(By MARY BARBER.) The great moments-the fruit-bearing moments —in life are not always conspicuous, but Jem McNiel recognised, and thought all her days recoiled, from the memory of the one when first she knew that Gerald Stuart, her cousin and playmate, was deformed. Possibly the moment was a psychological one

for Gerald also.

It happened when Donald, his elder brother came had straight and tall from school. "The laddle's head and shoulders above Miss Jean the noo, for all his upbringing in that heathen nigger country," said old Hamish the

So he ought-Donald sahib two years older Missy Baba, and Galabi the Madrassi ayah's dark eyes flashed ominously in the shadow of her voluminous white chuddab. In his pride old Hamish insisted that the Inddicate

and lassic should measure, and love-blind little Jean would have her playmate measured too. Afterwards she used to wake and cry at night, remembering the relentless sun shiring alike on Douald's fair straightness and on Gerald's forward head and cruelly-curved shoulders, and ser-vants' averted faces, and Galabi gathering the shrunken little form into her white draperies as if to protect it from the scorn of the whole world.

Growing from babyhood side by side with the afflicted boy it had seemed quite natural to Jean that his eager, strangely-old face should be left behind at her shoulder, just as natural as living alone at bleak, barren old Castle Duffey, with only her uncle (who was Donald's and Gerald's father), the Indian nurse, and the Scotch servants to speak to. For she could not remember her parents, or the sunny land of her birth, where one fateful day, she and her little cousin Gerald were put by their ayahs on the low store wall bounding one of the Khuds at Dharamsala to watch the pultan (regiment) pass, and "sonny baba," dancing with joy at the brave uniforms and music, had fallen. Galabi had never told, perhaps she feared being parted from her idolised charge, only "sonny baba" had not thriven. They thought his spine needed treatment, so when Colonel Stuart's regiment was ordered to Quetta, then a frontier station with a doubtful reputation, it had seemed bent that the little cousins Gerald and Jean-Jean's father being also in the 29th Punjab Infantry—should go home together. The elder Donald went to Baluchistan with the regiment, and then the grim, grey-faced death men tremble before, laid its swift hands on his dear ones, sparing only his father, who returned to Castle Duffey a broken man, only intent on shutting out the world, which had crushed him, from his stricken

days.

After the dread discovery, Jean shrank from her syah.
"I'm too sleepy," she sobbed. The woman's lips

tightened.
"Missy Baba come at once, kiss her dear little sweatheart sohib. Yes—yes, Missy Baba must, wicked if she wou't." But youth cannot temporise with repulsion-it

hills even pity.

"I'll never, never, never kiss her again," screamed Gerald. "She cried less when the dormouse died. Oh, ayah, I wish I were dead," he

whispered miserably.

The woman was fondling and caressing him, calling him Prince, promising him the joys of many Heavens, and "You shall marry naughty Jean, and have Castle Duffey for your very own too, my And she meant it; for from that day she set

about securing both for him. Colonel Stuart did not oppose his cleer son's wish to go into the Navy; he took interest in nothing now, and rarely left his room. From time to time the young lieutenant came back full of sea stories and world wonders, and Jean listened, wide-eyed and eager. But Gerald mocked, for he hated his brother because he was tall and straight and could go out into the big world, and tell brave stories, and most of all because he put aside easily as thistledown, the understanding which in his absence was an accepted fact, that Jean benged to tum, Cierald, and to him alone.

Jean was a tender-hearted, docile, and unselfis child. Galabi had always told her she was to love and cherish Gerald because of his misfortune, and she had grown into a fair girlhood looking forward to no other life but one spent side by side with ber afflicted cousin at Duffey. How could she help doing so—she knew none other; the old dominie who came to teach the cousins could tell her of no other, and she saw no one else but the ignorant peasants of the lonely cottages scattered in the hollows of the moors. So Gerald's earesses had the sanction of custom, and his appearance, after that first childish revolt, of familiarity. It was only when, after an absence of three years, Donald came back a grown man, as braw and bonnie," old Hamish said, and Jean was disposed to agree with him, "as any in the land o' Scots," and told her that he had always wanted her to be his wife, that the wondrous thing called love, of which she had only dimly dreamed, possessed her, and she realised and rejoiced in the possibility of

change.
"Poor old Gerald, it's rough luck for him, but he must know that babyish nonsence of avah's was all bosh. I will tell them both as soon as I have got father's consent. Of course, Gerald will always, live with us at Castle Duffey-you won't mind that, will you, darling?"
But Galabi at least knew already, for she had

shadowed the lovers the length of the sheltered walk in the old rose garden, and when Donald asked to see his father, he was told it was impos-sible, for the Colonel had had a bad attack of fever

and pain and could see no one.

Dr. Tollemache was sent for, but before he arrived Galabi had cured the worst symptoms with some of her native remedies; still the patient was too weak to be troubled.

Donald chafed and wrote to his father: in reply he received a verbal message, delivered by Galabi to the effect that he would talk it over soon, before his leave expired: but another attack prevented this, and Donald had to rejoin his ship with-out Colonel Stuart's sanction to their engagement. After all, though, he had Jean's word, and with that and her letters he had to be content. But after a few weeks Jean's letters caused him the greatest auxiety. Clearly the girl was ill and de pressed. Dr. Tollemache, it seemed, recommer a change, but she had no friends, and dreaded her mucle to be spared. To Donald's urging Jean's snswers grew mare and more indefinite satisfactory, and arrived at longer and longer intervals. Sometimes she would miss severa mails without an attempt at explanation, and gradually all the life and hope went out of her letters sometimes they were even cruelly cold.

To apply for leave was hopeless. The young heutemant had but just rejoined, so he wrote to his father, to Galabi, and old Hamish, and to Dr. Tollemache, telling them of his anxiety for Jean. Tollemache, telling them of his anxiety for Jean. Colonel Stuart did not reply, Hamish could not read and apparently did his letter writing through Galabi. Their letters proved al-Their letters proved almost identical—Jean was quite well, only a little pulled down with the wet weather and indoor life. The doctor's noswer was reserved.

From it it appeared that the Indian woman's remedies had done so much good to the laird that she was now practically both doctor and nurse, and he was therefore but rarely called to the Castle, also that Jean was very listless, "but," he added, "lassics are often ailing and nervous." This addition caused Donald to reflect, and finally

to apply for "urgent private affairs" leave.

While awaiting permission to sail, a curious thing happened. He was lying ill in his quarters thing happened. He was lying ill in his quarters at the Peake Hotel, whither he had gone to shake off an attack of fever, when a Madrassi—and Madrassis are not common in Hong-Kong-entered with a basket of unusually fine mangosteens. The man salaamed and explained that he had served under Cotonel Stuart Sahib, and remembered Donald as a chota sahib in India. Donald, accord ing to custom, took a few of the Inscious fruit gave the man a present, and dismissed him, for he was drowsy with fever. He awoke to find his little pet monkey lying dead, beside a barely-nibbled mangosteen. The doctor said there was enough poison in each one to kill a dozen men. The Madrassi had, of course, disappeared, and with

Donald's departure the search for him was perforce

abandoned.

The distance between Hong Kong and Scotland seemed endless, but at last the little steamer, which was Castle Duffey's only communication with a Scotch express, landed Donald all unannounced on the bleak quay. Waiting for neither luggage nor refreshment, he set out to tramp the eather-covered hills with his own grim foreboding

The night was settling softly down over the steep purple slopes when he heard through the stillness the swish of disturbed heather, and a man with a gan slung over his shoulder ran towards Amoment later old Hamish had caught his him. Amount later old Hamish had caught his hands, and was wringing them and laughing and crying in a curiously un-Scotch abandonment of

"And how are they all at the Castle, Hamish and how is Miss Jean?" "Ah! mon, there's many queer doings up at the Castle, and things as a body can only guess at, for the old laird is sick in all ways, and as one possessed by an evil spirit. He's turned me out of my stewardship, maister Donald, neck and crop, and I'm trespassing the noo on the lands where I was born, and my father before me. You serve the nigger woman the same, laddie; send her back to where she came from, and the bonnie lassie'll

some round again, or my name's not Hamish Engle-And to all Donald's entreaties the old man would The darkness had fallen when they entered

lean's rose garden, but light streamed from her "I'll just > watching here," said Hamish. "Ye

low chair, her eyes fixed on vacancy, her hands limp and nerveless. She scarcely looked up when Donald knelt beside her. "Jean, my darling, Don't you know me?" for she regarded him with bewildered, troubled eyes.

"I thought- I remember-oh, I can't remem-

ber," her agitation and uncertainty were painful: then, after a moment of troubled silence, "Please In heart-sinking dismay Donald sat down and tried to rouse her; but her eyes were full only of confused anguish. Her fearful, half-waking gaze reminded him insistently of something he had seen before, the way lier trembling fingers plucked at and rumpled her dress, too, recalled some illusive memory. She was still the same bonnie Jean, but how different! Donald gazed in despair at the She was still the same bonnie Jean, but wreck of his love.

"By heaven, it's early days to court my wife!" The voice was a flerce snarl. Gerald stood grasping a table near the door; it trembled under is long gnaried fingers.
"Sahib, boat, salaam," and the woman behind him came forward, touching her forehead in Asiatic submission, but Donald could see the

triumphant hate in her shadowed eyes.

"Your wife! Jean, is this true?" "Of course it's true—true as parson and law can make it. We thought it was a pity to wait any longer in case you took a holiday and came between us again. Didn't we, my love?"

Gerald had come close to the shricking Jean now, and there was something both pitiful and appalling in the hungry passion of the brilliant eyes and pathetically-hunged figure.

"Is it true, Jean?" repeated Donald.

"Yes—yes, quite true, but——" She rose unsteadily, leaning away from Gerald towards.

good." At the ayah's imperious motion the girl dropped back listlessly, and the woman, hastily filling a glass from a plual at her girdle, pressed it to her lips. " Sit down, dearie; now remember, and be her nps. "Drink it, lovey—drink——"

But the glass and its contents were dashed from her hand. Donald remembered the look in Jean's eyes now-he had seen it in those of the drugged men in the hells of Singapore and Canton.

Swiftly Galabi stooped, for one instant something glittered in her raised hand; then Gerald flung himself before her, and a loud report rang

through the Castle.

When the smoke cleared, Donald and old Hamish, who had lifted Gerald from the floor to the sofa, sought anxiously for some signs of life in the poor, distorted little frame of the man whose one noble action had released him for ever from

But Galabi knew better. For a moment the clustering bangles on her withered left arm reflected the flash of a tiny knife —it was the mercet scratch. Then folding her draperies round her she waited. They did not remember her till she fell softly across the little body she had so sorely injured and so dearly loved.

ADVENTURES OF A VICTORIA CROSS

At the London Guildhall Police-court Mr. John A. Russell, of Fore-street, was summoned for detaining a Victoria Cross and bar, which, having been stolen, came into his possession as a pawnbroker. Defendant admitted having in his possession a Victoria Cross, but whether this was the one the complainant claimed would be for the magistrate to decide.

Complainant, Mr. William Henry Fenton, was a dealer in antiques and curiosities. In 1899 he bought a Victoria Cross and certain medals. On the night of June 29, 1900, he said, his shop was burgled, and among the property stolen was this Victoria Cross. The matter was placed in the hands of the police, but for a long time all traces of it were lost. Finally, however, it was found to have been pawned with the defendant, but trate's order.

Mr. Fenton said the Victoria Cross in question was the duplicate of one awarded to Sergeant Cambridge, and it bore the date, he believed, September 8, 1855. The witness purchased it from a jeweller named Goldman with a number of Crimea medals.

In cross-examination, Mr. Fenton said he believed Sergeant Cambridge lost the original Cross awarded him, and, having petitioned Quoen Victoria, a second one was granted to him. Both of them came into the witness's possession. One he bought of Goldman, and the other (the original) of Sotheby's, two or three years pre-

Eventually the summons was adjourned.

RAILWAYMEN AND M.P.

Mr. Richard Bell, M.P., was hissed and called "traitor" at a meeting of North Eastern Railway men at Newcastle. As general secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants Mr. Bell had explained that the reason the executive committee had over-ridden the decision of the mea as regards the wages and hours concessions of the company was the small vote of the men and the absence of precedent for referring concessions

to the men.

Amid a storm of cheers a resolution was passed "that the men refuse to be bound by the action of the committee, and continue the movement for time and a quarter for night duty, and for obtaining 2s. advance on wages less than 21s. a week.'
The men again hissed Mr. Bell, whom they accused of acting for the company, as he left the rocm.

"The best lesson I ever received in the art of Then came this reply: 'Story of creation of world told in 600. Try it.'"

"Ours is the most go-ahead paper on earth." wrote the editor of a Western journal. "We were the first to announce tidings of the great fire at Jacksonville, and we were also the first to announce that the story of the fire was en-

tirely without foundation. The Lecturer: " Labour, hard labour, is the only pathway to success." Tramp (from the back sest): "Aint true, guv'nor. I done six nonths of it once, and came out no richer than TEA TABLE TALK.

BIRD'S **GUSTARD** 

with FRUIT

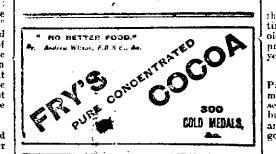
NATURE provides the Fruit:

BIRD'supplies the Custard TRY THEM TOGETHER. DIRD'S OUSTARD is the one thing needed with all Stewed, Tinned, or Bottled Fruits. It enhances their fiavour, and imparts to them a grateful mellowness.

The result of the ballot amongst the North umberland miners as to whether they should continue to oppose the legal eight hours day for miners has resulted: For the Eight-Hours Bill 9251; against, 8,786. This reverses the vote

aken a few years ago. In a breach of promise case at St. Louis, U.S.A., a girl is bringing an action not only against her intended husband, but his father, nother, sisters, and brothers, for conspiring to break off the match.

The Naval court-martial convened to be held at Chatharf for the trial of Lieutenant Charles Whish, who is charged with striking a bluejacket, was postponed owing to the disappear-sace of a material witness.



THE SALISBURY DISASTER.

Mr. E. W. Septell, who was injured in the American Liner train disaster at Salisbury, died in the infirmacy on Saturday night last. Mr. Sentell's wife and children were killed, and the entire family have now been wiped out by the Another victim, Mr. R. S. Critchell, who was also badly hurts is in a critical condition. The number of deaths is now twenty-nine.

The appeals by Constantine Mortimet taken to prison in default of payment, was dismissed in the King's Bench Division. It was stated that the fine was not paid because hi mistress wanted him to go to prison as a motor martyr.

A grand combination—

Stewed Fruit & Blancmange. Blancmange & Stewed Fruit. Blancmange?

Corn Flour Blancmange. Corn Flour?

Why Brown & Polson's "Patent," of course. Stewed Fruit?

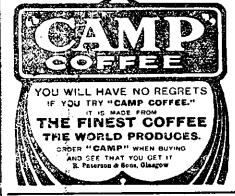
One after the other through the summer - stewed rhubarb, cherries, gooseberries, currants, raspberries, plums, figs, apples.

A corps of Nolunteers has been enrolled at Johannesburg for the purpose of patrolling the town and protecting the whites against native

A millionaire resident of Waterbury, Connecticut, U.S.A., who was found beating his wife by a policeman, was clubbed into submission and then locked up. The magistrate before whom he was arraigned refused to hear the case becomes of his social acquaintance with both parties.

The Queen is expected to attend a real coun ry fair at the Botanic Gardens, and it is hoped that duchesses will ride on roundabouts. Cocoa-nut-shying will also be enjoyed by the society. Mr. Haldade, the Secretary for War, an-nounced that he had decided to form a committee to consider the spiritual interests of the Army apart from denominationalism.

A sixpence of the raign of Charles I, was the stomach of a bullock killed recently by a warmouth butcher.



"Death to the dead" is the title of an articl by M. Launay, a well-known Paris expert, who declares that the craze for old masters in Art is absurd, and that more attention and encour agement ought to be bestowed on the living. At the Saffrow Walden Police-court a farmer named Rolfe was ordered to pay £28 for brew

ing beer without a license. Two sisters, named Rawley, of Whitecross street, E.C., were knocked down and badly in jured by a motor car in Old-street, St. Luke's The Empress of Russia sent a case of gold and enamel spoons to Captain Mark Kerr, R.N., who was married, at St. George's, Hanoversquare, to Miss Rose Gough, daughter of the late Major Gough.

In connection with the reported discovery gold near Cape Town, the Legislative Council has just passed a resolution urging the Government to provide, in the next estimates, an ade quate amount for the purpose of exploiting the mineral wealth of the colony.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE HAIR.-If your hair is turning grey or white or falling off to Nottingham. Though her wish to see Miss seettively restore in every case, grey or white was not disappointed by the result of her joursociatively restore, in every case, grey or white beautiful, as well as promoting the grewth. Price 3s. 6d. per Bottle.

Queen Alexandra collects boots and shoes of all periods worn by famous persons. The pair which she trensures most are those once worn

by Mary, Queen of Scots.

"Carmen Sylva," Queen of Roumania, story-writer and precess, was married to her husband four times according to the German civil code, according to the Lutheran religion, according to the Roman Catholic Church, and according to the rights of the Greek Church.

A Nottingham lady has patented a "buby's blanket holdfast," an ornamental elastic strug device which, by means of clips, grips the cot coverings and keeps the child always covered

Miss Vesta Victoria, the music-hall artiste, recently completed a successful tour in America, where she sang at many benefit performances for the rollef of the sufferens in the San Francisco earthquake disaster. In recognition of her efforts one of San Francisco's thoroughfares now building is named Vesta Victoria-avenue.

There is no more beautiful country place in England than Highelere Castle, where Lady Carnaryon is a frequent and charming host-es. Her own taste is exquisite, and is reflected in her delightful pink and white boudeir at Highdore, with its painted ceiling, and the equallybelightful music-room panelled in white brocade

Lady Jersey in her youth, when she was simply the Hon. Miss Leigh, was given to writing vone, and her "Hynns for Very Little Children" were published in two series. One of her prettiest pieces is "St. George of England," a drama for children. Lady Jersey has fravelled tensively upon her experiences.

The somewhat curious fact has been remarked hat whilst women who devote themselves uniringly to society pleasure mostly look quite as old as they are, actresses who work hard at their profession generally appear younger than their

Countess Greffulle is a lady who has, in Paris, founded a "League of Little Hate," the members of which have not only pledged them-selves to wear small hats when at the theatre, but some of them actually make such little bats, and, on behalf of charity, sell them to play-

New York business men, it is said, vote in favour of light-haired young women. There are in the city three times as many bruncties is blondes, and yet there are as many blondo women type-writers as there are brunettes.

Miss Sophie Harris, the well-known opera singer, tells this story of an Australian experience: "One night, just as I went up to top B, there was a breathless silence, and graving through it there came a raucous juvenile voice from the gods: 'My hye, wouldn't she be a stunner to 'awk bananas?' I simply had to laugh early that B grave down with a real through a real through the stunner to 'awk bananas.' laugh, and the top B came down with a run.

In the town of Dessau, a school for the purpose of training girls in chemistry connected with the sugar-refining industry was opened some time ago, and has answered so well that similar training schools connected with soap fac-tories, paper-works, and other industries requiring thorough laboratory training are now being The young ladies in question are all girls of the better station in life; and all who entered as original punits of the first school have torily as to have found posts at once.

Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein paid a surprise visit to the Labour Home of the Church Army, in Marylcbone, and with her own hands sawed a huge chunk of wood, afterwards chopping it into firewood and working the bundling machine. She spoke sympathetically with some of the inmates of the home, all of them men "down on their luck." The sulphur box in which it is cometimes processary to disinfect news. which it is sometimes necessary to disinfect newcomers' clothing interested the Princess greatly, and she afterwards turned one of the mangles laden with linen, a task she said she found more congenial than bundling wood.

A glowing tribute was paid to the wireless telegraphy of a woman's glance at a luncheon at Glasgow to the representatives of foreign electri-cal institutions making a tour of Great Britain. The payer of the tribute was Lord Kingsburgh, Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland, who, speaking after Lord Kelvin had described the miracle wrought by electricity, said there is more to be had in the way of inspiration and instruction in the glance of a lady's eye than in all the wireless telegraphy ever invented.

The betrothal of Madame Clara Butt and Mr. Kennerley Rumford the latter has confessed. "partook of the nature of a public function.

I had been on several tours with Miss Clara
Butt, and we had played quite prettily at friendship for a long time. At a certain concert we were singing the old English duet together. "The Keys of Heaven," in which I had to sing the lines. "I will give you the keys of my heart, and we'll be married till death do us part."

We descended the steps of the platform an engaged couple, hand in hand. Plato, in sporting phrase, was "nowhere."

Lady Evelyn Ward lost her very valuable wedding veil at Spencer House on the occasion of Baronesa De Forest's ball. It was evidently taken by mistake from the cloak-room by a lady who left her own wrap in its place. Apart from its intrinsic value, Lady Evelyn would be very sorry to lose it, as it was her mother's wed. ding veil, and Lady Hugh Grosvenor also used it a month or so ago on the occasion of her marriage. For four or five years Lady Evelyn had need this veil as an evening wrap, and left it in the cloak-room in the ordinary manner.

The Beds lace industry owes its establishment to a Queen-Consort of England, Katharine of Aragon. It was to her dower-house at Ampthill that Queen Katharine retired in 1531, pending her appeal to Rome, and it was there that "with her own hands she wrought the costly and artifi-cial needlework" that the county was to take pattern by. "Cattern's Day, November 25, was piously observed by Beds lace-makers up to quite recent times. Katharine was capable of a sacri-fice in the interests of the craft which few Queens now would be prepared to follow. When trade was had she burnt the whole collection o her lace-work and kept all Beds in active employ to provide her with a new outfit.

Here is a new story of the Princess Royal, told by "The Gentlewoman." The Queen was staying on the Yorkshire coast with her children when they were quite young. One day, at Scar-borough, a boating trip was arranged in charge of a fine old fisherman. On their return, as the boat touched the shore the Princess Royal pre pared to jump, when the old fisherman, not knowing who were his customers, warned her with "Wait a bit, young lady." "I am not a young lady; I am a princess," was the prompt reply. The Queen smilingly turned to her and said, "Now tell the fisherman you hope to be a lady some day."

A lady over eighty years of age came up from Nottingham specially to see Miss Ellen Terry in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," at the Court Theatre, being determined to see the great actress before she died. In going up the gallery stairs, however, she fell, cutting her head and breaking her wrist. Miss Ellen Terry, on heaving of the accident insistellen Terry on hearing of the accident, insisted that the poor lady should be taken to her dressing-room, where a doctor was summoned. Miss Terry meanwhile soothed her injured admirer in every possible way, and later had her conveyed home

LITERARY CHAT.

Mr. Hall Caine has begun another novel, but will not be ready for a long time.

Lord Tennyson, though not known as a poet has written some charming verses, and both he and his brothers inherited something of the muse of their father.

It is stated that Prince Arthur of Connaugh means to write an account of his recent tour which will include his impressions of Canada, for private circulation among the members of the Royal family and his personal friends. The King was much impressed with the deft phrasing and keenness of observation which the oung Prince revealed in the letters he seut

The "Gentlewoman" paid £2000 for the ex clusive British serial rights of "King Midas an earlier novel by Upion Sinclair. Six months ago the name of Upion Sinclair was searcely known either in America or here.

Mr. Walter Winans, the wealthy American oportsman, who is as well known in England as across the Atlantic, is publishing an elaborately illustrated volume on "The Sporting Rifle," showing how to use the weapon both in game shooting and in shooting for prizes at moving targets. Mr. Winars has long been known as a crack shot as well as one of the most expert whips" in the country.

The fourth volume of the Hon, J. W. Forces ene's "History of the British Army," which has been delayed by the number of elaborate plans with which it is to be illustrated, will be issued during the summer. Six years ago Mr. Fortesen expressed a hope that he would be able to complets his history in four volumes, but the fourth volume, which begins with 1793, carries the narrative no farther than to the year 1803.

"Spain and her People" is the ritle of a book by Mr. J. Zimmerman, which opens with a series of sketches of the sights of Spain—the Alliamra, Grenada, Seville, Cordova, Madrid, the Escurial Sagaria Barachana Andrid, the Toledo. Then follow chapters on Spanish life and character, the Inquisition, the expulsion of the Jews, and the Moors in Spain. The final chapters deal with the causes of Spain's decime. and with her prospects in the future.

Mr. H. A. Spurr, who was well-known as the author of numerous short stories, and was a brother of Mr. Melville B. Spurr, the entertainer, has died at the early age of thirty-six. A native of Hull, Mr. Spurr came to London with a successful book to his credit, "A Cock with a successful book to ms creeot.

ney in Arcadia," a collection of East Yorkshire character sketches marked by a happy humour.

action of the second of the again in "Bachelor which he poured out again in "Bachelor Ballads" (1899), and a number of short stories, fairy tales, serials, verses, and newspaper articles. "The Life and Writings of Alexandro Dumas" (1902) was of more serious value. He was also the author of several plays and novels.

Mr. and Mrs. Austen Chamberlain spend the first part of their honeymoon at the house of Mr. Leverton Harris, a great personal friend of the bridegroom, near Dorking. Particular interest attaches to this house—" Camilla Lacy"—as it was in it Madame D'Arblay wrote her "Camilla," the original MS. of which was until recently shown in the hall.

Mr. S. R. Crockett's autumn novel is to have the alluring title of "The White Plumes of Navarre." It is a romance of the Inquisition under Philip II. of Spain, the scene being laid in Paris and the South of France. No English writer knows Spain so thoroughly as Mr. Crockett, where he passes a considerable portion of each year. When his novel "The Firebrand" appeared five years ago, Mr. Crockett was the recipient of a beautiful souvenir from the society representing the Spanish residents in London in recognition of the faithful picture he had given from the history of their country.

There is nothing about Miss Braddon which suggests the popular idea of the literary woman She is, indeed, said by those who know her to be a model of domesticity, and she finds her relaxation in gardening, as well as in music and Mr. Coulson Kernahan recently finished a novel, the scene of the first chapter of which is

laid in an East-end opium den, which Mr. Kernahan personally visited. Much of tue story refers to the "submerged tenth," but per-haps the most striking part of it concerns the Labour movement. The book is entitled "The Dumpling. "Don Q" is a gentleman of fiction who has found many admirers, and for their benefit his

adventures are continued in a book which the

authors, Mr. and Mrs. Hesketh Prichard, en-title "The New Chronicles of Don Q." "He will here," we are assured, "be found to sur-pass himself in his humours, his weaknesses, his cruelties, and his mercies." The Rev. Stephen Phillips, D.D., who has been Precentor of Peterborough Cathedral for 30 years, and has intimated his intention to retire at Michaelmas, is the father of Mr. Stephen Phillips, the dramatist and poet, who was born in 1866 at Somerton, near Oxford, where his father was at the time curate. Mr. Stephen Phillips received part of his education at the Grammar School at Stratford-on-Avon

and became saturated with the Shakespeares

tradition of the town. He was intended for the

Civil Service, but, after leaving Cambridge without a degree, joined the dramatic company of his cousin, Mr. F. R. Benson, with which of his cousin, Mr. F. R. he travelled for six years. Prof. John C. Van Dyse's Nature book, "The Opal Sea," describes the various aspects of the sea in different latitudes and seasons—the ocean plains, the sea-depths, the currents, swirls and whiripools, the shoals, coasts, beaches, the lights, colours, and reflections, the winds, the wave forms, the water wear, the sea gardens, the fishes and birds-in short, it is a wide and exhaustive interpretation of the sea as the great

source and beauty of the world. Relieved from his long labours on Charles Lamb's life and works, Mr. E. V. Lucas has turned to the writing of a novel. It is entitled "Listener's Line," and is told in the form of letters. The story, which is largely satirical, and more in the vein of comedy than anything also shows (as the title augusts) how much cise, shows (as the title suggests) how much power may belong to a young woman who pos-cesses the secret of making other persons talk o her rather than talk herself.

Mrs. Creighton, widow of Bishop Creighton, has a volume entitled "Heroes of European History" appearing. It is a companion work to her "First Histories" of England and France. Creighton has recently edited several volumes of her husband's sermons and addresses.

Another novel is announced from the pen of Mr. W. B. Maxwell. Its title, "The Guarded Flame," has a metaphorical meaning, for the story gives a realistic picture of the home life great thinker a man honoured by all the world, but known to the world only in his work.

Mr. Barry Pain has written a humorous book "Wilhelmina in London." A number of novels are also announced. Colonel Andrew Haggard is the author of one, "A Persian Roselenf," Mr. David Christie Murray of another, "The Brangwyn Mystery," and "Lucae Cleeve" of a third, "Love and the King." Mr. Nat Gould has also written two or three sporting tales.

Lady Gwendolen Ramsden, sister of the Duke of Somerset, is publishing an intersting book— the "Correspondence of Two Brothers." Edward dolphus, the eleventh Duke of Somerset, and Lord Webb Seymour. The date of the correspondence is the early quarter of the nineteenth century, and it has a good deal to say of literary

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"RED

<del>בו קטקטקט</del>שיסקטער היועקס

By MAX PE

INSTALMENT I.—The story opens with a scene on board the "Jersey (ity, proceeding on a voyacy from New York to Liverpass, Among the passengers is a clever card-player whose named reviews Maring West, on as some of his follow passengers of them of the Rosne." He is the object of much interest on the part of Miss Jessie todding can American betters on her way to England to marry into the highest acrescy), and an English clergyman, the Rev. John Trew. Two of the other passengers, Richard Marx and Bertrand Schwick, confederate card sharpers, are jealous of "The Rogne's success at the tables. Laidlaw, another passenger at highest of money, and meknames the "Lamb," is one of the dupes of Marx and Sedgwick.

CHAPTER IL (Continued) .

He took up the eards and shuffled them negligently. A few men gathered round the table and began to follow the game with interest. The sunlight shone down through the open portand focussed in a quivering beam upon the players; you could hear the chatter of women upon the promenade deck without, the swish of laxy seas and the iron pulse of the forming pro-peller. It was five o'clock upon the atternoon of a glorious day of July. The steamer was two days out from Sandy Hook, and in four days more would be at Queenstown. There was not a human being abourd her who stopped to re-

a human being abourd her who stopped to renect how much might happen in four days.

The Regue took up his cards, and play began
in a desultory and unexciting manner. A
couple of deals found Laidlaw winning ten
pounds from Marx and half that sum from
Sedgwick. The first Jack Pot was a matter of
twenty pounds, which the Jew swept to his side
carelessly and with something or contempt. He
understood that West had challenged him, and
if it came to a question of ready money, he if it came to a question of ready money, he believed the game to be already over. "I make it fifty sovereigns to come in," he cried presently, putting the notes upon the table

and looking West full in the tace. Sedgwick, the obedient, pushed fifty points out upon the green cloth before him, and said, "That's mine." But the Rogue threw down his cardand did not play. The Lamb alone remained He came in, of course. He would have staired his last shilling anyhow on a pair of aces. When the betting began, the Jew made it seventy-five pounds, and counted the money note by note. Sedgwick cried that it was a hundred, and the Lamb, losing courage suddenly, paid over his fity and sipped his cocktail.

hity and supped his cockiant. • "A good game this," he remarked to someone near by. And then, observing that Murray West was dealing to him, he said, "My blind, I suppose? Well, I make it twenty pounds." The Jew made it fifty again, and once more the Rogue threw down his cards. A note roor aside upon the part of Sedgwick that it was almost as amusing as playing pitch-farthing by yourself, did not draw any response from him yourself, did not draw any response from him. The Lamb lost his fifty pounds, and smiled childishly when he paid it. There was another Jack Pot when the deal passed to Marx, and this his friend Sedgwick pocketed. So far the two men had won over a hundred pounds from Herbert Laidlaw and a half of that sum from Mineral Watt hat it was evident more the less. Murray West: but it was evident, none the less, that the Rogue perplexed them. They played like men who were expecting some subtle attack which would call upon all their resources, honest and otherwise.

and otherwise, to meet it. When the blow fell, it had been some time anticipated.

The Rogue dealt and Marx made it one hundred pounds to come in. Sedgwick, acting upon a good understanding, put his hundred pounds upon the table and waited for Murray West. The Lamb stood out for the first time, nd the betting remained between the Rogue

and the confederates.
"I make it two hundred and fifty pounds," said Marx, a little triumphantly.
"Three hundred," cried Sedgwick, "and There is money."

They turned to the Rogue, who leaned back in his chair and smiled a little sardonically in spite of himself. His cards seemed to amuse

him. He took a bundle of notes from the breastpocket of his waistcoat and tossed them neglipocket of his waistcoat and tossed them begingently upon the table.

"I play for that," he said quietly. "I think you'll find a thousand pounds there."

The mention of the sum, and a certain constrained silence following upon such a piece of daring, drew a little group of spectators to the table. Marx, meanwhile, regarded the bundle

of notes with an impudent stare, which concealed his own surprise and gave him time for thought. "Welt," he said at length, "I hope the Bank of England feels all right to-day. A little more comfortable than you do," retorted the Rogue pleasantly.

Who says I'm uncomfortable? Do you think a thousand pounds will break me?"

'I'm waiting to hear." you shan't wait long. See here, " out's that now?" That," said Murray West, with conviction, hat is an exceedingly poor imitation of a Do you say it's queer?"

Ah, you know a lot. Well, then, since you clifect to French money, we'll try again. Are these good enough for a tenderfoot Britisher?" produced henost notes to the tune of trelve hundred pounds, and laid them on the "I make it that," he said.
And I double it," cried West, in so odd a way that some of the spectators tittered.

As before, he took a roll of notes from his Focket, and did not delay to count them. His focket, and did not clear to count them. His eyes were fixed intently upon Sedgwick, who had been fumbling with the cards, but who now stopped with a look of blank dismay, which was shared by Marx. The plain truth was that the two men had little more than another hundred pounds between them. They must either the Rogue, and put two thousand four hundred pounds upon the table, or pay the fixely hundred they had staked. The wealth of the man they opposed astounded them, for of the man they opposed astounded them, for they would have wagered ten minutes ago that whole fortune was not five hundred pounds Anote fortune was not nee nundred pounds.

I didn't sit down to play skin the bear."

Said Marx angrily, while he counted the notes with his hand and threw his cards upon the table. You can find someone else, and be darned to you! This isn't how gentlemen play.

heir word is as good as their money. I don't lay Sedgwick. Let him do what he pleases—
The Rogue pitched down his cards, and with Sudden swift movement he grasped the con-derate Sedgwick's wrist and held it upon the The quickness of the attack and the surprise of it so far robbed the man of his selfssession that he half rose from his chair, and so doing allowed the five card- which his nee had been pressing against the lower edge of the table to fall to the ground. At the same moment an apparatus for dealing cards deftly from the pack fell from his sleeve and lay upon the green cloth for all the world to see. Herbert Laidlaw, utterly surprised, laughed like a boy when he behald it. Some of the spectators boy when he beheld it. Some of the spectators agly look when he bandler, but the Rogue had an

Bely look upon his face.

Why, yes," he said. "I've been wanting that all along."

He produced the instance and taking ade He all along.

He Pocketed the implement, and taking adantage of Marx's gaping hesitation, he swept he bank-notes from the Jew's hand and began

to fold them neatly.

You see, gentlemen, he said to some of those round about him, these men are what I thought them to be—not only professional cardalarmen, had also swindlers. They have won alarpers, but also swindlers. They have won