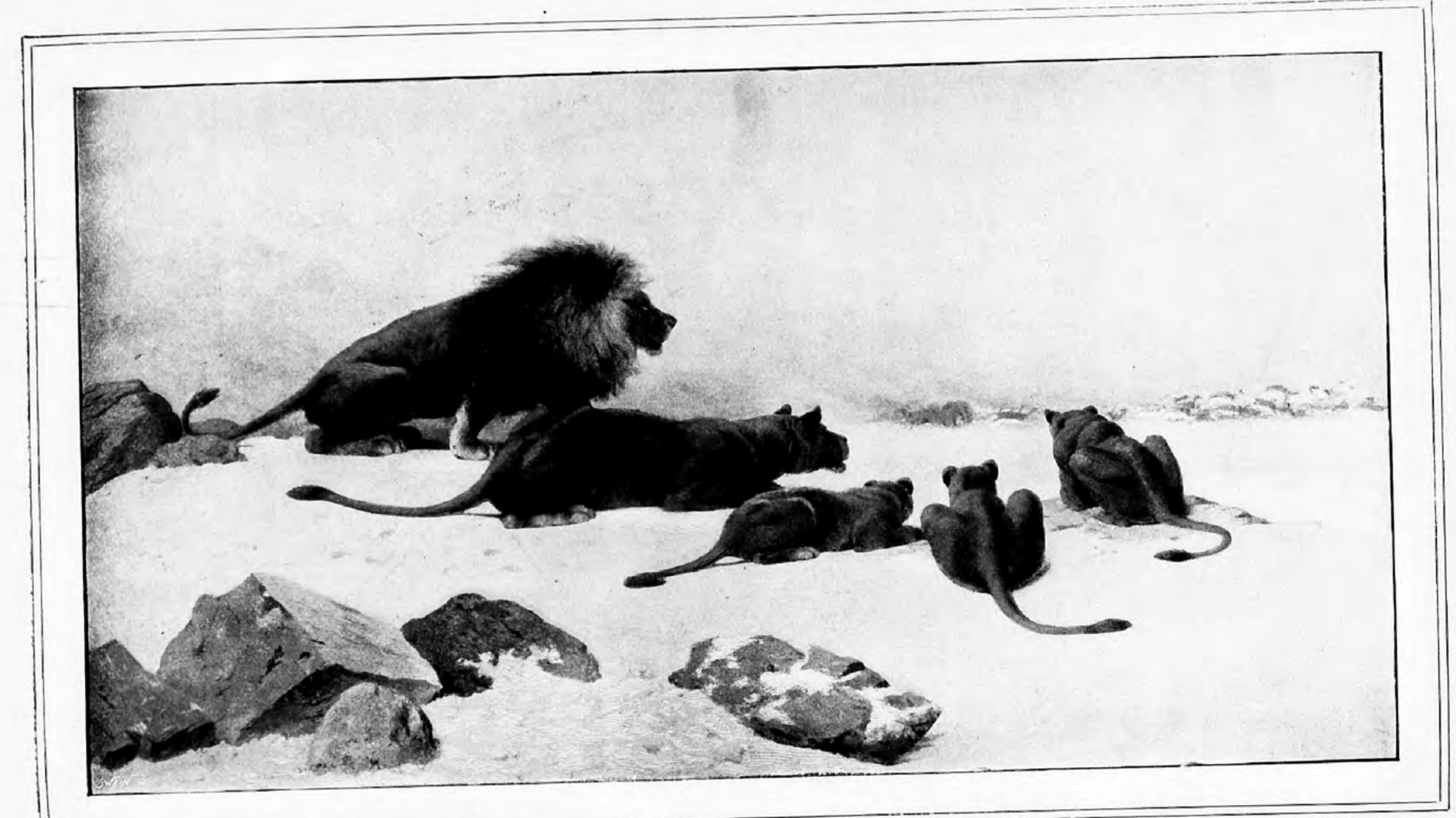

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WHY THE ANTELOPES STAMPEDED!

From the Painting by William Strutt.

By

Frederick

A. Talbot.

Lankester, Tunbridge Wells, Photo

THIS ENGINE WENT OVER THE EMBANKMENT IN THE HEATHFIELD ACCIDENT.

Illustrated by Remarkable Photographs.

SIR FREDERICK BRAMWELL once calculated that if a man made up his mind to be killed in a railway accident, he would have to travel night and day in express trains for 900 years in order to fulfil his purpose. But such a happy state of affairs did not always exist.

In 1859, when there were only some 10,000 miles of railway in the United Kingdom, and the number of persons carried was about 175,000,000, it was calculated that one out of every 8,708,411 passengers was killed *from causes beyond his own control;* while in 1897, when over 21,000 miles of railway were in operation, and considerably over 1,000,000,000 passengers were carried, the average was one in about every 26,500,000.

Indeed, in the sixties railway disasters were of such frequent occurrence that, on December 27th, 1867, Her Majesty wrote to the directors of the various railway companies in London requesting them "to be as careful of other passengers as of herself." Now, owing to the stringent regulations of the Board of Trade, the infallible block system, and interlocking of signals and points, it is impossible for a signalman to err without the grossest culpable negligence. The railway companies, too, have considerably improved their permanent ways, constructed heavier rolling stock, while the contrivances for controlling and maintaining the trains in check are of the most perfect description.

But there is an old adage that "accidents will happen in the best regulated families." The railway is no exception to the rule, and, notwithstanding multitudinous and careful precautions, and the extreme vigilance displayed by officials, the community is startled now and again by the news of some dreadful catastrophe that has overwhelmed the iron steed. Fortunately, accidents are few and far between, while the number of passengers killed is infinitesimal—the total last year was only thirty-four.

It is a fortunate circumstance that in these days of lightning travelling a train very seldom comes to grief through travelling too rapidly. Yet such a disaster occurred between Heathfield and Mayfield on the Eastbourne section of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway last year. For the length of about twenty miles this railway is a single line, and meanders along through the valleys among the hills, so as to avoid tunnelling, in the most zigzag manner. Between Heathfield and Mayfield, a distance of about four miles, there are a series of steep rising and falling gradients, many of one in fifty, and sharp S curves.

It was while travelling round one of these curves of nearly a third of a mile radius at a speed of from twenty-five to thirty miles an hour, that a train was derailed and the greater portion of it precipitated down an embankment sixty feet

high. The engine fortunately fell over and remained by the side of the permanent way. Our tail-piece conveys a very good idea of the sharp curve, and also of the gradient. Although many of the carriages were smashed, only the driver was killed, and possibly, had he stuck to his engine, his life might have been spared.

Some of the passengers, as is generally the case in railway disasters, had marvellous escapes. One gentleman, who was sitting reading, suddenly felt the carriage give a lurch and then roll over and over down the embankment, while he was tossed violently about, till it crashed into another, when the superstructure was torn from its foundations. Considering the gravity of the accident it was a wonder that there was not a heavier death roll. As it was, it cost the company £13,000 for compensation to the injured.

The most shocking disaster that has ever happened upon any railway in the United Kingdom, excelling even the famous Tay Bridge disaster, when 74 passengers were killed by the bridge having collapsed, occurred on the North of Ireland Railway on June 12th, 1889, at Killooney. It is known as the Armagh accident.

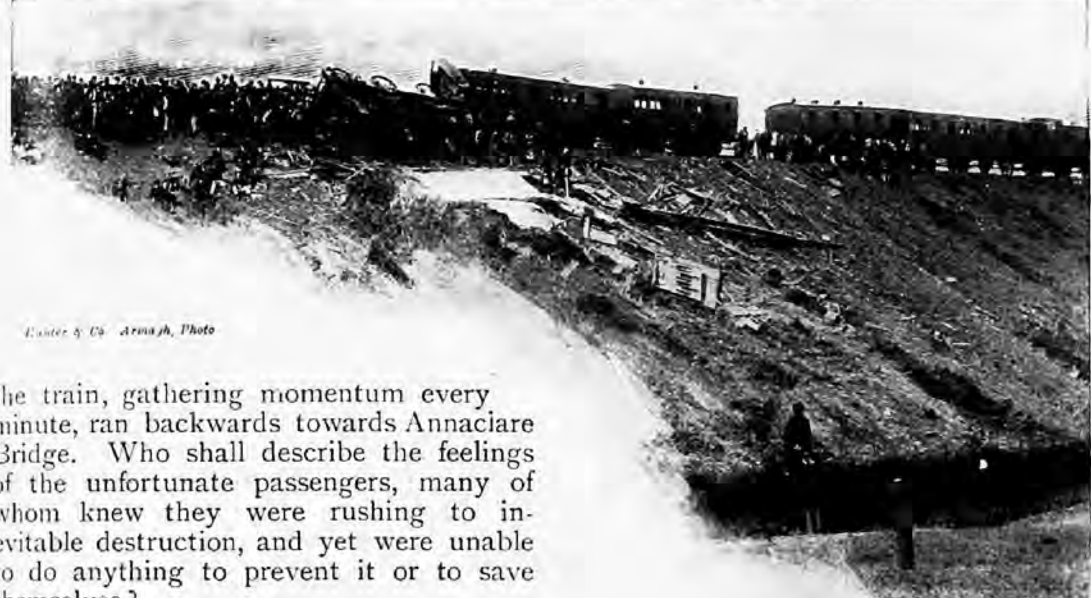
A holiday excursion had been arranged by the teachers connected with a Sunday-school in Armagh. The place selected was Warrenpoint, on Carlingford Bay. The number of excursionists was about 1,200, mostly children of both sexes, with a few parents. The first train, consisting of 13 carriages and a brake-van, drawn by one engine, set off at 10 o'clock with 940 passengers. The officials at the station had been rather sceptical of the adequacy of one engine to draw the train, especially as there is a steep incline of 1 in 75, running along an embankment 60 feet high, at Killooney, two miles from Armagh. The driver, however, expressed absolute confidence in the capability of his engine.

Shortly after the excursion had left Armagh, an ordinary passenger train followed it from the same station at its scheduled time; but, owing to the excursion being heavily laden and unable to proceed very rapidly, the ordinary gained upon it, and was pulled up at Annaclare Bridge, at the foot of the incline. Meanwhile the first train was proceeding up the incline with great difficulty, and when halfway up came to a dead stoppage, the load proving too heavy for the engine.

The traffic master of the line, who was travelling with the train, knowing that the ordinary must be but a short distance behind, rendering shunting back to Armagh for additional locomotive power impossible, ordered the train to be divided, in spite of the objection and remonstrances of the guard and some of the passengers. As a precaution, he ordered stones to be placed under the wheels of the last carriage of the detached section to prevent its running away. The first part of the train, in starting, set back a trifle—not much, but sufficient to give the second half, consisting of seven carriages, crammed with its full complement of passengers, a start. The brakes were immediately applied, but were absolutely ineffectual, and

A SMASH WHICH COST £13,000 FOR COMPENSATION.

Lankester, Tunbridge Wells, Photo



the train, gathering momentum every minute, ran backwards towards Annaclare Bridge. Who shall describe the feelings of the unfortunate passengers, many of whom knew they were rushing to inevitable destruction, and yet were unable to do anything to prevent it or to save themselves?

After running a mile and a half, it dashed into the stationary train with a frightful crash. The force of the impact was terrific, and, although no one in the ordinary train was seriously hurt, the engine was overturned, crushing four children beneath it. All the carriages in the excursion train were wrecked. Some were smashed to atoms, scarcely one timber being left joined to another; many were telescoped, and formed a fearful pile, which in turn was mounted by one carriage almost intact.

The scene that followed baffles description. There being few men among the unfortunate party, and some of the officers accompanying the train having been seriously injured, a terrible panic ensued. The agonising cries of the wounded, and the frantic shrieks and exhortations for help from the imprisoned children, were sufficient to make the boldest shudder. But the teachers soon regained their presence of mind, and, help having arrived from Armagh, the work of rescue was begun.

It was fraught with great difficulty, and attended with grave danger, as the huge pieces of timber were poised in the most dangerous positions, threatening to fall every minute, and bury both rescuers and rescued beneath them.

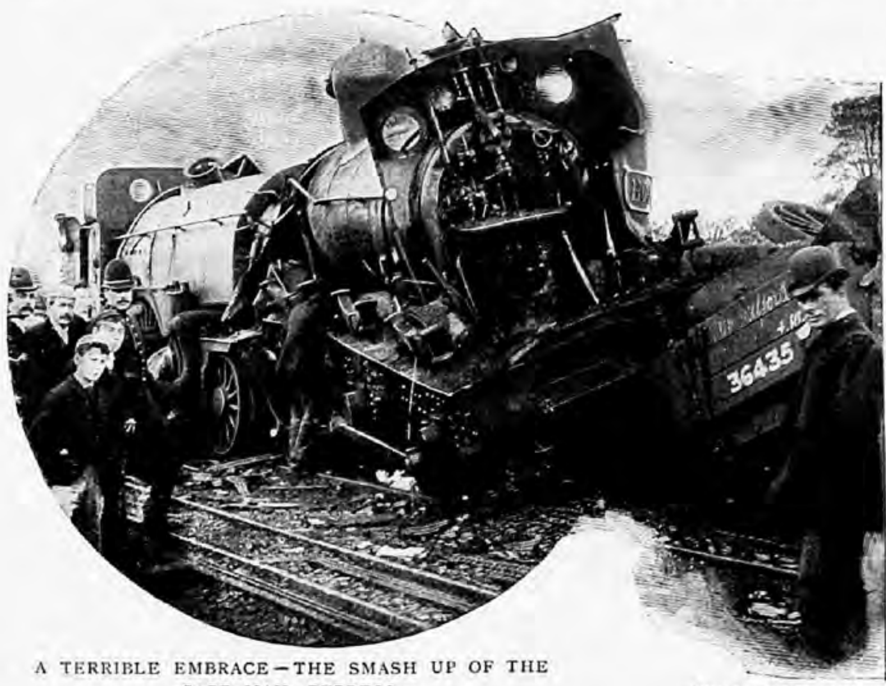
Some fragments of the carriages and a few of the bodies had been thrown promiscuously down the embankment by the force of the collision, but the bulk of the wreck and the greater part of the unfortunate victims were to be found within a limited area. Eighty persons were

THE ARMAGH ACCIDENT IN WHICH 80 PERSONS WERE KILLED AND 400 INJURED.

killed, nearly all children, and about 400 were injured. The work of extrication was horrible, many of the passengers being so crushed and battered as to be absolutely unrecognisable, but they were eventually laid out on the bank with care.

Great honour is due to the heroic conduct and intrepidity displayed by a soldier —Private Cox, of the Royal Irish Fusiliers—who was in the runaway train. When he realised that no human power could avert the appalling disaster, he stepped out on to the footboard, and, with death staring him in the face, withdrew the frightened children from the compartments as rapidly as he could, and dropped them on to the bank, where they were afterwards discovered almost unhurt. Nor did he desist until the trains had almost met, when he sprang off just in the nick of time to save his own life, and worked arduously in the extrication of the dead and injured. This was truly a splendid exhibition of courage.

Norton Fitzwarren, a short distance from Taunton on the Great Western Railway, was the scene of a calamitous catastrophe on November 11th, 1890, when the Cape Mail from Plymouth dashed into a stationary goods train while hurtling along at 50 miles an hour. The 6.45 goods train from Bristol had been shunted on to the up line at Norton Fitzwarren to let the 9.55 express goods train from Bristol pass by. It was about 2 o'clock in the morning, and



A TERRIBLE EMBRACE—THE SMASH UP OF THE CAPE MAIL EXPRESS.

Petherick Taunton, Photo

while the slow goods was thus waiting on the up line, the signalman received warning of the approach of the special express train carrying passengers from the Cape liner *Norham Castle*, which had arrived at Plymouth the evening before, to London, and, forgetting all about the goods train, signalled "all clear." The result was a frightful collision.

Both engines were locked firmly together and completely wrecked; all the exterior fittings, including the funnel on the boiler of the express, were demolished and carried away, while the boiler itself was torn open. The broken carriages, trucks, and other débris made an awful pile about 30 feet in height. Neither the fireman nor driver of the mail were killed, though they were terribly injured, owing to the fact that the engine had a heavy coal tender, which telescoped into the carriages immediately behind it, that bore the brunt of the crash from the rear. The driver of this train certainly was not born to be killed in a railway smash, having been in two serious accidents anterior to the Norton disaster, narrowly escaping with his life each time. A party of miners returning from the South African mines to the North of England were travelling in the first carriage, and were nearly all killed on the spot. So were also a party of card players in the same coach, with the exception of one young fellow who, having suffered great losses, had the good sense to give up playing and to leave the compartment at Exeter for another one in the rear of the train, and thus he probably saved his life. In one compartment the occupants, including women and children, had a most marvellous escape, the glass in the windows

Petherick, Taunton, Photo

CARRIAGE WRECKED AT NORTON FITZWARREN, SHOWING INTERIOR AND LUGGAGE ON THE RACK.

not even being broken, while that in every other compartment was shivered to fragments.

Clarke, Thirsk, Photo

THE DÉBRIS OF THE THIRSK DISASTER ON FIRE.

Another frightful accident, due to the negligence of the signalman, happened at Manor House Cabin, near Thirsk, on the North-Eastern Railway, in a dense fog, on the night of November 2nd, 1892, by which ten persons lost their lives. A goods train was standing in the station on the main line. The signalman, being fatigued, dropped asleep at his post. Presently he was awakened rather sharply by the ominous rumbling of the Scotch express, which had left Edinburgh for London at 10.30, and was now travelling at full speed. The signalman jumped to his feet, and, forgetting all about the stationary goods train waiting in the station on the same set of metals, signalled the approaching train.

On came the express through the dense fog, and crashed into the goods train with such force that the engines and all the carriages, with the exception of a Pullman sleeping-car, were thrown off the line. The carriages were all piled up, and the horrors of the catastrophe were accentuated by the broken and splintered wreckage catching fire. In our illustration the engine may be descried on the right, but a skeleton of its former majestic self, surrounded by a heterogeneous mass of broken wheels, iron joists, twisted and fashioned into the most fantastic shapes by the joint agencies of the collision and fire.

The Pullman car, or rather the charred remains of it, presents a most bizarre though painful object, being quite destitute of those many sumptuous embellishments which characterised it but a few hours previously. The Marquesses of Tweeddale and Huntly were travelling in this car,

Clarke, Thirsk, Photo

THE PULLMAN CAR AND ENGINE AFTER THE THIRSK COLLISION.

but they fortunately escaped without injury.

Some commiseration should be extended to the signalman, however, as he had been up at home since six o'clock that morning, his youngest child having died the day before. When he went on duty at eight o'clock in the evening he begged the station-master to excuse him under the painful circumstances, but no substitute could be found, and he resumed his duties in the ordinary course of things, with the result that Nature, who would not be denied, caused the signalman to sleep. The railway company were severely censured in the subsequent inquiry for the long hours of duty inflicted upon signalmen.

January 3rd of this year recorded another deplorable disaster on the Scottish extension of the Great Northern Railway, the North British Railway, in which the East Coast express, which left King's Cross the previous night, came to grief outside Dunbar station, not far from Edinburgh. The night was foggy, and owing to this and other violent inclemencies of the weather it arrived at the border town of Berwick twenty-five minutes late. At Dunbar station a mineral train was being shunted across the main line into a siding to allow this express to pass by, when one of the waggons became derailed. It was into this that the express dashed, completely knocking the obstacle into a thousand pieces, but the force of the collision caused the first of the two engines to leave the metals and plough through the sleepers and permanent way for about thirty yards, when it fell over on to its side, leaving the tender upright.

The second engine, although it did not share the fate of its leader, was greatly damaged. The carriage next to the engine was telescoped by the heavier corridor coaches behind. By the force of the impact many of the waggons fell upon a corridor coach, staving in the side and smashing the framework and glass of the windows to atoms. In this carriage the intercommunicating corridor extended longitudinally down one side of the car, and fortunately it was this side that bore the brunt of the violence of the collision.

Had it been otherwise the death roll would have been increased terribly. As it was, one lady was killed. Curiously enough this unfortunate lady, who was travelling with her sister, had only just changed her seat with the latter. Had she retained her seat her sister, in all probability, would have been killed instead.

A runaway goods-waggon was the cause of another very extraordinary accident on the London and North-Western Railway at Chelford, near Crewe, on Dec. 22nd four years ago, by which the Manchester mail was completely wrecked. A violent gale was raging at the time, and a waggon standing in a siding at Chelford station was blown on to the main line, along which the mail was signalled to pass. The express, dashing along at the rate of a mile a minute, struck the waggon with tremendous force, literally jumping over it and then falling over.

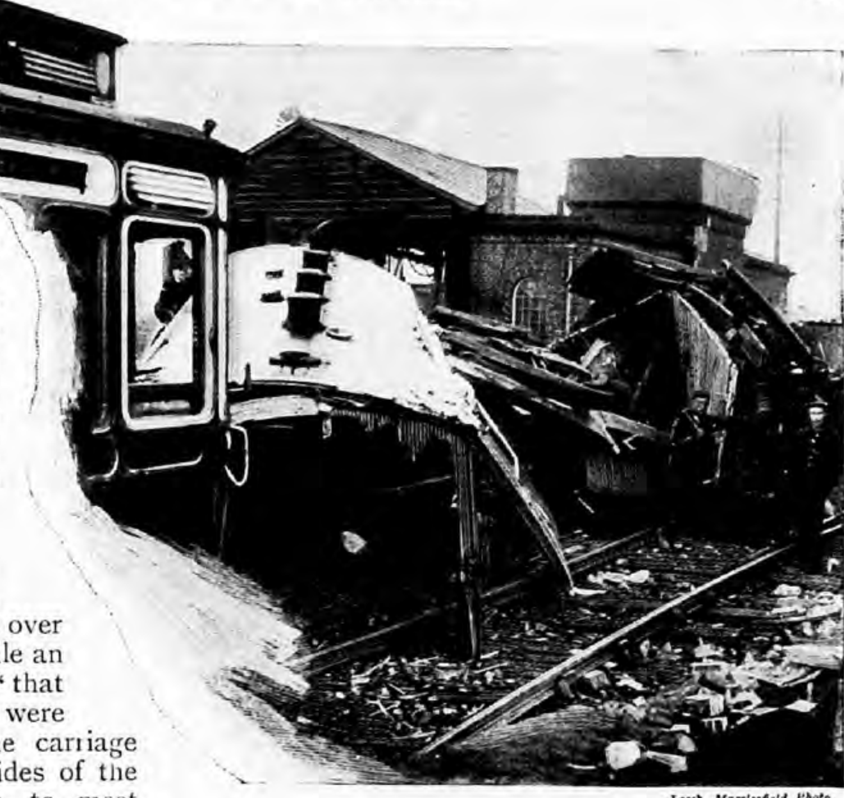
The engine-driver had a most Providential escape, being hurled off his engine over a hedge into a ploughed field, with no more serious injuries than a few bruises. The truck was tossed on one side into the air and struck the pillars of the station, ripping

W. Crooke, Edinburgh, Photo

THE SCOTCH EXPRESS WHICH DASHED INTO A MINERAL TRAIN.

a portion out of the side of a heavy coach during its aerial flight. It then rebounded into a carriage in the centre of the train with direful effect. One coach, as will be seen in the illustration, was utterly smashed, the flooring, wheels, and interior being swept entirely away, while the sides were torn out. All the remaining carriages in its rear were completely wrecked.

Some were overturned on their sides, and one was so turned over as to stand on end, while an eye-witness stated "that some of the carriages were broken through by the carriage behind causing both sides of the interior compartments to meet and demolish the fittings." All together fourteen persons were killed and about forty or fifty injured, one lady having both her legs cut off.



Leech, Macclesfield, Photo

THE CHELFORD ACCIDENT, CAUSED BY A SINGLE WAGGON.

Abbots Ripton, near Huntingdon, on the Great Northern Railway, was the scene of a terrible collision—or, rather, two collisions—on January 21st, 1876. A coal train of 33 waggons and a brake-van left Peterborough for London at 6 p.m. It was 18 minutes late in starting. The weatner was extremely boisterous and stormy, while the snow fell in large flakes thickly and fast, seriously obscuring the outlook of the driver and guard of the train. The latter had seen the signals at Holme Station, and at the blocks at Conington and Wood Walton, which showed "all clear."

At Abbots Ripton the train slackened speed, as it was signalled to cross into a siding to permit the Scotch express, which was due from Edinburgh for London, to go by. The greater part of the goods train had passed safely into the siding when the Scotch express dashed into it at full speed with most disastrous results. By the force of the collision the engine of the Scotch express jumped across the down

Bamforth, Holmfirth, Photo

BULLHOUSE BRIDGE DERAILMENT—CAUSED BY THE BREAKING OF AN AXLE.

line on to the bank, where it fell on to its broadside, dragging with it the tender and three or four of the succeeding carriages. Hunt, the guard of the coal train, displayed great presence of mind. He asked the signalman if he had blocked the down line, but the latter was so agitated by the disaster—which had happened within a few yards of his box—that he inadvertently declared he had.

Hunt, feeling satisfied thereupon, left the box and rejoined his train, but, as a further precaution, thrust some fog signals into his pocket, which he placed on the rails of the down line. In less than ten minutes after the collision the driver and guard of the coal train set off to Huntingdon for assistance. They had not proceeded more than 800 yards when the Leeds down express, which had started from London at 6 p.m., was discerned dashing at top speed through the blinding storm. The driver of the coal train furiously sounded his whistle, while the guard waved his red lamp frantically to arrest the express. But it was too late, and it plunged into, and literally cut its way through, the wreck of the Scotch train.

Thiele Photo

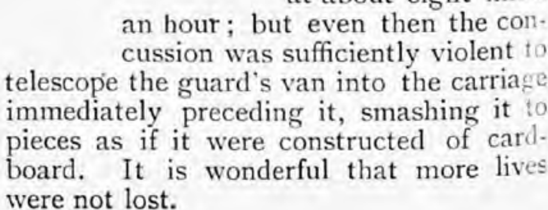
THE SMASH AT NEW CROSS, IN WHICH THREE PEOPLE WERE KILLED.

The scene was a terrible one. The howling storm, the heartrending shrieks of the injured, the shouts of the rescuers and cries for help, the lurid glare of the burning wreckage, produced a scene never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. All together fourteen persons were killed.

The South-Eastern Railway has long enjoyed a remarkable immunity from railway smashes, but this record was sadly marred a few months ago, when three persons were killed in a stationary train while standing outside St. John's station, near New Cross, by the Hastings express, through the inadvertence of the signalman, crashing into it from behind. Fortunately, owing to the dense fog prevalent, the express was only travelling at about eight miles

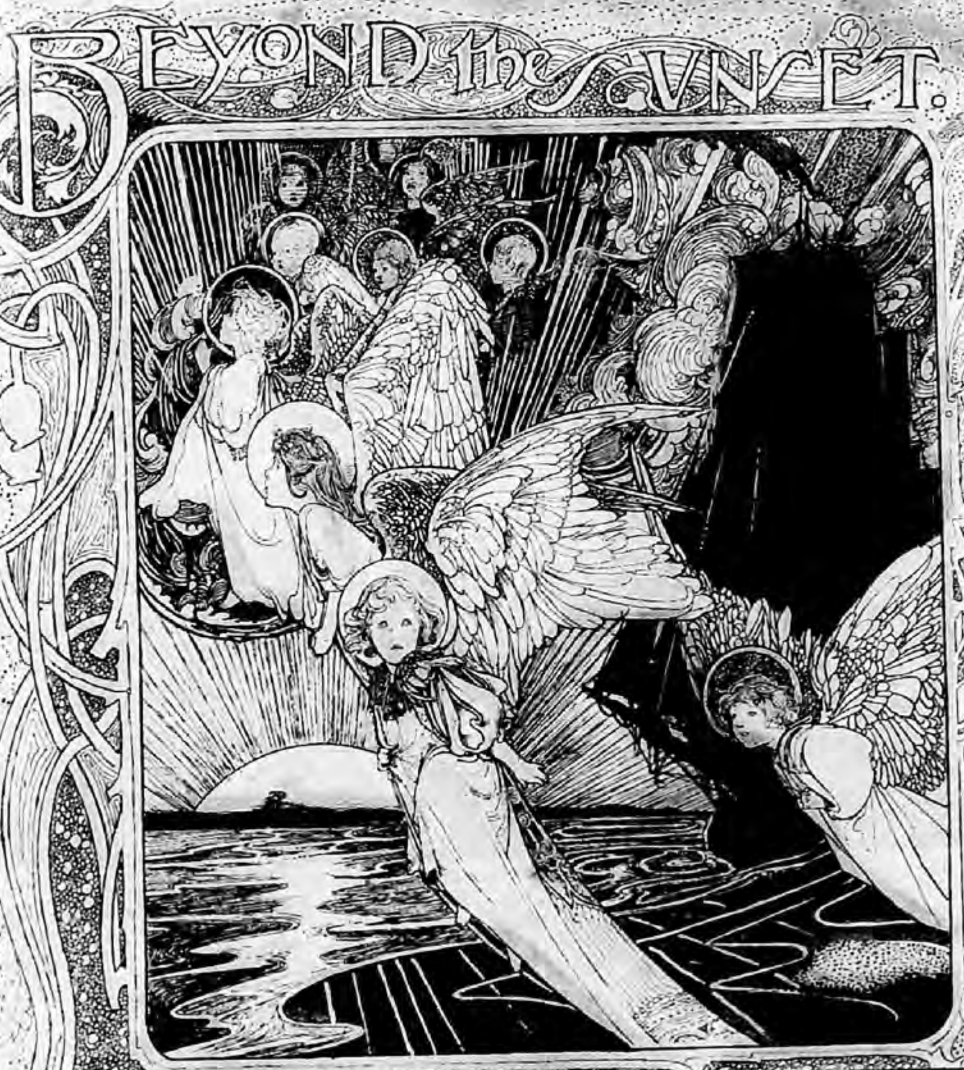
Lankester, Tunbridge Wells, Photo

THE SCENE OF THE HEATHFIELD DISASTER.



an hour; but even then the concussion was sufficiently violent to telescope the guard's van into the carriage immediately preceding it, smashing it to pieces as if it were constructed of cardboard. It is wonderful that more lives were not lost.

BEYOND the SUNSET.



I REMEMBER yet a window
  Looking out across the sea,
Where I used to sit in childhood,
  In the days that used to be;
And the crimson glow of sunset
  Fell along the dark'ning bay,
As I watched the great ships sailing
  Far away at close of day.

Then my heart would fill with wonder
  As they passed across the foam,
To what countries were they sailing—
  Would they ever more come home?
Were there hearts on board them aching,
  For the loved ones left on shore?
Then the golden sunset hid them,
  And I saw the ships no more!

I remember, too, a window,
  Looking out across a lawn,
Where I oft at break of morning
  Watched the first red gleam of dawn;
And I saw those great ships sailing,
  All the pain and peril o'er,
Through the golden gates of morning,
  Into harbour, safe once more!

And it seems, now I no longer
  Am the child I used to be,
Like the lives of men and women
  Were those ships upon the sea.
For the golden years have taught me,
  As with joy and care they pass'd,
There is Dawn beyond the sunset,
  And a Harbour fair, at last!

CLIFTON BINGHAM.

THE BEHAVIOUR OF WARRINGTON, V.C.:

(1) ON THE FIELD, AND (2) AT HOME.

BY PERCY E. REINGANUM.

Illustrated by W. B. Wollen, R.I.

(1) ON THE FIELD.

A PITCH-BLACK night in a rocky valley of Afghanistan: a few stars in the heavy, black, moonless sky only intensifying the almost palpable darkness. A mile or two southwards, where the rocky valley swelled into rocky heights, little flashes of light recurring at intervals, followed by sharp little cracks, showed where the late skirmish and retreat was fighting itself out round about the camp.

Where one of the innumerable broken ridges that seamed the valley made a darker wall across the darkness, two figures were dimly discernible (when you knew where to look for them), the one semi-recumbent, propped against a boulder, the other tall and straight beside him.

"Clear out, Warrington—please go, sir," the voice came faintly from the recumbent figure. "You can get back to camp and send 'em out for me."

"Not likely, young 'un," observed the other. "What says the great R.K.:

"'When you're wounded and left on Afghanistan plains,
And the women come out—to cut up what remains—
Just——'"

"Don't!" said the wounded man, and almost succeeded in stopping a groan between his clenched teeth.

"Poor old Vicary," said Warrington, bending over him. "Let me undo your belt . . . Now grab yourself with both hands."

"Fellows in books," said the weak voice, drowsily, "never get hit in the tummy . . . Always—head in a bandage—or—arm in sling . . . Those Johnnies that write books—ought to come out with us."

There was silence for a time: the far-off flashes grew more rare. The wounded man shifted himself a little and spoke again.

"You're a brick, Warrington!" he said.

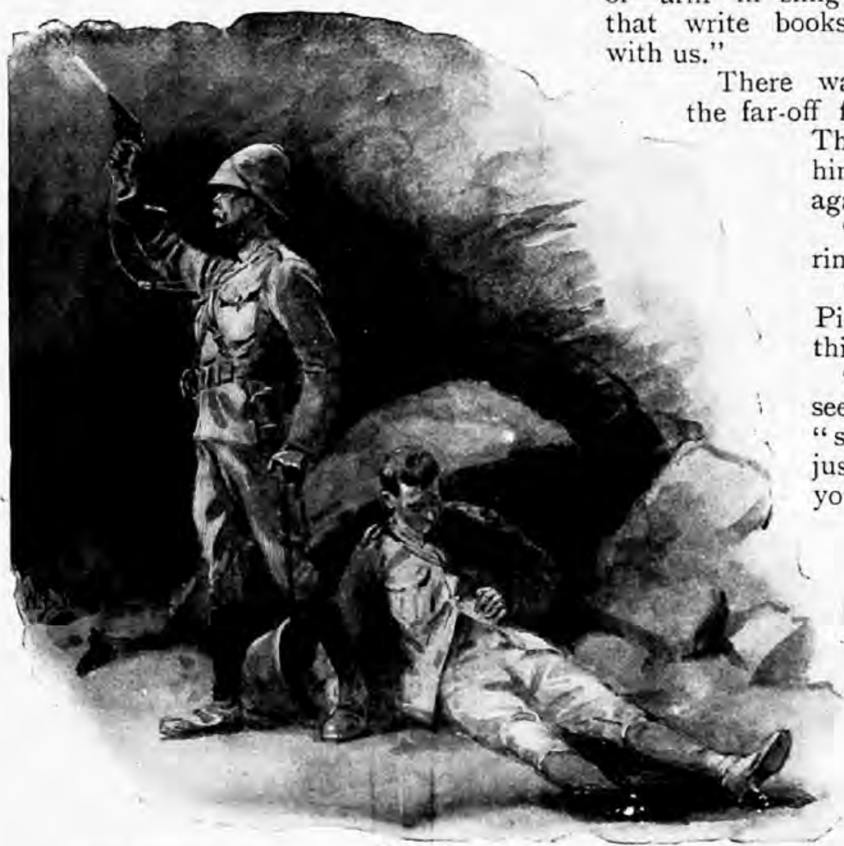
"Slightly different from Piccadilly and the Strand this, eh, Vic?"

"I wish the mater could see us now," said Vicary; "she's going to bye-bye just about now. She'd stick you pretty high up in her prayers if she knew."

"The next time you start talking nonsense," said Warrington, "I shall consider you delirious and past hope; and I shall turn tail and make tracks for camp."

A long silence.

"It's getting



"HE EMPTIED HIS REVOLVER INTO THE SILENCE OF THE NIGHT."

"A HOWLING HILLMAN STUMBLED OVER VICARY'S LEGS."

murmured. "'Missing: Lieutenant Beverley Warrington and Second Lieutenant Vicary of the——' What's up, Warry?"

His companion had touched his forehead lightly with beastly cold," said Vicary, with a shiver; "I shall never pull through to-night."

"Cheer up, lad," said Warrington, and pulled at his moustache and glared at the darkness; "only a few hours till daybreak. . . . Pity you're six foot four in your boots and solid in proportion. I'm not equal to two miles with you on my back, my dainty midget."

"Can't see how you got me this far . . . Why don't you sheer off now and get back, and—— Oh, God! No! Warrington! . . . You're not going?"

"Another word like that, my son, and I leave you for Mr. and Mrs. Pathan and all the little Pathans to play with."

"All right—all right, I won't . . . Let me hold your boot—I can hardly see you. Oh, Warry, what a funk I am; all the bit o' pluck I had's run out of the leak in my tunic—and I am beastly cold."

Warrington knelt beside him and cursed beneath his breath, and felt his head and hands. The former was very cold and damp, the latter were very wet and warm.

"I must let them know they're wanted, Vic!" he muttered.

The latter did not hear him.

"It'll be in to-morrow's despatches," he his lips, had risen to his feet, and, with his arm raised above his head, had emptied his revolver into the silence of the night.

"They'll know there's a British officer where that revolver is," he said, cheerily.

"But—but, you fool—you dear old silly fool—so will those brown devils!"

"Can't help that!" said Warrington, with a little laugh, "it's too chilly to stop out late to-night." Then in a lower tone, "For the sake of auld lang syne, Vic, my boy."

He reloaded his revolver. When the echoes had rattled away into deeper silence they heard the distant shots suddenly recommence, and distant shouts and howls came to them like whispers. From the invisible hills facing them came dim and confused scuffling and scraping sounds as of cats scrambling down rocks. A moving white blur appeared somewhere in the thick darkness, then another, and another: and a suggestion of low-toned guttural conversation reached Warrington's straining ears. He shifted his revolver to his left hand and gently drew his sword. Then from over there where he knew the camp lay came six revolver shots in quick succession.

"That's Welby!" he said to himself.

Vicary's hand had been grasping the heel of his foot tightly. Now he felt the grip relax; and in a moment more the wounded subaltern slipped a little with a slight tinkle of steel on rock, and groaned.

In another moment a dozen howling hillmen were blazing away at random towards the spot whence the groan seemed to have come. They aimed low and erratically, and Warrington held his fire for a few interminable seconds.

Then they closed in, and one stumbled over Vicary's outstretched legs before they could realise that two British officers were within a yard of them. Warrington felt the man grab at him as he fell, and fired with the barrel of his revolver touching bare skin. After that he fired and slashed very much at random, and the darkness around him shrieked and howled and spat fire, and long graceful knives suggested themselves to the imagination of the man who had seen them at work before. . . . For ten long minutes Warrington was busy—wondering all the time what Vicary was doing down there between his legs, and how he liked it, and which of them would die first.

Then suddenly in a lull he heard faintly a sound that sent the blood to his head with a rush—the scraping of many boots over rocks some hundreds of yards away, and the dim echo of a word of command. He shouted, and fired his last cartridge above his head that they might see the flash, and flung the empty weapon at a white eyeball that was too near to be pleasant, and cut and pointed and slashed away with renewed vigour. Down the valley and over the rocks came a hoarse, breathless cheer, and pith helmets gleamed faintly in the near distance. He answered the cheer with a croak, and went on carving and hacking as though his foes still confronted him. But they did not wait to meet his friends. They left. All but five, to whom even British troops were a matter of indifference now, as they stayed behind, huddled into a grim semicircle round Lieut. Warrington and Second Lieut. Vicary. When his men came up to him they found him with Vicary in his arms leaning against the wall of rock, "looking," as Private Billimore said, "as though 'e'd 'ad a nasty messy accident with the red paint."

Vicary opened his eyes as he entered the camp feet foremost.

"Warrington, *V.C.*," he said, and tried to cheer. But the others did it for him.

(2) At Home.

An afternoon in early November: a cosy room, bright fire, big armchairs, piano, pipes, photographs, and decanters: a male figure extended to enormous length in one armchair, with feet stretched out on the hearthrug: another male figure with back turned towards the room, gazing out of window at the unceasing rain. Thick clouds of tobacco smoke, and silence.

"Of all the brutal, filthy, miserably depressing days!" said the man at the window, suddenly.

"Weather seems to worry you, old man," said the gentleman by the fire, settling down a little deeper into the

"'I'M IN AN AWFUL FUNK,' SAID WARRINGTON."

depths of his armchair. "Third time in twenty minutes you've got up to look at it—and talk about it."

"Sorry, Vic," said the other, and, turning, he came slowly towards the fire. "I must be lively company to-day; but this weather seems to upset one altogether."

"Not me," said Vicary, blowing a cloud. "I'm pretty comfy, thanks. I prefer rain in St. James' to starlight in Chukundra."

The other did not answer, but stood nervously opening and shutting his hands over the cheerful blaze.

"By George!" said Vicary, meditatively, "it seems almost like a dream now—all but the souvenirs we carry—eh, Warry?"

Warrington's hand went up to the livid band that ran across forehead, nose, and cheek, and almost bisected his strong face.

"One comfort," Vicary went on, "mine don't show. Not but what that has its drawbacks," he added, with a chuckle; "no one seems to believe they touched me—think I got my sick-leave on the bounce. And I can't continually strip to prove it."

Still his senior was silent. Vicary edged round a little to look at his face. Then his eyes opened and his voice changed.

"Warrington," he said, "d'you remember that very first dust up we had the second day out from Kir Wallah?"

Warrington nodded.

"That was my first taste of the walk-up-and-down-as-a-target business," said Vicary, solemnly; "and I was in a blue funk. Couldn't help it. Knees all flabby and face all twitchy when those bullets began whispering and pattering."

Warrington laughed nervously.

"I gave you the right sort of a dressing down," he said.

"It pulled me through," said Vicary; then, leaning forward, and still more solemnly, "I say, what did I look like?—all drawn up and ghastly?"

"A bit," admitted Warrington.

"Look in the glass now," said Vicary, in an awestruck voice, for Warrington was senior officer and brother and Ajax and Wellington and Lord Roberts all rolled into one, in the subaltern's estimation.

Warrington started, and looked not at the glass, but at Vicary.

"You're right, young 'un," he said in a moment, and dropped into the other armchair. "I'm in an awful funk at this very moment."

"'I SHOULD ADVISE YOU TO HAVE IT OUT WITH HER.'"

"Oh!" breathed Vicary, and allowed the amazing fact to sink into his consciousness.

"Fact," said Warrington, and dragged at his moustache and gnawed the end.

"In heaven's name," said Ensign Vicary, "what are *you* frightened of?"

"Of one little girl I could pick up and carry under one arm," said Lieutenant Warrington, V.C.

Vicary drew a long breath.

"You gave me quite a turn," he said.

"It's serious, boy," said the other man, bending his long, gaunt body forward, his grey eyes all alight. "I haven't the pluck to face her."

"Name?" said Vicary, judicially.

"Rivers," said Warrington, with reverence; "Catherine Rivers."

"Pretty Kitty Rivers!" cried Vicary. "Old man, I congratulate you."

"Don't be a fool!" said Warrington, angrily, and walked to the window.

"On your good taste, of course," said Vicary, with a grin. "Is it a bad case?"

"I shall—ask her to be my wife," said Warrington with a rush, "as soon as I dare call—which I haven't done since we've been back—more than a week."

Vicary whistled, rose, and strolled over to the piano.

"Well, I should advise you to go and have it out with her," he said, twisting himself round on the music-stool. "Come back when it's over, and sparkle up a bit."

"Shut up!" growled his senior.

Vicary shrugged his shoulders and struck a few aimless notes. This sort of timidity was strange to him. In matters relating to the opposite sex his senior was a child compared with that good-looking boy at the piano.

Suddenly Vicary grinned, struck a chord, and broke into a music-hall song, accentuating the twang of Cockayne to exaggeration:

"'O-ownly *one* gurl—*in* the world fer me;
O-ownly *one* gurl—'*as* my sympathee;
She m'yn't be vairy pritty——'"

"Shakespeare" between the shoulder-blades cut his efforts short. He twisted round, chuckling and rubbing himself.

"'HADN'T WE BETTER—ER—WALK?' SAID WARRINGTON, NERVOUSLY."

"Steady on, old chap! What's up?"

"I came here to-day for your help," said Warrington, and stopped short.

"Warry!" said Vicary, nervously. He had never seen him like this before.

"Vic, I'm longing to see her—to say it! I've been longing for months, and now—I simply daren't call."

"Bulldog—heavy father—comic papers," murmured Vicary, quite uncomprehending.

Warrington glared.

"If you're going to be a drivelling young idiot," he said, icily.

"No—no! Drive ahead," said Vicary.

"It's just *her* I'm frightened of," said Warrington. "I'd rather go through a week of Chukundras than speak; but I'd go through a lifetime of them with her at the far end."

"But, Warrington," said Vicary, puzzled, "she's not such a Tartar."

"She's the best girl in the world," said Warrington, V.C.; "and the only thing in it I'm afraid to face."

"Why, what would she do?" said Vicary.

"Do?" said Warrington, with both hands at his moustache. "Do? Why, she'll drop her eyelashes, or she'll curl the corners of her mouth, or she'll glance at me over her shoulder with her chin up, and then—and then——"

"And then?" said Vicary, twinkling.

"Then I shall sweat like a coolie, and stand gaping like a stuck pig," said Warrington, savagely; "and my knees will go flabby and my face twitchy, as you elegantly put it. Good-bye."

"Eh?"

"I'm going there now. I mean to go there now."

"Yes," said Vicary; "and directly you're outside you'll stand still for a quarter of a hour, and then cut off home and spend the evening practising profanity in solitude."

Warrington stood in front of his junior, and dared not contradict.

"Unless——" said Vicary, and stopped and grinned.

"Unless?" said Warrington, with painful eagerness.

"Unless," said Vicary, coolly, knocking his pipe out into the grate, "unless I come with you."

Warrington drew a long breath.

"Thanks," he said, shortly, and watched Vicary putting on hat and

coat, and pulled his moustache violently.

As they left the room he slipped his hand through Vicary's arm.

"This is my Kir Wallah," he said, gravely.

Vicary laughed round at him.

"There's a whacking big balance on the Chukundra side," he said.

"Needn't say good-bye to the mater," he went on, as they descended the stairs; "you'll come back to dine."

"To be cheered up," said Warrington, with pathos.

Vicary did not deign to reply to such an absurd remark. He hailed a hansom.

"Hadn't we better—er—walk?" said Warrington, nervously.

"You jump in," said Vicary; "don't be frightened. I'm coming to hold your hand."

He gave the address, and they bowled away

the Queen's uniform; and the girl that will refuse you doesn't exist."

"Why, we're there," said Warrington, flushing and fidgeting; "how that horse has been going!"

"Three doors down the square," said Vicary to the cabman through the trap.

"Tell him to drive once round first," said Warrington, pulling a glove off and then beginning to put it on again. "I—I've got something to say to you——"

"It'll keep," said Vicary. "Out you get."

"No—I say—half a minute. Vicary! Is my tie straight? I ought to have changed my collar. Hang it—all right, I'm coming. Wait for us, cabby—we shan't be five minutes. Vicary, don't ring. I—I don't think I'll call to-day, after all—it's a bit late, don't you think? You have rung? Dash it! I—I—let me ask." The door was opened. "Is Mr. Rivers

"'SAY LIEUTENANT BEVERLEY WARRINGTON WISHES TO SEE HER ON MOST IMPORTANT BUSINESS.'"

through the grey wetness. Warrington was trying to see the whole of his person at once in a six-inch strip of looking-glass.

"Now, I ask you, Vic," he said, plaintively, "is it likely she'd have an object like me?"

"Fishing!" said the subaltern. "You're not an Adonis, but a V.C. covers a multitude of sins."

"Pooh! what does a girl care about that?" said Warrington; and Vicary laughed aloud at him. To himself he said, "The girl that gets you will get the bravest, cleanest, best gentleman that wears

in? No? Oh, thank you. It don't matter—I'll call again. Good——"

Vicary caught him as he turned and held him fast.

"Is Miss Rivers in?" he asked.

"Yessir," said the man, who knew him well.

"Say Lieutenant Beverley Warrington wishes to see her for a few moments on most important—come here, you old idiot—on most important business."

Inside the house Warrington mopped his face and rehearsed speeches in a low monotone until the man reappeared.

"Will you walk up, sir, please?"

"Walk up," said Vicary, sternly, and marched him out of the room. "Right half face! Quick march! Go on, you conquering hero, and good luck attend you."

Warrington did not answer, but breathed stertorously and fingered the balustrade.

"Up you go!" said Vicary. "There's no retreat. She's waiting for you."

"I—I wish you could come too," said Warrington in a loud, hoarse whisper.

"HE FLEW UPSTAIRS AS FAST AS HIS WOUND WOULD ALLOW HIM."

Vicary grinned, shaking with internal laughter. Warrington glared at him, groaned, and went slowly upstairs, where the man stood patiently waiting to announce him.

Vicary heard him say breathlessly, "Wait a minute"; but the man preferred not to hear him, and opened the door with a most portentous "Lieutenant Beverley Warrington."

Vicary waited in the library. He smoked one cigarette, and another, and another. He tried to read, but gave it up. He tried to laugh at the scene in which he had just taken part, but gave that up too. After all, he was in no laughing mood where Warrington's happiness was concerned.

And at last, when the hands of the clock showed three-quarters of an hour gone, Warrington's voice from upstairs called hoarsely, "Vicary!"

He paused a moment, breathless. Then another voice, far clearer and sweeter, but with just a faint tremor in it, repeated, "Vicary!"

And then he flew upstairs as fast as his wound would allow him.

PARTRIDGE'S NEST WITH THIRTEEN EGGS.

TRAINING OUR FIRE BRIGADE HEROES.

DESCRIBED AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE LONDON BRIGADE.

By Alfred Arkas.

THE LIFTING DRILL. Attention!

THE most fascinating of the multitudinous institutions with which the Mother City of the Empire abounds is unquestionably that which preserves her millions from the risk of fire. In these days, when we have awakened to a sense of appreciation of the Navy, Army, and other national institutions for our protection and well-being, it is to be feared that we do not sufficiently recognise the vast debt we owe to the Metropolitan Fire Brigade and those who rule its destinies.

London is to all intents and purposes an impregnable city—impregnable, that is to say, as regards an outside foe. The possibility of internal destruction by fire, although by no means so great as in the days of the Great Fire of London, still exists, in spite of fire-proof buildings, stone walls, and wide streets.

Lifting the body to the feet.

Although the possibility exists, the risk of such a catastrophe will not be worth consideration so long as the Metropolitan Fire Brigade maintains its present high state of efficiency. It is to London what the Fleet is to the Empire, and the analogy is appropriate in more respects than one. It may be aptly described as the Navy of the Metropolis—the protecting genius of six million people, and the richest city the world has seen. To adequately realise its importance one has only to remember that the destruction of London would be a calamity to the Empire.

Raising the body to the knees.

Every night its existence is threatened by the relentless fire demon. Every night the Fire Brigade as certainly combats and disarms it. Surely a strange, weird warfare, scarcely realised, since it is only on occasions when the demon

Safely lifted on to the back.

temporarily gets the upper hand that we are reminded of its existence.

Opportunities for the display of heroism and conspicuous devotion to duty are comparatively rare in the Army and Navy. So when they occur we hear of them, and the heroes are received with acclaim. In the Fleet that never goes to sea such matters are common incidents of the day's work.

It is part of the ordinary duty of a London fireman to be a hero, and he never fails when it is expected of him.

It is natural to think of the brigade as a miniature Navy. It smells of the sea in every way. The captain is a naval man. Its crew of 1,009 are seamen, and the work of the brigade is of a nature readily performed by sailors, who are used to danger, and skilled in the art of hanging on to the skyline by their teeth.

Even the apparatus is peculiarly adapted for the use of the horny-handed sons of the sea.

It is therefore easy to understand how it is that these well-disciplined, hard-nerved men are pressed into the service of the brigade.

TWO METHODS OF CARRYING—A WOMAN OR A MAN.

Many who have read of the marvellous rapidity with which the engines are turned out to a fire, or those who have been fortunate enough to see these splendid fellows at their work, may be interested in learning how a London fireman is made.

By the kindness of Commander Wells, R.N.—one of the most popular officers that ever donned the Queen's uniform—I have been able to observe the whole process, and pick up a good deal of interesting matter respecting the brigade into the bargain.

There is no objectionable formality about entering the brigade. Provided a sailor possesses the initial qualifications—he must be over 21 and under 31 years of age; have been at sea for at least five years; measure 37 inches round the chest; and be able to read and write—he simply walks into the yard of the central station at Southwark and inquires for the chief officer. The Commander examines his "discharges" and testimonials as to character and general intelligence. If he be a likely man, he is passed into the hands of the Brigade Doctor, who certifies his soundness of wind and limb. If he emerges successfully from this ordeal, he has yet a final and more trying one before him—the test of strength.

Sheer physical strength is a desideratum in all branches of public service, but especially so in the Fire Brigade, where lives and property almost always depend upon nerve and muscle. Accordingly the strength test is necessarily a heavy one. A fire escape is brought into the yard, and is rested lengthwise on the flagstones. To a ring-bolt in the stones a tackle is hooked, the other end being made fast to the foot of the escape. The candidate is then requested to haul the escape bodily from the ground into its normal vertical position. It is an immensely trying pull of 240 lbs. If the candidate manages it, he becomes a probationer at a salary of 24s. per week.

The Southwark instructors reckon that it takes three months' hard work and unceasing drill before a man is competent to leave the yard, even as a fireman of the fourth class. During this period he is not permitted to attend a fire in any capacity.

No other sort of drill equals in fascination that which the embryo M.F.B. man must go through. Unlike a soldier or sailor, he must undertake many of the actual dangers of warfare during ordinary drill on the parade-ground. The instruction, conducted by superintendents who have gone through the mill themselves and know

every detail of the work, is divided into two parts—theoretical and practical.

The room in which most of the theory is taught is particularly interesting. It contains a half section of every apparatus or device used by or in connection with the brigade. There is a half section of the boiler of the familiar steamer, a half section of a street lamp, indicating the position of a hydrant, and half sections of hose, nozzles, fire-plugs, flanges, and all the complicated machinery forming parts of the various types of engines in use.

That very important part of instruction, the use of steam, is undertaken in the yard, so that practical demonstration with a steamer under way may accompany the lesson.

Hand in hand with theoretical instruction, a daily grounding goes on in what may be termed emergency drill. To the layman, this is perhaps the most interesting part of the work.

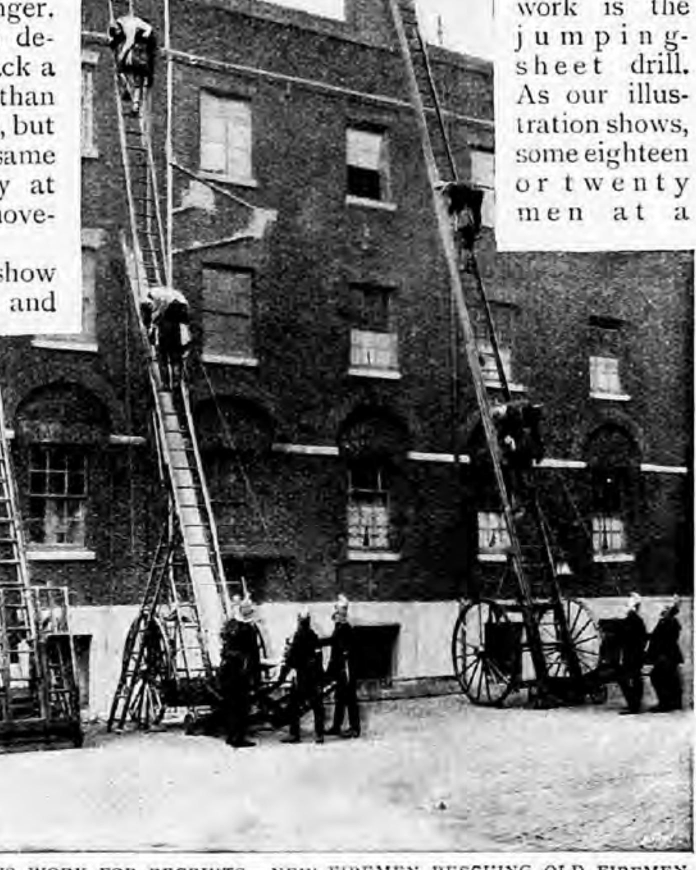
Everything must be rehearsed over and over again. Every movement, every action must be practised again and again till it becomes automatic, before a man can feel sure of doing the right thing at the right time under circumstances of difficulty and danger. Most of us have seen a fireman descend an escape, bearing on his back a human burden, possibly heavier than himself; we wonder how it is done, but it does not occur to us that this same evolution is practised every day at Southwark in all its separate movements.

Our illustrations of this drill show how a fireman is taught to lift and carry a human body. In the first picture, the men under instruction are at "Attention." The second shows the first movement, the body being lifted on to its knees. In the third it is raised to its feet. In the final evolution the prostrate figure is bodily lifted on to the rescuer's back. The whole operation scarcely occupies a moment of time. By this method, the strain of lifting is reduced to a minimum, and the position of the body across the shoulders leaves both hands free.

When the men are thorough masters of this lifting drill, they have to go through the nerve-trying ordeal of performing it as though in actual practice. Escapes are run into the yard. Some of the old hands mount to the roof, and the embryo firemen are ordered to go aloft and save them from an awful death. That this is a very considerable feat, I think our photograph of the operation will amply demonstrate. To an old hand who has performed the operation amid all the exciting surroundings of an actual fire it is simple enough. He skips up the creaking, bending ladder, lightly tosses a twelve-stone colleague on his back, in the most unconcerned manner, and as blithely skips down again.

But although there is an element of very real danger in it to the beginner, yet he generally gets through it satisfactorily, though his progress is necessarily slow. It is in such drills that his sea training stands him in good stead.

However, the most nerve-trying work is the jumping-sheet drill. As our illustration shows, some eighteen or twenty men at a



NERVOUS WORK FOR RECRUITS—NEW FIREMEN RESCUING OLD FIREMEN.

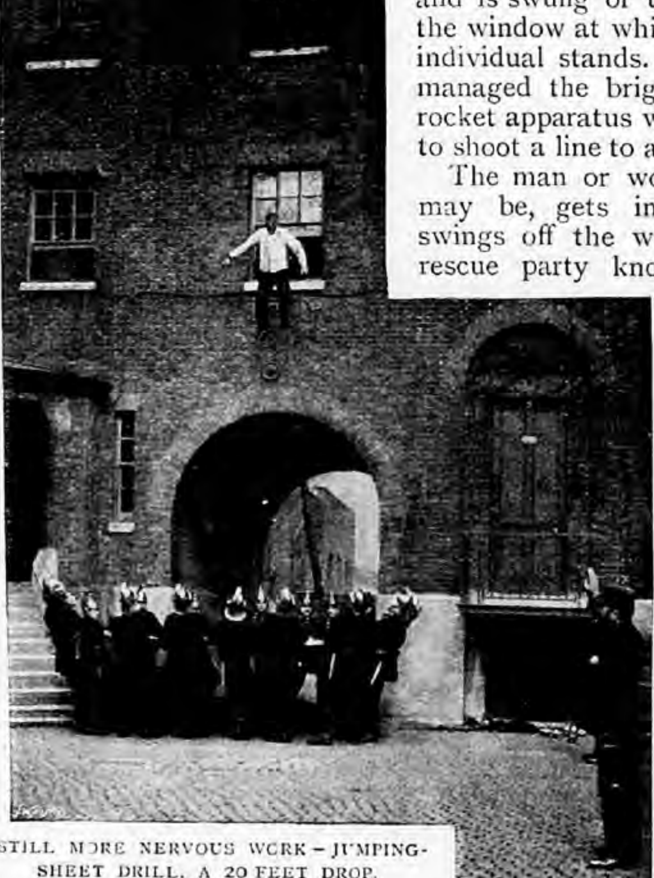
given order man the canvas jumping-sheet.

Beckets, or rope handles, are supplied all round the edge of the sheet. Each man holds one of these in either hand, and as the jumper alights in the centre of the canvas, all simultaneously give a little, and so break the force of the fall. The men are required to jump 20 feet from a parapet into the sheet. It is nervous work, both for the jumpers and those who catch them.

The instructor tells you that there is no danger. In fact a forty-foot jump into the sheet would be very unlikely to result in injury.

It is easy to listen to such statements, but it is another thing to stand on that narrow ledge and gaze contemplatively into the tiny sheet, twenty feet below.

Every possible method of saving life is the subject of a special set of drills, and all are constantly practised by all hands alike. They are designed to meet every possible contingency, and when lives are lost by fire it is generally attributable to delay in summoning the brigade.



STILL MORE NERVOUS WORK – JUMPING-SHEET DRILL, A 20 FEET DROP.

One of the most interesting systems of rescue is that in which the chair knot is used. It is an extreme method only resorted to when the fierceness of the fire renders the use of the escape impracticable.

This method is shown in actual operation in one of our photographs. You are invited to suppose that the whole face of the building is alight, and that a person is in the top front room calling for assistance. Several men ascend to the roofs of the houses on either side of the doomed building. Each party has a rope, the two ends of which are tied in a knot consisting of two loops. The person in danger is instructed how to fasten the loops about him. He is now suspended in a sort of cradle or chair, and is lowered away, a guy rope to the ground controlling the angle of descent.

In some extreme cases where the chair knot cannot be used another method is resorted to. Several of the brigade ascend to the roof of the opposite house with a line. This has a knot similar to that already described at one end, and is swung or thrown across into the window at which the unfortunate individual stands. If this cannot be managed the brigade use a special rocket apparatus which enables them to shoot a line to any given spot.

The man or woman, as the case may be, gets into the knot and swings off the window-ledge. The rescue party know beforehand by the length of the line exactly where he or she will strike the wall of the opposite house, and a mattress is suspended at this spot to break the impact. At a middle window a long projecting fork catches the rope in the centre as it swings across the street, and plays an important part in lessening the shock to the human burden in the knot below.

Needless to say there must always be an element of risk in this method, and it is only resorted to when every other expedient has failed.

New hands are constantly exercised in the work of turning out, getting apparatus to work, and performing in every detail the duties likely to be met with at an ordinary fire. There is a great deal of *esprit de corps* among them, and this and natural love of competition soon place them on a footing with the older hands as regards rapidity, stability, and general smartness.

Wednesday is the most interesting day of the week. This is a sort of At Home day at Southwark, and during the afternoon all the drills are gone through for inspection by the Commander. The picturesque incident of this dress rehearsal is the dummy fire. Without the slightest warning the onlooker is startled by a shrill whistle, the mad ringing of bells, and cries of "Fire." From an upper story of one of the buildings volumes of dense black smoke pour forth, and before he has time to realise that the whole thing is nothing more than an elaborate rehearsal, a steamer clatters into the yard, an escape is run up, and the men are aloft with the hose. A moment later two persons are rescued from the burning room, the fire is got under, and the brigade pack up their traps and disappear as quickly as they came. The photograph on the next page illustrates the scene a few seconds after the first alarm.

This very realistic outbreak is produced by means of a little oil and straw, ignited in an alcove in the wall. The two men who attend it have a lively time between fire and water, and if appearance counts for anything they are not rescued a moment too soon.

While one cannot but smile at the humorous side of this mock rescue, there is much of tragedy in the actual work of this kind which most members of the brigade are called upon to perform at one time or another.

I cannot help emphasising my conviction that the brigade is taken too much as a matter of course. At all big fires some member of the brigade is sure to receive injury; this is amply proved by statistics. For example, in 1897 the number of accidents to members of the brigade was 111. That is to say, one man in ten received a more or less serious hurt in the execution of his duty. Fortunately, no fatal case is reported.

In spite of this percentage the men are the happiest of fellows. They love and respect their Commander, at which there is no reason for surprise, and they go to their duty cheerfully, no matter what the danger or inconvenience may be.

The most pathetic record of heroism I know is that contained in a corner cupboard of the Instruction Room. Here are the helmets of men who have died at their posts. In more cases than one their lives have been sacrificed for others.

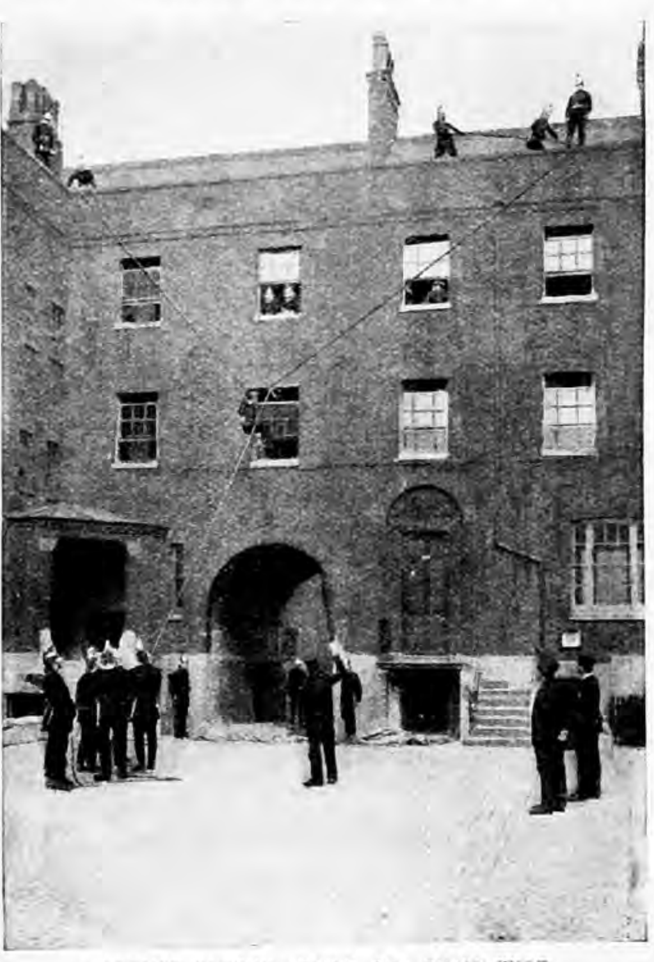
Bent, battered, twisted, and torn into every conceivable shape, they intimate only too clearly the awful nature and suddenness of such a death.

The appended label describes how every man met his death. It is the story we always hear of the British sailor, whether he be afloat or ashore—blind, unfailing devotion to duty, no matter how hopeless his case.

The remnants of uniform and equipment in the foreground of the picture are all that was found of Jacobs, the poor fellow who was burned like a rat in a hole at the Wandsworth fire in 1889.

I will not enlarge upon this distressing subject. They were grand fellows all of them, worthy of our reverence and respect.

There are many more like them, and if



A PROMPT RESCUE—USING THE CHAIR KNOT.

RECEIVING SUPERINTENDENTS' REPORTS.

this gruesome illustration reminds our readers that our firemen are every bit as deserving of praise as Thomas Atkins or Jack Tar it will not have been published in vain.

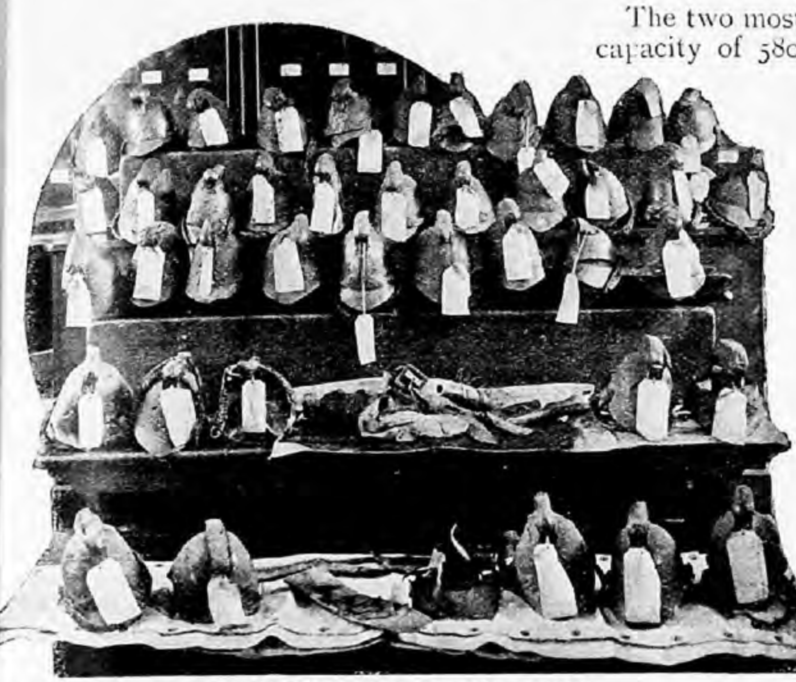
Improvements are constantly being made in the apparatus of the brigade. There is a tendency to do away with the canvas shute once generally used on fire escapes. Commander Wells believes in ladders. He is striving to horse all escapes, an advantage which must strike the most casual observer of fire brigade work. At the present moment experiments are being made with telephonic street alarms. In the ordinary street alarm you smash the glass, press the button, which rings a bell in the nearest station, and wait till the engine comes. By the new plan it will be possible to speak directly through a telephone to the superintendent of the nearest station—an enormous advantage.

Needless to say the telegraphic and telephonic arrangements of the brigade are the most perfect in the world. One of our illustrations shows the gigantic switchboard, which directly connects the chief officer with the sixty odd stations situated all over London. The men at the tables are engaged in receiving the daily reports sent to the chief officer by the district superintendents.

The canteen van is now taken to every great fire. Formerly, when the men were working drenched to the skin for twelve or thirteen hours on end, they had no means of obtaining much-needed refreshment.

Commander Wells has altered all that. If the conflagration is one likely to keep the brigade going for some hours, the

DUMMY FIRE AT HEADQUARTERS, WITH REAL SMOKE.


HELMETS OF FIRE BRIGADE HEROES.

canteen takes up a convenient position and serves out hot cocoa or hot tea and other light refreshments.

What a benefit this is only those who have been on fire duty know.

Much more might be said of this, the most interesting of our public services, but my space is limited. I have not even room to deal with the floating fire stations and engines on the River Thames, worthy in themselves of an article.

The two most powerful steamers have a capacity of 580 gallons per minute, the ordinary engines 360 gallons per minute.

The horses are the finest in the world, and, as most people know, they stand on duty ready harnessed. The weight of collar and harness is taken off the animals by means of a mechanical contrivance which swings upward immediately the alarm bell is rung.

In the superintendent's room there is a huge map of London. It is dotted with little spots coloured red, green, and blue. The red marks denote what are called by the brigade "working fires," *i.e.* where engines have been used. The green spots indicate small fires, and there are left a host of yellow marks—in some districts there are dozens within a few hundred yards of each other.

I regret to say that they represent "malicious false alarms." The punishment for wilfully playing a trick of this kind is a fine of £20 or three months' imprisonment.

In conclusion, I may tell those who are fond of figures that there are in the service of the Metropolis 235 escapes, 59 steam fire engines, 70 manuals, 115 hose carts, 36 miles of hose, 8 steam tugs, 12 barges, 5 floating stations, 8 floating engines, 12 skiffs, 5 long fire ladders, 7 ladder vans, 156 watch boxes, 159 horses, 114 telephone lines between stations, 592 fire alarm call points, and a host of other apparatus too numerous to mention.

THE FIRE BRIGADE CANTEEN.

HOW THE MINISTER'S NOTES WERE RECOVERED.

THE STORY OF A BIT OF DIPLOMACY.

By Beatrice Heron-Maxwell.

Illustrated by Fred Pegram.

"It is like this, Frederic," said the United States Minister, button-holing Sir Frederic Rawnsley, and leading him to a deserted cosy-corner, "I am in a nasty hole! It must not be known, of course, but a slip of paper containing some important notes has got lost, and I have a horrible misgiving that it may have slipped inside the despatch we have just sent to Lord Westfaling. It won't do to ask, because it will only ensure their attention being attracted to it if it's there, and will betray our own laxity if it's not. Yet it must be found. What would you do?"

Sir Frederic thought for a moment; under his trivial exterior were some brains, as the Minister knew well.

"I should place the whole matter in the hands of Berend," he said, decisively.

The Minister looked dissatisfied.

"A mere lad, and quite raw," he said; "he has only been with us two days."

"I knew his father," continued Sir Frederic; "one of the cleverest Secretaries who ever handled a Legation. He would have made his mark if he had not died too soon. This boy is exactly like him. I fancy he will do well."

Some guests were entering: a private discussion was no longer possible. The American Minister wandered away, still dissatisfied and irresolute.

Half an hour later he crossed the ball-room, with the young attaché at his heels, and made his way to a girl in white, who was the centre of attraction there.

"You are interested in diplomacy, Lady Anstiss," he said; "may I present to you our latest arrival, Mr. Julius Berend?—Lady Anstiss Carlyon."

The girl raised a pair of lovely, indifferent eyes, and bowed; the Minister moved away as though the introduction were a matter of casual insignificance.

A few steps further on he stopped and glanced back.

Mr. Berend, his face devoid of expression, though he had just been introduced to the most beautiful girl in Brussels, was looking down silently.

Lady Anstiss, her shoulder turned to him, was bestowing her slow, sweet smile, the smile that had already made her famous as a beauty, on someone in the distance.

"What stage of acquaintanceship must one reach," he said, gravely, "before being promoted to the honour of a smile from Lady Anstiss Carlyon?"

She looked a little annoyed.

"Some people never reach it," she answered; "the majority in fact. I reserve it for my personal friends—and they are few."

"I am glad to hear it," said Mr. Berend. "I hate majorities: to escape from them is something worth striving for. To me a barrier of any sort is delightful; it arouses a corresponding amount of energy; and indolence is my detestation and my failing at the same time."

Lady Anstiss made a little gesture of impatience. This sententious boy was going to be a bore, and to give her the trouble of crushing him. Her programme, dangling from her fan, attracted his attention; he raised it and took the pencil, saying, "May I have the pleasure? Which dance?"

There were still two vacant places on the card; Lady Anstiss did not intend them for a chance-comer.

"I am sorry——" she began; but quite courteously he interrupted her.

"I should have preferred a waltz," he said; "but I am fortunate to find you disengaged at all," and wrote his name down.

Lady Anstiss looked at him critically as he did so.

A young man of middle height, with a graceful figure, and a face that might be called blameless, so inoffensive were the features and colouring. Fair, youthful-looking, with an air of mild freshness about it that seemed peculiarly unsuited to his profession. A partner claimed Lady Anstiss before she had made up her mind precisely how to subdue this apparently unconscious offender.

"Lord Westfaling is still away, and can't have had your despatch yet; so if Berend can get round Lady Anstiss," said Sir Frederic Rawnsley, with oracular significance, a little later, "the thing might be worked somehow."

The American Minister shook his head. "If!" he repeated. "There is a very wide margin for probability, I am afraid."

"I don't know," replied Sir Frederic. "Women move the levers nowadays, though men make 'em. Westfaling gives in to her in everything. If she insisted on his retiring from political life to-morrow, he would do it."

"'YOU ARE INTERESTED IN DIPLOMACY, LADY ANSTISS. MAY I PRESENT TO YOU OUR LATEST ARRIVAL?' SAID THE AMERICAN MINISTER."

Nevertheless, and in spite also of the fact that Lady Anstiss was dancing for the second time that night with Mr. Berend, the Minister still felt as hopeless at the conclusion of the Diplomatic Ball as he had at its commencement.

The day following the ball happened to be the occasion of a weekly reception at Lord Westfaling's, where the part of hostess was played by his only daughter, Lady Anstiss Carlyon. She was at home from four to seven, and it was as the clock struck the former hour that her first visitor was announced—Mr. Julius Berend.

She had parted from him the night before still undecided as to the precise nature and extent of his offence, and the precise measure of punishment. His presumption appeared to be involuntary, as in the case of his calling so early—a privilege he ought to have hesitated to take.

She greeted him with the faintest perceptible effort of memory, as though she hardly recalled who Mr. Julius Berend was; but he was so little disconcerted that the reproof was wasted, and he took the chair nearest to her, which was unnecessary. She felt, in the few moments' conversation that ensued, as though she were a skilled fencer foiling the aimless thrusts of a tyro who did not know he was fencing.

Presently she handed him some tea, and in accepting it he calmly detained her fingers with his left hand.

"Pardon me," he said, "is that a genuine scarabæus in your ring? If so, it is a very perfect specimen."

"My father gave it to me," she said, coldly, "and he believes it to be a real one, but I cannot answer for its genuineness."

She attempted to withdraw her fingers; really, this young man was impossible.

But he still held them with firm gentleness, and having placed his cup of tea on a table, he now ventured to touch the ring with his right forefinger.

"Singular!" he said. "I thought I knew the genus scarabæus fairly well, but I do not remember seeing an intaglio quite like this before. May I——" He was about to draw the ring off.

"I would rather not," Lady Anstiss said, hastily, while his audacity brought the slightest addition of rose-flush to her cheek. "My father placed the ring there himself on my last birthday."

Again she strove to release her hand, and her eyes—grey eyes, with depths of violet in them—darkened with surprised vexation.

This young man seemed incapable of appreciating his own transcendent presumption. He was still replacing the ring, when the door, opening wide and swiftly, disclosed another visitor.

"Lady Lomond!" announced the footman; and a Scotchwoman, of ready eye and potent tongue, entered. The hand of Lady Anstiss was her own again simultaneously; but she rose to greet the newcomer with an uncomfortable sensation of having been caught and compromised.

Her hope that the situation had escaped Lady Lomond's notice was shattered with the first words.

"Palmistry?" inquired that lady, briefly, with a glance at Mr. Berend.

Lady Anstiss smiled with outward composure, but with inward rage.

"Oh, no!" she said; "this is Mr. Berend, who is learned in Egyptian lore, and doubts the quality of my scarabæus."

But even as she said it, she rebelled against all that her words must imply.

It would seem to Mr. Berend that she was acknowledging his right to have held her hand, to have behaved in fact unpardonably; that she was mitigating, explaining, condoning the offence all in one breath, and leaguing herself, as it were, with him against any insinuations that Lady Lomond might make.

Whether Mr. Berend perceived the situation or not it was impossible to tell.

He handed some tea to Lady Lomond, made one of his subtly inane remarks, and took his leave, saying, as he bowed over Lady Anstiss's hand, which he pressed more closely than the farewell warranted—

"I should like to feel quite certain about that scarabæus. Perhaps you will let me examine it again at leisure another day; it is exceedingly interesting to me."

And under the watchful eyes of the most ruthless scandal-promoter in Brussels, Lady Anstiss was obliged to assent, to appear quite friendly and at ease with him, when all the time she felt every word he uttered as a fresh provocation.

"Quite new, is he not?" said Lady Lomond; "that is, out here, I mean. An old friend of yours, no doubt?" Which was embarrassing when Lady Anstiss was secretly making up her mind to cut him dead from that moment.

The door reopened before she answered, and Mr. Berend was back again.

"I forgot," he said, "I am the bearer of a message to Lord Westfaling. Might I give it to him personally?"

"My father is away for three days," replied Lady Anstiss; "I thought General Standish was aware of that."

She intended a reproof, and this time Mr. Berend did not ignore it.

"Quite so," he answered; "my message was not from my chief; it was of a more private nature. Perhaps I might be permitted to have Lord Westfaling's address, or if I might send a note here could it be forwarded?"

"We are not forwarding any letters to him this time; they would only have missed him, perhaps," she answered, "but if you write here he will receive it on arrival."

"Thanks," said Mr. Berend, laconically, and took his final departure.

"HE CALMLY DETAINED HER FINGERS WITH HIS LEFT HAND."

For thirty-six hours Lady Anstiss did not see him again, and during that period, in the intervals between her social distractions, the thought of him recurred so often that at last she positively wished to see him. She intended to show him plainly that he had transgressed, that she was not to be approached in the easy fashion he had adopted, and that the idea of friendship between them was quite out of the question.

She meant, in fact, to snub him as never had any young rising diplomat been snubbed before.

Armed with these pleasant resolutions, she felt really gratified when, at a dinner to which she had gone under Lady Lomond's chaperonage, she found that Mr. Berend was sitting on her left hand.

She was fully prepared for any advances he might make, and it took her some time to realise that he was evidently not going to make any at all.

He acknowledged her presence with polite gravity, and thereafter devoted himself to the lady on his other side, taking part also in the general conversation at table, and taking it well, but never once addressing a remark to Lady Anstiss.

She found herself listening to his conversation, acknowledging with unwillingness that it was clever, and betrayed no immaturity such as his face suggested; finally she began to feel piqued that he should ignore her, and to think that if Lady Lomond noticed it, that good lady would be sure to weave a new romance from his conduct.

After dinner the same thing occurred. Mr. Berend, without seeming to do so in any marked manner, contrived to avoid

her, and, strange to say, this chafed her, although she was surrounded all the evening by other men.

It vexed her, too, that Mr. Berend should appear to be concentrating himself on Lady Lomond, and Lady Anstiss wondered that he should be content to listen to such lengthy discourse from a woman who was nothing if she was not gossiping.

She felt a sort of relief when at last the moment for departure came, and, passing Mr. Berend with the slightest bow as he held the door open, swept downstairs in a less equable frame of mind than was her wont. To her surprise, when she followed Lady Lomond down the steps to the carriage, Mr. Berend, running lightly after them, jumped in too.

"I asked Mr. Berend to come with us," said Lady Lomond, "because if you do not mind I should like you to drive me home first, and I thought he could then escort you on to the Rue de la Place." The smile which accompanied this remark conveyed that she thought she had done a very clever and acceptable thing in giving these two an opportunity for a *tête-à-tête.*

"Thanks," responded Lady Anstiss, stiffly, "but I am afraid that will be taking Mr. Berend quite out of his way; and I am accustomed to drive alone often."

The matter, however, appeared to be settled, and she could only invoke silent anathemas on Lady Lomond's head for her officiousness, and determine that she would match Mr. Berend in behaviour, and would ignore him even when they were left to each other's society. But she reckoned without her host.

For, the moment after Lady Lomond had entered her own house and the carriage had started again, Mr. Berend, calmly taking the vacant place beside Lady Anstiss, said in an earnest tone, quite different from his usual one—

"I have longed for and yet dreaded this moment. Lady Anstiss, I felt to-night that there was only one subject I could speak to you about, and that I did not care to touch on it in the presence of others. It is a matter of indifference to you, but to me it is not only a serious one —it is a very distressing one."

He paused; and she tried to remember some of the chill and cutting remarks with which she had intended to show him how great was the distance that divided them.

But she had been wholly unprepared for this new method of advance, and, as only irrelevant replies occurred to her, she contented herself with silence.

"I am going away," he continued, "to-morrow."

"Going away," she echoed, involuntarily; "you have only just come. How is that?"

"I have pledged myself to fulfil a certain task in a certain space of time; the time ends to-morrow morning, and the task is uncompleted. Therefore I shall leave Brussels in the afternoon. Failure is quite as insupportable to me as to those above me. But I should not mind it so much if it were not for two things."

Again he paused, and again she was silent. They were nearing the Rue de la Place now; he knew that a few moments more only remained to him.

"You do not ask what they are," he said, with reproach, "and you will probably add it to my other iniquities if I tell you. Yet, Lady Anstiss, I must tell you."

His manner was strangely eager; she wished that she could feel more annoyed at it than she did.

"One reason is because when I leave Brussels I feel like the moth who goes out into the dark night and who longs to be fluttering his wings still round the light that dazzled him, that would have scorched him if he could have reached it. And the other—may I tell you the other?"

"You have not waited for my permission so far," she answered, half petulantly, half relentingly.

"There is no time to wait," he said; "the other is that I have added to my failure an unnecessary piece of stupidity which I deplore, and which is all the more aggravating because it is not yet irretrievable."

"What do you mean, Mr. Berend?" Her voice sounded softened even to herself; yet she had not quite intended it.

"I mean that it is in your power to do me an inestimable service; to soften my disgrace, and give me, in fact, another chance with the powers that be. I wrote a note —the note of which I spoke to you—to your father, on a private matter; and at the same time I was copying an important and strictly private paper for my chief. An important and strictly private paper is now missing, and the question is, could it by any carelessness have been placed in the envelope directed to Lord Westfaling. If so——" He made an expressive gesture of hopelessness.

"But what can I do?" She looked at

"'IT IS IN YOUR POWER TO SOFTEN MY DISGRACE.'"

him in real astonishment. This strange young man had the faculty of exciting interest, certainly, as well as displeasure.

"You can allow me to open my own letter—in your presence—to seal it up again, after taking out the accidental enclosure if it is there, and so to retrieve what will otherwise be a very disastrous piece of bad luck."

"I do not see how it would be possible for me to do this," she said, after a moment's thought; "my father returns at ten to-morrow; I should find it difficult to explain it to him, to give him a sufficient reason for having ventured to interfere with his letters."

"If you would allow me to call and say good-bye to you at a quarter to ten," he pleaded, "in any case it would be a favour that I should prize immensely, and it is the last I shall ever ask of you."

It was extraordinary! This was in reality only the third time she had seen him, yet he was speaking to her with all the force and fervour of a long-tried lover.

And the amazement she felt at him was equalled by that which she felt at herself; for, to her own surprise, she was neither indifferent nor resentful. There was a magnetic force about him which carried all before it. They had turned into the Rue de la Place; a moment more and they must part.

"A mere formal visit of farewell," Mr. Berend urged. "Lady Anstiss, you do not know what it means to me, or you would not hesitate. It is not only my career—it is my life!"

The carriage had stopped—the footman had opened the door; before she had time to answer, Mr. Berend had descended and was handing her out.

"Then I will call shortly before ten to-morrow," he said, in a clear voice, "to see if you have any messages for England. Good night, Lady Anstiss."

He was away up the street, and she was in her own boudoir before she realised that she had tacitly granted his request.

And the feeling of annoyance with him that had been hers a few hours before was gone; in its place was one of pity for this daring young man whose essay in diplomacy had come to an untimely end.

He was of course nothing—less than nothing to her, but it would seem too unkind to refuse to see him in the morning.

She went to sleep at last, still undecided as to what she would or would not do.

But Mr. Julius Berend was troubled by no misgivings, and when he presented himself at a quarter to ten the next morning, a flicker of satisfaction tempered the pensive sadness of his gaze.

She was in the garden, and as he stepped out through the French windows towards her he thought—as he had thought

on the night of his introduction to her—that for such a face as this, and such a smile, he would go to the end of the world.

And she? A grave sweetness had taken the place of her former manner to him, and she said, after giving him her hand, "Mr. Berend, I have been thinking over what you asked me, and—I think I can make it right with my father. You will promise me, of course, not to take anything out of the letter that ought to remain there?"

"A LOOSE PAPER FLUTTERED TO THE FLOOR."

"I promise," he answered, quietly.

They went into the library together, and she brought him the tray of letters that were awaiting Lord Westfaling's arrival.

He drew a long envelope from his pocket, an official one, already addressed to Lord Westfaling.

"It matches this," he said, "the one I want to open."

There were two similar envelopes amongst the pile of correspondence. He selected one, opened it, and, taking out the contents, shook them, stooped to pick up a loose paper that fluttered from them to the floor, and then placed them in the fresh envelope he had brought.

"May I seal this?" he asked. He had brought an official seal with him.

She brought him sealing wax and taper.

"Thanks," he said, when this was finished. "The paper was there, as I thought. I am glad to have retrieved it."

He folded it up, and put it, with the old envelope, into his pocket.

"Good-bye." He was holding out his hand to her quite coolly.

She felt hurt, disappointed. She would have deprecated his gratitude for the service she had rendered him, but the absence of its expression chilled her.

"Good-bye." She gave him her hand.

He clasped it for an instant, then raised it, saying, "We did not settle the vexed question of the ring. I am inclined, now I see it again, to think it is a genuine old scarabæus."

A sudden access of shyness, strange and new, came to her. The coldness of his voice did not match the warm clasp of his hand, the nearness of his approach.

She felt that the colour was mounting to her cheeks, and turned her face aside to hide it. And the next instant she felt the touch of his lips on her hair just where it swept away from her white neck.

"Mr. Berend!" she said, breathlessly, and would have started away, but he still held her hand.

"You can either never forgive me," he said, quickly, "or you must do so fully and freely. There can be no half measures between us any longer."

She was speechless; a storm of mixed feelings possessed her.

"I set myself to win you from the first moment that I saw you," he continued, impetuously. "The other task was nothing. I determined it should be both or neither with me. The failure that I spoke of to you last night is redeemed, and I am no longer under a cloud. It was a question of my word, and I have kept it. But for you I should not have done so. My fate is in your hands entirely."

Still no answer.

He drew her a little closer. "I have seen you four times," he went on, "and each time I have said to myself, 'There is only one woman in the world for me, and she is so sweet and lovely and perfect, that I dare only say good-bye to her—unless she tells me to stay.' Anstiss, good-bye!"

There was a stir in the house, and steps approaching in the hall. Lord Westfaling had returned, and was coming to the library. Mr. Berend released the hand he held, and Lady Anstiss turned in confusion to greet her father at the door.

"This is Mr. Berend, of the United States Embassy, father," she said. "He has brought a letter for you. It is there amongst your other ones."

She could not look at him; she was still in a tumult of indecision. Mr. Julius Berend had shaken hands with her father, apologising for his early call, and was saying to her—

"I am going to town this afternoon on business. May I call again at a more opportune moment on my return?"

She lifted her eyes to his, and he saw that he had won her.

"Yes," she said, simply; and with a bow he was gone.

"A nice-looking young fellow," commented her father, leisurely turning over his letters. "Son of Max Berend, I suppose. Very clever and smart, I am told."

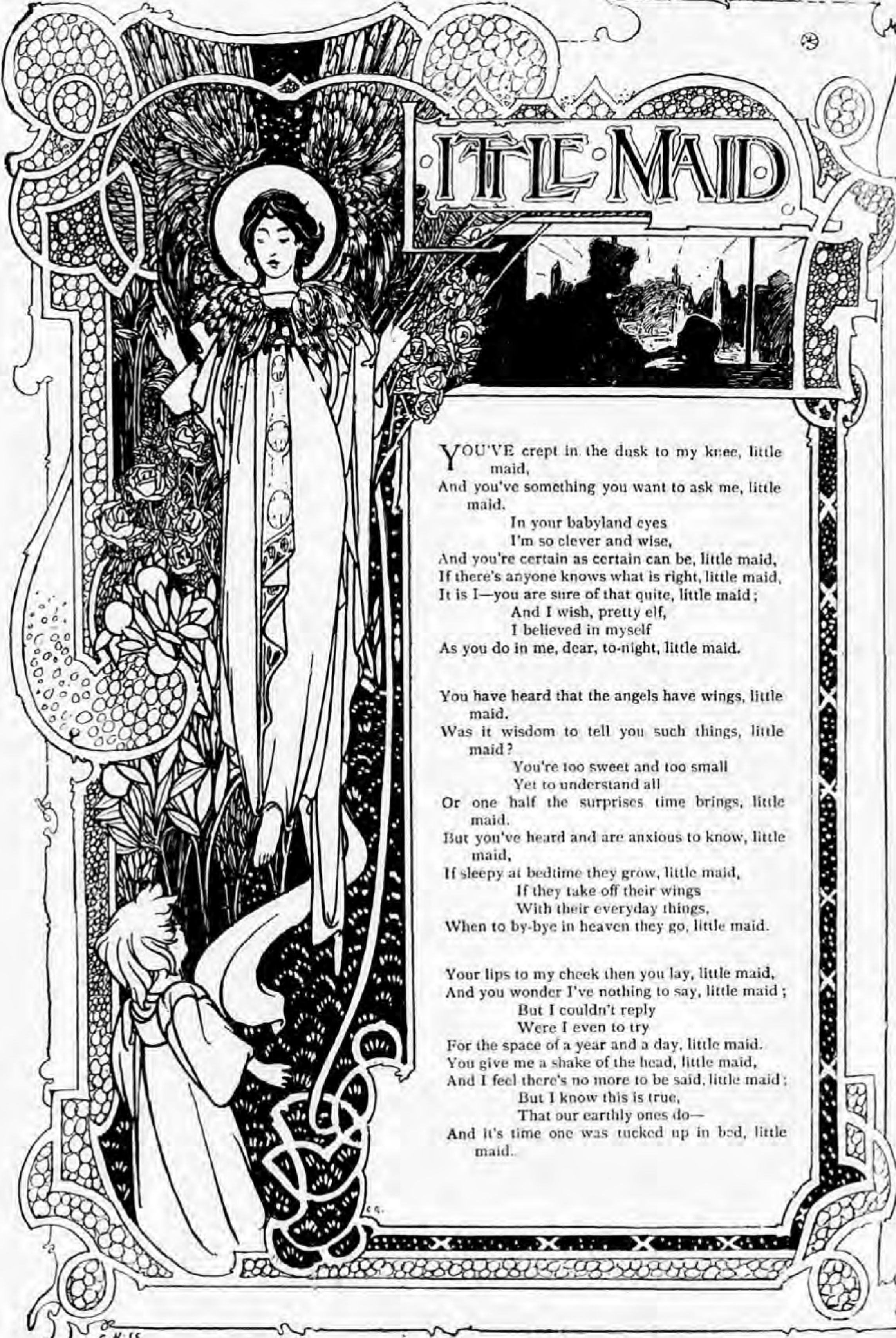
* * * * *

"I told you you could not do better than pin your faith on Berend," said Sir Frederic Rawnsley to the United States Minister, a few days afterwards. "He managed that little affair for you very cleverly; and seems to be managing another little affair very cleverly, too."

He put up his eyeglass to watch the greeting between Mr. Julius Berend and Lady Anstiss Carlyon.

"Lady Lomond tells me it is almost a settled thing," he remarked. "And, after all, Anstiss might do a good deal worse. Berend will never stop half way; he is bound to reach the top of the tree."

"SHE LIFTED HER EYES TO HIS, AND HE SAW THAT HE HAD WON HER."



Little Maid

YOU'VE crept in the dusk to my knee, little
maid,
And you've something you want to ask me, little
maid.
In your babyland eyes
I'm so clever and wise,
And you're certain as certain can be, little maid,
If there's anyone knows what is right, little maid,
It is I—you are sure of that quite, little maid;
And I wish, pretty elf,
I believed in myself
As you do in me, dear, to-night, little maid.

You have heard that the angels have wings, little
maid.
Was it wisdom to tell you such things, little
maid?
You're too sweet and too small
Yet to understand all
Or one half the surprises time brings, little
maid.
But you've heard and are anxious to know, little
maid,
If sleepy at bedtime they grow, little maid,
If they take off their wings
With their everyday things,
When to by-bye in heaven they go, little maid.

Your lips to my cheek then you lay, little maid,
And you wonder I've nothing to say, little maid;
But I couldn't reply
Were I even to try
For the space of a year and a day, little maid.
You give me a shake of the head, little maid,
And I feel there's no more to be said, little maid;
But I know this is true,
That our earthly ones do—
And it's time one was tucked up in bed, little
maid.

PHOTOGRAPHIC LIES.

PROVING THE USELESSNESS OF THE CAMERA AS A WITNESS.

THERE is a popular notion abroad that the art of photography is a first cousin to George Washington, and cannot tell a lie. The wider knowledge of the art, due to its adoption by hundreds of thousands of amateurs as a hobby, has largely shown the fallaciousness of this belief. Yet photographic fakes of a most absurdly simple nature still continue to impose upon the credulity of thousands of people, among the number being many who have gone so far as to accept such inventions as irrefutable evidence, in their ignorance of the possibilities of this, perhaps, the most elastic of all arts.

A striking instance of this is seen in the so-called "spirit" photographs, published some years ago by Mr. W. T. Stead. The brilliant editor of the *Review of Reviews*, a deep believer in spirit manifestations, argued that these photographs afforded the most conclusive proofs of the playful habit spooks have of returning to the scenes of their earthly labours.

He said that they were on the photographic plate, and, that being so, they must have been there "in the flesh," or "in the fog," as Mark Twain has it.

Unfortunately, this apparently conclusive argument was completely upset by Mr. Labouchere, who possessed a greater knowledge of the ways of photographs and photographers than his colleague, and explained how it was done.

As a matter of fact, the photographic ghost is an easily explained phenomenon, and any amateur can turn out creepy spooks by the thousand at the expense of a little time and patience.

A photograph is absolutely inadmissible as evidence of anything, unless it is proved conclusively that it was in nowise faked after being taken.

The faking can be carried on almost to any extent. In fact, nothing is impossible to the clever knight of the camera.

If a photographer wished to show that you were in a particular street at a certain time, he could do it with the greatest ease, notwithstanding that you were a thousand miles away at the moment in question.

If he wished to prove that your dog or

A RAILWAY IN HOLBORN, LONDON!

pony had trespassed on his flowerbeds, it would be a simple matter to do so, and if cleverly done I doubt if the "fake" could be detected.

A GHOST WHICH WAS NOT A GHOST.

Anyway, I have seen many faked photographs that experienced photographers themselves were at a loss to explain.

In this article I propose to give some examples of extraordinary faked photographs, and explain to some extent how they are done. In each case they have been specially prepared for the illustration of this article, and amateur photographers who read this might do worse than copy them.

Many of these required considerable technical skill and inventive resource.

These qualities are exhibited to a high degree in the illustration of the railway in Holborn, for while we are glad that an electric train is to run *under* Holborn, no living or dead man has ever seen a train in Holborn itself. Such fakes occupy a considerable time in manufacture.

While the explanation is simple, the carrying out of this fake was a matter of some difficulty.

First a picture of a railway junction was taken. Then it was necessary to take a photograph of Holborn. This in itself is a simple enough matter, but in this case it was necessary to obtain a picture of exactly the same scale, in order that the railway lines might be fitted to appear as a natural part of the picture.

This was only managed after several ineffectual shots. Then the latter negative was placed in the printing frame with the roadway masked. When sufficiently printed the railway negative was placed in the frame on the same paper. That part of Holborn already printed was masked, and thus the rails were printed in the space where the roadway should have been. The result will make Londoners rub their eyes.

The two ghost photographs are specially calculated to puzzle not a few who are unacquainted with the tricks of the art. Like most puzzling things, they are simplicity itself when explained. There is not a suspicion of mystery about them. By the same method any amateur may manufacture a whole gallery of family ghosts for his delectation.

The invocation of our ghosts was on this wise.

A nice, quiet, suitable sort of churchyard not a dozen miles from London was chosen, and, with a couple of assistants, I hied myself to it one bright and anything but ethereal morning.

First, the lady was posed till we were satisfied that she looked scared enough for a ghost to be turned on. A second later my other assistant, with the best dining-room tablecloth thrown over his head, came on the scene, glided with healthy earthly steps to a pre-arranged spot, and took up his position.

Snap went the pneumatic shutter. The photographic plate, one of an extremely rapid variety, was exposed for the space of a second, and the ghost hid himself behind the camera and took off his tablecloth. The lady meanwhile remained in the same position, and directly the ghost disappeared, snap went the shutter again on her. So in the interval of nine seconds this wonder was perpetrated.

Those who have not dabbled in photography will require a further explanation of the need of two exposures of the same plate. In the first place, then, I assume that everybody knows that a photograph is the result of light acting on a glass plate coated with a sensitive preparation. When the photographer says, "Now then, a smile, please. Thank you. Steady," you may have noticed that he touches an indiarubber ball. This is a pneumatic release, which momentarily exposes the plate to the light. In that brief period the light eats or rots the sensitive material, at the same time faithfully imprinting upon it an exact image of whatever may be before it.

Now the whole secret of successful photography may be said to depend on this exposure being of the right length. If it is too short, the light has insufficient time to clearly impress the plate with the picture. If it is too long, the image will be too dense.

So much technique is necessary to a proper explanation of ghost pictures. Now the one second exposure given to our friend the ghost was much too short a time in which to obtain a good portrait of him, but quite long enough to obtain a faint shadowy image, which was just the thing desired.

On obtaining this he quietly walks out of the picture, and we then open the plate for another eight seconds, which is just long enough to obtain a clear and normal photograph of the rest of the picture, including the startled sitter, who has not moved in the meantime. And what is of still greater importance, it gives sufficient time for the foliage and end of the seat to impress themselves through the first picture, and so produce that shadowy transparent texture beloved of all aristocratic varieties of the ghost species.

The tombstone spirit was produced in the same way, a second exposure being given to the tomb, the grass, and the ivy-covered wall behind.

PROVING A MAN TO BE TRANSPARENT.

It will be seen that the ghost picture is a particularly simple example of the "fake" photograph.

In the beginning of this article I spoke of the futility of admitting the photograph as evidence.

To prove my assertion, I have been at some pains to prepare a faked photograph that will show how a subject might be "doctored" and put in as conclusive proof.

I have assumed, for the purpose of this example, that a prisoner charged with an offence, say in the North of England, has sought to set up an alibi by

producing a portrait of a street in which he himself is seen. For the sake of argument, we will say that the photograph was taken by a friend who is prepared to swear that the picture was made on the day of the crime. Supposing this to be the case, if the photograph were accepted as evidence it would undoubtedly be instrumental in getting the accused off.

Now such a picture might readily be faked so as to deceive the most experienced. In order to realise this, you have only to glance at the photograph on this page.

The scene is a street at Richmond, and in the foreground two men are standing. If you look at them for a moment you will observe that they are in reality one and the same person. As we have not yet discovered a method of creating a double, it is perfectly clear that one at least of these figures has been "faked" or printed into the original photograph, and I don't know that it is very clear which.

As a matter of fact the one on the left-hand side was taken in the original picture, and the other is faked. Two figures of the same individual are shown, because, had we published one, and stated that the other was "printed in," it is possible some people might question the statement.

SHOWING HOW A MAN CAN BE IN TWO PLACES AT ONCE.

As it is, the duplicate clinches the matter, and the obvious deduction is that if one photograph can be faked in this manner, so can another.

However, we doubt if photographers, amateur or otherwise, were ever guilty of using their knowledge of fakes for any purpose other than that of amusement, and that indeed was our idea in shedding light on this comparatively unknown subject.

By the simple expedient of faking in the printing operation you may do what you will with friend or foe.

Cecil Rhodes may shake hands with Oom Paul, and the nation may be persuaded that they have forgotten their little amenities. It is only necessary to obtain suitable photographs of the two, the rest is comparatively simple.

The figure in the bottle would in the middle ages have burned its creator at the stake, but there is no witchcraft in it in reality. Indeed, it is one of the simplest photographic freaks to produce. In this case the figure is printed somewhat deeply on paper in the usual way, except that a mask of paper is cut to fit all round it to keep the remaining portion of the sensitive paper from contact with the light. When the print is deep enough it is taken out of

the printing-frame, then placed behind a negative of the bottle, and a light print is made, with the result that the effect shown in the illustration is produced.

AN EXTRAORDINARY MIXTURE.

Few, save those who have had practice in instantaneous photography, realise the enormous rapidity necessary to the successful portraying of rapid movement by means of the camera.

One of the most interesting experiments in trick photography is that devoted to the evolving of composite portraits. The production of a successful composite practically means the creation of a new face. The method is similar to that employed in the making of ghost pictures. It is necessary to obtain, say, four portraits—the more used the greater the difficulty. These are all photographed one over the other on the same plate. The difficulty consists in regulating the exposures, that photographed first requiring a longer exposure than the next, and so on through the series. The example we give is a composite of photographs of well-known actors, and the face contains portraits of Sir Henry Irving and Mr. Forbes Robertson.

The composite photograph has been of great scientific value in determining the characteristic predominant features of different types of physiognomy. Our illustration is an excellent example of the typical actor's face.

A well-known professor recently composed a series of these types. One was a face containing the portraits of twelve eminent mathematicians; another contained portraits of sixteen notable naturalists.

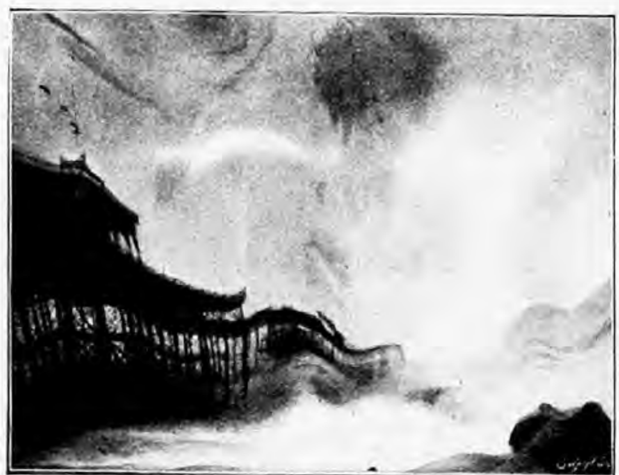
Very extraordinary photographic freaks often result from mere accident. On the next page is given a picture of Hastings pier in a storm. A very good negative was obtained in the first instance, but unfortunately when developed it was placed on the oven to dry. The heat contracted the sensitive film of the negative, and when printed it presented the curious appearance seen in the illustration.

As a picture of a storm it is splendid, surpassing in exaggeration anything ever invented by the resourceful Munchausen.

COMPOSITE PORTRAIT OF WELL-KNOWN ACTORS.

"A Study in Boots" is an excellent example of one of the most effective methods of photographic faking. Like many things which border on the marvellous, it is as simple as A B C. The explanation is that when taking the photograph the operator used a short focus lens and made a point of specially focussing the boots instead of the picture as a whole. The result was that the rest of the figure was thrown out of focus, and consequently out of proportion.

This effect is only too well known to most beginners in the art, for it often appears unbidden in their early efforts, to the utter ruin of an otherwise good picture. Amateurs frequently spoil portraits of their friends in this way, the feet or hands appearing treble their proper size in the picture. The defect is usually the result of working with a lens of too short a focus. This explanation is somewhat technical for those who have not embraced the fascinating art, but it cannot be put in any other way.



HASTINGS PIER WHEN SUFFERING FROM HEAT.

There are many other possibilities in photographic faking. In fact, an amateur of an inventive disposition may evolve them *ad libitum*.

For example, there is the "long and short of it" style of fake, that will surely result in much amusement. By the use of concave and convex mirrors the face of a friend may be abnormally lengthened or widened in the portrait until it reminds one of the pictures displayed outside eating-houses, bearing the inscriptions, "Before dining at Z——'s," "After dining at Z——'s."

However, all these things are by way of amusement. I have never come across any deliberate case of photographic faking with intent to mislead or bear false witness; but, as I have already stated, what may be done for recreation is also possible of application in more serious affairs, and therefore it is a fallacy to suppose that a photograph cannot lie.

Very little has been done, comparatively speaking, in the direction of photograph faking. It is an amusement I can recommend to every devotee of the art; for there are few pastimes more completely fascinating.

A STUDY IN BOOTS.

B— and Shepherd, Calcutta, photo

SUTTEE CHOWRA GHAT, CAWNPORE, WHERE THE MASSACRE TOOK PLACE.

GASCOYNE'S TERRIBLE REVENGE.

A STORY OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

BY J. F. CORNISH.

Illustrated by Vereker M. Hamilton, R.P.E.

DINNER was preparing in the camp under the toon-trees which covered the foot-hills of the Himalayas.

Here, where the northern edge of the Terai was beginning to become more alpine in its character, the camp was pitched on the fringe of the jungle. Below were magnificent forests of sal, sisoon, and toon-trees; above, pine, spruce, and oak trees proclaimed a more tempered climate.

The spot had been chosen as healthy, well supplied with water, and because the best shooting in the district was fairly accessible from it.

As the Colonel sat in his tent, he saw emerging from the belt of jungle below an extraordinary figure. He called to the Captain and Subaltern, and they watched it as it advanced towards them. The shikaris and native bearers also paused in their various duties, and jabbered among themselves, intent on the approach of the solitary man.

"No Nepaulese, that," asserted the Captain.

"It's a white man," said the Subaltern.

"Wait," said the Colonel.

The figure drew nearer, and at last came into full view. Clad in native dress, weatherbeaten, brown, and lean, with a snow-white beard that swept to his girdle, looking as like a native as a native could look, there was a certain indefinable *something* about him which told these Englishmen that a compatriot stood before them. Yet, when the Colonel greeted him and bade him welcome to the camp, he stared vacantly and absently at him and made no reply, but squatted gravely on the ground.

The Subaltern quietly mixed a stiff peg and handed it to the stranger, who shook his head; but the Subaltern persisted, and at length he took the glass, looked at it gravely a moment, and then put it to his lips—paused, and then, drinking the whole at a draught, gravely held out the glass to the Subaltern. As he did so, the sleeve of his dress shortened, and his wrist and part of his forearm were bared. The Colonel went to the man, seized the slowly retreating arm, and, pushing the sleeve farther back, showed the others a device tattooed thereon in red and blue. It was two roses intertwined, and underneath the motto, "*Aucto splendore resurgo.*"

In great agitation the Colonel said, "What's your name, sir?"

The new-comer shook his head. But the Colonel, overcoming a passive resistance, dragged him to his feet, looked again at the device, and then closely scanned the face, on a level with his own. He turned pale under his bronze, dropped the hand

he held, and turning to the two others, devoured with curiosity, said—

"It's Gascoyne, of the 53rd!"

Then the man, speaking for the first time, said quietly, "Yes, I am Gascoyne," and, so speaking, collapsed on the grass at the Colonel's feet. They took him up and carried him into the largest tent, and after some time, following on the ministrations of the Subaltern, who had been initiated into Red Cross ways, he opened his eyes with a weary sigh, but the dull light in them changed to one of bright recognition, and looking at the Colonel he said—

"Ewan Campbell?"

"That's right, old fellow," said the Colonel, "God bless you, that's right, and you—you're Philip Gascoyne of the 53rd; but don't speak; drink this and then go to sleep, and we'll talk in the morning."

And, like an obedient child, the wanderer did as he was bid, and the drink had been so cunningly medicated by the Subaltern that he slept all that night and through many hours of the next day, the camp being commanded to absolute silence by the Colonel, who meanwhile explained to his wondering companions that this man who had quietly wandered into their midst had, as all thought, perished in the Massacre at Cawnpore.

"But," added the Colonel, "if he wakes in his senses, we shall doubtless hear something strange. He and I were pretty close friends, and he was engaged to one of the sweetest girls . . . . She was butchered by the order of Nana Sahib."

At that moment the servant who had been left in charge of the recovered Gascoyne came up and told them that the Sahib was awake and was asking to see the Colonel. In a moment the three men stood by the side of the wanderer's bed.

"How are you now, Gascoyne?" said the Colonel. "Had a good sleep?"

Gascoyne's eyes turned inquiringly to the other two.

"We're shooting up here, you know," replied the Colonel to his look. "This is Cameron," indicating the Captain, "and Dogan of the 74th—so you're among friends, old fellow."

He smiled, and said quietly, "It is many years since I heard the voice of a friend," and held out his hand, which the Colonel took and pressed.

"I feel very feeble," he resumed.

"We'll doctor you up all right. Dogan knows all the rigs of the medicine man."

Gascoyne protested with a feeble shake of the head.

"No, no," he said, "my mission's ended—but thank God I've met you fellows before going out." He paused, and then went on again, "I have something to tell you; but first tell me, was any attempt made to find the devil who—who——"

"I know whom you mean," said the Colonel, "Nana Sahib, the man who gave orders for the massacre at Cawnpore. Yes, every effort was made, and a very large reward was offered, but I am sorry to say he was never captured, and his fate remains a mystery to this day."

"I can clear that mystery for you," said the sick man, smiling grimly; and then with many pauses he told his three wondering listeners the tale I here set down as the Captain told it me:—

"England need not waste another wish for vengeance," Gascoyne said, "I have taken it. Listen. I was amongst those who, wearied out with famine, fatigue, and wounds, trusted to Nana's oath, and embarked on the boats

"HE SHOWED A DEVICE TATTOOED ON THE ARM IN RED AND BLUE."

only to be treacherously fired on and brought back, such of us as survived, to face death, with no chance of showing fight, and after our suffering to die, shot down like dogs. I had been wounded in the neck, and, though the wound was slight, it bled profusely and I was covered with the crimson stain. You, Campbell, knew Miss Lindsay?" His voice broke, and the Colonel nodded with bright eyes, but in silence. "She had been among the unhappy ladies brought kissed her on the cheek. The laugh died on his lips, for, maddened by all that had occurred, and by this last outrage, I sprang upon him, and, nerved with hate and passion, struck him with all my force under the ear.

"He fell as if shot, face downward into the shallow water, and lay there dead. Miss Lindsay turned, threw her arms around me, and with a sob buried her face on my shoulder. But though I had

"NERVED WITH HATE AND PASSION, I STRUCK HIM UNDER THE EAR."

back, and all my fears and agony of mind on her account utterly outbalanced any consideration for myself.

"Had all gone well, in a few short weeks we should have been married, but she was basely murdered in my very arms.

"After the fusilade which killed a number of people, our boat was the first to be brought back. As Miss Lindsay was stepping over the side she slipped and fell into the water. I sprang after to help her, when a ruffianly Sepoy seized her by the hair, which had become unfastened, and dragged her to her feet, and with a brutal laugh avenged her momentarily, my triumph was short, for a fellow named Survur Khan, whose brother it was that I had killed, with a cry of rage struck Miss Lindsay on the head with a club he carried, smashing her skull and covering me with her blood and brains. It was horrible, horrible, and with the horror of it I must have lost consciousness, for I remember no more until I found myself seated on the ground with others. You know what happened. By Nana's orders, after a momentary respite, we were shot by the cowardly miscreants, who would have fled in terror

from us, had we been unbound with weapons in our hands. But during that moment's pause I had been thinking, thinking, my heart seemed bursting in my body, my brain throbbed and reeled, my whole being was inflamed with the rage of anger and hatred that consumed me. Oh! if I were but free for a few moments to wreak a vengeance on these cowardly hounds, and die killing, killing.

"I resolved, if I could, to save my life, even at this moment, to live for *vengeance*. I watched every movement of our destroyers. I knew every dialect of the Indian language, and listened to every syllable they said. You know the story how, there and in cold blood, close to the well they shot us. At the instant the word of command was given, while the finger pressed the trigger, I sprang round and fell on my face unhurt. I feebly beat the ground with my feet, and then lay still.

"I heard groans, a few more shots, and then stillness. They came to me; one fellow turned me over and felt in my pockets. I had nothing; they tore open my shirt and took from my neck a light gold chain, with a locket containing Miss Lindsay's miniature. I would have given worlds to have jumped up, snatched the locket from him, and served him as I had served the butcher's brother; but I wanted a wider vengeance, and I restrained myself. To them I was dead. The fellow who had taken the locket kicked me disdainfully, and made a scurrilous remark about the Mem Sahib whose face he saw in it; but, even under that provocation, I was able to control myself.

"I knew, I felt, I should be able to take vengeance; how, I did not try to think, but I was certain of it; and I lay calm —calm as one who knows that nothing will stand between him and the desire of his heart. At length they went away and left us as we lay.

"That night, when all was still, and I only heard the howlings of the jackals without the walls, I began to think it time to make a move. I had lain for hours in the terrible sun—my limbs were racked by an agonising cramp, a maddening thirst parched my throat and vitals, my lips and tongue were baked and cracked, and my first movement gave me pain unspeakable; then as I moved again I heard a stealthy step, and a voice said very softly—

"'Is any Sahib or Mem Sahib alive?'

"I lay still. I knew the infernal treachery of these demons only too well, and gave no sign. In another moment I felt a hand on my breast. I controlled myself, I held my breath, but I could not still the beating of my heart. A voice whispered, as if of a person talking to himself—

"'This poor Sahib lives.'

"Then my head was raised, and in spite of my clenched teeth a few drops of some stimulant was forced into my mouth—which, cracked and parched, tasted nothing —I only felt the burning sensation of some powerful spirit.

"'Drink, sir,' said the voice; 'I am your friend; it will restore your strength.'

"I ventured to open my eyes. I saw bending over me a venerable form, and the face of a Brahmin I had seen before.

"'Do not fear, sir; I am Nanukchund; I have no part with these murderous men. But let us not talk; I will take you and hide you if it is possible that you can walk, but we must not be seen.'

"The thought of the possibility of living for the vengeance which had kept me alive through the horrors of that day nerved me afresh; the cramping pains that shot agony through my frame were forgotten; I almost stood upright, but Nanukchund pulled me down.

"'In the name of Budda, caution,' he whispered; 'there may be some who look; if I am seen it will be thought (and he shuddered) that I plunder the dead; but if you, then death will come for both. See, I go to the shadow of yonder house; lie still for a moment, and then crawl like the snake until you reach it; but first drink.'

"I drank, and the fire ran through my veins, and renewed my strength. He, looking to the right and to the left and crouching, soon gained the shadow he had indicated. After the lapse of what seemed an age, I began to crawl thither too, with pain and difficulty indescribable. At length I stood beside my rescuer.

"'Not yet are you safe,' said he, and from underneath his garments he produced a bundle. 'Put on this.' I unfolded it, and found a garment similar to his own, with cloth for a turban.

"In a few moments I had become a native. The bronze of my face, with added dust and blood, made my complexion dark as his own. In a few words I told him I was Captain Gascoyne of the 53rd.

"'Then,' said he, quickly, 'you can speak as one of us, and none can know any

difference.' From that moment, except on three occasions, I have spoken no English until now.

"Proceeding with infinite caution, once or twice scanned by straggling mutineers, all of whom were more or less under the influence of bhang, we at length reached his house, a secluded one by the river. There for some days I lay in a stupor of sleep, yet with the one idea of vengeance running like a dark thread through my slumbers, in which I saw again my poor girl's fair hair clotted with blood, and felt it clinging round my neck and face.

"When my weary limbs and brain were rested, I was able to talk to Nanukchund, my preserver. He told me much that of course you know—of the outbreak, of the excesses of the mutineers, which he deplored, for he knew how the reckoning would be, and that he was the friend of the Sahibs, and after we had been shot down, came to see if life remained in any of us.

"He was a far-sighted man, and he knew that the yoke these fiends were trying to throw off would be only the more strongly riveted round their necks, and he knew that the English raj was more wise, more just and merciful, than the divided tyrannies of their own Princes. One day he came to the room where I lay, and, with tears running down his face, told me with terror, lest I should rise up and slay him because of his kinship with such demons, of the massacre of the women and children by the order of the bastard Raja of Bithoor, Nana Sahib—how the Sepoys, commanded to shoot them, thrust their guns through the windows, and fired a volley over their heads, and then, sickened of the horror, refused to have anything more to do with it; and no one at first could be found to carry out the brute's orders, until at last Survur Khan, the butcher—the same who had killed my little Madge—volunteered for the murderous job. Then another monster was found, and with swords they went into the slaughter pen, Survur coming out to replace one sword he had broken, by another."

At this point of Gascoyne's narrative, so the Captain told me, the Colonel cried out,

"THE COLONEL CRIED OUT, 'FOR GOD'S SAKE, STOP.'"

"For God's sake, stop," and got up and went out of the tent, and Gascoyne said—

"Yes, I remember; he lost a wife and a little girl there."

And then the Captain and the Subaltern understood the Colonel's silence generally, and his fierce anger when he did speak of those days.

It was the next day before Gascoyne resumed his story.

"After Nanukchund's story," he went

on, "a dull feeling of hatred, mingled with my purpose of vengeance, took possession of me; and though I loathed the sight of a black face, I found myself under the necessity of assuming one myself. With great care I stained myself all over, and at length both Nanukchund and I were satisfied that my disguise was perfect.

"Some of our men had spent months among the natives undetected; and my own perfect knowledge of the languages spoken in the Gangetic districts, and of the habits and customs of the people, rendered me secure. To Nanukchund I said nothing of my project. So far as he knew, I was only going to join my countrymen wherever I could find them in force. I said good-bye to him, and promised, when things were settled, he should be gratefully remembered, and I gave him a letter that should have insured his safety in case our people laid hands on him. The next day I was one amongst the ruffians who had butchered my comrades and my countrywomen. That very night I had a chance of killing Survur Khan the butcher. I found him drunk in the doorway of a deserted house. No one was near. I dragged him inside. He laid like a log on the floor. I stood over him, and was about to plunge my knife into his heart, but I reflected.

"He would die insensible to his end; he would not know why he died. So I altered my mind, and on his forehead I made two deep incisions in the form of a cross. The brute moved and groaned, but he was too far under the influence of bhang to be conscious. When I next saw him, although the wound was covered by his turban, I knew by the look in his eyes there was a terror in his heart, which would remain with him until his hour came. The next day Nana retreated on Bithoor, accompanied by the Begum. Then after Futtehpore he retreated with about 3,000 followers into Nepaul, whither I accompanied him."

"From this," said the Colonel, "nothing certain of him was known."

"You shall hear now," said Gascoyne, and continued—

"From the first, dissensions and quarrels arose, which, with desertions, soon reduced their followers to half their number. With the remainder, for nearly two years Nana lived like an outlaw, moving from place to place, his followers slowly diminishing in numbers, from desertion and deaths, disease and hunger, for provisions were terribly scarce and dear. Nana and the Begum were both carried, whenever a move was made, in dhoolies, but now it began to be difficult to find bearers; and here my great opportunity opened for me.

"With the money supplied to me by Nanukchund I paid certain of the ablest-bodied bearers to become my servants. These I humbly placed at the Rajah's disposal. With gratitude he accepted my offer, for he looked with the anticipation of terror toward the time when he might be compelled to walk, for his obesity was now so great, as also was the Begum's, and his Oriental hatred of exertion was so pronounced, that death would almost be preferable. I kept my bearers fed and ready at his will, and I became his favoured slave, but I laughed in my heart, for I was preparing his sacrifice.

"After another year of wandering, the word spread of a great reward offered by the English Government for the Nana, dead or alive, also of pardon for all not actually guilty of murder. Then a conspiracy among the hundred or so followers left was set on foot to earn the reward, but, still determined to feed my unsatisfied vengeance, I betrayed it to the Rajah, and, heading those who were still faithful to him, I fell on the conspirators the night before their projected outbreak, and slaughtered them to a man; and no word can paint the fierce joy I felt as my sword found its sheath in the hearts of the murderous villains. Our numbers now scarcely reached 50, amongst whom was Survur Khan. This man's life had now become a terror to him. I haunted his sleeping and his waking hours. I always made him feel that Nemesis hovered near. He had long ago found that I knew of the scar on his forehead.

"'How comes it, brother,' I had asked him, 'that you have the sign of the Christian on your forehead?'

"At first he eyed me askance, and was surly; then, after, he told me how, waking from his orgie, he had found himself thus marked. I said, 'Then surely some accursed Feringhee has marked you, that he may know you again one day.'

"'Nay,' he answered, 'that cannot be, for none were left alive in Cawnpore at the time.'

"'No, nor any women or children, as you know. See!' I cried, thrusting back his turban, 'See! thy scar is white and livid! It is some god of the Feringhees who has marked thee for his vengeance.'

"Thereafter his life was hell. And so we wandered again—how long I cannot tell—months, years—I don't know—until at last there were left, besides the Nana and the Begum, only three or four more who performed menial offices, and myself. Then a tiger killed two of these, and the other two ran away.

"For me, I had become lean and burnt to almost Indian blackness. They did not suspect me. I had carefully kept my weapons in order, and I was now master of the situation.

"One night, after the last two men had gone, Nana, whose inability to walk had become a real terror, told us we must remain in the clearing by the river bank where we were, and there live.

"That night, while they slept, I waked, and without awakening them I bound them all, so that when they woke they would be unable to move more than a hand. Then I went to the river and cleansed myself as thoroughly as I could, and, secure in my preparations, lay down and slept soundly. Shortly after, I heard Nana's voice calling me. I rose, and my eye fell on Survur Khan. He knew his hour had come; he was livid with fear; he did not know who had bound him—he only knew he was unable to move. He saw me—he saw the expression in my eyes—it was enough. Then I passed to where the Nana and Begum lay. He demanded what this meant.

"'Get up,' I said, 'and you shall know.'

"Shaking with fear, the Begum stood upright. I led them to the opening. When they saw Survur Khan they turned ashen grey.

"'See,' I cried in English, 'you three, I am an English officer. All this time I have followed you, helped you, fed you, shielded you in danger, that I might avenge on you the murder of the woman I loved, and of my countrywomen, with my own hand. Look,' I cried, tearing off Survur Khan's head covering, 'ask him where he got that scar. He does not know, but I can tell you. I found him drunk and could have killed him, but I put my mark on him instead. Directly, you shall see what I have saved him for. I was one of those whom you shot down after you took us from the boats, but I feigned death and escaped.'

"'LOOK,' I CRIED, TEARING OFF HIS HEAD COVERING, 'ASK HIM WHERE HE GOT THAT SCAR.'"

"The fear of death was on them all. The Begum and Nana grovelled at my feet; they offered me countless gems, they would tell me where they were hidden, if I would but let them live—only spare their lives. I could not mean to kill them in cold blood—I was an Englishman.

"I let them go on until they had exhausted themselves with cries and tears and entreaties, and then I said, 'I do not mean to kill you yet, but that you may feel certain of your end, see this man die. He dashed out the brains of my lover while she lay in my arms. The death he gave her is now meted out to himself.'

"Survur Khan was now a shaking jelly of fear. I went to him, and, with a mace I had always carried, struck him full and fair on the scar. So perished the butcher of our sisters.

"Then commenced the penance of the other two. To walk a hundred yards was pain and misery to them, but for two hours I made them walk; when they would have stayed, a prick from the point of my knife urged them on, and groaning and stumbling they went forward.

"That evening when I drove them back to the little clearing they knew what hunger, thirst, and fatigue were. Their clothes were already in rags, their feet bleeding and sore.

"The corpse of Survur Khan lay there. The crows had been busy on it.

"'Look,' I cried; 'as his fate was, so shall yours be.'

"They groaned, and falling on the ground lay there stunned with the horror of their situation.

"'Henceforth you are my slaves,' I continued. 'Get up and throw that fellow into the river.' They hesitated, but the point of the knife persuaded them, and they in shuddering disgust did as I commanded.

"Then I fed them sparingly with rice and water, and the next day they recommenced their pilgrimage. In spite of their cries and groans I drove them like cattle.

"Day after day, month after month, I drove them until they were reduced to the shadows of what they were, and then I began to think it time they died. I was aweary of my own vengeance.

"Long before, I had found a young panther cub. As it grew it evinced a strange love for me. No dog that ever attached itself to a man could have been more absolutely devoted to him than the panther to me. In proportion as it loved me, so it hated my victims. In all our trampings it followed at my heels. At night I had to fasten it up, or it would have forestalled me.

"Now I began to brood what should be their end.

"I hesitated, and for a time almost wavered. After all, the Begum was a woman, and I could not kill a woman, though both she and the other had entreated me to do so a hundred times, for the fatigue and hunger and sleeplessness I subjected them to had made such a horror of their lives, that, curs as they were, death seemed preferable. Moreover I never ceased to

Frith & Co. Photo

THE MONUMENT OVER THE CAWNPORE WELL.

(This was the well into which the bodies of the massacred women and children were thrown.)

remind them of their hellish deeds, and I embittered their every hour by recalling to them how I had waited for those hours, and of their certain deaths.

"While I hesitated, his master the devil put it into the Nana's head to help me. He saw and divined my hesitation.

"One day he stood before me, gaunt and starving.

"'You cannot kill her,' he said.

"'No,' I replied, 'she is a woman.'

"A hideous sneer made his gaunt jaws horrible.

"'I will kill her if you will let me go.'

"There he was, devil to the last. He trembled with the eagerness of anticipated freedom.

"'Go,' I said. He hesitated, but my look was firm, and he went.

"Once or twice since their fat was gone they had attempted to escape, but the last time I lashed the man unmercifully, and said if they tried to escape again I would let the panther deal with them. That cowed them thoroughly, and thenceforward they hung on every glance of my eye.

"But their enforced marchings were no longer such a terror as they had been, and I determined to make an end. But while I thought of it he came before me again.

"'Master,' he said, 'let me kill her; give me my life for hers.'

"I did not reply, neither did my glance forbid him. I could only think of Margaret, with the blood on her fair hair. I turned from him without a word.

"'Master,' he said again, 'will you set me free if I do?'

"He turned and left me. I sat on the river bank and waited. In half an hour he returned and said—

"'Master, come and see.' And I followed him to a small open space in the jungle. What had been the Begum, lay there cold and still. The arch-villain had strangled her.

"I made a sign to the panther. With a bound he was on him; and the head that had conceived the horrors of Cawnpore cracked between the panther's teeth. My vengeance was complete.

"After that, it seems, I must have wandered for years, until you found me. I remember nothing, except that the panther was always with me."

* * * *

When he had finished his story he lay back and closed his eyes, and then sank into a stupor. From this all the Subaltern's medicinal arts could not rouse him.

The next day at dawn he cried out, and they all ran to him.

"Carry me to the jungle edge," he said, "the end has come."

They carried him, and laid him on a mattress, for he could not stand.

Then he raised his voice in a shrill and piercing cry, that echoed through the jungle.

A dead silence followed.

Then again, as if in an expiring effort, he raised another cry, louder and shriller, and more prolonged than the other.

Then, far off in the gloomy depths of the jungle, a dull muffled roar responded.

They waited, and once again Gascoyne sent up the cry.

Then the leaves of the jungle parted, and a panther, black and mangy, but with the fierce light still alive in the topaz eyes, bounded to the side of the recumbent figure, and began to lick its face, snarling at the three men.

Gascoyne lifted his hand, and the great beast crouched beside him. And so the group remained while a man might have counted twenty. Then Gascoyne raised himself, and stretched out his arms, as if to someone at the foot of his couch, "Madge, Madge," he cried hoarsely, "I am coming," and so fell back and moved no more.

* * * *

They buried him that evening with the panther, which they had been compelled to shoot.

It was very old, its teeth and claws were worn to stumps; and how they had lived together, and whether the beast had hunted for the man, or the man for the beast, none ever knew.

"GASCOYNE LIFTED HIS HAND, AND THE GREAT BEAST CROUCHED BESIDE HIM."

THE MOST REMARKABLE FORTRESS IN THE WORLD.

SOME ADVENTURES IN SCALING ITS WALLS.

BY PERCY L. PARKER.

PERHAPS the most remarkable rock in the world is to be found in the centre of the Island of Ceylon, and its story is full of romance It was fortified 1,400 years ago to shelter a cowardly parricide, and when he died it became a Buddhist monastery. But for centuries no human foot rested on its summit; it was the abode of silence; its walls were buried beneath the dust of ages, birds built their nests on it and the beasts of the field haunted the jungle which grew about its base.

Now British officials have scaled its walls, excavated its ruins, and revealed the ancient splendour of the place, and so doing have discovered that this rock fortress is one of the most wonderful pieces of engineering of ancient times.

It is called the Sigiri or Lion Rock, and lies fourteen miles north-east of Dambutta. It is cylindrical in shape, and rises up nearly 600 feet sheer from the ground, while the area of the summit is little over an acre. Its scarped walls are nearly perpendicular, and in some places they overhang their base.

Recent excavation shows that all round the foot of the rock there was a fortified city, surrounded by a moat. But the most wonderful feature of this fortress was the terrace, ornamented with lions, which ran round the north face of the rock at its smallest diameter. At one part it stood upon the rock which projected below, and at the same time was protected by that part which overhung it. The terrace then zig-zagged up the rock at an easy gradient, and so gave access to its otherwise inaccessible summit, to which, in the last resort, the fugitive intended to flee.

SHOWING HOW THE FORTRESS IS ASCENDED AND THE GROOVES WHERE THE GALLERY RAN.

One hundred yards of this terrace still remains, and its structure of several courses of brick can clearly be seen in one of the photographs, while the grooves in the rock show where the rest of it ran. Professor Davids says that the path was on the top of a solid brick wall, four or five feet broad, which was carried along the face of the cliff. "The cliff being perpendicular, this wall had to descend far below the path before it found a resting-place on the edge of the rock. As the path was gradually carried forward and upward, a line was dropped from it to the rock beneath, and where the line first touched the cliff—however far below—a flat place was scooped out, large enough to support a single brick. This was done along the whole breadth of the path, and then the solid wall was built up to the requisite height, while some of the outer rows of bricks were carried high enough to form a wall breast high on the outer side."

Half way up the rock, or 160 feet from the ground, was another extraordinary feature. There can be seen, by means of a telescope, in two caves or pockets some vividly painted frescoes. How they were painted in such a position no one knows; but, despite their clearness of outline and freshness of colour, it is certain that they were painted by artists 1,400 years ago.

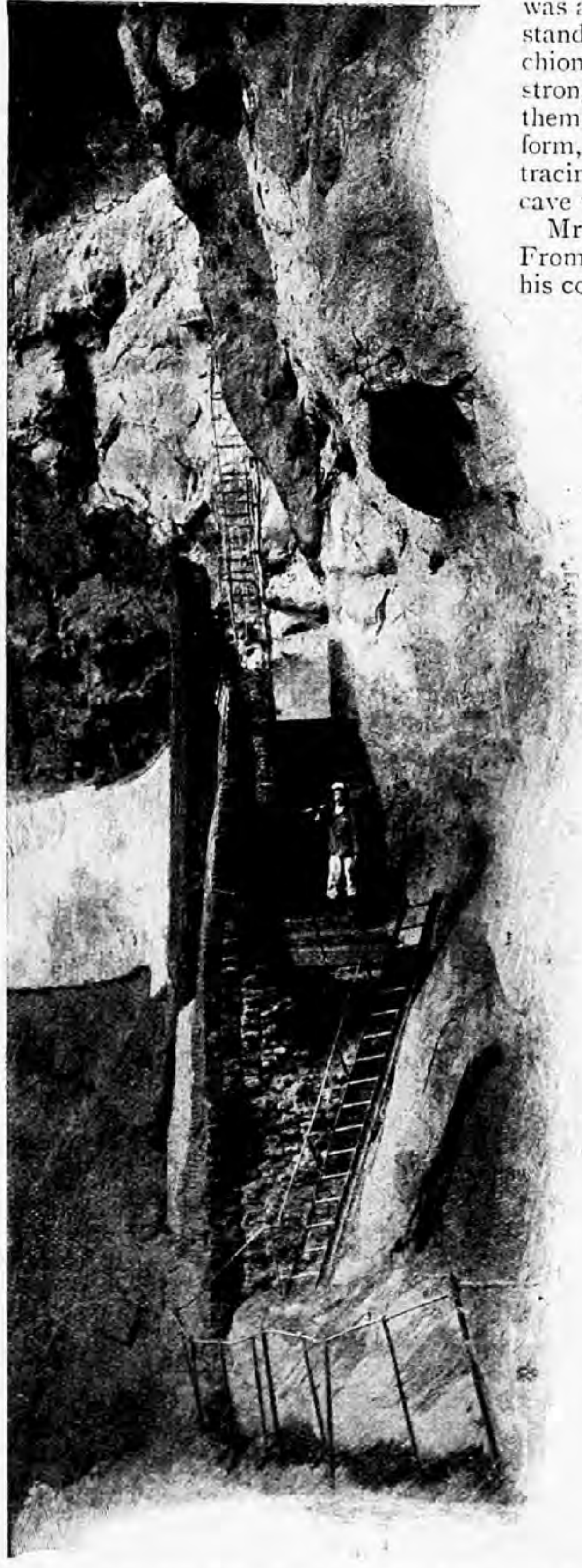
But though we do not know how these frescoes were painted so long ago, thrilling stories can be told of how two artists made copies of them not long since.

Mr. Alick Murray, of the Ceylon Civil Service, was requested by the Governor of the Island to make an attempt to reach these frescoes, and he succeeded in an amazing manner. The first part of the way lay through the forest, which was cleared with billhooks by the natives. At the outset the resident chiefs and local population would have nothing to do with the disturbance of a rock chamber which they believed to be inhabited and protected by demons, so Tamils had to be brought from India.

Three Tamil stone-cutters bored holes in the rock face, one above the other, and therein placed iron "jumpers," which were secured with cement. To these wooden staging was lashed. "The man of lightest weight," says Mr. Murray, "was selected to make the necessary holes, but after a while even he declared that it was impossible for him to ascend any higher. But he said that if he were allowed to devote three days to fasting and prayer to his gods, he thought he might succeed, and so he did.

"But when the pocket was at last reached it was found that the floor

THE SIGIRI ROCK FORTRESS AS IT STANDS TO-DAY



PART OF THE WONDERFUL GALLERY WHICH LED TO THE TOP OF THE FORTRESS.

was at too steep an angle to admit of anyone standing or even sitting on it. Iron stanchions were therefore let into the floor, and a strong trestle or framework made secure to them. On this framework was placed a platform, and from the platform the work of tracing thirteen of the frescoes in the biggest cave was carried out."

Mr. Murray's task was surely unique. From sunrise to sunset for a week he did his copying lying on his back.

"Below me," he says, "was a sheer drop of 160 feet. The wind at times was terrific, and I literally held my breath as some blast swept into and around the chamber, and ruthlessly tore and carried off the work of hours. On one occasion a blast fiercer than the rest shook the platform to its very base, and the lashings, slackened by the dryness of the atmosphere, allowed the platform to sink suddenly a few inches, when its downward progress was happily arrested by the bracing underneath. The only inmates of the chamber were swallows, who occasionally pecked at me resentfully."

The frescoes are life-size figures of women, arranged singly or in sets of two. Each couple represents a mistress and maid, the maid wearing in each case a jacket exactly similar to that used by Tamil girls to-day.

When Mr. Murray had finished his work it was suggested that it would be a good thing to leave something in the "pocket," in the shape of a memento. A bottle was therefore obtained, and in it papers of the day and local coins were placed. As he was leaving with his companions a Buddhist priest asked to be allowed to pray for the preservation of the bottle, and while he prayed Mr. Murray and his companions sang "God save the Queen," by way of dedication—a characteristically British proceeding.

Mr. Murray's tracings caused so much interest in the wonderful Rock Fortress, that the Government of Ceylon instructed its Archæological Commissioner, Mr. H. C. P. Bell, to survey and excavate it—a work of much

adventure. Hair-breadth escapes inevitably occurred, and all the time the work was in hand Mr. Bell declares that he was on mental "tenter-hooks."

He first reached the top of the rock by means of jungle wood ladders (such as those shown in the photos) and six-inch grooves cut in the rock. But once up, iron ladders and an iron rail were fixed so that constant ascent and descent could be made.

During the first fortnight the workers were attacked by swarms of bees, which drove them from the rock. These had to be burned out before the work could proceed. But the greatest trial was the dreadful heat of the sun, from which there was no shelter. The work began at 6.30 in the morning and continued till 3 o'clock, and 8½ hours in the scorching sun, day after day, and week after week, was no light task. The whole day was spent aloft, for too much time would have been wasted if "lunch" had been "served" below. Fortunately a big cistern was discovered at the top, from which beautiful water could be obtained.

When the first prejudice had died away, plenty of workers could be found, and sometimes over a hundred of them were at work and swarmed up the rock with as little excitement as English workmen pass through their factory door.

The top was found to be covered with forest trees and a dense undergrowth, neck high, so a gang of Singhalese were engaged to burn them down. When the summit was excavated it was found that buildings covered it to the very edge of the cliff, and every basketful of earth had therefore to be spilt over the side of the rock—otherwise it would have to be moved twice over. The depth of earth cutting varied from five to twenty feet, and when the whole area was cleared the plan of the long lost buildings was easily seen, virtually as perfect as when first laid out. The natives declared that there was a passage from the summit into the bowels of the rock, but that is not the case.

"The rooms and courtyards," says Mr. Bell, "stretch the whole length of the ridge, in generally ascending tiers, from the small chamber directly above the rock cistern at the south to the penultimate and uppermost room near the north end. All are oblong, and all—or nearly all—the chambers had corridors completely round them.

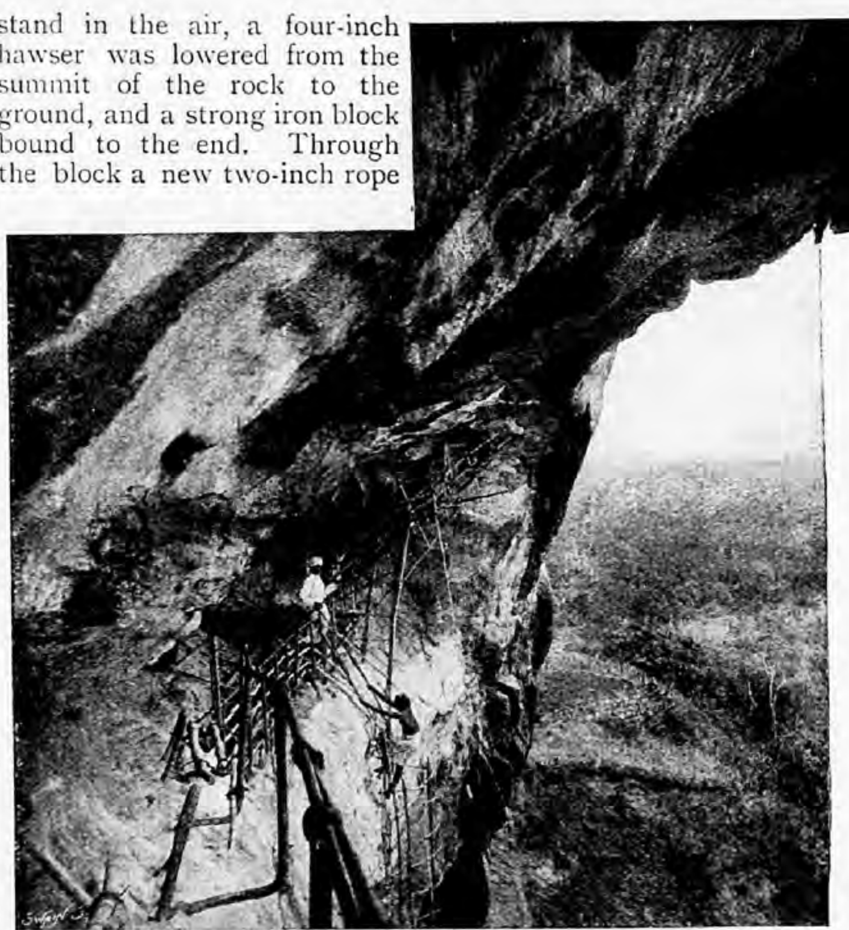
"Many passages were paved throughout with quartz slabs; though much of this choice pavement has been displaced by the waste of centuries, or from being deliberately put to other uses by Buddhist monks when the fortune of war found them located in the 'marble halls' of royalty."

Even around the summit of this inaccessible rock a remarkable wall was built. It rose from the brink of the precipice, for its foundations were some feet and even yards below the level of the summit.

SUMMIT OF FORTRESS AS RECENTLY EXCAVATED.

Accompanying Mr. Bell on this expedition was Mr. D. A. L. Perera, whose purpose was to paint in oils facsimiles of all the frescoes in both caves. Both were anxious to photograph the two pockets at a distance, and, as they could not

stand in the air, a four-inch hawser was lowered from the summit of the rock to the ground, and a strong iron block bound to the end. Through the block a new two-inch rope was passed, and an improvised chair firmly tied to it, and in this the photographer took his seat. The hawser was then pulled half-way up to the west rock till the chair was over 150 feet from the ground and 50 feet clear of the cliff. Swaying in mid-air through the force of the wind, the photographer exposed his negative, but as the shutter worked too slowly the pictures taken were more or less blurred.



THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY STUDIO IN THE WORLD—MR PERERA AT WORK.

Mr. Perera then decided to do an oil painting of the pockets to scale while swinging at the end of the rope, and after rocking in space for a week succeeded in his task. But the exposure day after day to the intense glare of the rock's summit affected his eyesight, and he was compelled to take complete rest for some weeks.

One of our photographs shows Mr. Perera at work. Thirteen of the pictures were painted from the floor of the cave; to do the others "it was necessary to construct a cantilever of jungle timber firmly lashed to a stout iron cramp let into the rock floor. To the extremity of this projection was tied a rough 'cage' of sticks; and from this uncomfortable and perilous perch the loftiest fresco was made." This was painting "in the open" with a vengeance.

Enormous difficulty was experienced in painting the frescoes in the small cave (which was only three feet wide) and in getting to that cave from the other. The ledge between them was only a cubit in width. But by paying special remuneration Mr. Bell got some men to risk their lives in making a "stick shelf." One-inch iron bars supported the woodwork, which was banded strongly to thick iron cramped into the rock. But in addition it was held up by a central hawser, and side ropes hauled taut round trees on the summit of the rock nearly 300 feet up. When finished this improvised platform stood out from the cliff 15 feet horizontally!

In these wonderful, dangerous, and eerie open-air studios, Mr. Perera spent nineteen weary weeks painting on canvas a complete set of the 22 frescoes which were first painted 1,400 years ago. These are marvellous in their faithfulness and colour.

Before Mr. Perera began to paint the frescoes, iron standards 3 feet 4 inches in height, with a single top rail, were driven along the edge of both pockets and the connecting ledge between them; for without such handrail a slip on the smooth inclined floor of the pocket would have meant instant death on the rocks below.

Yet another adventure was the outcome

of this exciting survey, and Mr. Bell vividly tells the tale. "High up on the eastern face of the rock," he says, "may be noticed a dark streak betokening caves, and these we resolved to survey. But the rock scarp below them being nowhere less than 30 degrees in slope, and in places sheer, ascent without the aid of a rope was impossible. The four-inch hawser was therefore let down to the ground as before over the brow of the caves.

"Up this stout rope half a dozen of the strongest and most sure-headed coolies swarmed to the apparent mouth of the caves. The measured distance was 294 feet, climbed hand over hand the whole way up. But arriving at this height they found that they were 50 feet distant from the caves and still below their floor, with no means of getting nearer, owing to the projecting crag above, and the rope's own weight keeping it taut.

"Ultimately a brave Singhalese lad with a light rope round his waist swung himself on to the rock as high as he could, and crawled crocodile fashion the rest of the way up the steep smooth slope while the men held the other end of the rope. Once in the caves he noosed the rope to a piece of fallen rock, and next day a strong iron ring was driven into the floor, and a hawser passed through it.

"Then Mr. Perera and I made the ascent. The largest cavern was 197 feet long, with a floor width averaging 11 feet. No vegetation grows therein. But we did find under a rock in the cave three eggs of the peregrine falcon, which vary strangely in hue from chocolate to almost white. The eggs of this bird have never been taken in Ceylon before.

"We were grievously disappointed with our search, and had to be content with a bare negative gain—the absolute assurance that the caves contained no trace of previous human occupation. The foot of man never desecrated this sanctuary of the eagle and falcon before. Being virtually inaccessible, it was left to bird and bat and mountain bee. Overhead the beetling crag jutted out forty feet and more, while under foot the rock floor was polished and slippery from untold centuries of wear by the feet of myriads on myriads of birds."

If, however, in years to come an adventurous climber climbs to this chamber of the winds he will find in a niche a sealed record of its daring exploration, and in just such a way the buried buildings on the Sigiri Rock are the record of a crime of 1,400 years ago.

A king of Ceylon was buried alive with his face to the east by his brutal son, who became king in his place. This in its turn was said to be a punishment because the old king buried alive a holy man who was in his way when building a great tank.

But, dreading the revenge of his brother, the young king fortified the Sigiri rock. There he lived for eighteen miserable years, and at the end of that time his brother came and slew him.

He happened to turn his elephant to avoid a pit, and, thinking he was running away, his people lost heart and the enemy cried out, "They're running away."

Instead of hiding within his fortress, when the critical moment came, the man it was to protect had lost faith in it, and in his misery went out to his last fight.

Our photos were taken by Messrs. Skeen and Co., Colombo.

MR. BELL EXAMINES A CAVE—LET DOWN FROM THE TOP OF THE ROCK.

OVERTAKEN!

From the Painting by John A. Lomax.

By Permission of Messrs. S. Hildesheimer & Co., London and Manchester.

MY FAIR NEIGHBOUR'S PIANO,

AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

By Henry Martley,

Illustrated by F. H. Townsend.

WHEN I heard that a lady had taken the flat over mine, I feared the worst. The worst had come. Dum-dum-dum went the throbbing piano above. The former occupants of that flat had possessed a baby which I used to anathematise, but even its merry crowings or midnight howls were better than this.

The lady—an elderly lady of the spinster persuasion—had passed me several times on the stairs, and I heartily wished that Providence had blessed her with a husband and several children to occupy her spare time. If I ever wanted to go into Parliament, I should have only one item in my programme, and that would be to make a licence as necessary for music in a private as in a public house. There it went—dum-dum-dum—with intervals in which that detestable old maid picked up dropped bars as though she were picking up dropped stitches.

Three times I sat down to tackle the Settled Land Acts, and three times I angrily shut the book without having comprehended a single section.

I was going in for my final at the end of six weeks, and the result of the examination would be of considerable importance to me.

My uncle had paid for most of my education, and held out prospects of a partnership, but as time went on his beneficent intentions had lost their keenness, and a failure would produce considerably less likelihood of those prospects becoming actual facts. He was an old gentleman who judged by results, and the creditable results of my life had hitherto been few. A decent place in the Honours List would mean a probability, a prize would mean a certainty, of a comfortable income for life; and if I was to work, that infernal noise must stop. Legal redress I had none, nor would complaint to the landlord be of any use. There were clauses in the leases against keeping canaries, or even window-boxes, but none forbidding pianos. There was only one course open to me, and that was to appeal to the better feelings of the elderly spinster.

At first I thought of writing a note, and made some attempts at composing one, but they were either too violent or too unconvincing, and I felt that in dealing with a person of her description a personal interview would produce better fruit. On considering th matter, I decided that the interview had better take place at once. It was an unconventional hour to call, but I was not certain that I should have the courage to protest except in the heat of indignation, and I had decided on an effective *rôle*. I intended to appeal to her as a hard-working young man whom she was depriving of a livelihood, and to a certain extent to be appealingly distressed.

Armed with these intentions, I mounted the stairs, knocked at the door, and asked for Miss Ormerod, which I had gathered was the lady's name. The servant looked at me a little doubtfully, but finally the piano stopped, and she asked me to come in. I put on my most pathetic expression, and entered. I confronted a lady who had just risen from the piano. With some surprise I noticed that it was not the elderly spinster, but a little damsel of prepossessing attributes, and with big merry-hearted eyes.

"I came to see Miss Ormerod," I explained.

"I am Miss Ormerod," she answered.

I am never a very self-possessed young man, and this sudden upsetting of my plans took me aback. The elderly spinster was obviously only a frequent visitor. It is one thing to appeal pathetically to the better feelings of a lady of advanced years, and another to explain matters to a young damsel.

"I live in the flat down below," I continued, "and I came to call to—er——"

"Came to call?" she answered, with an amused air, and a glance at the clock.

"Not to call in the ordinary way," I stammered, "but I couldn't help it. You see, you were playing the piano, and—and——"

"Wasn't it sufficiently audible down below?" she inquired, chillingly.

"I PUT ON MY MOST PATHETIC EXPRESSION, AND ENTERED."

"Quite audible," I answered, catching eagerly at the chance of explanation. "In fact it was too audible—that was just it. It's rather disturbing in my flat."

"And may I ask why I am not to play the piano?" she replied. "There was a noise in your flat the night before last considerably less melodious than a piano."

"I suppose there was. Ellis and some other men came to a farewell dinner with me before his departure to India. It shan't occur again," I said; "and you see, I'm reading for my final, and if you could——"

She looked at me somewhat doubtfully.

"The Solicitor's final," I added—it was a fragment of my intended appeal to the elderly spinster—"is a very difficult examination, and requires concentrated attention."

"You're reading for the Solicitor's final?" she exclaimed, with a sudden change of expression. "Oh, then you must know a lot of law."

"That scarcely follows," I began to protest, in some surprise.

"And you can explain to me what a negotiable instrument really is," she went on, delightedly.

I began to think she must be mad.

"I've been trying to make it out since tea time," she said, "and I can't. That's why I was strumming."

"Has something gone wrong with a cheque?" I asked.

"Oh, no," she laughed, "you don't understand. I'm reading law too. I'm going in for an exam at the London University. You won't mind explaining about negotiable instruments, will you, if I promise not to play the piano? Please sit down."

I sat down and explained the matter as lucidly as I could. The explanation took some little time, but though it was nearly eleven when I left, the proceeding seemed to strike her as perfectly natural, and I did not complain, particularly as it meant deliverance from the piano.

The next night, however, I had scarcely settled down when the strumming began once more. After the trouble that I had taken the night before it was ungrateful of the damsel, and she had distinctly promised that the noise should not occur again. I stood it for half an hour, and then went up to make another protest.

"I thought you were never coming," the damsel said, in an aggrieved way; "I want you to tell me the difference between a cheque and a bill of exchange payable at a banker's. Have some tea, won't you?"

I had some tea, and furnished her with further information. We discussed the Bills of Exchange Act at some length. It

was a much pleasanter way of imbibing the law than by one's self, and her *vivâ voce* examination was not without its uses. However, the situation was unconventional, and I had my doubts on its advisability.

The next afternoon, when I came back from the office, I was informed that a lady was waiting to see me. In my room, sitting perpendicularly on the edge of an armchair, was the elderly spinster.

"Is your name Arbuthnot?" she inquired, abruptly and severely.

I admitted the accusation.

"Then, Mr. Arbuthnot," she said, grimly, "I wish to have a word with you. I hear you have been forcing yourself on my niece."

"I beg your pardon?" I said, in astonishment.

"Forcing yourself on that poor misguided child," she continued, "and taking advantage of her folly in the most ungentlemanly way."

"If you mean Miss Ormerod," I answered, "perhaps I might explain."

"Perhaps you might," she replied, acidly.

I told her what had happened, and how the mistake had occurred. I was never very remarkably tactful; and, even if I had been, any other explanation than the truth would have been difficult.

"THE EXPLANATION TOOK SOME LITTLE TIME."

"So you supposed," she answered, "that I should have allowed young men to call on me at a late hour?"

That was rather a poser, and I made no answer.

"Your excuse," she went on, "only confirms my previous opinion of you. You have deliberately forced yourself on a crazy, motherless child, who does not understand the ways of the world, nor, I regret to say, what is due to herself."

"I have done nothing of the kind," I said, indignantly.

"I might have known that it was degrading myself to talk to an attorney's clerk," she said, with an awful emphasis on the last two words. Then she strode away.

That evening the piano began again, but I sat stolidly and endured it. After all, there was something in what the old lady said. The strumming continued for an hour, and then stopped. In a few minutes the servant brought me a note.

"Dear Mr. Arbuthnot,

"I cannot understand when a banker is liable for a forged cheque.

"Yours sincerely,

"MARJORIE ORMEROD."

I wrote back to say that I had had an interview with her aunt, and appended the law on the subject of forged cheques. My note had not been dispatched more than five minutes when a knock came at the door, and Miss Ormerod walked in.

"Mr. Arbuthnot," she said, "will you kindly tell me the meaning of this note?"

"I thought I had made my meaning clear," I answered. "A banker——"

"I was not referring to bankers," she replied, "but to what you say about my aunt."

"I supposed she would have told you," I said. "She did me the honour of visiting me this afternoon, and—well—she suggested that there were conventionalities."

"She's been gossiping with my servant," she exclaimed; "but why do you pay any attention to what she says?"

"You see," I ventured to protest, "there are conventionalities."

"Conventionalities," she replied,

firmly, "are some of the things that I do not intend to have in my life. If I were a man, and I wished to—to ask you a polite question about forged cheques, wouldn't you answer it?"

As a matter of fact, if a man had asked for instruction under pain of playing the piano, I think I should have refused; but to say no would have resulted in embarrassing explanations of my previous readiness to enlighten her. So I replied diplomatically—

"Perhaps so."

"Then," she said, "I insist on your coming upstairs at once. You will insult me, Mr. Arbuthnot, if you refuse."

Since she put it in that way, I was compelled to give in, however much I agreed with the old lady. When I had finished my exposition of the law, Miss Ormerod expounded some of her theories of life, with autobiographical illustrations. The fundamental theory seemed to be that a girl ought to be allowed to do anything without taking the consequences. As a deduction from this great truth, she had decided to live alone and become a London University Portia. At one time she had intended to pursue her ambitions at an Oxford college, but inquiry had revealed the fact that the girls there were still in swaddling clothes. It was only in London, and in a flat, that the true woman—she disclaimed the term new woman—could possibly realise herself. Most of her life she had spent in the country, a fact which I might have guessed. One of the main fallacies which the true woman was going to expose, and which had been intruded on her that night, was the notion that no girl could associate with a man without some foolish idea of love-making. This fallacy she denounced vigorously, and, as I thought, with a purpose. It was naturally not a conversation in which I could take much part, and I listened mostly in silence.

"'I HEAR YOU HAVE BEEN FORCING YOUR ATTENTIONS ON MY NIECE.'"

The situation was more unpleasant than the piano. It was hard to avoid further interviews, and at the same time I knew that I ought to do so. The little girl had contracted some diseased modern notions, and I had no business to aid and abet her. However, if she persisted in regarding it as an insult for me to do my duty, I saw no alternative but to acquiesce. I could only hope that in future she might find fewer difficulties in the law. In this hope I was disappointed. Regularly for the next fortnight the piano demanded instruction every evening, and with more and more misgiving I obeyed it. The fact was that I felt myself beginning to take a disquieting interest in her, and at the end of the fortnight I acknowledged frankly to myself that, as far as concerned me at least, her favourite fallacy had been proved true.

Matters were in this condition, and were already sufficiently complicated, when a further complication was added to them. Shortly after my arrival home one evening, a person of Hebraic appearance was shown in, who announced himself as Mr. Hart.

"Good evening," he began, greasily; "I have been consulted by Miss Prentice in regard to a rather delicate matter. Miss Prentice has, I believe, already spoken to you on the subject."

"Has she?" I inquired. "Who is Miss Prentice?"

"She is the aunt of Miss Ormerod, the young lady who lives above you," he went on. "She informs me that at her interview with you she found you—shall we say?—unreasonable."

"Well?" I said curtly, for I disliked the man.

"Now," he continued, "of course we know that Miss Ormerod, though holding these peculiar views, is a young lady possessed of a considerable fortune—not very large, but considerable."

"Do we?" I answered. "I know nothing of the kind."

"Come, come," he said, "let us talk as men of the world—in a friendly way—but as men of the world."

"If you'd kindly tell me the object of your visit, I should be obliged," I replied.

"Oh, I can quite see your point of view," he said, with an oily leer. "Miss Ormerod, being, as I say, possessed of some fortune—not so large as some people might suppose, but some fortune—her relations are naturally anxious that she should not marry without seeing a little more of the world than—shall we say?—can be seen in these flats."

"Are you incapable of saying what you mean, sir?" I inquired, with gathering suspicion.

"As a brother professional, you must know that things cannot always be put crudely," he said. "Of course, Miss Prentice is not a lady to be parsimonious where her niece is in question. At the same time, she is not a lady of unlimited means. I may, however, remind you, Mr. Arbuthnot, that a bird in the hand——"

"Do you mean," I burst out angrily, "that I am supposed to be attempting to inveigle Miss Ormerod into a marriage, and that you've come here to offer me a bribe?"

"Gently, Mr. Arbuthnot, gently," he protested.

"Will you kindly leave the room at once?" I roared.

"I was afraid this might happen," he answered, "so we made a few inquiries and took precautions. There are such things, Mr. Arbuthnot, as unpaid Oxford debts, eh? And tradesmen are sometimes so distrustful as to sell those debts. Now, here's a tailor's bill—dear me, where's the schedule? Yes, a tailor's bill for £57 odd."

"What on earth do you mean?" I said.

"And you can have all these bills and a little ready money," he went on, "if you'd only be reasonable."

"Get out!" I exclaimed again.

"Do be reasonable, Mr. Arbuthnot," he purred on, "or otherwise I may be compelled to follow my instructions and sue, and—I regret to say it—sell you up, and prevent your inhabiting this delightful little flat any longer."

"I give you just one minute," I said, taking out my watch.

"Oh, very well, very well," he answered; "a gold watch—I must remember that."

I sat down and cursed that elderly spinster. The position was quite delightful. Those bills, as far as I remembered them, amounted to something over £300; and, if my uncle discovered their existence, my prospects of a partnership, and probably even my allowance, would be at an end. Never having been at a university himself, he held strong views on the subject of getting into debt. That evening the piano played again, and I went up to explain Miss Ormerod's difficulties as usual. With dramatic irony, they concerned the sale of goods.

Borrowing the money was out of the question, and I resolved desperately to allow the law to take its course, and to spend the few remaining days in Miss Ormerod's company as far as I could. Our legal discussions, and sometimes our

"'WILL YOU KINDLY LEAVE THE ROOM AT ONCE?' I ROARED."

discussions on other things, became more protracted, but the time went swiftly, and in the course of a fortnight or so there was a man in possession. Probably if that elderly spinster had been gifted with any capacity for sitting tight, I should now be in South Africa, but as I sat burning my letters preparatory to the sale, Miss Ormerod burst in.

"'I'M VERY ANGRY,' SHE SAID."

"Mr. Arbuthnot," she said, "I should like to have a few words with you. I'm very angry."

I followed her meekly.

"My aunt has been here this afternoon," she began, when we had reached her flat, "and I hear that you are in debt, and that your furniture is going to be sold."

"It is quite true," I said, wearily. "You see, I got into debt at Oxford——"

"Do you think I'm a fool?" she asked, indignantly. "What has my aunt got to do with it?"

"Your aunt?" I answered. "What should she have to do with it? I suppose someone informed her——"

"You suppose nothing of the kind," she answered, hotly. "I know why; she told me. It was because she disapproved of—of your tuition, and I'm sure she had something to do with this, or she wouldn't have been so pleased with herself. I know my aunt only too well. On your word of honour, isn't she concerned in this, Mr. Arbuthnot?"

"What in the world," I replied, attempting to parry the question, "should a respectable elderly lady like your aunt have to do with debt-collecting?"

"There are very few things," she answered, "with which my aunt has not to do if she gets within measurable distance of them. Now, will you please explain?"

"How can I," I said, "if there's nothing to explain?"

"I think you told me the other night," she answered, "that *suppressio veri* sometimes amounts to *suggestio falsi*."

"Miss Ormerod," I said, "I've got a lot of letters to burn to-night, and I am rather busy——"

"Oh, very well," she observed, "then I must find out for myself."

She hurried down to my flat along the passage, and burst open the kitchen door. The sheriff's man had already drained the beer-cask, and was sitting smoking with his feet on the kitchen range.

"Now," Miss Ormerod remarked, "please tell me why you're here."

"If you open your mouth," I broke in, "I'll throttle you."

"You're a witness, young lady," the man said, "he's threatened to assault an officer of the law in the execution of his duty."

"Perhaps this might soothe your feelings," Miss Ormerod said, slipping something into his hand.

"I'll give you a sovereign to hold your tongue," I exclaimed, desperately.

"Very well, sir," he said, "hand it over."

"I'll give it you to-morrow," I replied. As a matter of fact my cash in hand amounted to some fifteen shillings.

"Oh, I daresay," he replied, with a grin. "Make it five shillings more, young lady."

He got the five shillings, and then began

as though he were unfolding a portentous secret.

"I'm in for a matter of £300 recovered in the action of Prentice *versus* Arbuthnot."

There was no false delicacy about Miss Prentice; she had gleefully sued as assignee in her own name.

"Miss Ellen Prentice?" Miss Ormerod asked, quickly.

"I fancy that's the name," he said, searching among some greasy papers.

"Oh, that will do," Miss Ormerod replied, with a flushed face. "Mr. Arbuthnot, I want to speak to you."

She swept upstairs again, and I accompanied her in silence.

"Now, perhaps," she remarked, "you'll be good enough to tell me the truth."

I told her a part of it, including the visit of my Hebraic friend, but I omitted his suggestions of the matrimonial objects of my visits. Miss Prentice's proceedings, I suggested, were all due to her regard for the conventionalities and her niece's welfare.

"Of course," she began, sitting down and taking a chequebook from a drawer, "you'll let me lend you this money."

"Thank you very much," I said, "but it's quite out of the question."

"How preposterous!" she exclaimed, in astonishment. "If a man were to offer you the money——"

"Very likely," I said; "you are not a man."

"But what difference in the world can that make?" she inquired, indignantly.

"In the world," I said, "it makes a considerable difference."

"But we've been friends, Mr. Arbuthnot," she said, appealingly, "and this is my fault. Won't you take this wretched money to please me?"

"I'd do most things to please you," I answered, "but I can't do this."

"I—I don't understand," she said, in a half-broken voice, and looked at me dolorously for a moment or two.

"Will you be able to be a solicitor after this?" she asked.

"Oh, I haven't thought about things yet," I answered.

"Surely you might tell me," she said, tearfully; "I think I've ruined your life."

"Miss Ormerod," I remarked, getting up, "what's happened was my own fault, and you're not to blame in the least; but I think it would be better if I went down to my place and finished looking things over."

"'PLEASE TELL ME WHY YOU'RE HERE,' SAID MISS ORMEROD TO THE SHERIFF'S MAN."

"Oh, but I can't let you go like this," she pleaded, tearfully; "it's so silly of you. I've got such a lot of money, and surely you'll do me a favour and let me lend you a little of it."

"It's out of the question," I said.

"And," she pursued, a little timorously, "how am I to get through my examination if you won't help me? You've helped me so much, Mr. Arbuthnot, you really have."

"Good-bye," I said, holding out my hand.

"It's cruel of you, very cruel," she went on, without noticing it; "and—and you don't seem to mind in the least."

"What's done is done. Good-bye," I said again.

"And I suppose you'll go somewhere—

quite away from this?" she continued, "quite far away?"

"Probably," I said.

"But don't you mind—at all?" she asked.

"It's not particularly pleasant," I admitted.

"We've been good friends, haven't we?" she said, with a little quiver of her lips.

"The best of friends," I agreed.

"Good-bye," she said, holding out her hand.

As I took it our eyes met, and she drew her hand back. It was hard, under the circumstances, not to look something more than the best of friends.

"I suppose," she said, "that you refused to take that money because—because it would have hurt your self-respect."

"I think so," I answered.

"Well," she went on, slowly, and half turning away, "girls have their self-respect too."

"What manner of man must you think I am?" I asked, understanding a little what she meant, but refusing to take advantage of what I thought the little girl's mistaken chivalry.

"And what manner of girl must you think me?" she replied, and burst out crying.

"Don't think I don't understand and don't appreciate," I said, lamely.

"Go away, go away," she sobbed.

"I can't go," I said, "till I have explained. I don't quite know how to, but our friendship began with bills of exchange, and don't you think a debtor would sometimes prefer not to have an acceptance for honour when he cannot pay his debts?"

"It depends," she said, softly, and with a lamentable disregard of the law, "whether it's supra protest."

"Don't tempt me too far," I urged.

"I am not tempting you," she said, getting up and turning on me angrily.

"If you only knew," I protested, bitterly, and her face changed.

"How am I to know," she asked, "if you refuse to tell me?"

"What right have I?" I burst out.

"A right," she murmured, "implies an obligation, and of course ——"

Well, well, the rest of the conversation was commonplace except to ourselves. The man in possession exhausted most of my capital in getting extremely drunk that night, my uncle insisted for the first time in his life in regarding me as a clever fellow after all, and Miss Prentice has been confirmed in her opinion that I am a scheming scoundrel.

"'GO AWAY, GO AWAY,' SHE SOBBED."

AMERICAN WIVES OF ENGLISH HUSBANDS.

SOME CHARMING LINKS IN THE ANGLO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE.

MRS. ARTHUR PAGET. *J. Thomson, Photo*

THOSE who scout the notion of an Anglo-American Alliance should remember that in a considerable number of cases the question has been solved, and in a very satisfactory manner, by the contracting parties themselves. Every year Anglo-American marriages become more frequent, and there can be no doubt that, on more than one occasion, this fact has told significantly when affairs of moment were in question.

In this matter, at least, the United Kingdom has remained faithful to her "oldest colony," and latterly distinguished Englishmen have sought wives in America, rather than in Greater Britain.

At the present time three of the most prominent personalities in the House of Commons—Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. George Curzon—are each married to an American, and the only difficulty that meets those who would attempt to draw up a list of these informal Anglo-American alliances is to choose from the large number of names that presents itself. To take the peerage only, there are at the present time three American duchesses, and Lady Francis Hope (Miss May Yohe) may one day be Duchess of Newcastle. The only trans-atlantic marchioness is Lady Anglesey, but there are three American countesses, four baronesses, and many other ladies whose husbands are in possession of courtesy titles.

Of the three American ladies who have worn and are wearing the strawberry leaves, perhaps the most interesting, from several points of view, is the lady who is still known to the world as Lilian, Duchess of Marlborough.

Née Miss Price, the future duchess was married when very young to a wealthy American, Mr. Hammersley. His death occurred comparatively soon after the marriage, and he left his young wife his entire fortune. Some years later, she greatly astonished her friends by marrying the then Duke of Marlborough; but, contrary to general expectation, no part of her immense fortune was squandered, for Her Grace proved herself an excellent

woman of business, and though considerable sums were spent on putting and keeping Blenheim in repair, it was arranged that an insurance covering the whole amount should, in each case, be effected on the duke's life. Consequently, at his death, his widow found herself an even wealthier woman than she was before she became his wife.

After the late Duke of Marlborough's death, the duchess lived very quietly; but, as she was still a comparatively young woman, her marriage to Lord William Beresford was considered to be, on her part, a very judicious step. Her stepson, the young Duke of Marlborough, gave her away, and she has remained on very good terms with her second husband's family.

Lord William Beresford was believed, until comparatively lately, to be a confirmed Anglo-Indian, for he managed, as Military Secretary, the households of several Viceroys, and he is known, both among Europeans and Indians all over the Queen's Eastern Empire, as a man possessing not only exceptional business capacity, but remarkable *savoir faire*. He has taken part in many campaigns, and was the prototype of "Soldier Bill" in one of Whyte Melville's best known novels.

Since his marriage, he and his wife have lived at the Deep Dene, Lord Francis Hope's beautiful place near Dorking, and it was there that their infant son was born last year. The duchess has adapted herself completely to the conditions of English country life. The Deep Dene was described by Aubrey as "an epitome of Paradise," and a "Garden of Eden." Accordingly, the lines of Lord William Beresford and his wife are laid in pleasant places. The latter devotes a good deal of her time to the collection and growth of orchids. Under her supervision a fine orchid-house has been erected, and she is fast becoming a formidable rival to the most noted growers in the kingdom.

At the present moment the personality of Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, as she will henceforth be known, is of peculiar interest. Although the engagement of the young duke was lately announced, his mother is still one of the youngest looking women in society, and she has scarcely changed since the day, twenty-two years ago, when she took London by

LADY NAYLOR-LEYLAND.

Alice Hughes Photo

(1) LADY HARCOURT
Elliott & Fry, Photo

(2) LADY TERENCE BLACKWOOD.
J. Thomson, Photo

(3) THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.
Russell & Sons, Photo

(4) LADY ARTHUR BUTLER.
Faulkner, Photo

storm as the bride of Viscount Mandeville, the then Duke of Manchester's eldest son and heir.

Unlike most Americans who have married Englishmen, Miss Consuelo Yznaga had only once paid a flying visit to London before her marriage. Her mother, who had been a noted belle of New Orleans in the fifties, on her marriage to a distinguished Spaniard went to Cuba, where the future British duchess was born in the little village of Sant Espiritu.

As has been the case with almost every family connected with Cuba, the Yznagas sustained great losses, which led to their settling once more in America, and it was there that Miss Yznaga first met Lord Mandeville, then travelling in the States. When visiting at her father's house he fell ill, and was very kindly nursed and entertained till his recovery. The engagement excited exceptional interest owing to the fact that Lady Mandeville, as she became, was the first Anglo-American peeress.

In spite of the fact that after their marriage Lord and Lady Mandeville had no London house, the latter soon took a very prominent place in society; she became a great favourite both with the Prince and with the Princess of Wales, and she was constantly included in the lists of house parties invited to meet their Royal Highnesses.

Many years of Lady Mandeville's married life were spent in Ireland. She was devoted to her three children, twin daughters and one son, known during his childhood as Lord Kimbolton; and though she often paid flying visits to London, she did not revisit America for a long time.

On the death of the seventh Duke of Manchester, in 1890, Lady Mandeville became at once the reigning Duchess of Manchester, and she was for a time the only American duchess in the peerage; during the two years which elapsed before the duke's death, the duchess gave a series of splendid entertainments both in her London house in Great Cumberland Street, and at Kimbolton Castle, in Huntingdonshire, the splendid place which was, for so many years, the home of poor Catherine of Arragon after her divorce from Henry VIII.

Her mother-in-law, now the Duchess of Devonshire, always proved a firm and loyal friend to her son's beautiful American wife; and on the death of the eighth duke, which occurred in the August of 1892, it was his mother who persuaded the young duchess that she should continue to live in London, and not retire, as she thought of doing, to her son's Irish seat.

The greatest grief of the Duchess of Manchester's life was the death of Lady Mary Montagu, one of her beautiful twin daughters, whose charming portraits by Lady Granby and Mr. Edward Hughes have made their features familiar. Since her death, which occurred very suddenly in Rome, the duchess has lived very quietly until this spring, only emerging from her retirement in order to introduce her young daughter to society.

It is a curious fact that the young Duchess of Marlborough, *née* Miss Vanderbilt, is the godchild and namesake of Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, owing to the circumstance that the latter and Mrs. Vanderbilt were intimate friends. The Duke of Marlborough first met Miss Vanderbilt when she was visiting her godmother, but the engagement and marriage took place, as all the world knows, in New York.

The Duchess of Marlborough, like most of her fellow countrywomen, has shown remarkable powers of adaptability. She is very much liked, both round Blenheim and in the more critical London world where her rank gives her a very important place.

Everyone is aware that Lady Randolph Churchill is one of three beautiful sisters who all married Englishmen. The brilliant younger son of a Duke of Marlborough first met Miss Jennie Jerome in Paris. Like so many American women, she was and is a very excellent conversationalist; in fact, during Lord Randolph's lifetime, it used to be said that the only woman who was his match in repartee was his own wife. Although brought up in an intensely republican atmosphere, she developed, after her marriage, into an enthusiastic Tory, and a pillar of the Primrose League.

When her husband decided to enter Parliament, his wife set herself to promoting his interests in every way; and it was openly averred at the time, that he owed his appointment as Chancellor of the Exchequer to her efforts, for in those days Lady Randolph Churchill may be said to have had a *salon* in the true sense of the word, and her beautiful house in Connaught Place was a rendezvous for her husband's friends

and supporters. She showed American thoroughness in everything about the establishment, keeping the best *chef* in town and being a perfect hostess from every point of view.

Since the premature death of Lord Randolph Churchill, his widow has continued to make her home in London. She is very devoted to her two sons, and is said to be as ambitious for them as she was for their father. It was at one time widely asserted that Lady Randolph was about to become the second wife of her millionaire fellow-countryman, Mr. William Waldorf Astor, but up to the present time the rumour has not been confirmed.

Lady Randolph's great interest in life is music. She is a very fine pianist, and sings almost as well as she talks. She has of late devoted a great deal of her spare time to private theatricals, her first appearance having taken place at Blenheim, during the now historical visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to the Duke of Marlborough and his young American bride.

Lady Randolph has preserved an extraordinary look of youth, and, though the eldest of the three, she looks younger than either of her sisters, Mrs. Jack Leslie, and Mrs. Morton Frewen.

(1) LADY GREY-EGERTON. *A. Hughes, Photo*

(2) LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. *A. Hughes, Photo*

(3) THE COUNTESS OF CRAVEN. *Lafayette, Photo*

Among the American women who have been called upon to take an active interest in British political life, Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain certainly deserves the foremost place. She is devoted to her husband, and has made herself thoroughly conversant with all that affects or that may affect his political ambitions. But she is quite content—unlike, it must be admitted, most American women—to take a second place, and she is liked and respected by many people who still retain their prejudice against the Colonial Secretary.

Mrs. Chamberlain, *née* Miss Mary Endicott,

belongs to one of the oldest families in New England, one of her forebears having been the first English governor of Massachusetts. Mr. Chamberlain, then a widower for the second time, first met Miss Endicott in 1887, when he was one of the British delegates on the Fishery Commission; but their engagement did not take place till the following year, and Mr. Chamberlain returned to America to be married, the wedding being celebrated at Salem, Mass., the residence of the bride's father.

At the present moment it is interesting to recall that Mr. W. C. Endicott was Secretary for War in President Cleveland's first administration, and perhaps Mr. Chamberlain's openly expressed sympathies with America during the Hispano-American war are greatly owing to the fact that his wife's family have always been ardently patriotic.

Mrs. Chamberlain has now become quite an Englishwoman. Her husband's people have become her people, and she has even gathered Birmingham to her heart, for although Highbury has become a very "smart" house, its mistress is always ready to welcome there her husband's old supporters and early friends; Mrs. Chamberlain has also ever been on the happiest terms with her step-children, one of whom, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, is older than herself.

What orchids are popularly supposed to be to the Colonial Secretary, roses are to his charming American wife; and the rosery at Highbury is one of the most beautiful in the United Kingdom, and this although Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain spend a considerable portion of the year in Prince's Gardens, where they are always reminded, however, of their much-loved Warwickshire home, great baskets full of roses being sent them almost daily from Highbury.

Mrs. Chamberlain does not see very much of what may be called the American colony. On all important occasions she is to be seen in the Ladies' Gallery of the House of Commons, and during the famous Home Rule Bill debates she was as faithful in her attendance as was Mrs. Gladstone herself. She is one of the very few American women for whom the Queen has shown a distinct partiality, and she often accompanies her husband when he receives a "dine and sleep" invitation to Windsor.

Lady Harcourt belongs to an altogether older and more serious generation than that from which have been drawn those American women who now leaven English society. She was the daughter of the famous American historian, Motley, and much of her youth was spent in Europe, where her father, who was a diplomat as well as a student, was seeking materials for his great history, "The Rise of the Dutch Republic."

Miss Motley married Mr. Ives when quite a girl, and after becoming a widow continued to live in England; and thus it fell about that Mr. Vernon Harcourt, himself a widower with one little boy, had the good fortune to win as his second wife one of the most charming and kindly of women.

The Liberal ranks are, when compared with their rivals, poor in hostesses; but it is universally admitted that in Lady Harcourt they are exceptionally blessed, and her house parties at Malwood have done much to make Sir William popular with the party, the more so that Lady Harcourt does not confine her interest to politics. She is devoted to literature and art, and accordingly she is very eclectic in her choice of guests. Thus Sir William and Lady Harcourt were on intimate terms with Disraeli, and after the great Tory leader's death, a very valuable and unique miniature of Byron which had been in the possession of the author of "Lothair" was given to the Squire of Malwood by Lord Beaconsfield's executors.

Lady Harcourt also frequently entertained Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, and in her garden is a walnut tree planted by the Grand Old Man, while close by is an ash which is known as Mrs. Gladstone's tree.

It is an interesting fact that, through the Vernons, Lady Harcourt is the only American who can claim relationship with Royalty. The story goes that on one occasion, to his annoyance rather than to his amusement, a friend of the Liberal Leader once proposed at a Radical gathering the health of "Mr. Vernon Harcourt and the rest of the Royal Family!"

Mrs. George Curzon is the latest addition to the group of American women which is now playing so prominent a part in English political society. The future Lady Scarsdale is the daughter of a great Chicago millionaire, whose home, however, has now been for many years in Washington. It was said at the time of the marriage that Mr. Leiter had settled on his daughter £10,000 a year.

As Miss Leiter, Mrs. Curzon spent several winters in Europe, and she met her future husband first in London, although their engagement and marriage took place at the bride's own home in Washington. Even in America, that land of beautiful women, Miss Leiter was distinguished for her exceptional good looks, and she was also said to be, as a girl, one of the best conversationalists in Washington. Owing to her intimate friendship with Mrs. Cleveland, she was constantly at the White House, and while there became acquainted with all the diplomatic world; indeed, at one time every foreign attaché in Washington was said to aspire to the honour of becoming Miss Leiter's husband. She speaks French and German perfectly, and has always been interested in literary matters; indeed, her interest in Mr. George Curzon's literary work first caused them to become friends. Their engagement lasted some months, and aroused great interest throughout the States.

The marriage took place in Washington four years ago, and ever since Mrs. George Curzon has entirely identified herself with her husband's aims and interests. When he was standing for Southport she was the most energetic of canvassers, and her beautiful London house is becoming quite a rendezvous of the Conservative party.

Of all the American women who have married Englishmen none has a more interesting house than has the Countess of Essex; indeed, Cassiobury Park, which is near Watford, is not only one of the loveliest country houses in the United Kingdom, but is said to date its name and fame from the days of the early Britons. The house itself is of recent construction, having been built by Inigo Jones, while the gardens were laid out by Le Nôtre, who was persuaded to leave Versailles for a brief period in order that he might lend his aid to beautifying the property of the Lord Capel from whom the present Earl of Essex is descended.

Alice Hughes, Photo

COUNTESS OF ESSEX AND BABY.

Lady Essex, *née* Miss Adele Grant, has fine taste. Her special hobby is the collecting of miniatures, and in her boudoir at Cassiobury are over a hundred exquisite portraits of the dead and gone beauties and beaux of a former day. Curiously enough, the title of Countess of Essex has been invariably borne by a beautiful woman, and one of the most charming pictures in the house is a portrait of the lovely Kitty Stephens, who became the wife of the fifth earl.

The Countess of Essex, although belonging to a well-known American family, has lived in London from her earliest girlhood, and she was at one time regarded as the prospective bride of the late Lord Cairns. Her marriage, five years ago, to the seventh Earl of Essex was a social sensation of 1893.

Lord and Lady Essex are both keenly interested in sport and in animals. They

have no town house, but entertain a great deal in their beautiful Hertfordshire place.

The young Countess of Craven is the daughter of an immensely wealthy American couple, Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin; even before their daughter's marriage, they generally spent half the year in Europe, and their entertainments and house parties became notable for almost "Ouidaesque" lavishness. Mrs. Bradley Martin possesses the most valuable collection of jewels belonging to any American woman. Her rubies alone are valued at £40,000, and a fan which she gave her daughter, and which is encrusted with pearls, rubies, emeralds, and diamonds, is intrinsically worth £2,000.

Since the marriage of Miss Cornelia Bradley Martin to the fourth Earl of Craven, the young American countess has taken a prominent place among the country hostesses of the day. She has already entertained Royalty several times.

One of the most attractive American women who have made their home on this side of the Atlantic is Lady Terence Blackwood, the pretty young daughter-in-law of the Marquis of Dufferin. Before her marriage, Miss Flora Davis was for some time a member of the American colony in Paris, and her marriage took place while Lord Dufferin still occupied the British Embassy.

Miss Davis, though the daughter of a very wealthy man, was not, in the ordinary sense of the word, an heiress; and since her marriage she and her husband, who is Lord Dufferin's second son, have lived quite quietly either in a pretty flat in Paris, or more lately in Cadogan Square, where their house is one of the prettiest in London, each room representing a different period, the curious and valuable furniture having been a present from Lady Terence's father.

Lady Naylor-Leyland is the most beautiful American in society. As Miss Jennie Chamberlain her loveliness was the talk of two continents, and her beauty has an exquisite setting in her present London house, for her father-in-law was one of the foremost art collectors in Europe.

Mrs. Arthur Paget takes a very leading place among the American women who have made England their home, for to exceptional loveliness she joins great vivacity and charm of manner. This latter quality is probably owing to the fact that her mother, Mrs. Paran Stevens, was always surrounded in New York by a circle of intellectual and interesting people.

Mrs. Arthur Paget is celebrated for her wonderful collection of jewels, which includes a rope of the largest pearls in the world. She is also very fond of emeralds, and is often seen wearing a tiara of these beautiful stones. Like Lady Naylor-Leyland, she is a very successful London hostess, and she has revived the fashion of *poudré* and fancy dress balls. Colonel Paget is a cousin of Lord Anglesey.

The same year that witnessed the marriage of the Earl of Essex to Miss Adele Grant witnessed another interesting Anglo-American alliance, that of Miss Mary Caroline Cuyler to Sir Philip Grey-Egerton. Lady Grey-Egerton, who is the proud mother of twin sons, born two years after her marriage, is very fond of society. She is an enthusiastic cyclist. IGNOTA.

THE BIRDS OF THE MONTH.

THE TRAGEDY OF A THIRD SMOKER.

A STORY OF THE METROPOLITAN RAILWAY.

By Cutcliffe Hyne.

Illustrated by J. Finnemore, R.B.A.

"I ABOMINATE detective stories," said the Q.C., laying down his cue along the corner of the billiard-table and going across to the shelf where the cigar-boxes stood. "You see, when a man makes a detective story to write down on paper, he begins at the butt-end and works backwards. He notes his points and manufactures his clues to suit 'em, so it's all bound to work out right. In real life it's very different,"—he chose a Partaga, looking at it through his glasses thoughtfully—"and I ought to know; I've been studying the criminal mind for half my working life."

"But," said O'Malley, "a defending counsel is a different class of animal from the common detective."

"Oh, is he?" said the Q.C.; "that's all you know about it." He dragged one of the big chairs up into the deep chimney corner and settled himself in it, after many luxurious shruggings; then he spoke on, between whiffs at the Partaga.

"Now I'll just state you a case, and you'll see for yourself how we sometimes have to ravel out things. The solicitor who put the brief in my hands was, as solicitors go, a smart chap. He had built up a big business out of nothing, but criminal work was slightly out of his line. He had only taken up this case to oblige an old client, and I must say he made an uncommonly poor show of it. I never had such a thin brief given me in my life.

"The prisoner was to be tried on the capital charge; and if murder really had been committed, it was one of a most cold-blooded nature. Hanging would follow conviction as surely as night comes on the heels of day; and a client who gets the noose given him always damages his counsel's reputation, whether that counsel deserves it or not.

"As my brief put it, the case fined down to this:

"Two men got into an empty third-class smoking compartment at Addison Road. One of them, Guide, was a drain contractor; the other, Walker, was a foreman in Guide's employ. The train took them past the Shepherd's Bush and Grove Road Hammersmith stations without anything being reported; but at Shaftesbury Road Walker was found on the floor, stone dead, with a wound in the skull, and on the seat of the carriage was a small miner's pickaxe with one of its points smeared with blood.

"It was proved that Guide had been seen to leave the Shaftesbury Road station. He was dishevelled and agitated at the time, and this made the ticket collector notice him specially amongst the crowd of out-going passengers. After it was found out who he was, inquiries were made at his home. His wife stated that she had not seen him since Monday—the morning of Walker's death. She also let out that Walker had been causing him some annoyance of late, but she did not know about what. Subsequently—on the Friday, four days later—Guide was arrested at the West India Dock. He was trying to obtain employ as coal trimmer on an Australian steamer, obviously to escape from the country. On being charged he surrendered quietly, remarking that he supposed it was all up with him.

"That was the gist of my case, and the solicitor suggested that I should enter a plea of insanity.

"THE TICKET COLLECTOR SPECIALLY NOTICED HIM."

"Now, when I'd conned the evidence over—additional evidence to what I've told you, but all tending to the same end—I came to the conclusion that Guide was as sane as any of us are, and that, as a defence, insanity wouldn't have a leg to stand upon. 'The fellow,' I said, 'had much better enter a plea of guilty and let me pile up a long list of extenuating circumstances. A jury will always listen to those, and feeling grateful for being excused a long and wearisome trial, recommend to mercy out of sheer gratitude.' I wrote a note to this effect. On its receipt the solicitor came to see me—by the way, he was Barnes, a man of my own year at Cambridge.

"'My dear Grayson,' said he, 'I'm not altogether a fool. I know as well as you do that Guide would have the best chance if he pleaded guilty; but the difficult part of it is that he flatly refuses to do any such thing. He says he no more killed this fellow Walker than you or I did. I pointed out to him that the man couldn't very conveniently have slain himself, as the wound was well over at the top of his head, and had obviously been the result of a most terrific blow. At the P.M. it was shown that Walker's skull was of abnormal thickness, and the force required to drive through it even a heavy, sharp-pointed instrument like the pickaxe, must have been something tremendous.

"'I tell you, Grayson, I impressed upon the fellow that the case was as black as ink against him, and that he'd only irritate the jury by holding out; but I couldn't move him. He held doggedly to his tale—he had not killed Andrew Walker.'

"'He's not the first man who's stuck to an unlikely lie like that,' I remarked.

"'The curious part of it is,' said Barnes, 'I'm convinced that the man believes himself to be telling the absolute truth.'

"'Then what explanation has he to offer?'

"'None worth listening to. He owns that he and Walker had a fierce quarrel over money matters, which culminated in a personal struggle. He knows that he had one blow on the head which dazed him, and fancies that he must have had a second which reduced him to unconsciousness. When next he knew what was happening, he saw Walker lying on the floor, stone dead, though he was still warm and supple. On the floor was the pickaxe, with one of its points slimy with blood. How it came to be so he couldn't tell. He picked it up and laid it on a seat. Then in an instant the thought flashed across him how terribly black things looked against himself. He saw absolutely no chance of disproving them, and with the

"GUIDE WAS ARRESTED AT THE WEST INDIA DOCK

usual impulse of crude minds resolved at once to quit the country. With that idea he got out at the Shaftesbury Road Station, and being an ignorant man and without money, made his way down to the Ratcliff Highway—beg its pardon, St. George's High Street. Using that as a centre, he smelt about the docks at Limehouse and Millwall trying for a job in the stokehold; but as that neighbourhood is one of the best watched spots on earth, it is not a matter for surprise that he was very soon captured. That's about all I can tell you.'

"'I'm afraid it doesn't lighten matters up very much.'

"'I never said it would. The gist of this is down in your brief, Grayson. I only came round to chambers because of your letter.'

"'Still,' I persisted, 'you threw out a hint that Guide had offered some explanation.'

"'Oh, yes; but such a flimsy, improbable theory that no sane man could entertain it for a minute. In fact, he knew it to be absurd himself. After pressing him again and again to suggest how Walker could have been killed (with the view of extorting a confession), he said, in his slow, heavy way, "Why, I suppose, Mr. Barnes, someone else must ha' done it. Don't you think as a man could ha' got into the carriage whilst I was lying there stupid, and hit Walker with the pick and got out again afore I come to? Would that do, sir?"

"'I didn't think,' added Barnes, drily, 'that it was worth following that theory any deeper. What do you say?'

"I thought for a minute and then spoke up. 'Look here, Barnes; if in the face of this cock-and-bull story Guide persists in his innocence, there may be something in it after all; and if by any thousand-to-one chance we could bring him clear, it would be a red feather in the caps of both of us. Do you object to my seeing the man personally?'

"'It's a bit irregular,' said Barnes, doubtfully.

"'I know it is bang in the teeth of etiquette. But suppose we compromise, and you come with me?'

"'No, I won't do that. My time's busy just now; and besides, I don't want to run up the costs of this case higher than necessary. But if you choose to shove your other work aside and waste a couple of hours, just go and interview him by yourself, and we'll waive ceremony. I'll get the necessary prison order, and send it round to you to-morrow.'

"Next afternoon I went down to see Guide in the waiting-room at the Old Bailey. He was a middle-aged man, heavy-faced, and evidently knocked half stupid by the situation in which he found himself. He was perhaps as great a fool to his own interests as one might often meet with. There was no getting the simplest tale out of him except by regular question-and-answer cross-examination. What little he did tell seemed rather to confirm his guilt than otherwise; though, strange to say, I was beginning to believe him when he kept on assuring me between every other sentence that he did not commit the murder. Perhaps it was the stolid earnestness of the fellow in denying the crime which convinced me. One gets to read a good deal from facial expression when a man has watched what goes on in the criminal dock as long as I have done;

"THEY HAD A FIERCE QUARREL OVER MONEY MATTERS."

and one can usually spot guilt under any mask.

"'But tell me,' I said, 'what did you quarrel about in the first instance?'

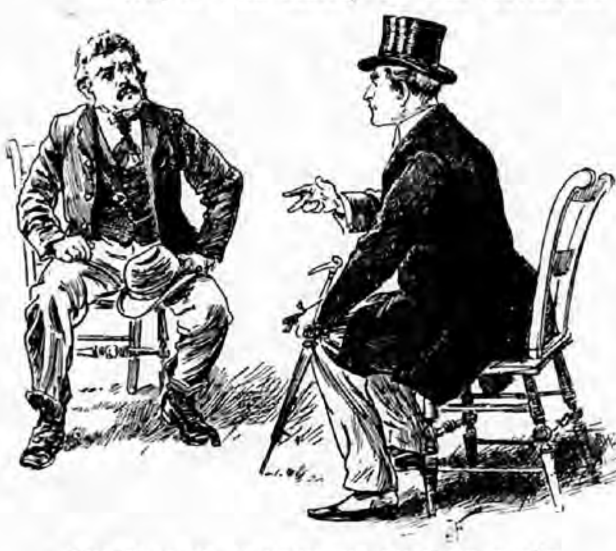
"'Money,' said Guide, moodily.

"'That's vague. Tell me more. Did he owe you money?'

"'No, sir, it was t'other way on.'

"'Wages in arrear?'

"'No, it was money he had advanced



"HE KEPT ON ASSURING ME THAT HE DIDN'T COMMIT THE MURDER."

me for the working of my business. You see Walker had always been a hard man, and he'd saved. He said he wanted his money back, he knowing that I was pinched a bit just then and couldn't pay. Then he tried to thrust himself into partnership with me in the business, which was a thing I didn't want. I'd good contracts on hand which I expected would bring me in a matter of nine thousand pounds, and I didn't want to share it with any man, least of all him. I told him so, and that's how the trouble began. But it was him that hit me first.'

"'Still, you returned the blow?'

"Guide passed a hand wearily over his forehead. 'I may have struck him back, sir—I was dazed, and I don't rightly remember. But before God I'll swear that I never lifted that pick to Andrew Walker—it was his pick.'

"'But,' I persisted, 'Walker couldn't very conveniently have murdered himself.'

"'No, sir, no—no, he couldn't. I thought of that myself since I been in here, and I said to Mr. Barnes that perhaps somebody come into the carriage when I was knocked silly, and killed him; but Mr. Barnes he said that was absurd. Besides, who could have done it?'

"'Don't you know anybody, then, who would have wished for Walker's death?'

"'There was them that didn't like him,' said Guide, drearily.

"That was all I could get out of him, and I went away from the prison feeling very dissatisfied. I was stronger than ever in the belief that Guide was in no degree guilty, and yet for the life of me I did not see how to prove his innocence. He had not been a man of any strong character to begin with, and the shock of what he had gone through had utterly dazed him. It was hopeless to expect any reasonable explanation from him; he had resigned himself to puzzlement. If he had gone melancholy mad before he came up to trial, I should not have been one whit surprised.

"I brooded over the matter for a couple of days, putting all the rest of my practice out of thought, but I didn't get any forwarder with it. I hate to give anything up as a bad job, and in this case I felt that there was on my shoulders a huge load of responsibility. Guide, I had thoroughly persuaded myself, had not murdered Andrew Walker; as sure as the case went into court, on its present grounding, the man would be hanged out of hand; and I persuaded myself that then I, and I alone, should be responsible for an innocent man's death.

"At the end of those two days only one course seemed open to me. It was foreign to the brief I held, but the only method left to bring in my client's innocence.

"I must find out who did really murder the man. I must try to implicate some third actor in the tragedy.

"To begin with, there was the railway carriage; but a little thought showed me that nothing was to be done there. The compartment would have been inspected by the police, and then swept and cleaned and garnished, and coupled on to its train once more, and used by unconscious passengers for weeks since the uproar occurred in it.

"All that I had got to go upon were the notes and relics held at Scotland Yard.

"The police authorities were very good. Of course, they were keen enough to bring off the prosecution with professional *éclat*; but they were not exactly anxious to hand over a poor wretch to the hangman if he was not thoroughly deserving of a dance

on nothing. They placed at my disposal every scrap of their evidence, and said that they thought the reading of it all was plain beyond dispute. I thought so, too, at first. They sent an inspector to my chambers as their envoy.

"On one point, though, after a lot of thought, I did not quite agree with them. I held a grisly relic in my hand, gazing at it fixedly. It was a portion of Walker's skull—a disc of dry bone with a splintered aperture in the middle.

"'And so you think the pickaxe made that hole,' I said to the inspector.

"'I don't think there can be any doubt about it, Mr Grayson. Nothing else could have done it, and the point of the pick was smeared with blood.'

"'But would there be room to swing such a weapon in a third-class Metropolitan railway carriage?'

"'We thought of that, and at first it seemed a poser. The roof is low, and both Guide and Walker are tall men; but if Guide had gripped the shaft by the end, so, with his right hand pretty near against the head, so, he'd have have had heaps of room to drive it with a sideways swing. I tried the thing for myself; it acted perfectly. Here's the pickaxe: you can see for yourself.'

"I did see, and I wasn't satisfied; but I didn't tell the inspector what I thought. It was clearer to me than ever that Guide had not committed the murder. What I asked the inspector was this: 'Had either of the men got any luggage in the carriage?'

"The inspector answered, with a laugh, 'Not quite, Mr. Grayson, or you would see it here.'

"Then I took on paper a rough outline of that fragment of bone, and an accurate sketch of exact size of the gash in it, and the inspector went away. One thing his visit had shown me. Andrew Walker was not slain by a blow from behind by the pickaxe.

"I met Barnes whilst I was nibbling lunch, and told him this. He heard me doubtfully. 'You may be right,' said he, 'but I'm bothered if I see what you have to go upon.'

"'You know what a pickaxe is like?' I said.

"'Certainly.'

"'A cross-section of one of the blades would be what?'

"'Square—or perhaps oblong.'

"'Quite so. Rectangular. What I want to get at is this: it wouldn't even be diamond shape, with the angles obtuse and acute alternately.'

"'Certainly not. The angles would be clean right-angles.'

"'Very good. Now look at this sketch of the hole in the skull, and tell me what you see.'

"Barnes put on his glasses, and gazed attentively for a minute or so, and then looked up. 'The pick point has crashed through without leaving any marks of its edges whatever.'

"'That is to say, there are none of your right-angles showing.'

"'None. But that does not go to prove anything.'

"'YOU THINK THE PICKAXE MADE THAT HOLE,' I SAID TO THE INSPECTOR."

"'No. It's only about a tenth of my proof. It gives the vague initial idea. It made me look more carefully, and I saw this'—I pointed with my pencil to a corner of the sketch.

"Barnes whistled. 'A clean arc of a circle,' said he, 'cut in the bone as though a knife had done it. You saw that pick-axe. Was it much worn? Were the angles much rounded near the point?'

"'They were not. On the contrary, the pick, though an old one, had just been through the blacksmith's shop to be re-sharpened, and had not been used since. There was not a trace of wear upon it: of that I am certain.'

"Barnes whistled again in much perplexity. At length said he, 'It's an absolutely certain thing that Walker was not killed in the way they imagine. But I don't think this will get Guide off scot-free. There's too much other circumstantial evidence against him. Of course you'll do your best, but——'

"'It would be more than a toss up if I could avoid a conviction. Quite so. We must find out more. The question is, how was this wound made? Was there a third man in it?'

"'Guide may have jobbed him from behind with some other instrument, and afterwards thrown it out of window.'

"'Yes,' said I, 'but that is going on the assumption that Guide did the trick, which I don't for a moment think is the case. Besides, if he did throw anything out of window, it would most assuredly have been found. They keep the permanent way very thoroughly inspected upon the Metropolitan. No, Barnes. There is some other agent in this case, animate or inanimate, which so far we have overlooked completely; and an innocent man's life depends upon our ravelling it out.'

"LOOK AT THIS SKETCH OF THE HOLE IN THE SKULL."

"Barnes lifted his shoulders helplessly, and took another sandwich. 'I don't see what we can do.'

"'Nor I, very clearly. But we must start from the commencement, and go over the ground inch by inch.'

"So wrapped up was I in the case by this time, that I could not fix my mind to anything else. Then and there I went out and set about my inquiries.

"With some trouble I found the compartment in which the tragedy had taken place, but learnt nothing new from it. The station and the railway people at Addison Road, Kensington, were similarly drawn blank. The ticket inspector at Shaftesbury Road, who distinctly remembered Guide's passage, at first seemed inclined to tell me nothing new, till I dragged it out of him by a regular emetic of questioning.

"Then he did remember that Guide had been carrying in his hand a carpenter's straw bass, as he passed through the wicket. He did not recollect whether he had mentioned this to the police: didn't see that it mattered.

"I thought differently, and with a new vague hope in my heart, posted back to the prison. I had heard no word of this hand-baggage from Guide. It remained to be seen what he had done with it.

"They remembered me from my previous visit, and let me in to the prisoner without much demur. Guide owned up to the basket at once. 'Yes,' he said, 'I had some few odd tools to carry from home, and as I couldn't find anything else handy to put them in I used the old carpenter's bass. I had an iron eye to splice on to the end of a windlass rope, a job that I like to do myself, to make sure it's done safe. I never thought about telling you of that bass before, sir. I didn't see as how it mattered.'

"'Where is the bass now?'

"'In the Left Luggage Office at Shaftesbury Road Station. Name of Hopkins. I've lost the ticket.'

"'Where did you put your basket on entering the carriage at Addison Road?'

"'On the seat, sir, in the corner by the window.'

"And with that I left him.

"'Now,' thought I, 'I believe I can find out whether you murdered Walker or not,' and drove back to Hammersmith.

"I inquired at the cloak-room. Yes,

"A DISCOLORATION WHICH I KNEW TO BE DRIED HUMAN BLOOD."

the carpenter's bass was there, beneath a dusty heap of other unclaimed luggage. There was demurrage to pay on it, which I offered promptly to hand over, but as I could produce no counterfoil bearing the name of Hopkins, the clerk, with a smile, said that he could not let me have it. However, when he heard what I wanted, he made no objection to my having an overhaul.

"The two lugs of the bass were threaded together with a hammer. I took this away, and opened the sides. Within was a ball of marline, another of spun-yarn, a grease-pot, and several large iron eyes. Also a large marline-spike. It was this last that fixed my attention. It was brand new, with a bone handle and a bright brass ferrule. Most of the iron also was bright, but three inches of the point were stained with a faint dark brown. From a casual inspection I should have put this down to the marline-spike having been last used to make a splice on tarred rope; but now my suspicions made me think of something else.

"I raised the stained point to my nose. There was no smell of tar whatever. On the bright part there was the indefinable odour of iron; at the tip, that thin coat of dark brown varnish had blotted this scent completely away.

"I think my fingers trembled when I turned to the bass again.

"Yes, there, opposite to where the point of the marline-spike had been lying—it was tilted up over the ball of spun-yarn—was a closed-up gash in the side of the bass. The spike had passed through there, and then been withdrawn. Round the gash was a dim discoloration which I knew to be dried human blood.

"In my mind's eye I saw the whole ghastly accident clearly enough now. The two men had been standing up, struggling. Guide had gone down under a blow, knocked senseless, and Walker had stumbled over him. Pitching forward, face downwards, on to the seat before he could recover, his head had dashed violently against the carpenter's bass. The sharp marline-spike inside, with its heel resting against the solid wall of the carriage, had entered the top of his skull like a bayonet. No human hand had been raised against him, and yet he had been killed.

"I kept my own particular ramblings in this case remarkably quiet, and in court led up to my facts through ordinary cross-examination.

"At the proper psychological moment I called attention to the shape of the puncture in Walker's skull, and then dramatically sprang the bass and the marline-spike upon them unawares. After that, as the papers put it, 'there was applause in court, which was instantly suppressed.'"

"Oh, the conceit of the man," said O'Malley, laughing.

Grayson laughed too. "Well," he said, "I was younger then, and I suppose I was a trifle conceited. The Crown didn't throw up. But the jury chucked us a 'Not guilty' without leaving the box, and then leading counsel for the other side came across and congratulated me on having saved Guide from the gallows. 'Now I'd have bet anything on hanging that man,' said he."

"I'D HAVE BET ANYTHING ON HANGING THAT MAN."

SOME INCRIMINATING DOCUMENTS.

FACSIMILES OF FATAL WRITINGS.

INCRIMINATION by handwriting, if not as old as crime itself, is at least, in all probability, as old as the art of writing. Whenever there exists a manual record of a misdeed, there is naturally always the risk of betrayal. In truth, there could be no safer motto for the criminal than the words of Napoleon to Fouché: "Certain people should *never write;* pen and ink are sure to undo them."

An illustrious example of incrimination by document has been recently furnished to the world by the Dreyfus case, with its subsequent complications, so that the present consideration of documents which have played an equally strong part in bringing evil-doers to justice cannot fail to be most interesting.

The public have, probably, not yet forgotten the unique circumstances of the Whalley will case.

It appears that sixteen or seventeen years ago an elderly gentleman named James Whalley was living at Leominster. He passed his days at the home of a man named Thomas, a petty municipal functionary, leading a decidedly frugal, not to say miserly, life. Whalley had two children, Emma and Henry Whalley Priestman, whom he educated and lived with until about the year 1877, when he quarrelled with his daughter and left her and her brother at Hereford, he himself going to live at Thomas's cottage at Leominster. On the seventh of May 1881, he died, leaving between fifty and sixty thousand pounds. A will was produced, bearing the old man's indubitable signature, as well as the signature of witnesses, in which the bulk of the fortune was left to Thomas, the son being cut off with £5,000. Everything seemed plain and above-board, but

In Witness whereof I have hereto set my hand this twenty first day of March one thousand eight hundred and eighty one

Signed by the Testator James Whalley as and for his last Will and testament in the presence of us present at the same time who in his presence at his request and in the presence of each other have hereunto set our names as Witnesses

James Whalley
March 21/81

Thomas William Nash, Dyer. Burgess St Leominster

Edward Kell. Sub Surveyor, 126 South Street Leominster

Charles Thomas
Executors.
Jos: Woodhouse

FAMOUS FORGED WILL.

20 TUESDAY [324-41]

attending on Cook all day

dined at the Yard —

up with Cook all night

21 WEDNESDAY [325-40]

xxx Cook died at 1 o'clock this morning

DIARY WHICH LED TO THE SCAFFOLD.

by one expert that there was cause for suspicion. The attesting clauses were rather curiously cramped at the side, giving from their position the idea to the expert's mind that they had been added subsequently, with a view to accommodating the signature. The signature itself, too, had a date under it, a peculiarity of the testator's in writing a letter, but never

certain circumstances were suspicious, and the document was contested. This famous will, of which a photograph has been specially taken for the present article, was brought into court and submitted to the scrutiny of experts, accustomed to detect the most minute flaws in the work of the cleverest forger. They were obliged to give it as their opinion that the signatures were all genuine—the document itself being in the hand of one of the attesting witnesses. But when it came to examining the will carefully as a whole, it was found

I Remain yours.
Affectionate Son
Roger Charles Tichborne

Metropolitan Hotel
Pitts Street
Sydney

To Lady Tichborne
40 rue neuve des Mathurins

SIGNATURE OF THE CLAIMANT.

found elsewhere. The lines varied, too, as though the writer had begun in the belief that there had been ample room. Everything now seemed to point to the fact of a will written over and around a signature, and not to a signature naturally written at the bottom of a will. Meanwhile, there had appeared in different parts of the paper certain odd marks and formations. Early in the inquiry the will had been glazed and framed; and now left to itself the paper, as it were, began to speak and declare itself other than what it seemed. Soon these marks and formations took the shape of words and fragments of words, and by a powerful magnifying glass could even be read. It was now sufficiently clear for the expert to

Yours Truly
R. C. Tichborne
22nd November 1852
P.S. Have you been
since you have been
at Christon

SIGNATURE OF THE REAL SIR ROGER.

London 19th Oct 1891
G. P. Wyatt Esq
deputy coroner
East Surrey
I am writing to say that if you and your satellites fail to bring the murderer of Ellen Donworth alias Ellen Linnell late of 8 Duke Street Westminster Bridge Road to justice, that I am willing to give you such assist-ance as will bring the murderer to justice, provided your govern-ment is willing to pay me £300000 pounds for my services No pay unless successful
A. O'Brien
detective

MURDERER'S OFFER TO ACT AS DETECTIVE.

declare that these were hollows and shades caused by pencil marks made by one of the attesting witnesses and principal legatee, and afterwards rubbed out.

It is a well-known fact, in connection with palimpsests, that time will often recall a writing long believed to have been obliterated. Erase the writing as carefully as is possible, till all trace of pencil or pen has vanished, yet with most kinds of paper one will really only have erased the immediate marks of the plumbago or ink. The indentations on the paper will remain, merely filled up with the dust and surface of the material rubbed over them. This is what occurred here. The testator, it was proved at the subsequent trial, believing himself to be *in extremis*, desired the presence of his son. At his request the principal legatee had written for him the letter, taking the precaution of writing it in pencil—being equally careful, at the same time, that the signature should be in ink. The rest of the proceeding was simple: the pencil was rubbed out, and over the signature the will was written. It was proved that the will in which he left almost the whole of his property to his son was done away with, and Thomas and Nash were convicted.

The next document we present was produced by the public prosecutor in court at the trial of William Palmer, the poisoner, in 1856. It is a page from a diary discovered by the police among the guilty man's effects at Rugeley. In this diary each of Palmer's numerous murders was chronicled, together with most of the details of his personal association with his victims, of whom John Parsons Cook was the last. Having denied that he had been with Cook on the Sunday and Monday in question, this diary, in the murderer's own handwriting, were other evidences not forthcoming, convicted him of falsehood—and (on a post-mortem examination, first of one victim and then another) of murder. He expiated his crime at length on the scaffold.

But a more celebrated case than either of those we have yet mentioned was that surrounding the claimant to the Tichborne estates. It is almost needless to recapitulate the circumstances of this great action, in which Arthur Orton, a butcher's apprentice, sought to pass himself off as the long missing Roger Charles Tichborne. But throughout all the sophistries by which Orton sought to strengthen his case there were three documents which, in the jury's eyes, annulled all the efforts of his counsel. These three documents consist of, first, the handwriting of the real Sir Roger Charles Tichborne; second, of the man

Dr. Neill M.D. 103 Lambeth Palace Road, London S.W. desires to acknowledge the receipt of Two Guineas from Henry Stear Esq M.D. of Saffron Walden Essex and a similar amount from W. H. B. on behalf of the Widow and children of the late Dr. Wm. H. R. Stanley

Dr. Neill desires also to say that these kind donations are really the means of keeping this poor Woman and her children out of the Workhouse

LETTER FROM NEILL CREAM THE POISONER.

POST OFFICE TELEGRAPHS (Inland Telegrams.)

NOTICE.—This Telegram will be accepted for transmission subject to the Regulations made under the Telegraph Acts 1885, and to the Notice printed at the back hereof.

TO { Mrs. Benson
Rose Cottage, Upper Mitcham

Wire immediately if all serene not returning yet preserve letters unopened reply to Holmwood Station

THE TELEGRAM THAT HANGED JAMES CANHAM READ.

who claimed to be he; and third, of Arthur Orton. A moment's glance, even by those unpractised in the art of analysing and comparing handwriting, sufficed to show that the hand which had written the "Arthur Orton" letter was the same hand that had sent from the Metropolitan Hotel, Sydney, the affectionate letter to Lady Tichborne. But as to any real affinity between these letters and the admittedly genuine one signed by "Roger Charles Tichborne" in 1852, there is none whatever.

There are two cases of recent celebrity which relate to wilful murder, and in which documents played an important part. Few can have forgotten the trial and conviction of Thomas Neill Cream. We publish photographs of papers in the guilty man's handwriting which figured in that case. This wretched man seems to have murdered his victims in order to blackmail others for the crime. The first example is a letter to the deputy-coroner, which reads like the epistle of a madman, but which sheds considerable light on the methods Cream might adopt; the second is a specimen of Cream's "backhand," in which he identifies himself with the family of one of his victims.

The second of the two cases mentioned is that of James Canham Read. It will be recalled that in this murder trial a telegram was produced which clinched the evidence against the prisoner by destroying his contention of *alibi*. This telegram, which speaks for itself, is now in the possession of the Scotland Yard authorities.

What we know now as an impudent forgery, but what was then regarded by many as a terribly incriminating document, is the famous "Parnell letter," published by the *Times* in 1888. It would seem that the very circumstance of the cramped writing at the bottom of the first page would have aroused suspicion. The signature is, of course, genuine, Mr. Parnell having written on a sheet of paper, without dreaming what use was to be made of it by unscrupulous parties.

15/5/82

Dear Sir,

I am not surprised at your friend's anger but he and you should know that to denounce the murders was the only course open to us. To do that promptly was plainly our best policy.

But you can tell him and all others concerned that though I regret the accident of Lord F. Cavendish's death I cannot refuse to admit that Burke got no more than his deserts.

You are at liberty to show him this and others whom you can trust also but let not my address be known. He can write to House of Commons.

Yours very truly
Chas. S. Parnell

THE FORGED PARNELL LETTER.

A Tiny Shoe.

I.

ONLY a tiny outworn shoe,
Tied with a ribbon that once was blue,
Filled with memories, hopes and fears,
Stealing back from the vanished years.
There it is lying, hidden away—
Where is the other ?—who can say ;
Odd as it is, and worn and old,
Somebody would not sell it for gold !
Only a little outworn shoe,
Tied with a ribbon that once was blue !

II.

Only a baby footfall light,
Making a dark world glad and bright,
Sweeter music than greatest art
Ever made, to a mother's heart !
Ah, that was twenty years away—
But though she blushed as a bride to-day,
To somebody, smiling her joy-tears through,
She still seemed the wearer of this wee shoe !
Only a little outworn shoe,
Tied with a ribbon that once was blue !

IAN'S SACRIFICE.

A Complete Story by Alick Munro.

Illustrations by Ralph Peacock.

IT was a piece of insular facetiousness on my part which discovered him; for one of the articles of every Briton's faith is that so long as he speaks in English he can safely say what he likes to these foreign beggars. Therefore, as this particular Portuguese had nipped my ticket every morning for over a week, with never more than a murmured "*Com licença, senhor*," when he avoided my outstretched legs, I thought our acquaintance had lasted long enough to warrant my chaffing him—in English, of course.

"Morning, Pedro!" I remarked, cheerfully, as I handed him my ticket; "I'm quite getting to like the look of your ugly face, d'you know?"

The ticket-man gave me a quick glance.

"The pleasure is mutual, sir," he replied, quietly, speaking with a slight Scotch accent; and then, with his usual "*Com licença*," reached over for the rest of the tickets.

The other fellows, season-ticket holders on that line, burst out laughing, and before I had time to realise the exact size of fool I'd made of myself, the man had opened the door, and was making his way along the foot-board to the next carriage. I jumped to the window and looked after him, just in time to catch a slight smile on his wooden face as he disappeared into the compartment.

"Well, I'm blessed!" I remarked to the others. "The fellow understands English."

"Yes. Most Scotchmen do, you know," was the reply; and I felt smaller than ever.

"Who is he?" I asked.

"Don't know. Calls himself Judson, but probably was christened something else. He has been on the Lisbon-Cintra line for the last ten years, and that's pretty nearly all that is known about him. Half a score of fellows have tried at different times to get him to talk, but he sees through it, and closes up like an oyster."

"Where does he live?" I asked; for this sounded interesting.

"You'll have to get him to tell you himself; nobody else knows. Bet you twenty mil you don't draw him."

"Done!" said I, and booked the bet.

Now, the more I allowed my thoughts to dwell on the square, determined-looking features of the man, the more angry I grew with myself because I could not put a name to the face. The fellow haunted me the whole morning, and as the dilatoriness of the Portuguese Government officials, with whom I was trying to negotiate a sugar concession, gave me plenty of time for reflection, by the time I had become thoroughly tired of hanging round the Cortes, and had made up my mind to having to wait once more for the interminable Portuguese "to-morrow," I was also quite ready for another interview with "Judson." I set off, therefore, for the station, and took my ticket to Cintra.

What was the man's real name? And

"'I'M QUITE GETTING TO LIKE THE LOOK OF YOUR UGLY FACE.'"

where had I seen that rather wooden smile before?

Ten years on the Lisbon-Cintra line, they say. Then I must have been quite a kid when I met him in England, if I ever did meet him. Ten years—by Jove! can it be Farquhar? Six feet two, determined features, wooden smile—it *is* Farquhar! Wonder how Nellie Conyers will take this when I tell her. Doubtful, very! But on second thoughts, *shall* I tell her? H-m! I don't know.

The point is that, although Mrs. Conyers is my second cousin, she is also a young widow, unencumbered; and I am rather afraid of her. She was engaged to Farquhar before she met Conyers, but the match was broken off because of some Indian scandal or other; something about the Viceroy's Cup, I think. Farquhar had a horse entered, which won when it shouldn't, or lost when it shouldn't—I forget which. Anyway, there was unpleasantness, and Farquhar threw up his commission, and offered to release Nellie Vincent from her engagement. She took him at his word, and married the next "eligible" who came along—Amos Conyers, to wit, a Yorkshire wool-comber, since deceased. All things considered, I thought perhaps I wouldn't tell Mrs. Conyers.

But if Cousin Nellie inspired me with awe, the Cintra ticket-examiner didn't; so when the door of the compartment (which, as luck would have it, I had to myself after we left Rio de Mouro) suddenly opened, and the familiar "*Com licença*" heralded the fact that my legs were as usual in the way, I was prepared.

"Sir," I said, "I was rude to you this morning, and I wish to apologise."

He looked hard at me for a moment; then smiled, and shrugged his shoulders slightly, Portuguese fashion.

"The senhor is pleased to make fun of me," he answered, quietly.

"No; I'm in dead earnest," I declared. "But whose pardon have I the honour to beg—Captain Ian Farquhar's, shall I say?"

He turned on me at once, and the ticket-nippers fell out of his twitching fingers and clattered on the floor unheeded.

"Who told you that name?" he demanded, fiercely.

"Nellie Vincent," said I, and watched him narrowly, "used to speak pretty frequently about a certain Ian Farquhar—that is to say, before she became Mrs. Conyers, of course—and I thought——"

"Who are you?" he interrupted, with a menacing gesture which was all English, "and what do you know about Nellie Vincent?"

"'WHO TOLD YOU THAT NAME?' HE DEMANDED, FIERCELY."

"As much as a not very distant relative may know," I answered, suavely. "Can I take her any message from Captain Farquhar?"

He turned sharply round, and I wondered whether he was going to embrace me or assault me. As a matter of fact, he did neither.

"Go to the devil," he snarled savagely in my face, and then, opening the door with a jerk, swung himself out on to the foot-board.

Now, we were on an incline, and going,

for a Portuguese local train, really fast. Under ordinary circumstances, therefore, he would have waited till we slowed down at the station before venturing to pass on to the next carriage; but a badly surprised man forgets that he's got a neck to be broken.

"'I THINK I DROPPED MY NIPPERS,' HE EXPLAINED, NERVOUSLY."

"I've a notion I shall win those twenty mil," said I to myself, as I picked up the nippers he had dropped. "Anyhow, the Captain will have to return for this little implement."

The engine gave a couple of piercing shrieks; the guard leaned out and blew his penny trumpet; the station-master's bell could be heard ringing furiously ahead of us; and all this unnecessary noise merely meant that we were entering Cintra station. Just before we came to a standstill, Farquhar paid me the visit I was waiting for.

"My nippers," he explained, nervously, poking his head in at the window and peering about; "I think I dropped them."

I handed the tool to him. He took it, and then, with breathless haste, jerked out, "Look here, I'm off duty at eight. Come to my shanty if you can—pink-washed hut just below the Quinta da Bella Vista. Sorry I was rude to you just now."

Then he dropped off the foot-board, and the train pulled up at the platform with a clumsy jerk.

* * * *

"Yes," remarked Farquhar, contentedly, "you're right. There are uglier spots in the world than this."

Then he blew a couple of smoke-rings, and watched them dissolve slowly in the still air.

The sun was just disappearing behind the club-shaped kitchen chimneys of the Moorish palace, and the long, doleful "*Wo-o-o-a-aw*" of the donkey men, who were bringing a party of Spanish tourists back from Montserrat and the Cork Convent, floated across the lemons and roses of the *quintas* below, and died away in the silences above us, smothered by the heavy curtain of pine needles.

"Does it satisfy you?" I asked, quietly.

"What—the scenery?"

"No, I don't mean that—you'd be a captious brute if it didn't—but the life."

The man's brow contracted ominously, and he threw away his cigar with unnecessary energy.

"You're used to something better, you see," I insinuated.

"And I am used to this," he replied, shortly.

Then he dropped his chin on to his chest and looked at me from under his brows.

"See here," he said, with cold emphasis. "I guess what you're driving at, and I tell you I don't like it. You say you are Nellie Vincent's cousin, and that you remember me in the old days. Well, you may; but I don't remember you, and I don't recognise your right to criticise me."

"'WOULD IT BE FORGOTTEN THAT I HAD TO RESIGN MY COMMISSION?'"

"Really," I began, "I have no wish——"

"Good heavens, man!" he interrupted, and pointed excitedly to the panorama around us. "Look about you, and say if you know a better place for a poor devil of a Pariah to bury himself in! My hut is comfortable; the scenery is perfect; that *caldeirada* of mullet and vegetables, of which you were pleased to approve just now, is a luxury within reach of even a railwayman's wage, and the cigar you are smoking is one of a case of eight thousand Villar y Villars which I brought with me when I turned hermit. I don't smoke more than one a day on an average, so if you calculate you'll find there are still over four thousand left."

He got up, and paced the gravel aggressively.

"Do you ever see an English paper?" I asked, with sudden recollections of an obituary notice.

The furrow on the ticket-nipper's brow smoothed itself out; his movements lost their irritable jerkiness, and when he spoke the grating snarl had gone from his voice.

"Yes," he answered, quietly, "I do. I know that my father is dead, and that I can call myself Sir Ian Farquhar if I choose to. That's what you mean, isn't it? I got a month's holiday and went and laid a wreath on the old man's grave."

There was a catch in Farquhar's voice as he told me this, and somehow I did not care to break the pause which followed.

"I MET HER AT A CRUSH IN HANS PLACE."

"But," he went on again, "what should I gain by going home now? My title, and the grouse moors which go with it, would gain me friends—of a sort. I know that; but do you imagine that it would be forgotten for a moment that I had to resign my commission because of a hocussed racehorse? Would Mrs. Conyers, for instance, allow me to visit her?"

"Yes," I answered, decidedly; but I wasn't sure.

"You think so? You don't know her, then; and if she would I shouldn't go—can't you see that?"

"I don't see why you shouldn't," I contended.

Sir Ian laughed bitterly as I spoke.

"You don't? No, of course you don't! You've never heard a man call you a cheat and not had the power to call him a liar in return. A few experiences of that sort develop one's shyness, you'd find. I shall never go home till——"

"Till Nellie Conyers asks you to," I interrupted.

"No," he answered, "not that; I stick to possibilities. I was merely going to say that I wouldn't go home until I could give the lie to every man in my old regiment. Looks as if I should stay here some time, doesn't it?"

"You can clear yourself," I suggested.

"No," he retorted, "I can't."

I didn't believe him.

"Look here," I said; "I'm going home next week. Will you give me a brief?"

"What, to vindicate my reputation? Yes, if you don't care about your own. They won't believe you."

"I'll risk that," said I; for I had a notion that my cousin Nellie, at all events, might, perhaps, be convinced.

* * * *

As soon as possible after my arrival in England, I went and told my tale to Mrs. Conyers. I met her at a crush in Hans Place, and engaged her to sit out three consecutive dances with me. To give me these she had, so she said, to disappoint two very nice boys indeed; but I insisted. My tale would take three dances at least in the telling, and, moreover, it concerned Ian Farquhar; so, with a pout—Nellie's pouts were a part of her ordnance, and, of course, suited her—she consented.

As it happened, we sat out not three dances, but five; for after I had said my say, she also had something to tell—and of the two hers was the better tale, for it made Farquhar into a hero.

I knew that Nellie's brother had been a lieutenant in Farquhar's regiment, but I did not know that the responsibility for the foul running in the Viceroy's Cup was conclusively proved to lie between Captain Farquhar and Lieutenant Vincent. Vincent denied it stoutly; Farquhar, engaged to Vincent's sister, said nothing. So Farquhar became the Cintra ticket-nipper, and Vincent remained with his regiment until the native money-lenders made India too hot to hold him. Then he resigned, and, socially speaking, went under.

Nellie had learned the facts from one of her "nice boys," a "sub" who had taken over Vincent's sayce after the smash, and was still too young to know when to hold his tongue. The sayce let out that Vincent Sahib had bribed him to drug the race-horse.

"And so, you see," said Nellie to me, "poor Ian was a hero after all. It was for my sake, you know, that he wouldn't speak."

I said something appropriate.

"Nonsense!" said Nellie, with a blush. "Please ask them to call my carriage; I want to go home. And you might come to-morrow and talk things over with me—and—and—book a passage to Lisbon by the next mail—you'll want it."

"Well, I'm—astonished," said I; but I wasn't.

* * * *

"My dear fellow," said Farquhar to me, when I visited him again in his Cintra hut, "I don't want to be rude to you, but I'd much rather you let me alone. I've broken with the old life, you see, and you must allow that you are out of place in the new one. You'll pardon my speaking so plainly."

"Sir Ian Farquhar," said I, "light one of those Villar y Villars and sit down and listen to me. After you've heard what I

"'BOOK A PASSAGE TO LISBON BY THE NEXT MAIL, YOU'LL WANT IT,' SHE SAID."

have to say, I'll never visit you again until you ask me."

I told him my tale, and he heard it through without showing by a flicker how it affected him.

"Now," said I, when I had finished, "what are you going to do?"

"Bid you good-night," he answered, shortly. "I work the first train to-morrow."

"Man!" I exclaimed, in amazement, "Nellie Conyers wants you—she sent me to say so."

"Does she? Then she can come and say so herself."

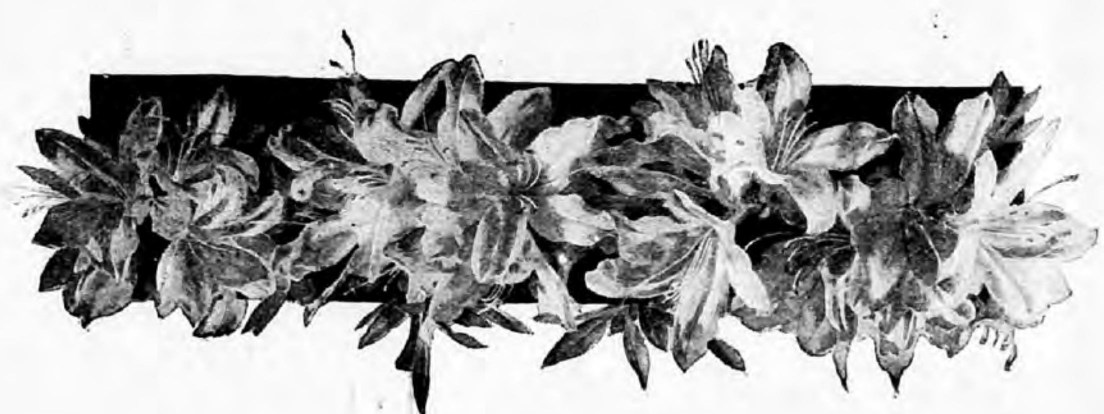
"Oh, come, that's unreasonable," I began; but a flutter of skirts at the door interrupted me.

"I couldn't wait any longer," said my cousin Nellie, pleadingly. "Ian, you'll come back to England with me?"

I picked up my hat and went for a stroll. When I returned the door was closed, and Nellie was waiting outside.

"Don't go in," she commanded. "He sent me out to wait till he'd changed out of his railway clothes. He has hunted an old Poole suit out of his trunk, and is putting it on."

"'IAN, YOU'LL COME BACK TO ENGLAND WITH ME?'"

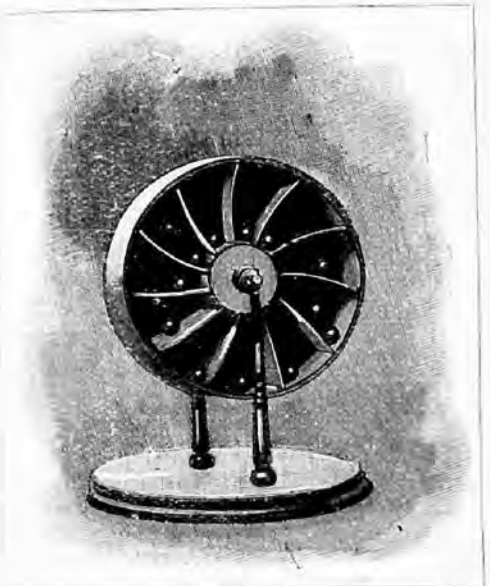


"PERPETUAL MOTION" SEEKERS.

THEIR FASCINATING BUT HOPELESS PURSUIT.

With Illustrations of Machines that have been Invented Recently.

THREE apparently hopeless quests have engaged the abilities of inventors and scientists from a very early period—the



PERPETUAL MOTION MACHINE WHICH WOULD NOT GO.

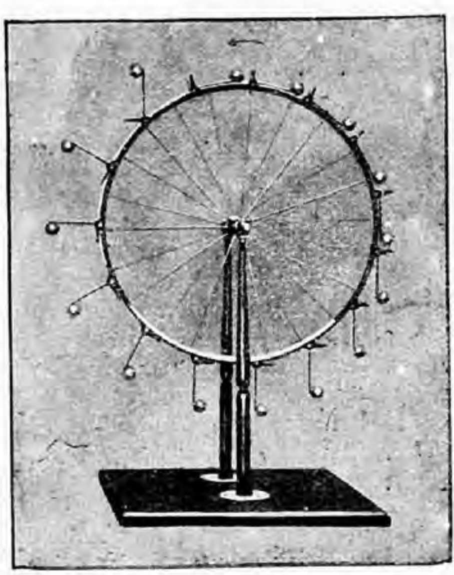
Philosopher's Stone, that should convert everything it touched into pure gold; the Elixir of Life, that once partaken of should invest the recipient with immortality on earth; and Perpetual Motion.

To the average man it is a self-evident fact that unless you put energy or force of some sort into a machine it won't work. Thus, a locomotive will not move unless you apply steam or electricity, nor a bicycle unless the muscular energy of your own body propels it. But, simple as this fact may seem, there have been, from early times, as we have indicated, men whose whole object in life has been to construct a machine that, once started, shall run for ever by its own momentum. There are such people to-day; and it is pathetic to think what an immense amount of inventive genius has been expended on projects that we may declare to be absolutely hopeless of achievement, even in these days of phonographs and wireless telegraphy.

"Why can't it be done?" says the Inventor. Many reasons to the contrary might be adduced, but the most cogent answer to the practical man lies in this great fact, that up to the present not a single perpetual motor has ever yet been seen at work—that is to say, no machine has ever yet been invented which, when once started, would work for an indefinite time without a corresponding amount of energy being given it.

Careful experiment and daily observation all point to one comprehensive principle—that you cannot get out of a machine more work than you put into it. In the locomotive, for example, the work given out when it is in operation is exactly equivalent to the energy stored up in the inert coal cast into the furnace. Although this principle in all its scientific exactitude is less than a century old, yet its truth is now so well settled, that nothing short of an actual working perpetual motor could demonstrate its falsity. The search for the Philosopher's Stone, the production of an Elixir of Life, have, like the hope of an El Dorado, been consigned to the limbo of forgotten things. Nevertheless, in spite of science, aspirations after the Perpetual Motor still burn fitfully.

Some, indeed the vast majority, of the chimerical methods for getting work for nothing, are being rediscovered day by day,

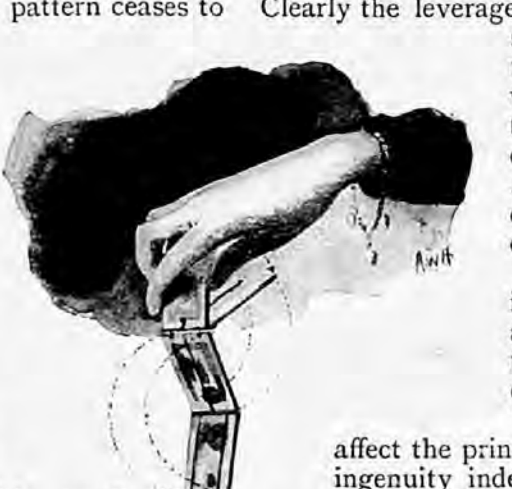


ANOTHER INGENIOUS FAILURE.

and, as before, cast aside. An almost incredible amount of wasted labour and fruitless effort have been devoted to this subject. The quest, however, ever seems to be fresh and attractive, and year after year in wearying succession continues to allure, as the records of the Patent Office show, a never ending train of deluded enthusiasts.

A few of the typical methods that have been imagined for consummating the desired end are here introduced. One of the simplest methods consists in the use of a wheel, divided into a series of spoke-like boxes, each of which contains a rolling ball. Since the balls on the falling side of the wheel are farther from the centre, it is clearly seen (on paper) that the weights act with greater advantage on that side of the wheel than on the other, and, of course, will drag the wheel over, and this, as the balls roll (so far as anything is seen to the contrary by the designer), should continue indefinitely. An excellent theory—but, sad to relate, the most exquisitely constructed machine of this pattern ceases to turn after a few revolutions.

The propounder of perpetual motion theories does not always confine himself to diagrams, but sometimes deludes himself in a cloud of verbiage. Here is a sample. "Let us," says the theorist, "construct a wheel of immense dimensions. On one side of it, let there be hung a huge mass. On the opposite side suspend innumerable small weights. Then shall it be found that the wheel will continually revolve. For when the huge mass is at the top, its weight will cause it to descend. Why is this? The answer is obvious—because it is so heavy. In the meantime the innumerable small weights will reach the top, and thereupon *they* will descend. Why is *this*? The answer again is clear—because there are so many."


SHOWING HOW JACK WORKS.

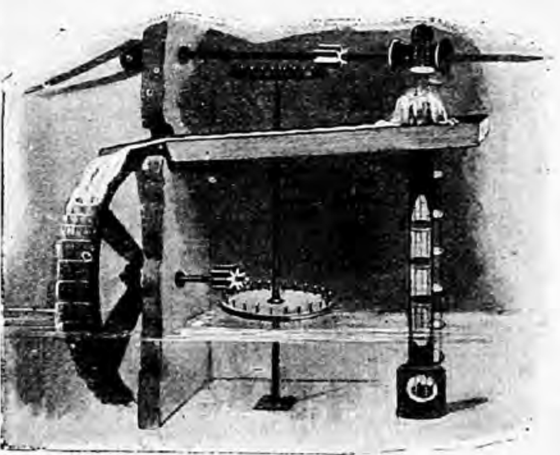
Most excellent word juggling perhaps, but it would scarcely impose on a child. We cannot, however, avoid a shrewd suspicion that the theorist in this instance has done no more than employ a method not altogether foreign to those sometimes utilised in much more serious, recondite, and difficult matters. Passing on, we reach an arrangement where the balls are secured to hinged arms, which, as the wheel turns round, fall open on the one side and close up on the other. Clearly the leverage is greater on one side, so that the wheel *ought* to revolve continually when once started, and to give out work which could be transmitted by driving bands or other devices to operate machinery.

"TUMBLING JACK," THE NURSERY'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE PURSUIT.

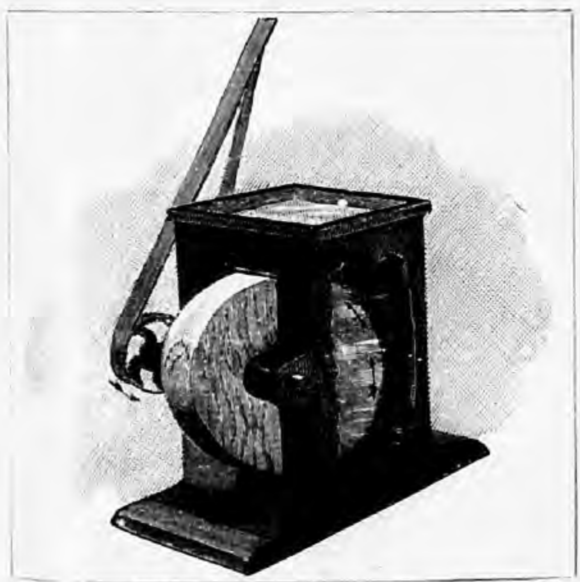
In this example, and indeed throughout this article, we have not troubled about practical details of construction. These, of course, do not affect the principles involved. Much ingenuity indeed has been shown in their production, but the perpetual motionist cannot claim in them an exclusive property.

The flopping-over arrangement just described reminds one of the "Tumbling Jack," a children's toy one often sees on sale in the streets. In this toy a series of bricks are strung together in a chain. From the ingenious way in which the bricks are joined it results, as everyone who has ever seen it will at once remember, that on holding the uppermost brick in the hand and giving it an almost imperceptible tilting movement, an apparently endless series of bricks chase each other down the chain. Each brick in succession tumbles

over and imparts an impulse to the one immediately below it, which in turn does the same, and so the motion is carried from one end of the chain to the other. Why could not this everlasting tumbling-down motion, which seemingly is produced without effort, be turned to account? It only needs the chains to be sufficiently multiplied in point of size or number to furnish us with a source of power which apparently may be made as large as we desire. Considerations of this kind wear a plausible air. But it may perhaps be noticed that when this particular apparatus is working, it is always held in the hand, and that our supposition about increasing the size or number of the chains would, as a consequence, carry with it the necessity for having either an army of persons, or a giant, to work the apparatus in its complete form. No magic need be invoked to explain the working powers of an army or of a giant.



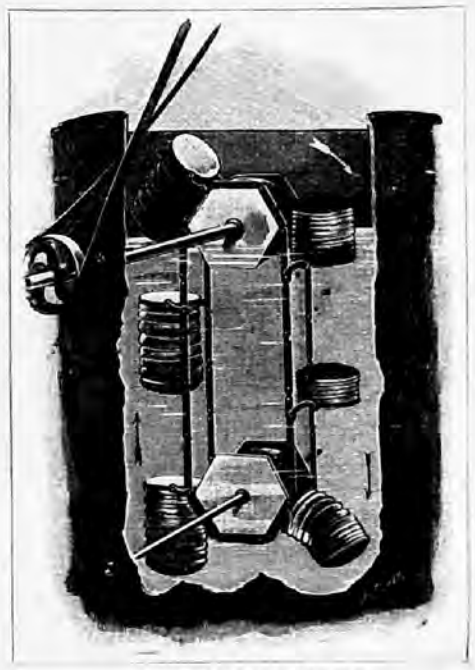
THE MILLER'S DODGE FOR WORKING HIS MILL.



THE GRINDSTONE PARADOX.

One has often heard of the miller who wished to drive his water-wheel by the water which the wheel pumped up to the "head-race," or supply conduit. Well, here is such an arrangement devised many centuries ago. On the left of the picture the water-wheel is shown receiving water raised by the "chain" pump on the right, suitable gearing transmitting the motion of the wheel to the pump.

Another class of devices for getting work out of a machine which has never been fed into it may be illustrated by what we may term the "Grindstone" paradox. Its supposed action is due to the well-known fact that articles when immersed in a liquid tend to float. Take a block of wood the shape of a grindstone and immerse one half of its mass in a vertical tank of water. The flotative power of the water will cause this half to rise continually, and to consequently keep the block constantly turning round its axle. We leave the explanation of this paradox to the reader. Sufficient is it to say here that, alas! brutal experiment proves it will not work.



CONCERTINA MACHINE.

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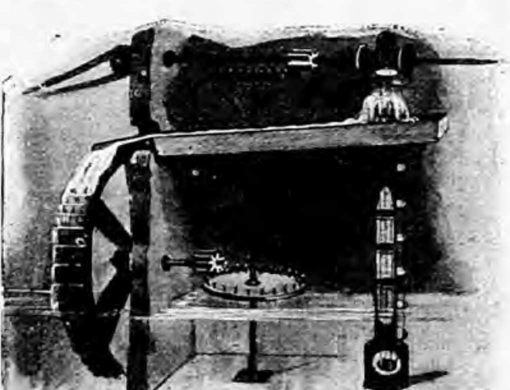

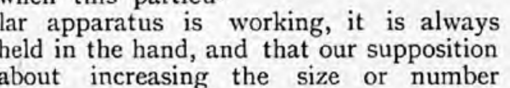

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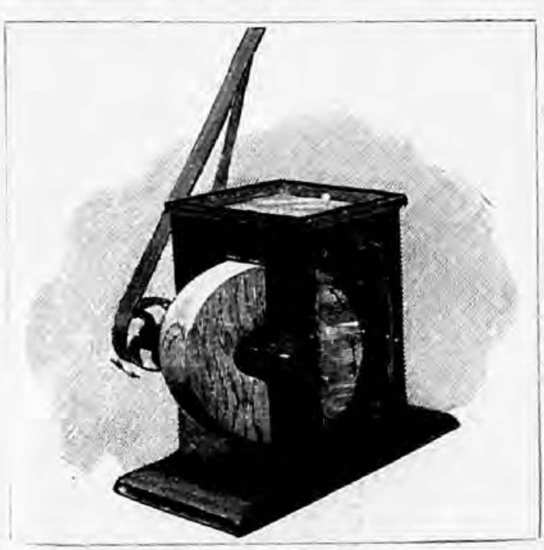

THE GRINDSTONE PARADOX.

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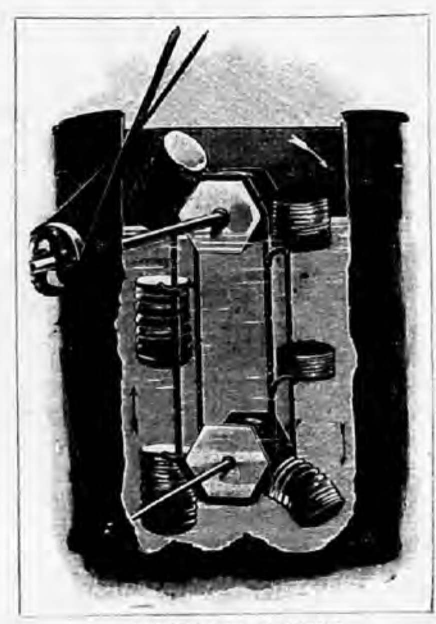
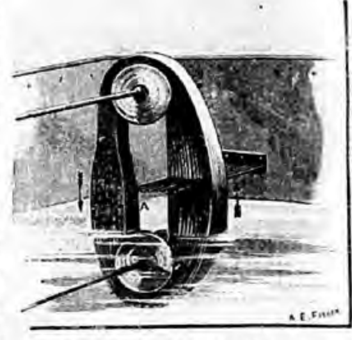


CONCERTINA MACHINE.

Closely allied to the "Grindstone" paradox is the "Concertina" machine, where a series of weighted concertina-like chambers attached to a band passing round pulleys collapse when descending into a tank of water, but expand, and therefore become lighter, when the other side of the band is reached. The expanded chambers on the left of the picture act like a series of corks, while on the right the closed chambers act as dead weights. By this means it was anticipated continuous rotary movement would be obtained.

Another favourite scheme is to employ the well-known property of liquids to rise of their own accord against the force of gravity when in microscopic channels, such as are found in all porous bodies, this property of rising being due to what is known as "capillary attraction." For instance, it is a matter of every-day observation that oil ascends a wick, water passes up over the edge of a basin through a towel which, partially immersed in the water, hangs over the side. Some idea of the enormous power of this property of ascending is given by a celebrated French *savant* who has found that capillary action is capable, under favourable circumstances, of exerting a pressure four or five times as great as that of the atmosphere, and who thinks this is largely efficient in promoting the ascent of sap in plants. Consequently, if this natural uprising property of liquids could be only laid hold of, the problem of getting work for nothing, so thinks our schemer, would thereby be solved. We have selected for illustration a form of apparatus where, on the left, a bundle of flexible sheets is placed al-

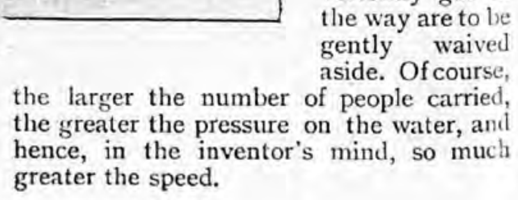


A CAPILLARY MOTOR.

most in contact, so that the liquid into which they are dipped rises in the microscopic spaces between them. This provides a "head" of water, which is expected to overbalance the right hand of the system, where the sheets have been separated by the wires of a grid, or other equivalent, so as to destroy the capillary action on that side.

At the present time the public mind is so greatly agitated on the subject of horseless vehicles, that an illustration of the perpetual motionist's ideas on the subject is given. Here the weight of the vehicle and its occupants bears upon water in cylinders supported on the wheels. The pressure produced in the water in this way is conveyed by means of pipes to the back of the carriage, where it is employed to push the vehicle along. Such speed the inventor in this case expected to obtain, that, with great forethought, he has provided a "cow-catcher" at the front, by means of which unfortunate persons who inadvertently get in the way are to be gently waived aside. Of course,

WATER MOTOR CAR.



the larger the number of people carried, the greater the pressure on the water, and hence, in the inventor's mind, so much greater the speed.

THE STIR OUTSIDE THE CAFÉ ROYAL.

A STORY OF MISS VAN SNOOP, DETECTIVE.

By Clarence Rook.

Illustrated by Hal Hurst.

COLONEL MATHURIN was one of the aristocrats of crime; at least Mathurin was the name under which he had accomplished a daring bank robbery in Detroit which had involved the violent death of the manager, though it was generally believed by the police that the Rossiter who was at the bottom of some long firm frauds in Melbourne was none other than Mathurin under another name, and that the designer and chief gainer in a sensational murder case in the Midlands was the same mysterious and ubiquitous personage.

But Mathurin had for some years successfully eluded pursuit; indeed, it was generally known that he was the most desperate among criminals, and was determined never to be taken alive. Moreover, as he invariably worked through subordinates who knew nothing of his whereabouts and were scarcely acquainted with his appearance, the police had but a slender clue to his identity.

As a matter of fact, only two people beyond his immediate associates in crime could have sworn to Mathurin if they had met him face to face. One of them was the Detroit bank manager whom he had shot with his own hand before the eyes of his fiancée. It was through the other that Mathurin was arrested, extradited to the States, and finally made to atone for his life of crime. It all happened in a distressingly common-place way, so far as the average spectator was concerned. But the story, which I have pieced together from the details supplied—firstly, by a certain detective sergeant whom I met in a tavern hard by Westminster; and secondly, by a certain young woman named Miss Van Snoop—has an element of romance, if you look below the surface.

It was about half-past one o'clock, on a bright and pleasant day, that a young lady

"HE SHOT THE BANK MANAGER BEFORE THE EYES OF HIS FIANCÉE."

was driving down Regent Street in a hansom which she had picked up outside her boarding-house near Portland Road Station. She had told the cabman to drive slowly, as she was nervous behind a horse; and so she had leisure to scan, with the curiosity of a stranger, the strolling crowd that at nearly all hours of the day throngs Regent Street. It was a sunny morning, and everybody looked cheerful. Ladies were shopping, or looking in at the shop windows. Men about town were collecting an appetite for lunch; flower girls were selling "nice vi'lets, sweet vi'lets, penny a bunch"; and the girl in the cab leaned one arm on the apron and regarded the scene with alert attention. She was not exactly pretty, for the symmetry of her features was discounted by a certain hardness in the set of the mouth. But her hair, so dark as to be almost black, and her eyes of greyish blue set her beyond comparison with the commonplace.

"THERE WAS A SLIGHT STIR OUTSIDE THE CAFÉ ROYAL."

Just outside the Café Royal there was a slight stir, and a temporary block in the foot traffic. A brougham was setting down, behind it was a victoria, and behind that a hansom; and as the girl glanced round the heads of the pair in the brougham, she saw several men standing on the steps. Leaning back suddenly, she opened the trapdoor in the roof.

"Stop here," she said, "I've changed my mind."

The driver drew up by the kerb, and the girl skipped out.

"You shan't lose by the change," she said, handing him half-a-crown.

There was a tinge of American accent in the voice; and the cabman, pocketing the half-crown with thanks, smiled.

"They may talk about that McKinley tariff," he soliloquised as he crawled along the kerb towards Piccadilly Circus, "but it's better 'n free trade—lumps!"

Meanwhile the girl walked slowly back towards the Café Royal, and, with a quick glance at the men who were standing there, entered. One or two of the men raised their eyebrows; but the girl was quite unconscious, and went on her way to the luncheon-room.

"American, you bet," said one of the loungers. "They'll go anywhere and do anything."

Just in front of her as she entered was a tall, clean-shaven man, faultlessly dressed in glossy silk hat and frock coat, with a flower in his button-hole. He looked around for a moment in search of a convenient table. As he hesitated, the girl hesitated; but when the waiter waved him to a small table laid for two, the girl immediately sat down behind him at the next table.

"Excuse me, madam," said the waiter, "this table is set for four; would you mind——"

"I guess," said the girl, "I'll stay where I am." And the look in her eyes, as well as a certain sensation in the waiter's

palm, ensured her against further disturbance.

The restaurant was full of people lunching, singly or in twos, in threes and even larger parties; and many curious glances were directed to the girl who sat at a table alone and pursued her way calmly through the menu. But the girl appeared to notice no one. When her eyes were off her plate they were fixed straight ahead—on the back of the man who had entered in front of her. The man, who had drunk a half-bottle of champagne with his lunch, ordered a liqueur to accompany his coffee. The girl, who had drunk an aerated water, leaned back in her chair and wrinkled her brows. They were very straight brows, that seemed to meet over her nose when she wrinkled them in perplexity. Then she called a waiter.

"Bring me a sheet of note-paper, please," she said, "and my bill."

The waiter laid the sheet of paper before her, and the girl proceeded, after a few moments' thought, to write a few lines in pencil upon it. When this was done, she folded the sheet carefully, and laid it in her purse. Then, having paid her bill, she returned her purse to her dress pocket, and waited patiently.

"SHE WAS LOOKING INTO THE MIRROR AND PATTING HER HAIR."

In a few minutes the clean-shaven man at the next table settled his bill and made preparations for departure. The girl at the same time drew on her gloves, keeping her eyes immovably upon her neighbour's back. As the man rose to depart, and passed the table at which the girl had been sitting, the girl was looking into the mirror upon the wall, and patting her hair. Then she turned and followed the man out of the restaurant, while a pair at an adjacent table remarked to one another that it was a rather curious coincidence for a man and woman to enter and leave at the same moment when they had no apparent connection.

But what happened outside was even more curious.

The man halted for a moment upon the steps at the entrance. The porter, who was in conversation with a policeman, turned, whistle in hand.

"Hansom, sir?" he asked.

"Yes," said the clean-shaven man.

The porter was raising his whistle to his lips when he noticed the girl behind.

"Do you wish for a cab, madam?" he asked, and blew upon his whistle.

As he turned again for an answer, he plainly saw the girl, who was standing close behind the clean-shaven man, slip her hand under his coat, and snatch from his hip pocket something which she quickly transferred to her own.

"Well, I'm —— " began the clean-shaven man, swinging round and feeling in his pocket.

"Have you missed anything, sir?" said the porter, standing full in front of the girl to bar her exit.

"My cigarette-case is gone," said the man, looking from one side to another.

"What's this?" said the policeman, stepping forward.

"I saw the woman's hand in the gentleman's pocket, plain as a pikestaff," said the porter.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said the policeman, coming close to the girl. "I thought as much."

"Come now," said the clean-shaven man, "I don't want to make a fuss. Just hand back that cigarette-case, and we'll say no more about it."

"I haven't got it," said the girl. "How dare you? I never touched your pocket."

The man's face darkened.

"Oh, come now!" said the porter.

"Look here, that won't do," said the policeman, "you'll have to come along of me. Better take a four-wheeler, eh, sir?"

For a knot of loafers, seeing something interesting in the wind, had collected round the entrance.

A four-wheeler was called, and the girl entered, closely followed by the policeman and the clean-shaven man.

"I was never so insulted in my life," said the girl.

Nevertheless, she sat back quite calmly in the cab, as though she was perfectly ready to face this or any other situation, while the policeman watched her closely to make sure that she did not dispose in any surreptitious way of the stolen article.

At the police-station hard by, the usual formalities were gone through, and the clean-shaven man was constituted prosecutor. But the girl stoutly denied having been guilty of any offence.

The inspector in charge looked doubtful.

"Better search her," he said.

And the girl was led off to a room for an interview with the female searcher.

The moment the door closed the girl put her hand into her pocket, pulled out the cigarette-case, and laid it upon the table.

"'HAVE YOU MISSED ANYTHING?' SAID THE PORTER."

"There you are," she said. "That will fix matters so far."

The woman looked rather surprised.

"Now," said the girl, holding out her arms, "feel in this other pocket, and find my purse."

The woman picked out the purse.

"Open it and read the note on the bit of paper inside."

On the sheet of paper which the waiter had given her, the girl had written these words, which the searcher read in a muttered undertone—

"I am going to pick this man's pocket as the best way of getting him into a police-station without violence. He is Colonel Mathurin, alias Rossiter, alias Connell, and he is wanted in Detroit, New York, Melbourne, Colombo, and London. Get four men to pin him unawares, for he is armed and desperate. I am a member of the New York detective force—Nora Van Snoop."

"It's all right," said Miss Van Snoop, quickly, as the searcher looked up at her after reading the note. "Show that to the boss—right away."

The searcher opened the door. After whispered consultation the inspector appeared, holding the note in his hand.

"Now then, be spry," said Miss Van Snoop. "Oh, you needn't worry! I've got my credentials right here," and she dived into another pocket.

"But do you know—can you be sure," said the inspector, "that this is the man who shot the Detroit bank manager?"

"Great heavens! Didn't I see him shoot Will Stevens with my own eyes! And didn't I take service with the police to hunt him out?"

The girl stamped her foot, and the inspector left. For two, three, four minutes, she stood listening intently. Then a muffled shout reached her ears. Two minutes later the inspector returned.

"I think you're right," he said. "We have found enough evidence on him to identify him. But why didn't you give him in charge before to the police?"

"I wanted to arrest him myself," said Miss Van Snoop, "and I have. Oh, Will! Will!"

Miss Van Snoop sank into a cane-bottomed chair, laid her head upon the table, and cried. She had earned the luxury of hysterics. In half an hour she left the station, and, proceeding to a post-office, cabled her resignation to the head of the detective force in New York.

A VERY QUEER CRICKET MATCH.

MR. DAN LENO'S ELEVEN *v.* CAMBERWELL UNITED C.C.

BY GAVIN MACDONALD.

EVERYBODY has seen Mr. Dan Leno—King Humorist of the variety stage. Or if they haven't seen him, they have heard of him.

As a singer, comedian, and grotesque actor he is incomparable. As a cricketer he dwarfs the reputation of the mighty W. G. to mere nothingness.

Mr. Dan Leno is a modest, retiring man. In a general way he practises in his back yard, and confines his matches to the prescribed area of the lawn-tennis plot at the rear of his house. He says he has done well in one sphere, and he spurns the suggestion that he should enter another.

There is only one thing that will wean him from his resolution, and in this the members of his profession resemble him to a man. In the cause of charity they may be relied upon to throw all objections aside.

It was at a charity match played recently at Dulwich, in aid of a local pension fund, that I had the pleasure of witnessing the most remarkable exhibition of cricket it has ever been my lot to witness.

It was advertised as a one-day match between an eleven of local players captained by Colonel Dalbiac, M.P., and an eleven of eccentric cricketers, known as Danites, under the captaincy of Mr. Dan Leno.

The latter team was composed of the following gentlemen, all more or less well known to fame—Messrs. Dan Leno, Eugene Stratton, Harry Randall, the Brothers MacNaughton, Pastor, Glennister, Cobbett, Joe Elvin, Griffiths, and Tressider.

The various preliminaries differed somewhat from those usually in evidence on the cricket field, but the 3,000 spectators enjoyed them so much that it might be advisable for the county clubs to follow suit and ensure a big gate.

Punctually at the appointed time the two elevens emerged from their tents and showed themselves to the expectant crowd. The Dulwich XI. were conventionally clad in white flannels and club caps. Not so the Danites. As they marched in single file from their tent, a great silence came over the multitude. They were stricken with an astonishment too deep for words. Where was the idol of the hour? There was no Dan Leno apparent among those grotesquely-clad creatures.

MR. LENO AT THE WICKET.

The little man in the van of the procession, with the tall silk cricketing hat of a bygone age, loose holland bags falling like anæmic concertinas over his shoes, the striped wool blouse with puffed sleeves and the huge black beard and side whiskers. Surely that was not he. The crowd looked hard. As they did so the little man's features relaxed into an elastic smile, so elastic that none could mistake it. Then they cried, "Why, it's

Dan," and sat down and cheered till they ached. One by one the other members of this strange eleven were identified through their disguises, and the fun began.

The team marched in comic single file round the field at quick time. Every few steps Capt. W. G. Daniel Leno stopped to bow his acknowledgments, and as he did so the remaining ten ran forcibly into each other's backs and rolled heavily over each other on the grass from the force of impact. Wigs, false moustaches, and other stage impedimenta dropped in the *mêlée*, and the spectators stood up on end and swayed with laughter.

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At the wicket Dr. W. G. D. Leno met the opponent captain. There was a sporting handshake, and the former skied the fateful coin. The crowd wanted the Eccentrics to win the toss. But there was little enough cause for anxiety. Dan Leno had a double-headed coin, and he called to it himself, which conclusively settled the matter. He elected to go in first.

Rightly or wrongly, he was of opinion that the ordinary entry of the opening side was a tame sort of affair. Dan Leno has something of the old Roman in him. He likes a state entry and the plaudits of the populace. He and his team once more processed off the field to a distant corner where a dozen chargers brayed in melancholy inactivity. Here all were mounted satisfactorily but the fat man, whom it took half-a-dozen men to hoist in the saddle. Then to the music of a thousand throats the team flew round the ground and charged on to the wicket.

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The two gentlemen appealed to were unanimous in their opinion that he could not possibly be out. The thing was absurd. The Dulwich team, umpire and all, laughed so much that they were physically incapable of doing or saying anything. When you glance at the snapshot we obtained of this tableau, you will not be surprised at this.

At the precise moment when their captain was engaged in an attempt to prove that the bowling of the middle stump did not necessarily imply being out, some member of his team cried, "Trial ball." It was a happy thought. In a moment the field was in an uproar. "Yes, yes—trial ball!" came from all sides. The plea was allowed, and Dan went in again to the tune of frantic laughter and applause. As the next ball came up he dropped his bat, caught it in his hat, and ran. He scored ten runs, and then quietly handed the ball over to the bowler again.

Nobody objected to this novel method of scoring. Everybody enjoyed it too much to dream of protesting.

The Danites had opened the match with a useful ten, but there was more to follow. T. MacNaughton was now at the batting end, and he drove the ball out to boundary over the heads of some of the Danites sitting on the grass.

Before any of the field reached it, one of these gentlemen slipped quietly to the edge of the crowd, picked up the ball, and disappeared.

When he had chatted to a few friends and visited the refreshment booth, he returned and laid it quietly on the field again. Messrs. Leno and MacNaughton were standing at the wickets utterly blown, with another twenty runs to their names, and the field were playing hide and seek among the spectators searching for the lost leather.

The captain's wicket went down a score of times. They were all trial balls. He was stumped over and over again, but he maintained that, as he had never been stumped before, he couldn't be now, and stuck doggedly to the wicket.

He looked like carrying his bat out, and MacNaughton was scoring steadily the whole time, tens and twelves being common incidents of the play, especially when an enthusiastic Danite succeeded in getting hold of the ball and threw it to the opposite side of the field, from whence it had to be fielded all over again.

However, there is an end to all things. A good curling ball sent the valiant W. G. D. L.'s stumps to the four corners of the heavens, and the umpire gave him out.

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Unfortunately at that moment a Danite, rigged out as an inspector of police, pulled out a whistle and blew it shrilly. The whole field followed him, and, kicking, blowing, and raving against umpires and their decisions, the hero of the hour was borne forcibly from the field.

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Nobody can say the Danite XI. were not good sportsmen. They all stuck to the wickets till they were carried off.

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diese über den wahren Grund seines stiller und wortkarger gewordenen Wesens aufzuklären.

Der Regierungsrat hatte am Tage der Klassenprüfung in der Quarta den Weg zur Schule mit seinen beiden Jungen, die mit sehr ernsten und feierlichen Mienen neben ihm herschritten, bereits angetreten, als Fritz sich ebenfalls zum Schulgang fertig machte. Sonst hatte ihn an solchen Tagen seine Mutter begleitet, und wenn sie in ihrem alten schwarzen seidenen Kleide in einer Ecke des Schulsaales saß und keinen Blick von ihm verwandte, so erschien sie ihm doppelt ehrwürdig und er gab dem Lehrer eigentlich seine Antworten nur für sie allein. Heute hatte sie eine dringende Arbeit vorgeschützt, die sie am Mitgehen hindere — sie konnte ihn diesmal nicht auf jenen Bänken sehen, von denen er sich so bald, der Not gehorchend, trennen mußte.

In dem ersten Teile der Klassenprüfung — Latein — hatte der Regierungsrat ein paar Mal leise mit dem Kopfe genickt, ein Zeichen seiner Befriedigung, das Albert und Paul mit erleichtertem Aufatmen begrüßten, sie hatten sich im Ganzen wacker gehalten. Gegen Fritz, dem Primus der Quarta, kamen freilich weder sie noch die anderen an und es war ersichtlich, daß der Herr Oberlehrer ihn als sicheren Beantworter jeder Frage kannte, denn er griff, wenn ein anderer eine Antwort schuldig blieb, immer auf ihn zurück, um sie dann von Fritz' Lippen präcis erklingen zu hören.

Der Direktor des Gymnasiums, der neben dem Regierungsrat saß und den Prüfungen aufmerksam folgte, unterhielt sich leise mit seinem Nachbar und die Blicke, die sie abwechselnd auf Fritz richteten, verrieten, daß sie sich mit ihm beschäftigten. Der zweite Teil der Prüfung brachte Geographie und Geschichte und hier überraschte der Sohn der

armen Lehrerswitwe aus dem Seitenflügel nicht nur den examinierenden Lehrer sondern das ganze Kollegium und die anwesenden Zuhörer.

Es gab ja fast kein Land des ganzen Erdballs, von dem der Knabe nicht die Hauptstädte, die Häfen zu nennen vermocht hätte; keinen europäischen Herrscher, dessen Namen ihm fremd gewesen wäre, kein Land, dessen geschichtliche Hauptsachen er nicht präcis und kurz zu erwähnen vermocht hätte. Das Gebiet ging weit über den für die Quarta vorgesehenen Lehrstoff hinaus und der prüfende Lehrer ließ sich, angeregt durch dieses Einen erstaunliche Kenntnisse verleiten, weiter in seinen Fragen um sich zu greifen, bis ihn schließlich nur einer zu folgen vermochte: Fritz, der mit glänzenden Augen und geröteten Wangen, aus dem Schatze seiner durch die Briefmarken hervorgerufenen und an ihnen vorgenommenen Privatstudien jede Antwort auf selbst fernerliegende Fragen hervorzuholen vermochte.

Die Prüfung war zu Ende. Der Herr Direktor erklärte sich mit ihrem Ergebnis zufrieden, um dann öffentlich ein warmes Wort des Lobes Fritz zu spenden und die anderen ermahnend, ihn sich zum Vorbild zu nehmen. Fritzens Augen umschleierten sich, als ihm der Direktor die Hand gab und ihn ermahnte so fortzufahren, und er drängte sich, als die Klasse entlassen wurde, sogleich vor, um das Freie zu gewinnen, denn die Brust war ihm voll zum Zerspringen vor Lust und Weh zugleich.

Aber ehe er die Thür erreichte, sah er Albert und Paul neben sich. In des letzteren Augen lohte ehrliche Freude. „Bravo, Fritz!" rief er laut und vergnügt. „Du hast heute die ganze Quarta herausgerissen!" und der etwas stillere Albert fügte hinzu. „Wo du das alles nur her hast — in den

Dan," and sat down and cheered till they ached. One by one the other members of this strange eleven were identified through their disguises, and the fun began.

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MR. EUGENE STRATTON AS A BATSMAN.

many they had made. The runs were so numerous he couldn't keep up with them. However, he observed that his side "felt" as though it had made at least 275 runs. They had probably made twice as many. Accordingly the first innings was closed at that, to the entire satisfaction of everybody, including the spectators, who cried with laughter at this new method of settling off old scores.

After lunch the Eccentrics took the field, and the Dulwich men went to the wickets.

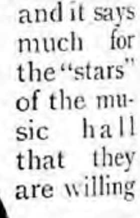
Hereafter it was cricket extraordinary, and no funnier burlesque was ever seen upon the stage. The bowlers were not bowlers, but they were excellent mimics. They knew it was the correct thing to stroll away from the wicket and back again before a delivery. They walked a quarter of a mile or so to the boundary each time, and returned at 20 miles an hour in the most approved style, launching the ball at a terrific pace. The very first ball was at least ten yards wide, but somebody called, "How's that?" "Out!" said the umpire, and "Out" it had to be. The batsman looked blankly from one to the other. He was too stupefied to protest. Had he done so it would not have helped matters. He had been given "out," and out he had to go. The Danites threw the ball madly skyward. They careered against each, rolled in one indistinguishable mass on the grass, and yelled till they were hoarse. The crack player of the opposition eleven gone—out without a run! The next ball missed the wickets, but it clean bowled the fat man, and he rolled along the grass like a wind-driven hat.

When twenty or thirty balls had been sent up by the boundary-walking trundlers somebody called "Over," and the Danites quadrilled gracefully over the pitch. This little manœuvre occurred at every over.

The next Dulwich man was knocked out in a peculiar and novel way. He did not touch the ball at all, but the fat wicket-keeper ran in and caught it from the bowler's hands. Then he threw it in the air. "How's that?" he cried. "Out!" cried Dan Leno, neatly catching it in his top hat. The batsman laughed, and the spectators joined him. "How's that?" asked Captain Leno of the umpire. "Out," responded the latter. The batsman walked sadly from the wickets. He thought he must have been standing without the crease, and had been stumped without noticing it.

So brilliant was the play of the Danites that the other team by one means or another were got out for an "estimated" total of 25 runs.

It was admirable fooling all the time, and it says much for the "stars" of the music hall that they are willing to give their services so freely in the cause of charity.



HOW MR. LENO WENT "OUT."

WORTH £960.

POSTAGE STAMPS WORTH FORTUNES.

PRICE £300

LATEST MARKET PRICES.

"GOOD postage stamps" said a leading expert to the writer a few days since, "are one of the soundest investments you can hold." That this is so is amply proved by a glance at the steadily increasing prices quoted for the celebrated blue Mauritius.

With a view to ascertaining some interesting particulars of the present market prices of some of the rarer varieties of stamps, I called upon Mr. Phillips, who is one of our greatest philatelic experts and manager of the great collecting firm of Messrs. Stanley Gibbons, Ltd.

The result was extremely interesting, as a perusal of the facts of this article will demonstrate.

There are two varieties of the 1847 Mauritius, a *1d.* red and *2d.* blue. The stamp is particularly distinguished, as will be observed in our illustration, by the words "Post Office" on the left-hand side instead of the more usual "Post Paid."

THESE TWO STAMPS WERE SOLD FOR £1,000.

Owing to its rarity and the increased interest evinced by all classes in stamp collecting, the value of this stamp has gone up by leaps and bounds.

There is a good specimen in the British Museum collection. It was purchased fifteen years ago for the modest sum of £70. I say modest, because in 1887, when another specimen came into the market, it realised no less a sum than £200, showing an advance of £130.

SOLD FOR £740.

But this was by no means a top price. The next transaction in blue Mauritius was the sale of a pair which after a spirited competition were knocked down to Messrs. Stanley Gibbons, Ltd., for £680—the price, by the way, of a well-matched pair of thoroughbreds. In 1897 the last transaction took place in this variety, when another pair changed hands for the respectable consideration of £1,921.

So that if by hook or crook you can get hold of an 1847 blue Mauritius, there is a fortune in store for you. However, so far as collectors know, there are only some 23 specimens of the two varieties—11 of the one and 12 of the other—in existence.

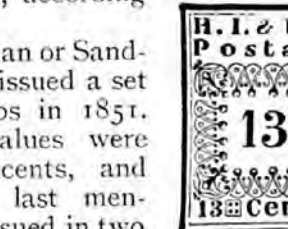
Most people imagine the Mauritius to be the rarest and most valuable of stamps. In this they are wrong. Mr. Phillips credits the 1856 British Guiana, black on magenta, with this honour.

By an error, which was quickly rectified, certain of these stamps were lettered "one" instead of "four." If you can obtain a copy in which this error is apparent, it will readily bring £1,000.

At present only one copy is known to be in existence, and that is in Paris. It holds an honoured place in the magnificent collection belonging to Mons. Ferrary, son of the late Duchess Galliera.

The red variety of this stamp without the error is worth only £25. In blue, it may fetch anything from £100 to £300, according to condition.

The Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands issued a set of four stamps in 1851. Their face values were 2 cents, 5 cents, and 13 cents, the last mentioned being issued in two varieties. They were



FETCHES £250.

local low value stamps marked "Hawaiian —U.S." and were used for the purpose of franking letters to San Francisco.

The 2 cent variety is the most valuable. Messrs. Stanley Gibbons, Ltd., have been dealing in stamps for 40 years, and they have handled only two copies. The last one sold—a used specimen—fetched £740. The British Museum collection includes two copies, and no other specimens exist in Great Britain. There are three or four copies in the United States, and some eight copies in Europe. These are the only specimens in existence.

The 5 cent and 13 cent varieties are not so valuable, though they may be relied upon to fetch a good round sum. A 5 cent copy unused, in average condition, is worth £250; used, from £80 to £100.

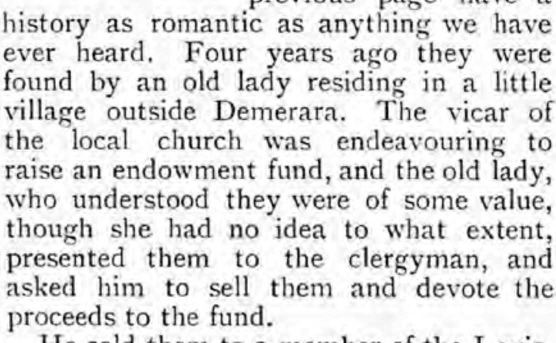
A 13 cent specimen in average condition will realise £250 unused, and £75 used.

Another British Guiana stamp is extremely valuable—the 2 cent circular variety, issued in 1851, and bearing the postmaster's signature as a guarantee of authenticity.

RICE PAPER STAMP.

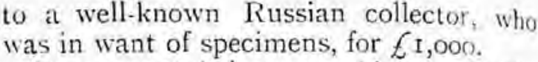
There are only some ten or eleven copies in existence.

The pair on the previous page have a history as romantic as anything we have ever heard. Four years ago they were found by an old lady residing in a little village outside Demerara. The vicar of the local church was endeavouring to raise an endowment fund, and the old lady, who understood they were of some value, though she had no idea to what extent, presented them to the clergyman, and asked him to sell them and devote the proceeds to the fund.



He sold them to a member of the Legislative Council of Demerara for £205, who in turn sent them to Messrs. Stanley Gibbons, Ltd. The firm gave him £650 for the pair. He thus realised an immediate profit of £445.

But this was by no means the top price; within three weeks of their receipt Messrs. Stanley Gibbons, Ltd., resold them to a Bavarian dealer in Germany for £780, who immediately parted with them to a well-known Russian collector, who was in want of specimens, for £1,000.



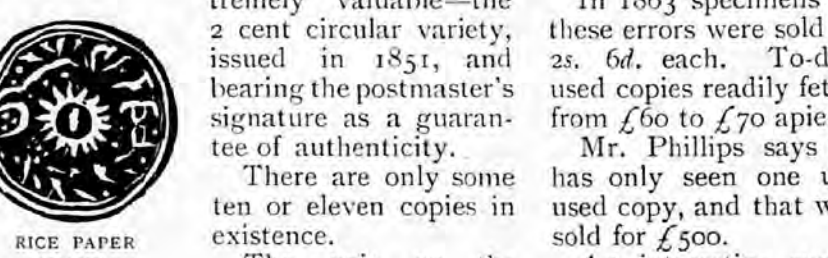
One cannot help sympathising with the original finder. However, it is more than probable she is ignorant of their real value to this day.

PRICE UNUSED—£500

Another stamp that has risen prodigiously in value of late years is that known as the Cape of Good Hope issue of 1861. It is known to collectors as one of the errors of 1861, for the following reason.

Just prior to the perpetration of the error, the supply of stamps issued to the colony by the Home authorities ran out, and a local printer was commissioned to produce a temporary supply.

In printing these he made a mistake, the result of which was that the *4d.* and *1d.* stamps were mixed up. As a consequence many of the *4d.* stamps were marked *1d.* by mistake, and were the same colour as that used in the former variety.



In 1863 specimens of these errors were sold at *2s. 6d.* each. To-day used copies readily fetch from £60 to £70 apiece.

Mr. Phillips says he has only seen one unused copy, and that was sold for £500.

OBSOLETE CASHMERE STAMP.

An interesting specimen is the native stamp issued by the Maharajah of Cashmere in 1866. It is the rarest of native varieties, and was made by the natives of Jummoo and printed on rice paper.

It is in three values—$\frac{1}{2}$ anna, 1 anna, and 4 annas, all of which are rare, and worth from £30 to £60 apiece. We are able to illustrate only two of these stamps, the $\frac{1}{2}$ and 1 anna values.

This stamp is now obsolete, the Government having made arrangements for the use of British stamps in Cashmere.

A curious error occurred in the manufacture of a stamp issued by the Indian Government in 1854, all the stamps of one printing appearing with the Queen's head turned upside down. It was a 4 anna stamp, printed in red and blue.

STAMP WITH QUEEN'S HEAD UPSIDE DOWN.

Copies of the correct stamp may be purchased for *5s.* But a specimen in which the inverted head appears is worth £150, and not more than twenty copies exist.

OUR MONTHLY GALLERY
OF BEAUTIFUL AND INTERESTING PAINTINGS.

By Permission of S. Hildesheimer & Co., London and Manchester

FOR DEAR LIFE.

From the Painting by Stanley Berkeley.

By Permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., London, W.

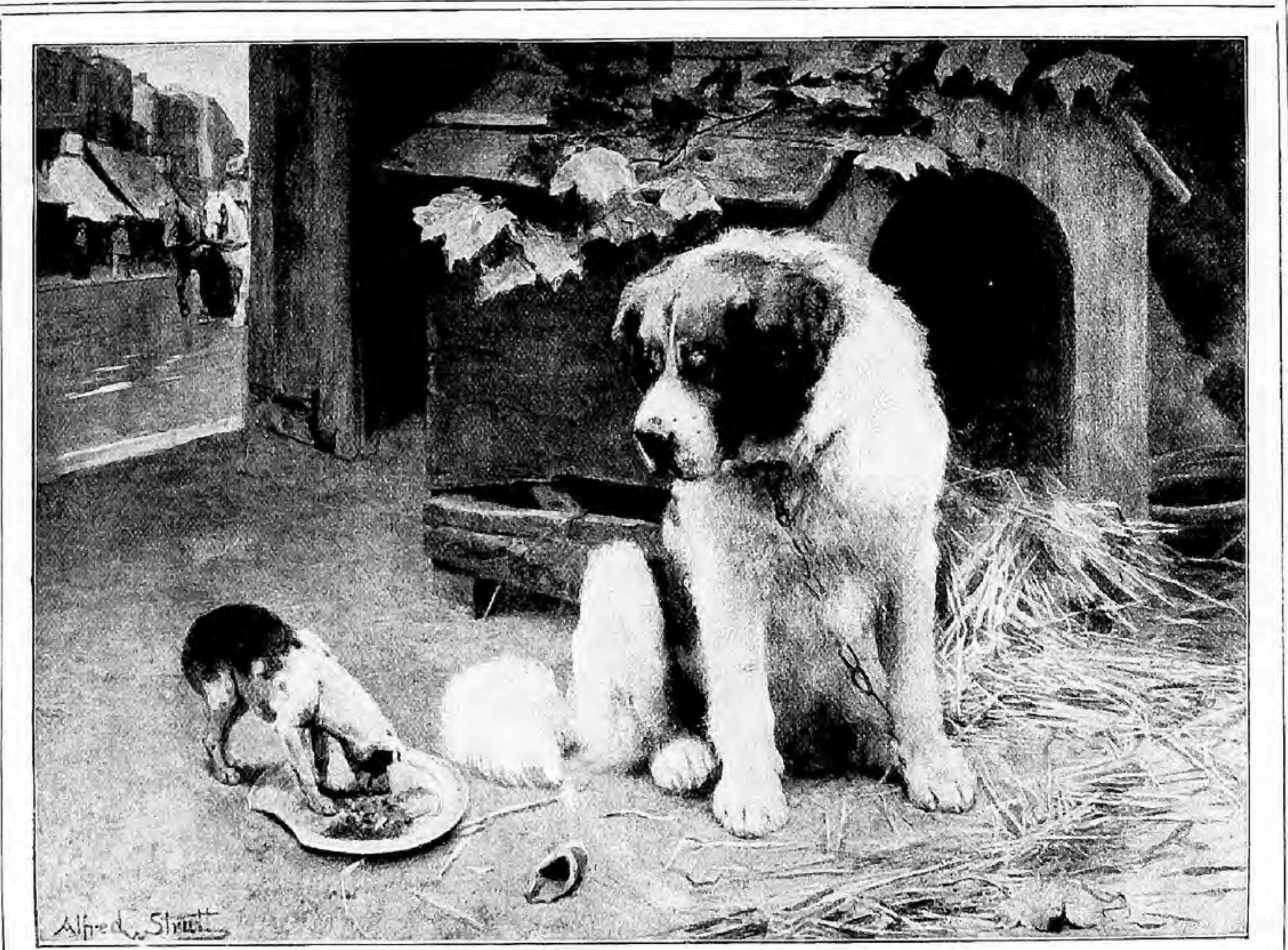
MANNERS AT TABLE.

From the Painting by A. J. Elsley.

By Permission of S. Hildesheimer & Co., London and Manchester

CHARLES I. ON HIS WAY TO EXECUTION.

From the Painting by Ernest Crofts, R.A.



LIVE AND LET LIVE.
From the Painting by A. W. Strutt.

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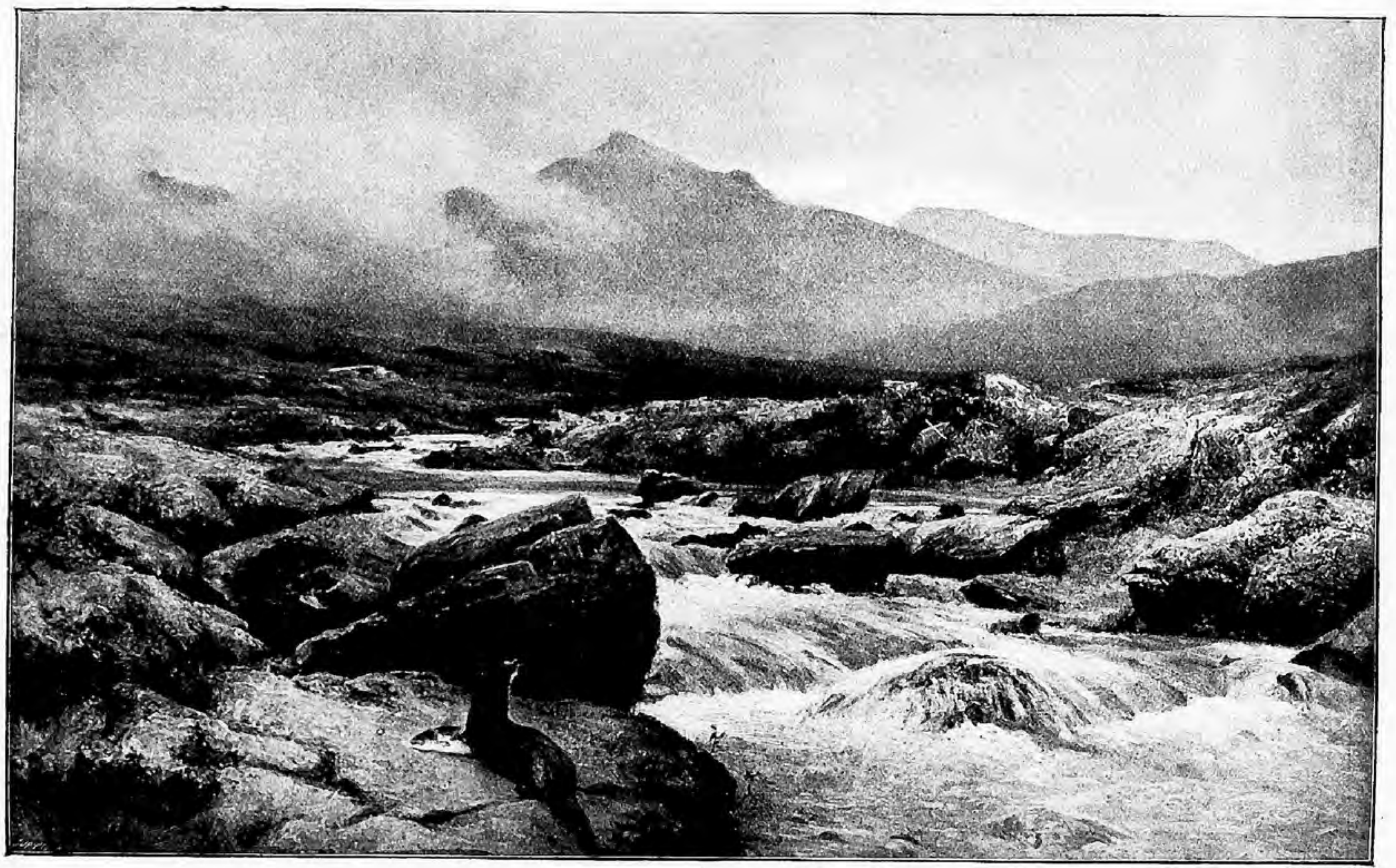

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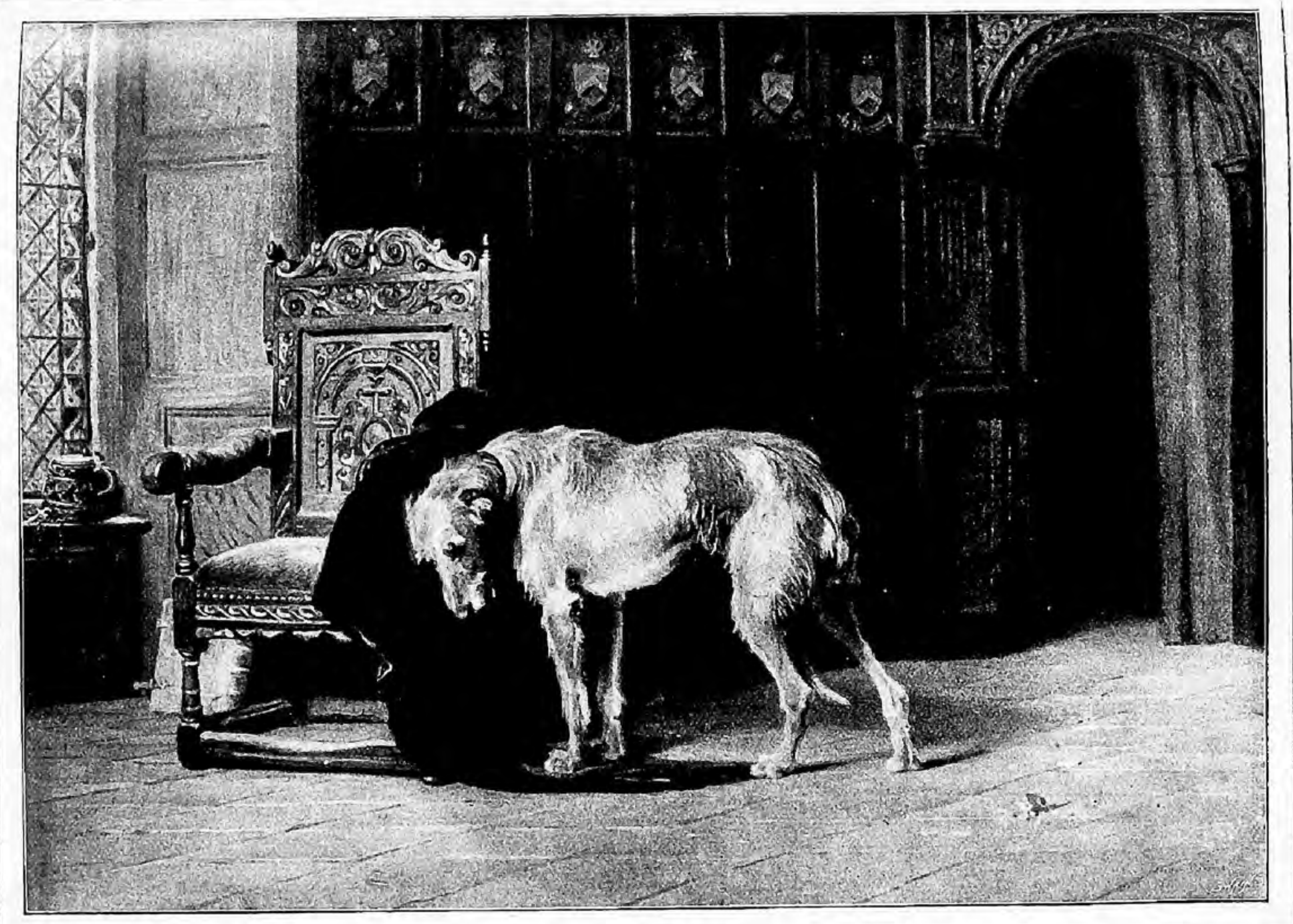

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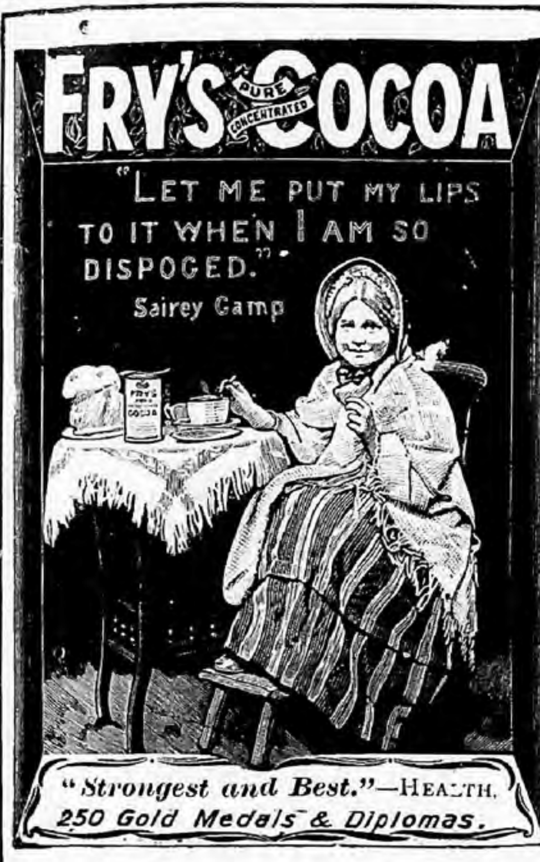

FROM

A Lecture on Cocoa

BY

DR. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., &c.

"A Cocoa Bean is a kind of Vegetable Egg, which contains all that is needed to build up a living body . . . . Cocoa is a combination of foods—of true foods in every sense of the term . . . . But see that you get a really good Cocoa. I should say use

FRY'S
PURE CONCENTRATED
COCOA

which is my IDEAL OF PERFECTION. There is NO BETTER FOOD."

N.B.—Sold only in tins with gilt tops.

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Lime Juice Cordial is the original preparation of its kind. It is made from the freshly squeezed juice of the finest selected fruit and best lump sugar. Absolutely pure, Stower's

LIME JUICE

Cordial is of delicious flavor, of great strength, and is free from that musty taste which so disfigures other Lime Juice Preparations. It cools the blood and aids the complexion. That is perhaps the reason why Young Ladies are such advocates of Stower's Lime Juice

CORDIAL

ALMOST INCREDIBLE—YET TRUE.

Is it incredible that an illness of fourteen years should be cured in two months? Some may say it is impossible. But *why* is it impossible? A fire that has been blazing and smouldering alternately for fifty years may be completely extinguished in an hour. The most thorough and permanent reforms that ever took place in human affairs have been *comparatively sharp and sudden*. I tell you that when the right forces get to work at certain kinds of evils, the element of time hardly enters into the calculation. In some parts of America, for instance, the tremendous change from winter to summer practically occurs in two or three weeks. Every statement in the annexed letter has been carefully verified, yet in the middle ages the result would have been attributed to no power less than a power able to work miracles:—

"In the summer of 1875," says the writer, "after my confinement, I took a cold chill and failed to get up my strength. Cold, clammy chills broke over me, and I felt too exhausted to stir hand or foot. I had a bad taste in the mouth and my tongue was coated with slimy matter. I had no appetite, and after every bit of food I ate I had pain at the chest and a sinking feeling at the pit of the stomach. My breathing was short and laboured, and I had to be propped up with pillows.

"My knees and feet were swollen, being puffed up like a bladder; and after a time they broke out. *For months I lay in bed unable to do anything;* and at other times I could barely walk about the house. I slept badly at night, and got little rest night or day.

"*For fourteen long years I continued in this low, miserable state;* sometimes feeling better, and then bad as ever; but all the time in pain. I saw doctor after doctor and took medicines of all kinds, but nothing did me any good.

"Often I was so bad I thought I should die, and was *attended by the doctors and clergy.* All my friends and neighbours believed I would never get better.

"In August, 1889, a book was sent to me by post, in which I read about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and the good it had done many persons. The book described my own ailment, and I then resolved to give the remedy a trial. I sent to Messrs. Gratton & Co., the chemists, at Belfast, for a supply; and, after taking it a short time, I felt it was doing me good. First I could eat well, and the food agreed with me; and my breathing was easier.

"On this, I persevered with the medicine, and gradually but surely I grew stronger; and in *two months* was in good health, all the pain and depression having left me. I have since been well, keeping Mother Seigel's Syrup in the house as a family medicine; and it always maintains us in health. This remedy has saved my life. You are at liberty to publish my statement, and refer any inquirers to me."

(Signed) JANE USHER.

Aghadalgon, Glenlavy, near Lisburn,
Ireland, August 17th, 1897.

This most remarkable case of cure is well known throughout the district in which it took place. The lady is the wife of Mr. Robert Usher, grocer and publican, and both are highly respected in the Aghadalgon district. Mrs. Usher states that since her wonderful restoration to health, the medicine which did the work is to be found in every house in the district, and in *every instance* it has benefited the persons with whom she has spoken. Both she and her husband tell their friends and customers of what it did for them.

Here we have a case of chronic dyspepsia, with profound complications, of fourteen years' standing, cured in *two months.* It seems amazing—it *is* amazing—yet it is every word true. Other medicines failed, for the simple reason that they were not the right ones for the disease. Mother Seigel's Syrup triumphed, as it were in a moment, because it *was* the right medicine. It had power over the disease, as water has over fire, or as sunlight and heat have over the darkness and damps of night. Beyond this point all is mystery. But what of that? Life itself is a mystery; and so are all things that concern and promote it. The practical fact is, that Mother Seigel's Syrup crushes out disease when other treatment is vain, and snatches from death thousands who, without it, would soon close their weary eyes in the sleep that knows no waking. That is why (like Mrs. Usher) they spread its fame wherever illness and pain cry out for succour.

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