

Louis Wain's Annual

1915



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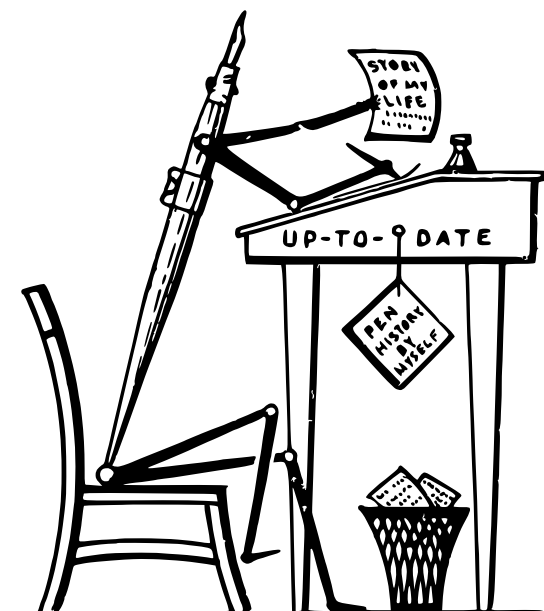
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Particulars of the Competition

164,800 babies competed.
The Competition opened on Nov. 18th, 1912, and closed on March 8th, 1913.

Only babies between the ages of twelve months and two years were eligible. Each baby was examined by a medical man, who gave a signed certificate.

The first prize and title of "Britain's Best Baby" were awarded to Baby Blake, who was fed on the "Allenburys" Foods.

The Competition was promoted and carried out by the proprietors of the "Daily Sketch" Newspaper. The Competition was entirely independent in character.



BABY BLAKE, WINNER OF THE FIRST PRIZE, AND AWARDED THE TITLE, "BRITAIN'S BEST BABY."

Parents' Remarks

Mother of 1st Prize Winner writes:
"He did splendidly on it (the 'Allenburys' Foods). Cut his teeth without any trouble and to time. Had very good nights, and has always been a most contented child."

Mother of Baby Clout writes:
"She was brought up on your Foods in rotation, and looks well and healthy."

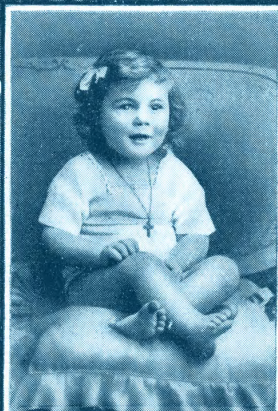
Mother of Baby Shrimpton writes:
"He was from birth brought up exclusively upon Allen & Hanburys Foods, which suited him from the first."

Father of Baby Desborough writes:
"She was entirely fed on your Foods and Rusks. Height 2 ft. 11 in.; weight 2 st. 10 lbs., with a chest measurement of 22 in."

The National Physical Welfare £1,000 Competition



BABY CLOUT, WINNER OF ONE OF THE EIGHT SECOND PRIZES.



BABY DESBOROUGH, WINNER OF THE FOURTH PRIZE.



BABY SHRIMPTON, WINNER OF ONE OF THE EIGHT SECOND PRIZES.

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The **Allenburys' Foods**

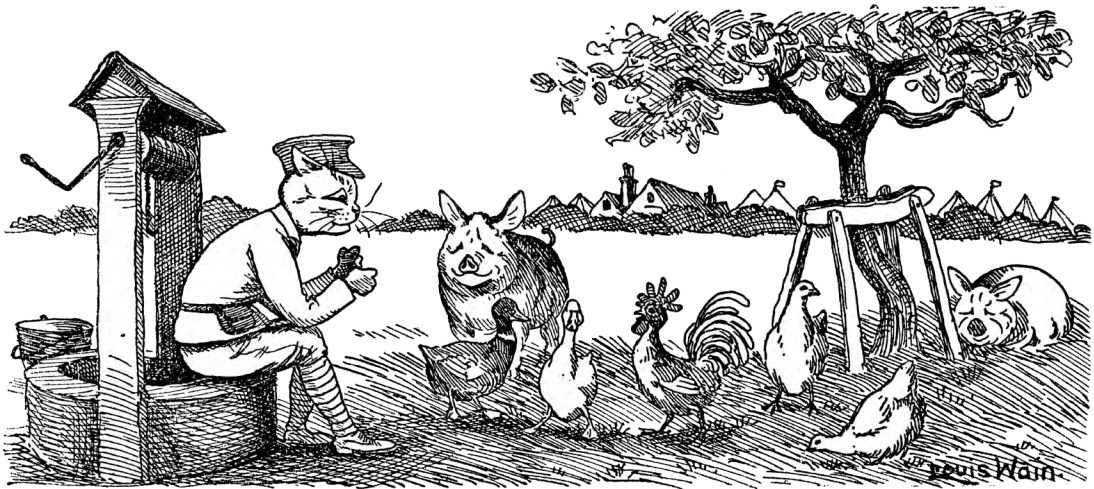
The Simplest and Best Method of Infant Feeding



LADY DECIES' CHINCHILLA PERSIAN CHAMPION, ZAIDA.

LOUIS WAIN'S ANNUAL

1915



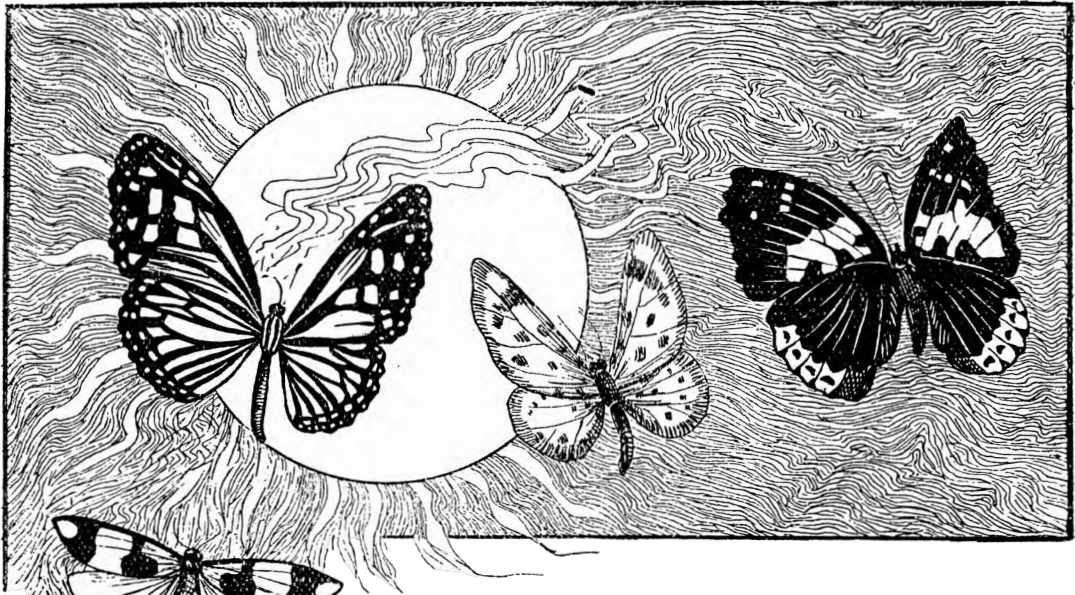
TOMMY: "I WONDER HOW I SHALL FEEL WHEN I HAVE GOT THROUGH ALL THESE!"

JOHN F SHAW & CO., LTD.

3 PILGRIM STREET, LONDON

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Love Comes to Deadman's Green

By 'TOM' GALLON.

Author of "Tatterley," "Dickie Monteith," "A Rogue in Love," "Kiddy," "My Lady of the Ruins," "Fate's Beggar Maid," &c.

PROPERLY speaking, of course, Love, being a very busy personage, should have kept clear of Deadman's Green, as a place where there was likely to be little in his way of business; but how he came there, and the havoc he wrought, this story sets out to tell.

Suffice it to say that it is a little out-of-the-way town, with not even a railway station attached to it; a little straggling place, in which occasionally they hold a market, and where a few select residents live in select residences round the "Green," which has belonging to it a legend concerning a man who once died there, or was buried there, under curious circumstances.

One of the chief establishments at Deadman's Green is Miss Nunn's Academy.

The house next door to Miss Nunn's Academy had long been untenanted; and it was when it was taken in hand vigorously by builders that it slowly dawned upon the minds of the inhabitants of Deadman's Green that someone was coming to live there. For some time after the tenant had actually taken possession no one saw anything of him.

Then one day it was whispered that he had been seen walking in his garden on the other side of the high wall. No one seemed to know exactly

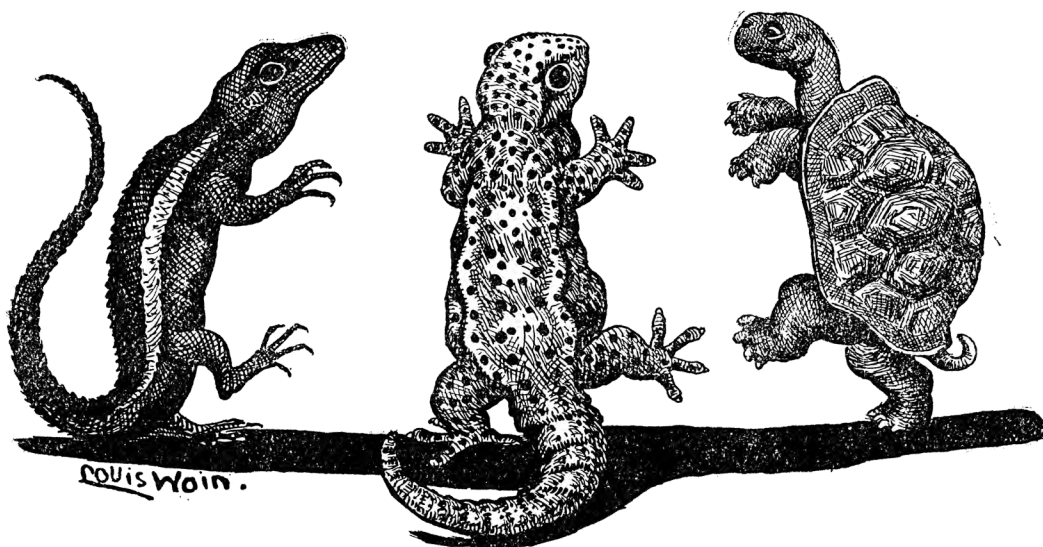
what the man was like. It was understood that his name was Mr. Godfrey Ravenshaw, and that he had come from London; it was suggested that he was "quite old" (which meant something about forty years of age). But for the rest he remained a mystery, and probably would have remained a mystery for ever, but for the extraordinary conduct of Miss Stella Flitney.

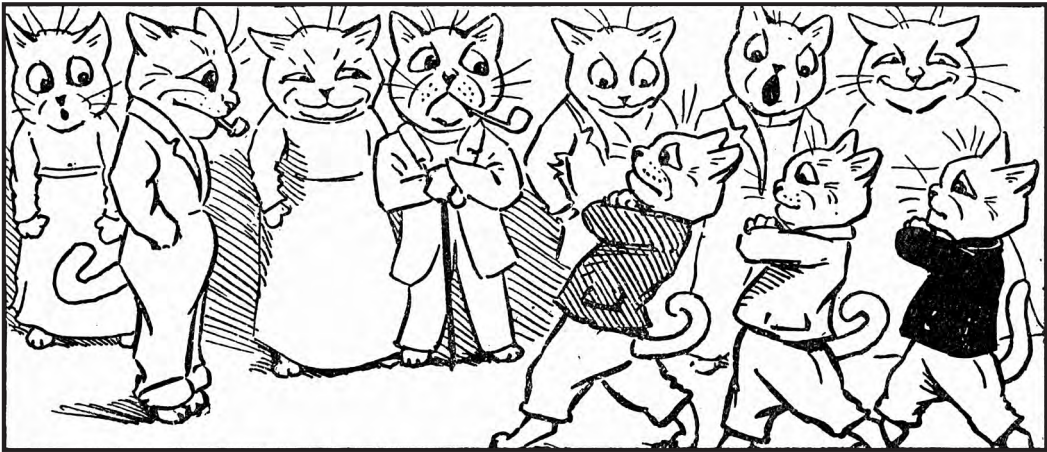
Stella Flitney occupied a sort of half-and-half position at the Academy, defined by the title of pupil teacher. The only home Stella Flitney had known was Miss Nunn's Academy; all her world was in a sense bounded by the high wall that surrounded the grounds. If she had ever dreamt dreams they had been of some place beyond those walls—out in a wider world that held her mother.

It happened early one morning that Stella had gone out into the grounds of Miss Nunn's establishment before breakfast. Miss Nunn's establishment, being intended for educational purposes alone, was merely a matter of grass, and trim walks, and clipped trees. Stella was aware that there had been talk of the gardening operations that were going on at Five Gables—but she had seen nothing of it; nevertheless, ordinary human curiosity prompted her to get a glimpse for herself over the wall. Carefully noting the fact that there was no one else about, she mounted perilously on to a garden roller, and, getting her chin just above the level of the wall, looked over.

And then she saw the roses! It was not difficult to see them, because they were everywhere—such roses as she had not even dreamt of. And in the midst of them, with a pipe in his mouth, was Mr. Godfrey Ravenshaw, blissfully unconscious of the fact that he was being watched.

Stella decided that he was not quite so old as had been declared. He was tall, with a slight suggestion of the stoop of a student; when he glanced round presently, she saw that he had rather humorous blue eyes. He would probably never have known of the shy little face looking over the wall had it not been for the fact that Stella, at the very moment that he had gathered





"WE HAVE JUST HELPED THE SOLDIERS." "HOW?" "TOOK TEA WITH THEM."

a great double handful of roses, heaved a deep sigh at the thought that any man could possess such things all to himself. Then he looked up over the roses, and caught sight of her.

"Hullo!" he said, after a moment's pause.

"Hullo!" she responded. "I looked over to see the roses. We haven't got any on our side, you know."

"That's bad," said Mr. Ravenshaw, looking about him at the splendour of his own garden. "Can you reach these?"

He reached up and held the roses towards her; she got her hands over the wall, and took them shyly.

That was but the first of many meetings; and a new world began in a sense to open to Stella Flitney. The man was the only real friend she had ever had—the only person to whom she could talk out of her very heart, as it were. She peered over the wall many and many a time and told him about herself and her mother—the beautiful young mother who was always doing great things in London, and meeting great people, but who never seemed to have time for the child she had left to eat her heart out at Deadman's Green.

"Mother's in the social whirl," Stella explained to Godfrey Ravenshaw one day. "She's quite young, you know—she doesn't look like my mother at all. I think she's a little bit ashamed of me for being so much bigger than I ought to be."

"What's she going to do with you, little friend, when you get bigger still?" asked Godfrey.

"I believe I'm going to be a governess; mother says she ought never really to have had the responsibility of me at all; she refers to me as a handicap."

It was in the long midsummer vacation that Stella really invaded the garden of the roses, and at the same time the heart of Godfrey Ravenshaw. For then it happened that Miss Nunn went away for a rest, leaving that poor forlorn little pupil-teacher alone in the house with the servants; and it



THE LUCKY BLACK CAT
HE WILL BRING US GOOD FORTUNE.

became quite an ordinary thing for Stella to slip out of the gate which belonged to the Academy, and into the gate which belonged to Five Gables.

"I've often wondered, Stella, how old you are," said Godfrey Ravenshaw one afternoon. "It's very wrong to ask a lady's age, I know, but you're such a young thing that I suppose it doesn't matter."

Stella Flitney laughed, and blushed, and pushed her skirts down further over her ankles. "I'm turned eighteen, Mr. Ravenshaw," she said, demurely.

He looked at her with raised eyebrows of surprise. "Dear me," he said; "I should have taken two years off that. I suppose it's the skirts."

"Yes—it must be the skirts," said Stella, stealing a glance at him.

The idyll was to be somewhat rudely interrupted; and the interruption came from Mrs. Flitney. Mrs. Flitney, having nothing better to do, and being perhaps a little pricked in her conscience, suddenly decided that she might descend upon Deadman's Green and see her daughter. She came in a wonderful toilet, and, going to Miss Nunn's Academy, was informed by a servant that her daughter was "next door." Somewhat surprised, but outwardly calm, she paid a visit to Five Gables, and suddenly appeared before Godfrey and Stella in the garden of the roses.

An explanation, which seemed to be demanded, was difficult before the girl; Godfrey Ravenshaw could only suggest that he had become acquainted with Stella over the wall; had found her somewhat lonely, while everyone else was holiday-making; and had invited her into the garden of the roses. Mrs. Flitney brought her arts as a woman of the world to bear upon this very unworldly young man; the shabby figure of the girl seemed to shrink into insignificance in her radiant presence.

"I think you belong to the Ravenshaws of Bedfordshire, don't you? I thought you did. More than that, I believe you are the rich young Mr. Ravenshaw who disappeared from London not so very long ago in search of quiet for the pursuit of certain studies, are you not? Very interesting—very charming!"

"The riches I plead guilty to—the youth is another matter," said Godfrey. "As a matter of fact, I am nearly forty—and rapidly getting older."

There were to be no more meetings for the man and the girl in the garden of the roses; Mrs. Flitney had suddenly decided that she liked the place, and would stay at Deadman's Green for the present. During several weeks of a long summer she pervaded the little town, and pervaded especially Godfrey Ravenshaw's house and garden. It was all so sudden an arrangement, and all so delicately done, that simple-minded Godfrey could not have told you how it came about; but Stella the girl seemed to sink more and more into the background, while Mrs. Flitney, the mother, came more and more to the front. If such an expression may be pardoned, Mrs. Flitney forced herself on the notice of Godfrey Ravenshaw, to the exclusion almost of everyone else.

Yet, to do him justice, he never lost sight of that pathetic little figure with the brown eyes and the short, shabby frock that had first brought light into his life at Deadman's Green. It was only what was best to be done to

help her, and, in a sense, to save her from this butterfly mother, that troubled him. In the strangest way Mrs. Flitney herself showed how best that could be done.

Mrs. Flitney and Godfrey were walking one evening among the roses, and the man's thoughts were over the wall in that prim garden where first he had seen Stella; but Mrs. Flitney knew nothing of that. Mrs. Flitney had come to the garden of the roses to-night with a purpose in her mind. She seemed to see, as in a vision, the years stretching before her, with this simple-minded gentleman by her side, and with much money to spend on whims and fancies and frocks. The thing was easy; she was still young, and the man almost her own age.

She began delicately-hinting at the fact that she had been married at an absurdly early age—"almost from the schoolroom, in fact"—and that Flitney had not behaved too well. He had left her with a very small income, and with this great girl on her hands; but the income had dwindled, and she did not quite know what she would have to do in the future for herself and Stella.

"Poor Stella will have to go out into the world and earn her own living," she sighed.

"There's a way to prevent that," said Godfrey blunderingly, with a glance at the high wall that divided him from the girl. "I don't wish to appear blunt or sudden, or anything of that kind, but I should like to have the chance of helping Stella myself. I've got a great deal more money than I want; if you were to marry me, Mrs. Flitney, I should have the right to look after the child."

Mrs. Flitney laughed, and Mrs. Flitney tried to blush among the roses; she had not hoped that the thing would be so easy as this. After a little. very natural hesitation she accepted.

Godfrey, in his own mind, mapped out clearly what he was going to do, not so much for Mrs. Flitney (soon now to become Mrs. Godfrey Ravenshaw) as for Stella. Stella should have a very good time in the future.

Mrs. Flitney had paid a flying visit to London, on shopping intent, and was remaining there for the night. The garden of the roses being thus relieved of her presence, Stella stole in, and came to where Godfrey walked alone in the dusk. She took his arm in something of the old familiar way. For a time

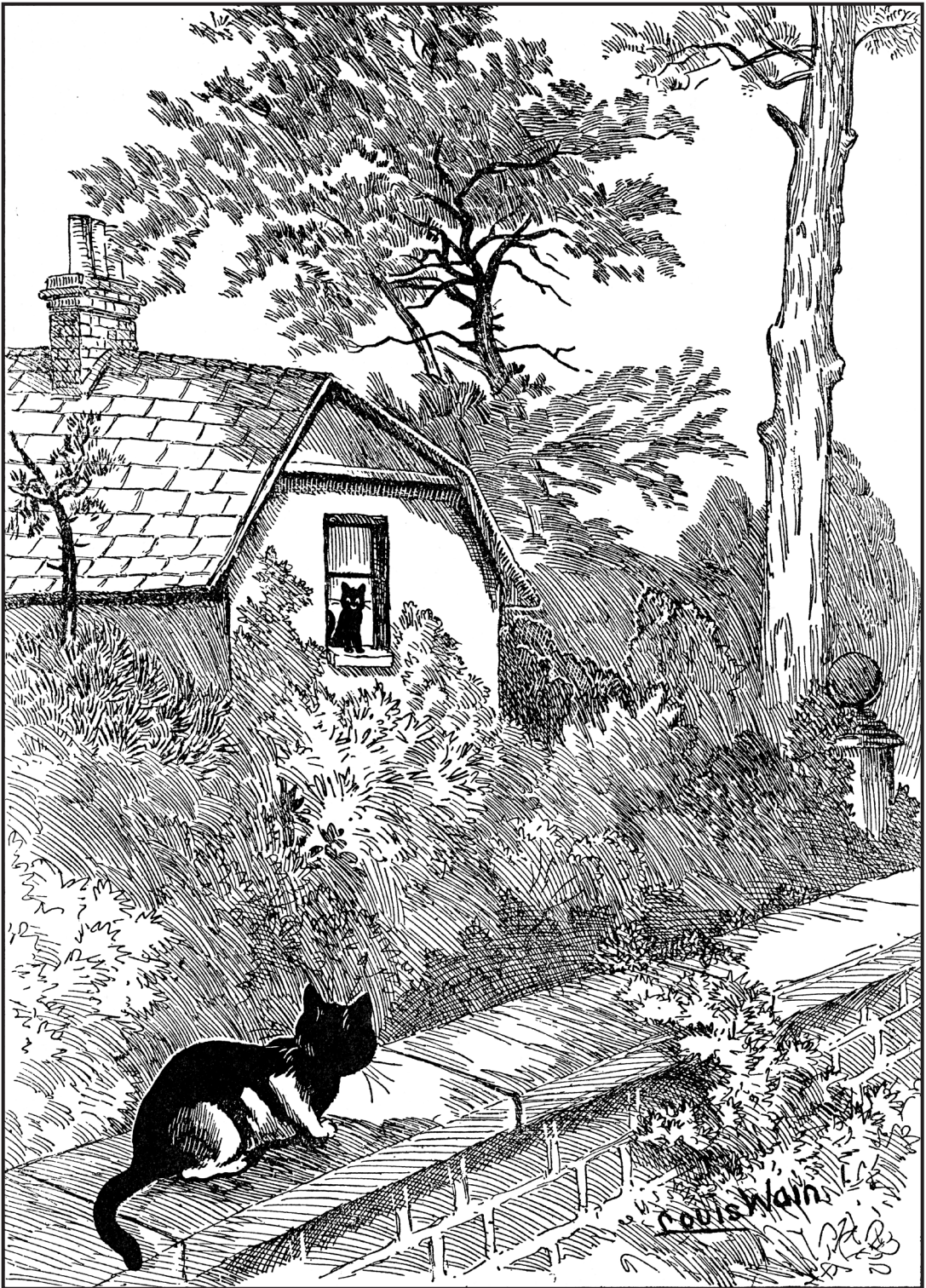
they walked in silence, and then the girl spoke, with a little catch in her throat.

"I thought I'd come in-just for the last time—to say good-bye," she said; and at the words the man wheeled round, and stared at her. When you've married—married mother—you'll be very happy—and so will she—and I—"

"And you'll be with us," interrupted Godfrey. "Don't you understand, child, that you're going to have a very good time for the future—pretty frocks, and horses, and carriages. Your schooldays are over."



"OFF YOU GET, OLD CAT!"



CAT: "MY! THERE'S THAT BURGLAR STEALING THE CREAM."

"Then you haven't heard?" she asked, looking up at him wistfully. "Mother has been lucky enough to hear of a situation for me. I'm going to be a governess. It's only twenty pounds a year to begin with, but I may do better as time goes on. Mother says that, of course, now she's going to be married I shall be rather in the way—and that's why I came to say good-bye."

He stood before her, stunned and helpless. He saw in a moment the utter absurdity of his position. But he saw also, something else—understood for the first time what this girl was to him, and what his life would be without her. He dropped his hands upon her shoulders and shook her for a moment caressingly. She raised her eyes to him, and they were filled with tears.

"Stella, how old do you think I am?" he demanded.

"You're not old at all," she replied. "At least, you've never seemed old to me."

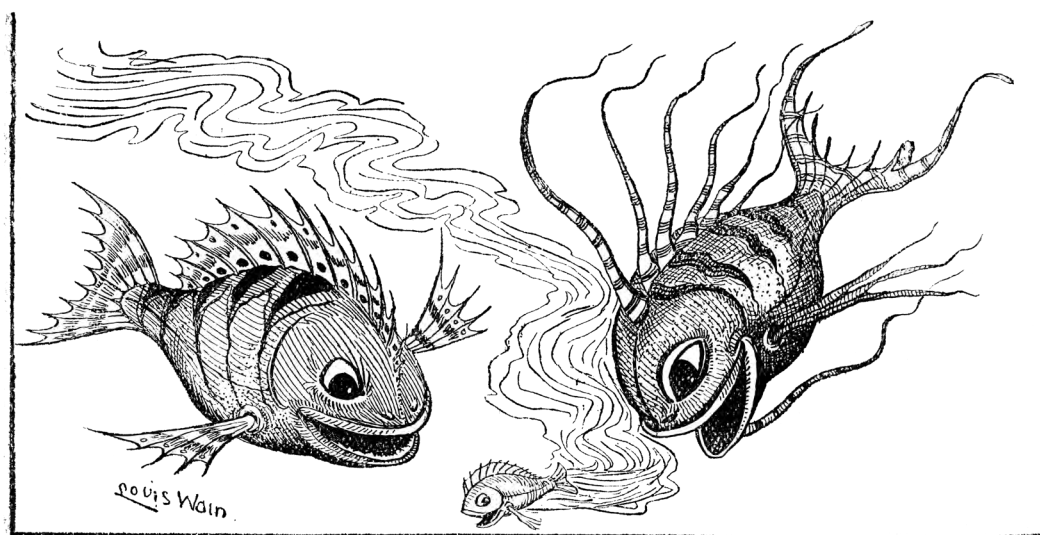
"Stella, I was going to marry your mother so that I might be able to look after you and give you nice things—all that a girl's heart craves for. It seems to me now, however, that that's rather a roundabout way of doing things. Wouldn't it be better if—if I married you instead?"

She stood very still; and yet he felt her trembling in his grasp. "What would mother say?" she whispered.

"Oh! there are quite a lot of people who will be glad to marry your mother; she's just that sort," retorted Godfrey, lightly. "If you don't think that I'm too old——"

But she did not seem to think so, for there in the garden of the roses she crept close to him, and seemed to hide herself and her shabbiness against his heart.

THE END



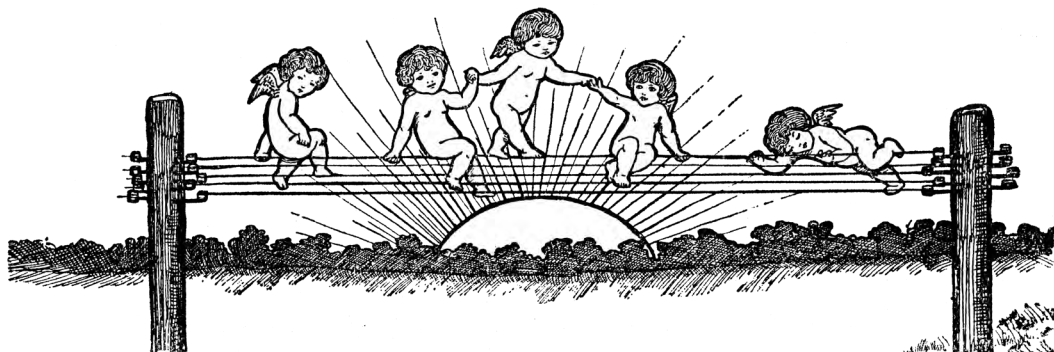
"WHO WILL CATCH HIM? POOR DEAR!"



A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL.



"WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY LATEST BARGAIN? I'VE SAVED A FARTHING
A YARD."



Diamonds

THE Diamond is the king of beasts.

It destroys the soul as well as body.

A living thing—a fiendish thing.

Soul-beauty and body-beauty fade before it.

It subordinates all softness and grace to audacity, glitter and flash.

Its hardness must be balanced with hardness.

It must be worn with gleam of eye and teeth, strong eyebrows—contrast—style.

It reveals no depths of beauty, helps no expression of loveliness-within.

The *solitaire* diamond is the cheapest form of vulgar exhibition of wealth.

A woman's diamond ear-rings show simply how successful her husband has been in business.

There are positive diamond-drunkards.

American women especially are hypnotized by the fatal gleam of this gem.

It is a national disease. Max O'Rell said "Fatal when it gets above the first knuckle."

The sweat on the brow of the American business man crystallizes into diamonds on the forehead of his wife.

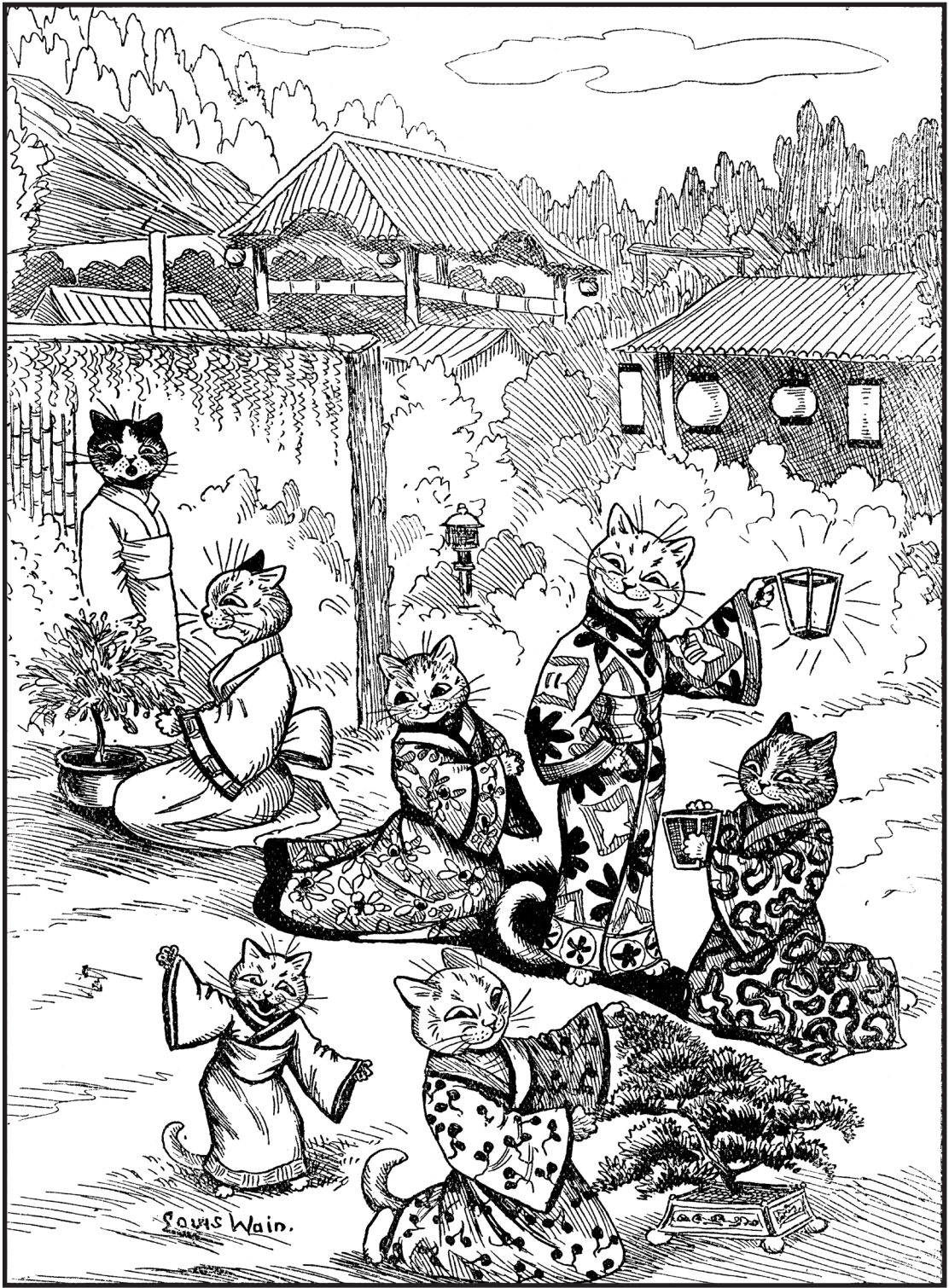
The Diamond holds indeed royal place as the clearest, most sparkling, most costly of gems; but not the rarest, the most beautiful, the most becoming, or the most sympathetic. It is the coldest, the heaviest, the hardest—"of purest ray serene"—the cruelest.

All its glory is produced mechanically. It only suggests machines, men and money.

Bôétius tells us that diamonds can propagate, and cites a Princess of the House of Luxembourg, who had some that produced others at different seasons. It is certain that when people have two it is not long before they have three.

The classics knew not this gem. All our traditions are from races older than the Greeks.

Before it became the emblem of mere material possession it was looked upon as a most occult stone, radiating absolute power of perfection and purity; yet I cannot help thinking these legends referred to the rock crystal, not the diamond.



OUR ALLIES, THE JAPANESE. OH, HAPPY MIMOSA SAN !

It blazed on the forefinger of Aaron, and assisted him in his divination, a living-glory in the days of holy triumph, but turning black when the Hebrew sinned.

It must have lost its ancient sensitiveness, or we would have more black diamonds than white.

The Diamond is not even a rare stone. No one seems to realize in what quantities it is found. New mines, miles in extent, have been discovered.

Every shop in the world is full of them. All other stones are rarer. There are wonderful gems scarcely known to trade at all, while a cameo or a piece of enamel may be absolutely unique. Yet every woman thinks her little spotty ring is something precious; while she may never have heard of a star-sapphire, a chrysoberyl, an alexandrite; or know that there are jewel-workers who rank with the great artists of the world.

But a far greater danger than the tumble of South African stocks awaits the wearers of loveless gems. Scientists are constantly experimenting on the manufacture of artificial stones, not imitation, but real;—Diamonds and rubies have already been produced, as yet of almost microscopical proportions; but with perfect attainment, value in gems will absolutely disappear and people only wear things because they are really beautiful. It will be nothing to have a diamond door-knob, much to possess a silver brooch signed "Edith Vail."

Large diamonds alone are rare. Not one in fifteen thousand approaches twelve carats. Only nine diamonds of two hundred carats weight are known in the whole world.

The American woman has attained to such luxury that she goes marketing in an ermine stole fastened with diamond horseshoes and a hat made of sable-tails and buttercups no foreign princess would wear out of a carriage.

Diamonds are not always blue-white.

The loveliest ear-rings I ever saw were rose-pink, and seemed to melt into the flesh.

The locket in which the Duke of Northumberland carries a piece of King Charles the First's hair, soaked with blood from the scaffold, has the portrait covered with a large table-cut (flat) diamond surrounded by fifteen perfectly matched green diamonds.

The famous Hope diamond is blue.

Lady Alphonse Rothschild has an entire parure of black, which she wears with black pearls and black orchids.

Canary-coloured are the most becoming to blondes, in fact the only ones they should ever wear, though even these require corresponding flash of expression.

A modest yellow-woman looks better in topaz.

The brown, or cinnamon diamond looks best on a man's hand.

The black-diamond of sin is only a distortion, a curiosity that resembles its cousin, the piece of coal.

The faceting of this gem was not known till the fifteenth century, though it may have been the rediscovery of a lost art.

Agnes Sorel was the first woman in France to wear a diamond necklace.



MR. REDMOND: " WE HAVE SENT OUR LOT TO THE FRONT. GOOD LUCK
TO THEM."



"GO ON! I DON'T LOOK A GUY. I AM A YORKSHIRE TERRIER."

India long knew the "table" or flat-cutting which kept the stone subordinate to other gems, but gave merely the effect of a piece of glass.

Next came the "rose," the upper side faceted.

Then the "brilliant," or modern form of cutting.

Very recently the facets have been again divided, resulting in a gem of redoubled brilliancy, and, of course, greatly advanced value.

Many small stones in complex designs produce the best effect and are the most becoming.

Diamonds encrusting the convoluted petals of chrysanthemums are especially effective in tinted stones set in gold and wreathed in golden hair; while a necklace radiating from diamond flowers is far more beautiful than the choking *riviere* of *solitaires* that looks like a chandelier chain, worn with ear-rings that can only suggest decanter-stoppers.

Pliny says diamonds soften when immersed in goats' blood, so those who own them should be careful about keeping goats.

Occult lore teaches that diamonds are "the best cuirass against the dagger of destiny," but says they should be worn only on Saturday.

All pure white transparent stones belong to the month of April, and if the royal sparkle is unattainable we may turn to white-sapphire, white-tourmaline, crystal, or *jargoon*.

"The sublime transparency of Japanese crystal balls" is far more attractive than any blinding flash. Especially suitable for young girls is this clear untroubled stone, suggesting a soul of limpid depths, ready to receive its first reflection. Lalique fashions some frost-like beautiful and inexpensive necklaces of fringes of rock crystal.

The Isle of Elba produces clear white-tourmalines, and nearly every English woman returns from India with a string of cut white-sapphires.

The *Zircon* or *Jargoon* of Ceylon is a species of yellow diamond. Set in silver it forms the wonderful aigrette combs with which the Daughters-of-the-Lion bind their hair.

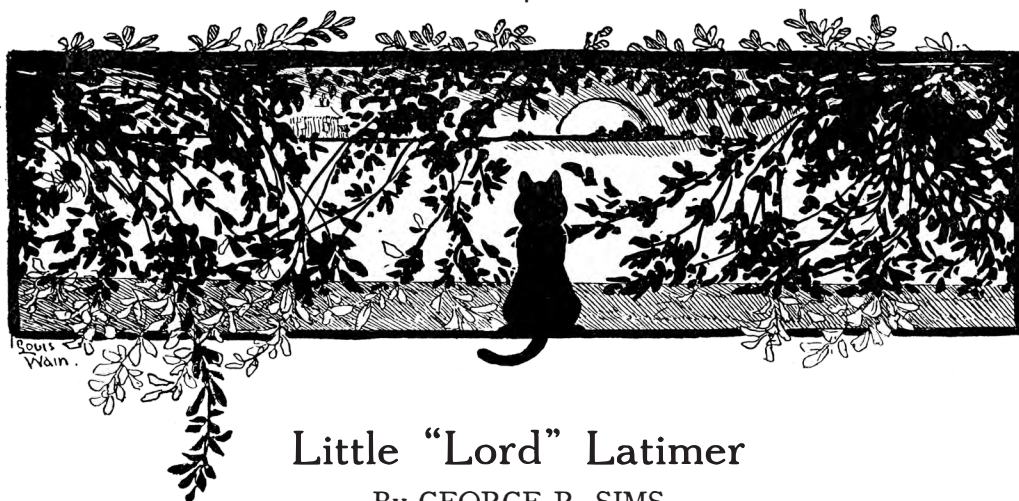
The Greeks believed crystal to be ice hardened to stone by intense action of the frost.

The diamonds of the Imperial Family of Austria are more magnificent in their magnitude than any other court can show—"shoals and sacks of refulgent recklessness."

But London society probably displays more individual taste in this respect than any other.



"DOES IT NOT MAKE ONE HAPPY?"



Little "Lord" Latimer

By GEORGE R. SIMS

Author of "The Dagonet Ballads," "Three Brass Bells," "In London's Heart,"
"Young Mrs. Caudle," "Memoirs of Mary Jane," &c.

JENNY Latimer wrung the flannel out into the pail and got up from her Knees.

It was Saturday afternoon, and she had only to draw her week's money for acting as charwoman at Danebury-lane School and she would be free to spend the rest of the day—and the money—as she chose.

Mrs. Latimer was fair and fat and just over forty. She had been a good-looking woman in her day, and she still retained the traces of her former comeliness.

But these traces of comeliness were marred by certain signs, which were libellous if Jenny Latimer was an habitually temperate woman.

The headmaster of Danebury-lane School had hinted on more than one occasion to Jenny that he was afraid she took more than was good for her.

Jenny had been recommended to him by a lady whose little boy attended the school. The lady had told Mr. Scholes—that was the headmaster's name—in confidence that Jenny was a hard-working, honest woman, who had been rather badly treated by her husband's relations.

Mr. Scholes had listened to Jenny's story with considerable interest, for it was rather a peculiar one.

Jenny was a servant in a lodging-house in Bloomsbury, when there came to occupy the dining-room floor a gentleman of rather eccentric habits.

Mr. Harold Latimer was thirty, studious, short-sighted, odd, impulsive, and absorbed in the great task of his life, which was to prove that Shakespeare's plays were written by a noble recluse, who had a horror of publicity, and, moreover, dared not acknowledge any association with stage performances owing to the strict views on the subject entertained by his wife, of whom he stood in mortal terror.

Had Mr. Harold Latimer pursued his researches in the ordinary way—that is to say, had he kept his theories to himself in ordinary conversation—he might have passed for an amiable crank. But, unfortunately, he



"WHAT IS THE GOOD OF BEING UP-TO-DATE? THE MEN ARE ALL AT THE FRONT."



A JOY RIDE.

insisted on reading aloud every extract he made at the Museum to people whom they did not in the least concern.

He was a member of an exceedingly well-to-do family, and had a father and mother and a sister who were prepared to treat him affectionately as the son of the house. But his theories of the plays of Shakespeare wore them out.

When every day he returned from the Museum with a black bag full of extracts, and proceeded to read them aloud at the family dinner-table, even endeavouring to convert the butler, Mr. Latimer, senior, concerned for the health and comfort of his wife and daughter, hinted to his only son that his handsome allowance would be increased if he would arrange to live away from home and take his extracts with him.

Harold Latimer was by no means hurt by the proposition, and so he packed up his Shakespearean library and removed to some lodgings in Bloomsbury, which he had seen advertised.

Between the British Museum and his Bloomsbury lodgings Mr. Latimer found few people to interest in his extracts.

All this the lady interested in Jenny did not, of course, tell the school-master. She did not know it. Her narrative began when Jenny, waiting on Mr. Latimer at his lonely meals, made her début in his life's story.

Mr. Latimer, while Jenny was changing the plates or handing him the vegetables, broke the silence by imparting to her his theory of the authorship of "Hamlet," "Othello," "Macbeth," and "Romeo and Juliet," of which plays Jenny had doubtless heard.

Mr. Latimer, finding that the young woman who waited on him had had some acquaintance with the Bard in her childhood, proceeded at once to explain to her that "Hamlet" was written by a nobleman, who did it secretly because his wife considered the stage improper.

All that Jenny said was "Lor!"

But the student felt that he had made an impression, and from that time forward he read extracts to Jenny at every meal.

Jenny did not follow the argument; she did not attempt to. She attended to Mr. Latimer's wants, and said "Lor!" mechanically whenever he stopped for breath.



“ THANK GOODNESS, THEY ARE NOT MINE ! ”



AN EXTRA TASTY GLASS.

"DON'T GIVE ME AWAY."

The "Lor!" fascinated the student, and the girl began to fascinate the man. She was the first person who had ever listened to him with patience.

Two months after he first took up his residence in the Bloomsbury apartments Mr. Latimer asked Jenny to be his wife.

The proposition startled her, and she could only say, "Lor!"

The student took her hand and said: "We can be married at a registry office."

This time Jenny said: "Lor, 'Arold!"

Three weeks afterwards they were married. Mr. Latimer, senior, on hearing that his son had married a servant at a lodging-house was furious. He reduced Harold's handsome allowance to one hundred and fifty a year, and told him not to expect a farthing more than that at his death. He had disgraced the family, and the family begged that he would not add to the disgrace by endeavouring to introduce the young woman to them.

Three pounds a week did not leave a margin for luxuries. So Mr. and Mrs. Harold Latimer went into apartments, and lived in them fairly happily for four years, during which time a little boy and a little girl were born to them, which necessitated their moving into a small house in a cheap suburb.

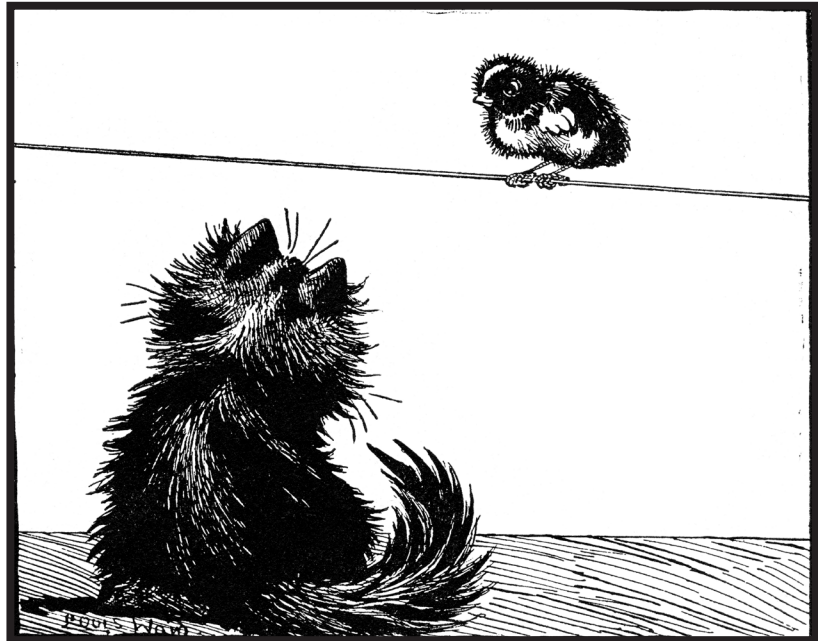
When the little boy was born Mr. Latimer, senior, allowed his son a further fifty pounds a year, but there was no increase when the little girl came.

When the boy was five years old and the little girl was four, Harold Latimer caught a severe chill, which developed into pneumonia, and departed this life hastily, leaving his widow to the mercy of his father.

Mr. Latimer buried his son, and had a short interview with his son's widow, and offered to take the little boy and bring him up.

Mr. Latimer did not like his daughter-in-law. He saw the little girl, thought she took after her mother, and did not like her.

So he made a bargain. Jenny was to keep the girl, and have an allowance of



CAT: "Wonderful tightrope walker you are. Who taught you?"

CHICK: "Very hard work, I can assure you. It is all through my wings."



“ HI, YOU INSTRUMENTS. STOP YOUR PLAYING! THEY CAN’T HEAR
MY DRUM.”

twenty-five shillings a week, *so long as* she did not attempt to see or to claim Harold Latimer, junior.

The offer was not generous. Mr. Latimer did not intend it to be. He had discovered that Mrs. Latimer had developed a habit of resorting to stimulants in order to fortify herself against British Museum extracts, and he made up his mind that, with a little girl and herself to keep on twenty-five shillings a week, she might be kept from over-indulgence.

Jenny, after a little hesitation, consented. Little Harold Latimer bade his mamma good-bye, and was borne off in his grandpapa's carriage.

Jenny went over to Peckham, where she had a married sister with a top floor to let, and lived there on her twenty-five shillings a week with Maggie, her little daughter.

This left Mrs. Latimer free to walk abroad, and her walks usually took the direction of the saloon bar at the Crow and Chaffinch, which was at the top of the street.

A lady in the neighbourhood, hearing all about her from her sister, and knowing that Mr. Scholes, the schoolmaster, wanted a respectable woman to come in daily and do work of the charing order, recommended Jenny and told Mr. Scholes her story.

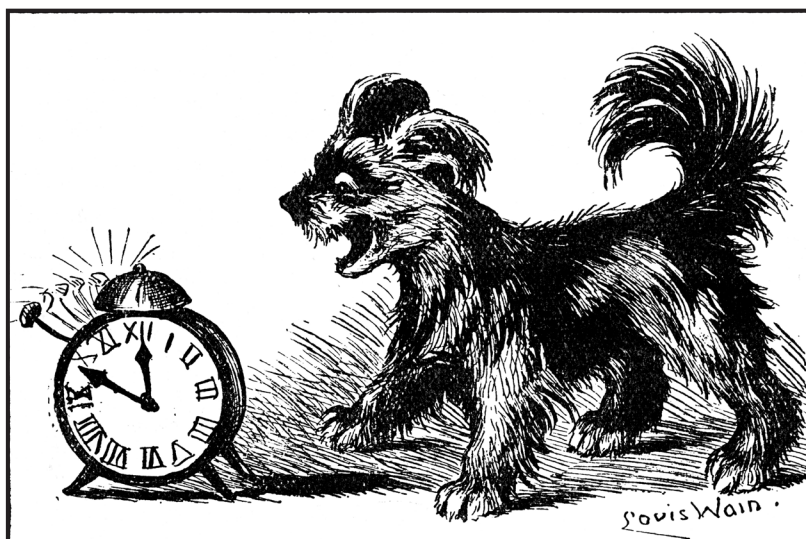
And in this way Mrs. Latimer found daily employment, and an addition of fifteen shillings a week to her income.

The saloon bar of the Crow and Chaffinch was preserved to its generous patroness.

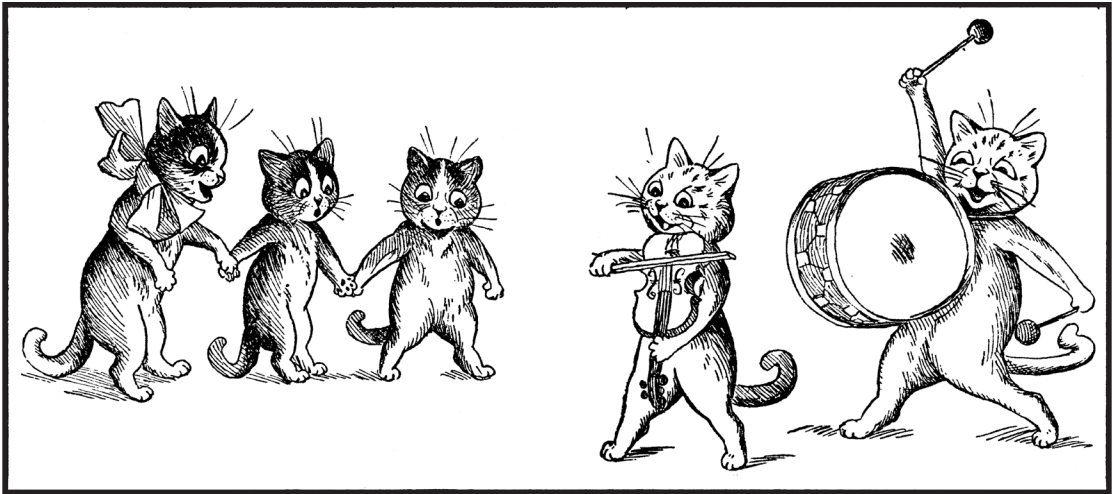
.
Mrs. Latimer's money was paid weekly by postal order.

But news of the grand surroundings in which her little boy was living reached the charwoman from time to time, and one day she heard, quite accidentally, from an acquaintance she met occasionally, that Master Harold Latimer's tenth birthday was to be celebrated with a children's garden-party and great festivity.

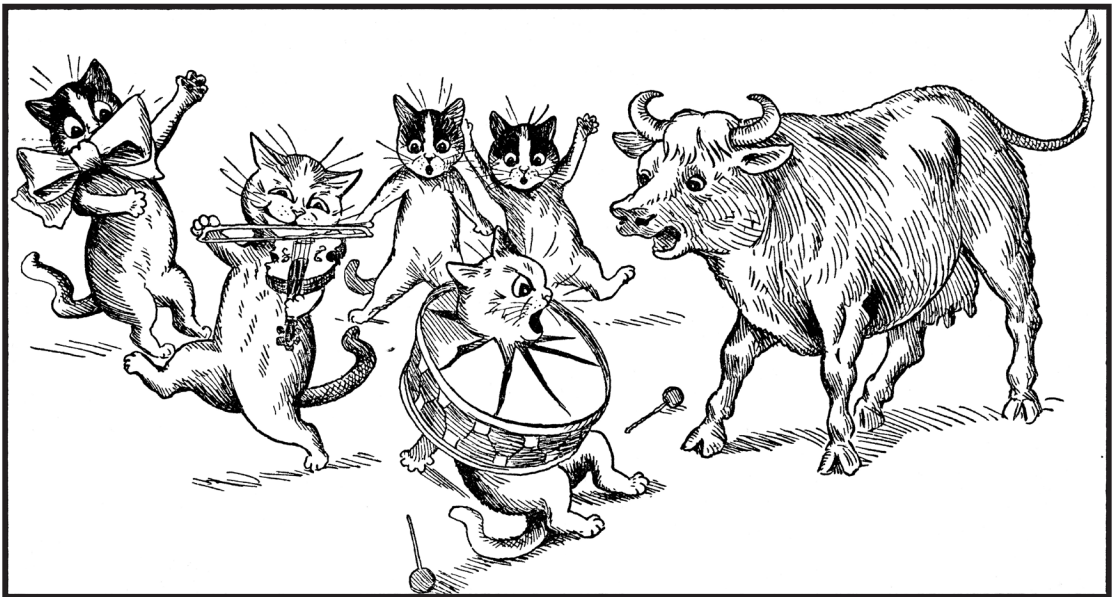
On the day of the grand garden-party at the grand house at Kensington, which was the residence of the Latimers, Jenny, dressed in her best, and, accompanied by little Maggie, arrived at the front door of



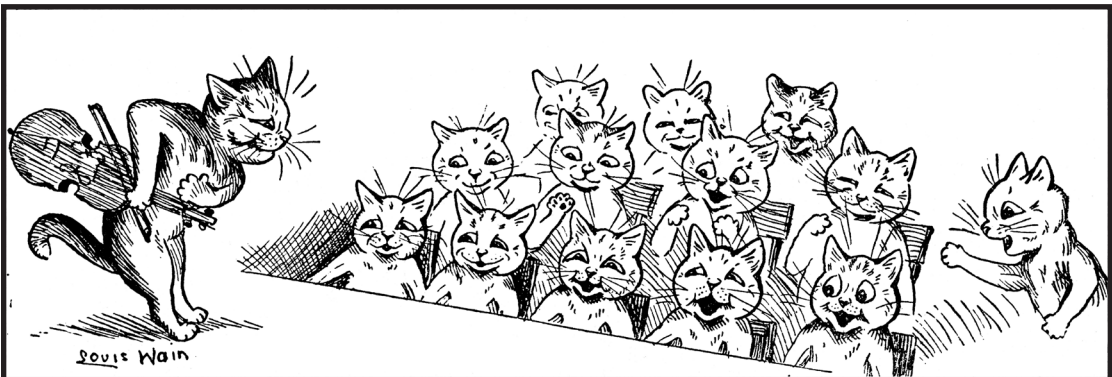
"HI, STOP! I CAN'T COUNT YOUR TAPS, YOU ARE RAPPING THE BELL TOO FAST."



1. " IS HE NOT A WONDERFUL INFANT PRODIGY ? "



2. SO WONDERFUL THAT EVEN MRS. COW WAS ASTONISHED.



3. BUT HE HAD A MAGNIFICENT RECEPTION, AND WON.



THE JUDGE ALWAYS HAS HIS OWN WAY.

the mansion an hour before the guests were to assemble.

They were shown into a room by a footman, who informed his master.

Mr. Latimer went into the room, and proceeded to overawe his daughter-in-law as a measure of precaution.

"I am sorry that you could not come to see your boy without calling at public-houses," he said, taking in the situation at a glance.

"Well, of all the——"

"If you care for your son you cannot wish to destroy his happiness by letting him know that he has a mother who—er—drinks."

"No, sir," replied Jenny, with a pang of contrition. "I suppose you're right. But I was that flustered and put about with coming here, and the nasty way you've treated me, and thinking of my wrongs that you've put on me, that I don't wonder I did call in at a 'ouse or two on the way along."

"Very good. I'm glad you recognise your position. Come with me."

Mr. Latimer led his daughter-in-law up a grand staircase, and little Maggie, overawed by the magnificence of everything, followed, clutching at her mother's dress.

Mr. Latimer showed them into a bedroom on the third floor. "You can sit down and look through the window," he said. "I will send you up some lemonade and some cakes for the little girl, and you will have some tea brought to you."

"I'd sooner have a drop of——"

"I regret that I cannot comply with your request, madam," replied the old gentleman. "If you wish to see your boy, you will do as I choose."

"Oh, all right, send up a cup o' tea; I'll make it do."

Jenny sat down by the window, and the old gentleman left her to go downstairs to receive his guests.

Presently the garden began to fill with a gay company of young folks, and in the centre of them Jenny, the charwoman, saw her son.

He had grown into a tall, good-looking lad, and Jenny thought he was the handsomest boy she had ever seen in her life. She pointed him out with pride to little Maggie.

"That's 'Arold," she said; "that's your brother. *Isn't* he a reg'lar little Lord?"

A servant had brought lemonade and cakes and tea on a small tray. She put it down on a little table and left without saying a word.

"Well, I'm sure," said Mrs. Latimer, tossing her head, "one 'ud think I was dirt in my own son's 'ouse."

But when she looked again at her boy, so charming, so happy, so tall, and carrying himself so gracefully, she was silent for a time, and then she began to cry.



"OH, TEDDY! YOU ARE A BEAR!"
 "DON'T BE INSULTING, PUSSY. I AM NOT A BEAR,
 I AM A TEDDY BEAR!"

LITTLE "LORD" LATIMER.

"It wouldn't do for him to learn as I was his mother," she said. "It 'ud be cruel. Let him be the little Lord he is and never know. Come on, Jenny."

She took the little girl's hand, and they went downstairs till they came to the hall.

Everyone was in the garden, and no one saw them.

They went out, and Jenny pulled the door to after her with a bang.

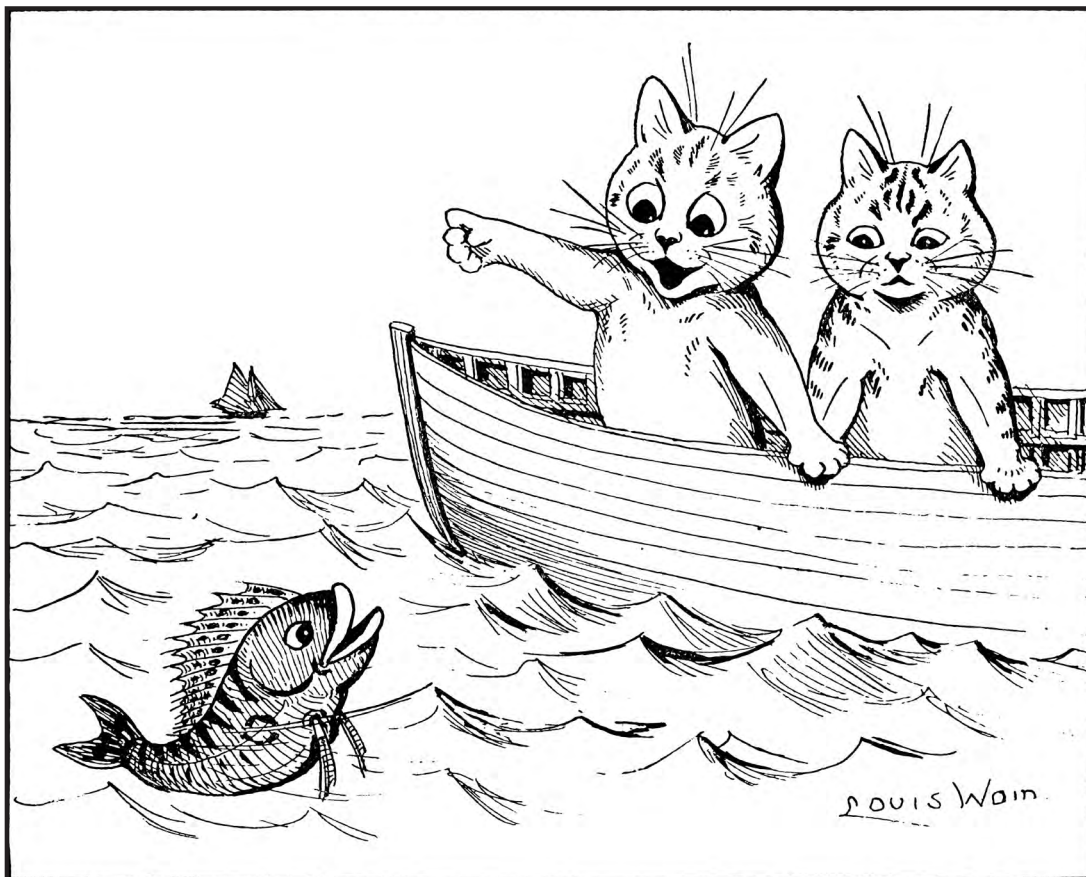
In five minutes they came to a public-house, and Jenny went in, taking the little girl with her.

She was going to give her order, when she turned suddenly and walked out again, followed by the child.

"No, I won't," she said; "blowed if I will!" It's my boy's birthday, and he's a gentleman, and it isn't a gentleman's mother that gets drunk on her son's birthday."

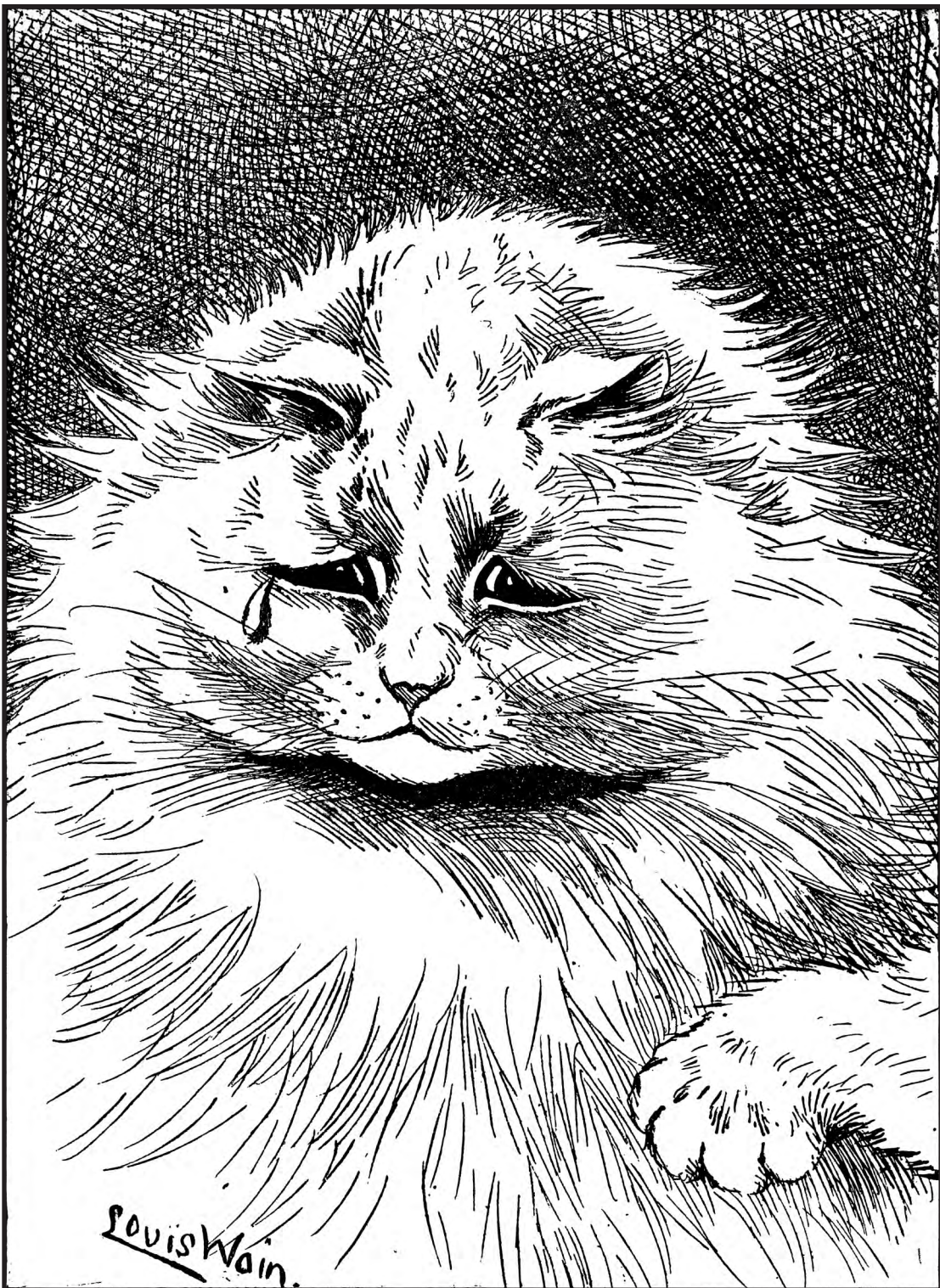
The next morning Mr. Latimer received a letter. It was badly written but it was well meant:

"Sir,—Will you tel my boy as a old nurse of his when he was a boy is coming and would like to see him. I give you my othe I wont breeth



CAT: "Can you come on shore with us, Mr. Fish?"

FISH: "Oh dear no! There are too many frying pans on shore to please me."



"MILK HAS GONE UP IN PRICE!"

LITTLE "LORD" LATIMER

a word of who I am and if you let me kis him I'll never tuch a nother drop of drink as long as I live—I take my othe.

"Yours umbly,
"JENNY LATIMER."

They told the young heir to the wealth of the Latimers the pious falsehood.

Jenny, very pale, very neat, and very nervous, came to the house, and was shown into the drawing-room.

When her boy came in the tears gathered in her eyes. "Oh, Master 'Arold," she said, "and you were the baby I nursed on my knee. You don't remember me, do you?"

"No," said the boy, quietly, "I don't, but grandpa says you were my nurse, and were fond of me, and so I am very, very pleased to see you."

He stooped and put his lips to Jenny's. She put her arms gently round him for a moment, and kissed him heartily.

Then she rose and took his hand. "Good-bye, Master 'Arold," she said. "Perhaps your grandpa will let me come and see you again some day."

"Yes," said old Mr. Latimer, with a little quiver in his voice, "certainly. Come every month. I want my boy to be fond of his old nurse."

The "old nurse" goes to the grand house once every month, and Master Harold Latimer has begun to look for her eagerly.

"She must have been awfully fond of me as a baby," he says; "she always seems as if she were going to cry when she leaves me."



"NOTHING LIKE A PANTOMIME STORM. LOOK AT IT."

Jenny Latimer has given up the saloon bar. She lives in quite a pretty little house in Dulwich now, and has no need to go out charing.

Mr. Latimer allows her two hundred pounds a year, and little Maggie goes to a good school. Harold Latimer is going to Eton. His "old nurse" wonders if she will be allowed to see him there. Mr. Latimer, senior, has promised to think it over and let her know.



"YOU ARE LEADING ME A DOG'S LIFE, MRS. TUNE."
"WELL, WHAT'S WRONG? DIDN'T YOU GO TO THE WRONG CLERK AND GET A DOG'S
LICENSE INSTEAD OF THE MARRIAGE LICENSE?"

One Kiss

By TOM PUTT.

"TEN thousand troubles! I'll see you plenty before I kiss you. Just like you. Can't you see that I'm under twenty? I'm just alive to that, because you are not old enough to talk sense."

"Oh, so you want me to talk sense, do you? All right, you're a brown bear shaved with a safety razor."

"You mean that I have a clean bill?"

"Yes, a clean bill, because you have got no credit, and have to pay up cash on the nail. You are clean about the bill, too; comes of kissing too often."

"Ah, I am an expert at that game. I know a kiss from a kiss, and I can give a kiss that's valuable to the receiver."

"Therefore, you think too much of yourself. Let me try if it is worth having."

"Well, I'll kiss you once; only once, mind!"

"Right you are, it is the only chance you will get."

"Here goes! Smack! There, what do you think of it?"

"Well, all I can say is that it is a very doubtful compliment to me, and a bit of vanity to you in your conceit."

"Do you. Well, I withdraw it. Now, don't ask again, for you won't get it."

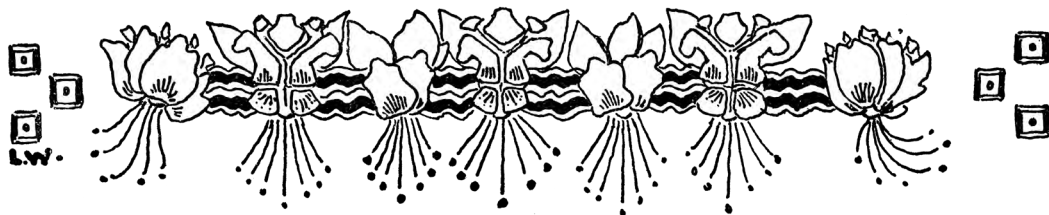
"Ask for that kiss again! Why, it's too off colour to need repetition. Good-bye, I'm off."

"Here, Kate, don't go, old dear. I am deadly in love with you; don't go, please don't."

"Well, I won't; but mind now, no more kissing. It's off."



"PLEASE DON'T BE POLITICAL, YOU FROGS. I CANNOT STAND TOO MUCH OF POLITICS."



Opals

THE Fury flame of the Carbuncle, the refulgent purple of the amethyst, the glorious green of the emerald combined in one.

Superstitions harm only those who believe in them.

We are but on the threshold of occult science.

No one really knows enough of mystic influences to say what is lucky and what is not.

At present the whole realm is a question of intuition with some, instinct to many, a blank to most.

Superstition is simply a nervous malady. It should never be encouraged.

The awakening of sub-consciousness is another matter.

Premonitions should never be turned back.

Let each gem bring its message of joy and vibrations of peace and the wearer of beauty will only attract beauty.

If you feel your collar of turquoise protects from evil you will walk stronger from the armour, and it *will* protect you.

If you think an emerald beneath your pillow brings poppy-sleep, it will do so, especially if you can imagine a perfect circlet around your head.

If you believe your opal attracts misfortune it probably will, for the thought weakens your power.

Some nations have considered this splendid gem of shifting flame and smouldering fire a most propitious amulet. There are ancient writers who call it "Shield Against Evil."

It was thought to particularly protect against infection in the air, and heart-sickness.

The Roman senator Honius possessed a single stone valued at sixty thousand pounds. Rather than yield it to Marc Antony he preferred to resign his office and go into exile.

In middle ages its tongue of flame was regarded as ocular evidence of being inhabited by the devil.

There are Faustian legends of people who bartered their souls for its possession.

Stories of opals worn by brides accidentally sprinkled with holy water, the gems hissing like live coals-and, of course, the castle by the Rhine falling to ruins.

I once knew a man who was passionately attached to a wonderful opal, though he fully believed it brought him constant misfortune.

His horse ran away—his money ran away—his wife ran away.

None of these things ever happened before he owned the fatal stone.



VICAR: "YOU ARE BUSY THIS MORNING, MRS. CULLER!"

MRS. CULLER: "YES, SIR. MY LATE HUSBAND MADE ME PROMISE NOT TO MARRY AGAIN UNTIL HE GREW GREEN. SO I HAVE PLANTED SOME MUSTARD AND CRESS, AND I AM WATERING IT TO MAKE IT COME GREEN QUICKLY."

At last he felt he must get rid of it. So he gave it to a friend who was about to be married, saying:—

"For heaven's sake don't keep it—sell it—exchange it for something you want."

The friend took it to a jeweller, who turned it over, examined under the microscope, and finally said:—

"Why this is not an opal—it is only a piece of glass."

Had glass been unlucky?

No, it is our evil anticipations that bring evil results.

The opal, child of sunbeam and moonbeam, as Ella Wheeler Wilcox sings in her exquisite poem.

Make it your rainbow of promise, and it will only attract good fortune.

Opals belong to October.

They hold the smouldering fires of autumn—the tints of changing forests.

The Slavs give them the power to make their wearer a general favourite—much pleasanter to believe than the message of doom.

Sir Walter Scott was chiefly responsible for the revival of German superstition.

Within one year after the publication of his "Anne of Geierstein" the value of opals declined fifty per cent. in the European market.

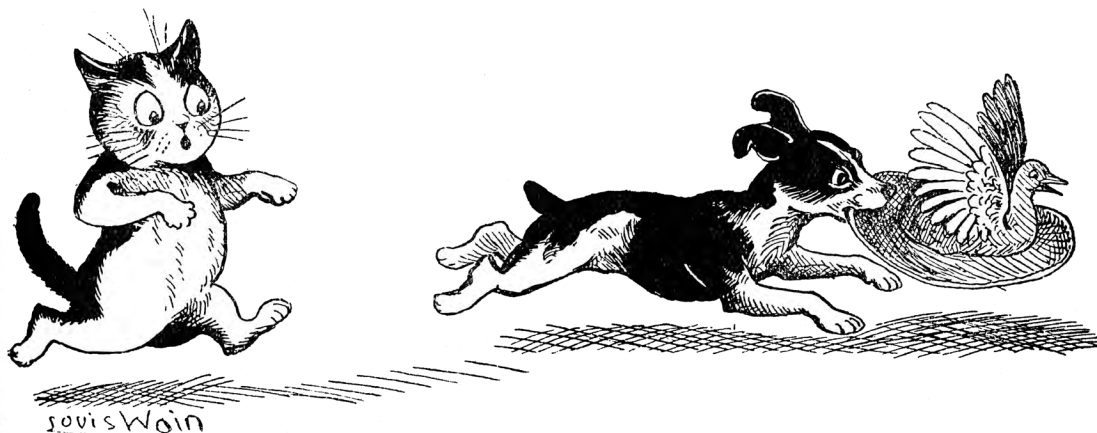
Queen Victoria, who owned a magnificent collection, was very fond of and tried to restore them to favour, but never had much influence in the world of fashion.

Empress Josephine wore a great collar, whose central stone was called "The Burning Troy." Napoleon's misfortunes were pointed to as evidence of its fatality.

Empress Eugenie declared they were only unfortunate as *gifts*, their evil disappearing if purchased by the wearer.

The heavy settings of those exhibited at the first Paris Exposition did not attract many purchasers.

Second Empire taste, though exquisite in dress, was crude and clumsy in jewels.



"GIVE ME BACK MY HAT. YOU CAN'T EAT THE BIRD, IT IS STUFFED."



EVEN THE KILKENNY CATS HAVE SHAKEN HANDS AND GONE TO THE FRONT.

Sarah Bernhardt is almost the only woman in Europe to-day who dares appear in full *parure* of these "flame-imprisoned souls."

Mrs. Leland Stanford possessed the largest collection in America, and used to be seen at official receptions in Washington with tiara, necklace, stomacher, and girdle to her feet of gorgeous Czenowitza gems.

The finest opals in the world are, of course, the crown-treasure of Austria. It was the favourite gem of the ill-fated Elizabeth.

In designs of stones so small they can hardly be set, opals gleam like fire-flies. The most wonderful arrangement I ever saw was the tiara and necklace of an Austrian ambassadress at a Royal Academy Soirée in London, composed of hundreds of Hungarian sparks, so tiny one could see nothing but flame as she moved. It did not look like a jewel, but a living thing.

Fire-opals are becoming to people who have moods in harmony with their restlessness.

Not "nervous;" this word is always wrongly applied—one would not wish to be nerveless.

The nervefull who are usually called personalities or "temperaments."

Milk-stones that glow but only reveal occasional flash help cold people of undecided feature, whom more intense blaze would extinguish.

Very pale—"Tears of the Moon"—signify "Prayer and Pardon."

If filled with flame—"Love Me but Take Care."

This gem is really believed to have emotions—to turn green with the presence of an enemy—to blush before a lover.

Mexican opals are wonderful, but very perishable and of little value.

Tiffany mounts them in long "chains-of-honour," where scarcely any setting is revealed.

Probably one reason for the opal being deemed unlucky is that it is so breakable.

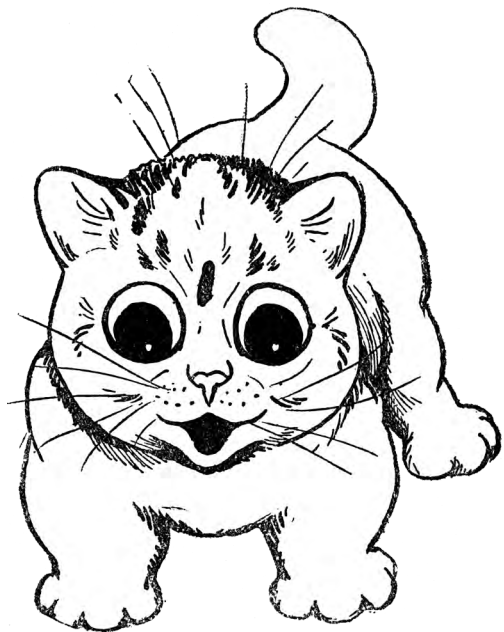
Its evil also comes from people's distrust for shifting lights.

In Australia and New Zealand there are whole mountains of opals, deep green, violet, peacock-blue; singularly, they combine well with turquoises and olivines.

Uncanny the black opals, they look wicked indeed, capable of hatred and revenge.

The most precious Hungarian gems seem a rainbow reflected in a drop of milk.

Streeter, the great London gem expert, says that though of trifling value the reason it was so highly prized by the old English ladies was on account of its great brilliancy by candle-light.



"MY! I AM SURPRISED, YOU ARE LOOKING AT ME. HOW DARE YOU!"



MOTHER: "HOW DID YOU GET ON THIS TERM, TOMMY?"

BOY: "OH, FINE! I HAVE BEATEN ALL THE BIG BOYS, GIVEN THEM THE MEASLES."



FIRST PIG: "HE'S TRYING TO LEARN A PIG'S GRUNT."

SECOND PIG: "LET US TRY AND MAKE HIM IMITATE A CAT'S SQUALL."

"It is a curious spectacle," writes another specialist, "to see a magnificent blue sapphire lose in the night all its glories, when a poor trinket of aqua-marine not only retains effect, but even seems to gain brilliancy."

"Hope in Sorrow" poetical significance.

Becoming to Saxon *blondes* with grey eyes and grey-gold hair—their long thin necks enlaced with many chains of filagree gold—the English book-heroine.

In large stones it may rest on lace-work of the very small diamonds.

Wear with gauze, swansdown—anything that suggests foam.

It engraves and is often found in Papal rings, signets, handles of swords, jewelled cups.

The most beautiful *aqua-marine* in the world is preserved in the Duome of Genoa.

Set in a goblet brought from the Holy-land by one of the crusaders.

Said to be the cup from which Christ drank at the Last Supper.

The gem is very dark, and was long thought to be an emerald.

Emeralds

"**I** SALUTE thee, O-Emerald-magic gem!" cries Michelet to this souvenir of green prairies, ocean depths, and clear-cleft wells of peaceful power.

The Emerald or Smaragdus was occult to all ancient peoples. It shone midst the verberna leaves of the crowns of Druid priestesses, in the tangle of dark hair, above the unutterable yearning of their eyes of splendour, as never to-day in the conventional correctness of machine-made setting.

Colour of universal harmony; emblem of hope, joy, abundance. It cured epilepsy, eased pangs of childbirth, and brought sleep to tired brains. It healed all ocular disease. Indeed, so pure was its power that when the eye of a serpent met the eye of an emerald the serpent became immediately blind, or perhaps had to wear glasses the rest of its life. Seeresses of old used to hold an emerald beneath their tongues so the incoming wave of psychic-vibration might be met by its force, and not utterly overwhelm them.

Light seems to traverse, to linger and caress this lovely stone, whilst the diamond turns back the reflection so violently it strikes one almost as a blow.

Vert-de-pre—the emerald, sister to leaves, like the sapphire, is best by day, and shrinks from artificial light. Consecrated to the month of May, it is said to symbolize the charity that springs from a well of goodness in the heart and its colour, nature's favourite, to speak of hope and new spiritual birth.

No other gem holds as many fascinating legends or haunting historical memories; back to immemorial time when the Incas worshipped the goddess Esmerelda in the person of one as big as an ostrich-egg, and offered other emeralds to consort with it; so the Spaniards were able to seize the votive treasures of centuries. The five emeralds which Cortez stole from the crown of Montezuma were of enormous size, rough-cut in the form of sacred symbols of sex-worship. Even Cortez was so enamoured of them that he refused to sell them to the empress, and so lost his favour at court.



THE WAR DOG.
"THE CAP FITS."

There is still preserved at Rome the emerald sent to the Pope by Peru after the Catholic conquest of that country, and the name, "Emerald Isle," given to Ireland, was from a magnificent ring sent by Pope Adrian to Henry II. when he took dominion.

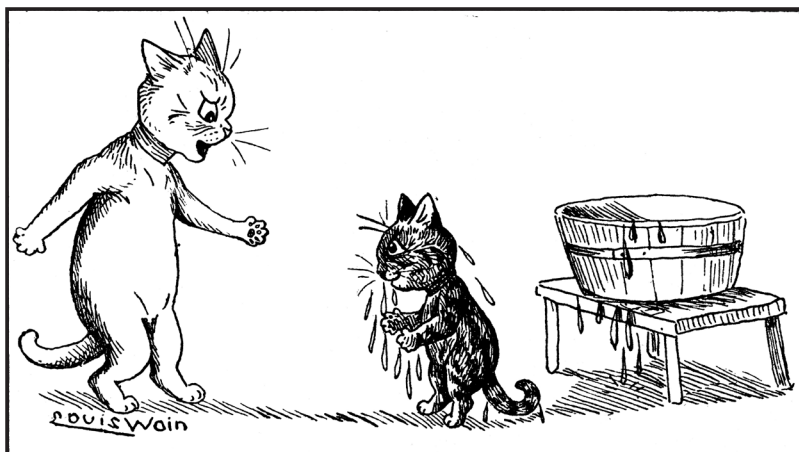
The Orientals have always known how to handle this wonderful crystal, setting in peacock-toned embroidery of enamel, keeping its irregularities of form, often simply smoothing the edges so as to preserve as much colour as possible. Indian princes wear emerald rings fully two inches across. In the shrine of the great Tooth-Temple of Kandy, Ceylon, there is a Buddha of fabulous value carved from a single gem. I have seen in the treasury of the Sultan of Turkey whole robes encrusted with emeralds; superb single stones of the purest water set in the handles of scimitars. Prayers in the interior of the Taj Mahal were spelled in emeralds before the British soldiers dug them out.

We read of Nero viewing "the games men played with death where death must win," through emerald eyelids. Caligula's consort leaned from verd-antique balconies on the golden hill, adorned with £500,000 worth of emeralds and pearls.

Napoleon wore through some of his bloodiest battles the great emerald torn from the throat of Charlemagne when they dared to disturb his slumber, and to this talisman the Man of Destiny ascribed his power to sleep at will, as long or little as he would. When Isabey was to do the last portrait of Josephine, she said: "Paint me in emeralds, to say that my sorrow will be ever green, but surround with diamonds to portray the undying purity of my love."

Of course royal people hold the finest examples of this gem, which, in conjunction with pearls, they prefer to all others. Queen Isabella was very proud of her carved emeralds, but carving destroys the greatest beauty of the stone, the perfect limpidity of its colour. An Italian princess possesses the most famous parure in Europe, enhancing her patrician beauty against the faded green tapestries, the ornulu and malachite of her Roman palace—a never-to-be-forgotten picture.

For those who are rich—yet may have but little money, the Peridot should

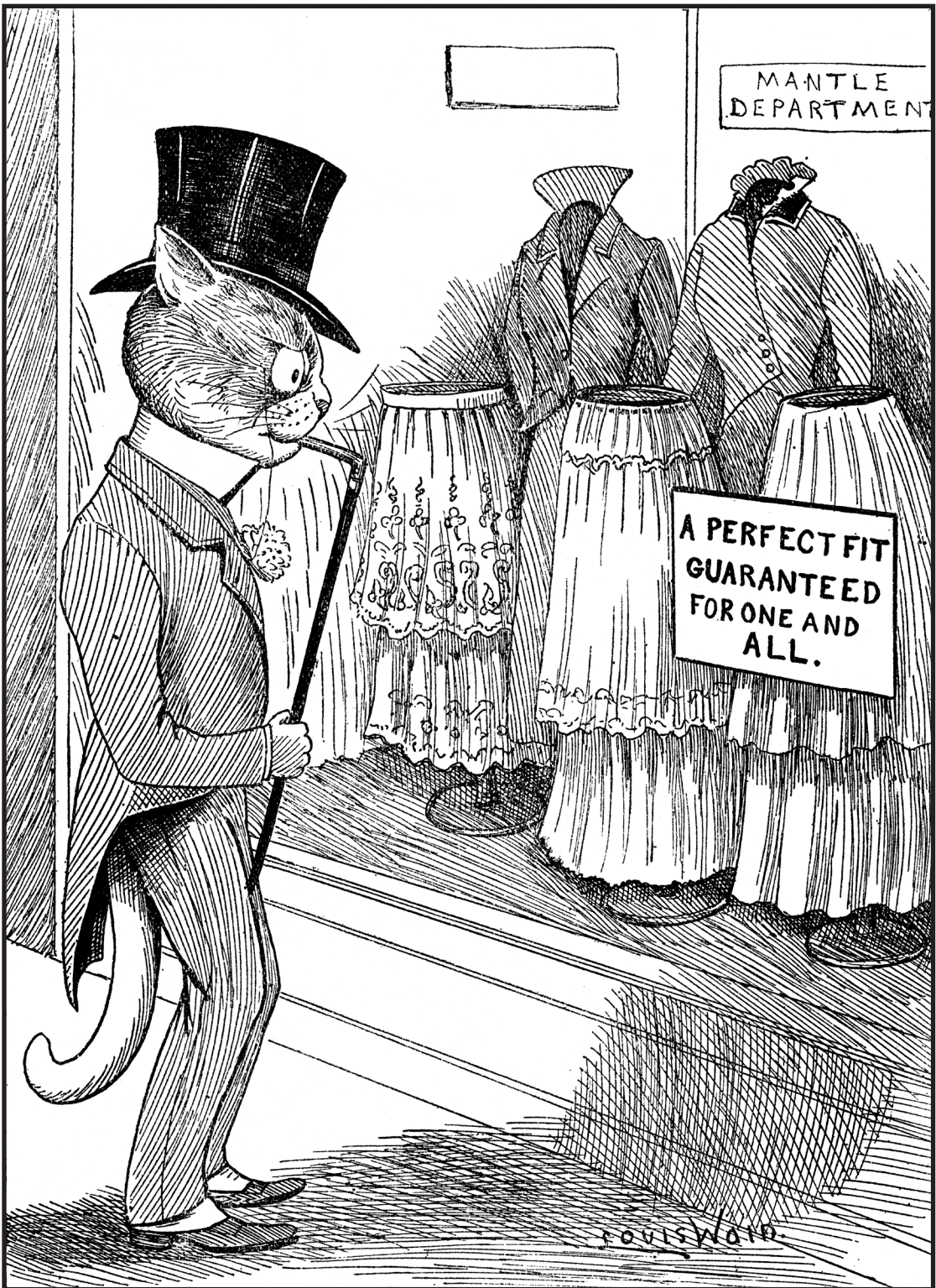


"I HAVE BEEN IN A NASTY STORM, MA!"

be given sacred honours. For it is the only gem known to have fallen from heaven. It is occasionally found in those mysterious masses called aerolites.



COMFI.



MASHER: "I CALL THAT PERFECTLY INSULTING!"



HE: "OH, YOU ACTED JUST LIKE A LADY."
SHE: "WHAT DO YOU MEAN? I AM ONE."



The Millionaire of a Moment

By FERGUS HUME

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "The Scarlet Bat," "Turnpike House,"
"The Clock Struck One," &c.

ALL his life, Mr. Theodore Cortelyon had been dogged by a inconceivably bad fortune. That he should still be a City clerk at the age of sixty receiving a paltry two hundred a year, stuck hard at him vain heart. Of his two brothers, Luke Cortelyon had died a widower, leaving five hundred a year to his only son Francis; while John, the eldest of the trio, yet alive, was a millionaire in far-distant Australia. Yet there it was, and the sole consolation which the unlucky clerk enjoyed was the fact of his daughter's engagement to her cousin.

Mrs. Cortelyon declared that the two were made for one another, else why the similarity of name. There was only the difference of one letter in the Christian name, and no difference whatsoever in the surname. When Frances Cortelyon married Francis Cortelyon she would not have to change the marks on her linen, which was truly Providential, as Mrs. Cortelyon always said. She was a lean little harassed woman, who believed in omens and fortune-telling, and in all manner of occult things, which hitherto had done her no good.

"And, of course, there's the fortune yet to come," observed Mrs. Cortelyon to her husband one Sunday afternoon, when he was fuming in the tiny drawing-room of the humble Stepney villa. "The cards declare that a fortune is coming to this house, Theodore." And her husband partially believed her.

"John is a millionaire and a bachelor," said he, hopefully, stopping to look at the cards spread out on the table. "As his sole surviving brother I should certainly inherit. But he never writes to me, and always behaves in a most unbrotherly way. John and I were never friends."

"You ought to insist upon being friends," snapped Mrs. Cortelyon, gathering up the cards for a fresh deal.

"I don't know where it's to come from, then, Julia, unless John dies soon and behaves like a Christian relative. I've done my best to increase our small income, and I have failed dismally."

Mrs. Cortelyon paid no attention to this lament. "A fortune is coming within a month," she announced, triumphantly. "The cards can't lie."

"They've never done anything else," retorted her husband, disbelievingly.

Before the fortune-teller could defend her favourite pursuit there came a ring at the front door, and shortly the maid-servant ushered in a young man under the name of "Mr. Alfred Barker." As a clerk in the well-known legal firm of Neil and Neil, Lincoln's Inn Fields, he gave himself airs, save in the presence of Mr. Cortelyon, whom he desired to conciliate. And this because he adored Frances, and with corresponding ardour hated the cousin she was destined to marry.

"I have news for you," announced Mr. Barker, with suppressed excitement.

"Calm yourself, Barker, and have a glass of ginger-wine," said Theodore, in a patronising way. He approved of the clerk because Neil and Neil were the London lawyers of his millionaire brother, and Barker, poking and prying about, always managed to keep him advised of Australian news.

"Is John dead?" asked Mrs. Cortelyon, while Alfred partook of his refreshment. "Because I twice turned up the death-card."

"No, ma'am, he ain't dead; but in the last letter our firm received it's mentioned that he's very ill."

"Illness isn't death," retorted the little man. "Barker, your news?"

"No!" said the clerk, slowly, and looked from one to the other. He was red-headed, and looked like a fox. "Not till you pay me."

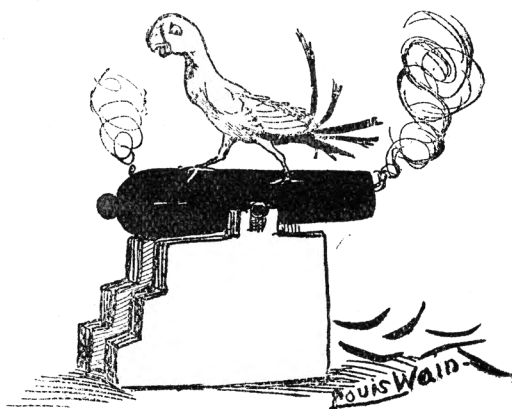
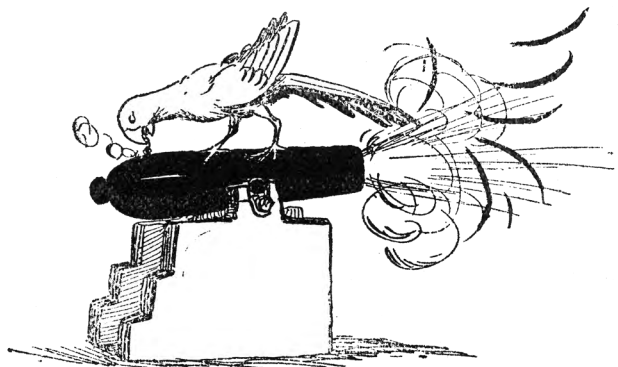
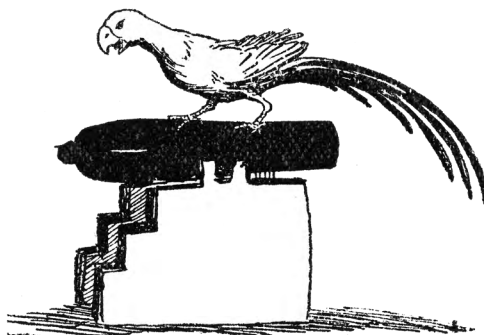
"Pay you—pay you—pay you!" cried Mr. Cortelyon, indignantly. "How dare you!"

"Oh, it ain't money," Mr. Barker hastened to assure him. "I don't want money. I want"—Alfred halted, then shot out the name suddenly—"Frances."

"You?" shrieked

Mrs. Cortelyon, her suburban pride up in arms. "You aspire to my daughter, when she's engaged to marry her cousin!"

"When you hear my news," said Barker, significantly, "You won't allow her to marry her cousin!"



"WHO SPOILT MY TAIL?"



“ SPEAK ! SARDINES, SPEAK ! ”

DINER : “ WAITER, ARE THESE THE FRENCH SARDINES THAT YOU HAVE GIVEN ME ? ”

IRISH WAITER : “ NOW AS TO THAT I CAN'T SAY, FOR THEY WERE PASHT SPEAKING WHIN WE OPENED THE BOX. ”

THE MILLIONAIRE OF A MOMENT.

"You shall marry Frances, if she'll have you," Mr. Cortelyon declared.

"You swear it?" Barker turned quite pale.

"I never swear on Sundays," rebuked Mr. Cortelyon; "but I can give you a few lines of writing, if you like."

"Thanks. Here's a fountain-pen." And in two minutes the clerk held a piece of paper saying that Cortelyon accepted Alfred Barker as a son-in-law, provided the news was worth the price.

Barker slipped the paper into the breast-pocket of his cheap frock-coat, and smiled foxily.

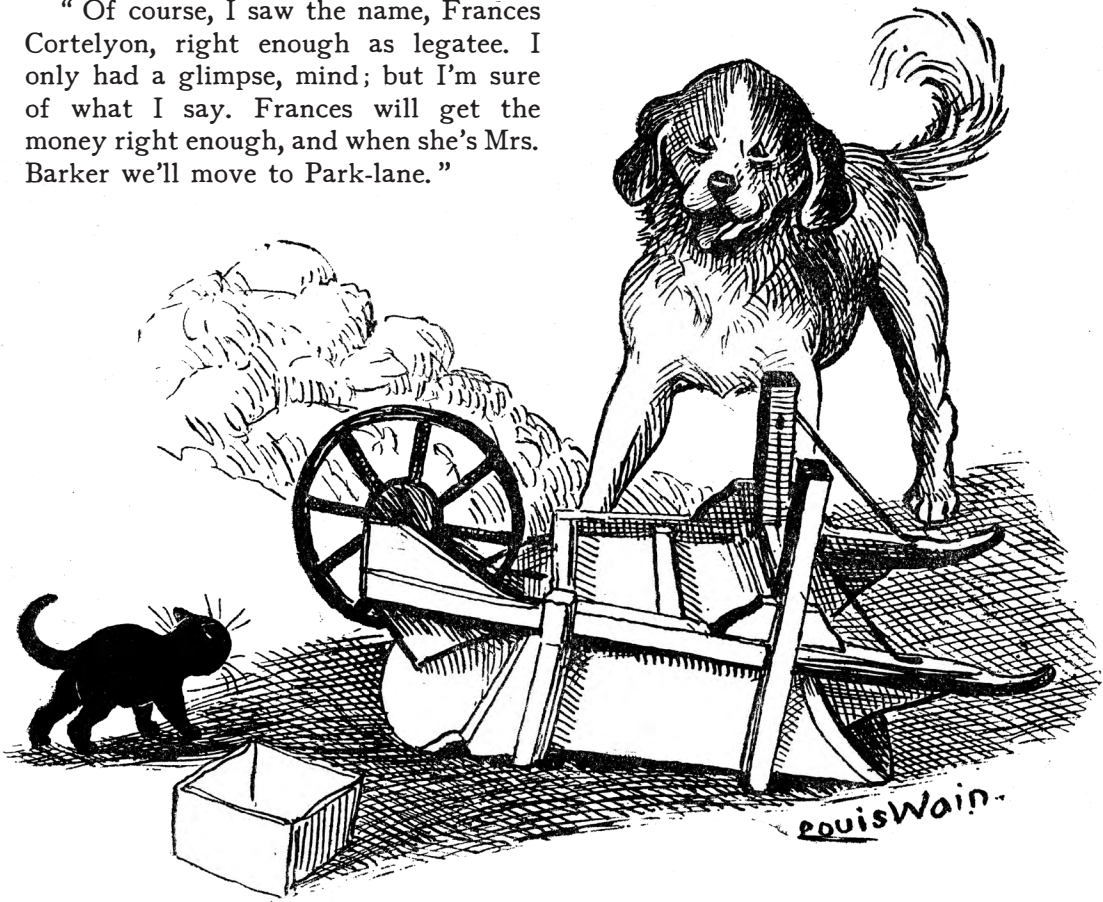
"The news is this," he remarked, sinking his voice. "I had a look at the will."

Husband and wife both gasped in unison, and Barker grinned significantly. "With the letter I spoke of," he said, quickly, "came the will of Mr. John Cortelyon, which is a home-made document manufactured by himself. Mr. Neil had me in, to dictate a letter to, and had to go to the telephone. The will was on his desk, so I had a glimpse.

"The two millions are left to your daughter Frances."

"Are you—are you sure?" Mrs. Cortelyon sat down to digest the news.

"Of course, I saw the name, Frances Cortelyon, right enough as legatee. I only had a glimpse, mind; but I'm sure of what I say. Frances will get the money right enough, and when she's Mrs. Barker we'll move to Park-lane."



DOG: "WHO UPSET THIS BARROW, KITTY?"

KITTY: "I DID, I TURNED IT OVER!"

"You'll move——" began Cortelyon, vehemently, then remembered the promise. "Oh, yes—er—that is—of course. But you forget that this money is rightfully mine, as John's brother. I shall ask Frances to make it over to me by deed of gift."

"No, you don't!" cried Barker, rising with anything but his usual cringing air. "Your promise has been given. The money comes to me, through my wife."

"I've been insulted—insulted in my own mansion!" gasped Theodore, puffing and blowing furiously. "Insulted, Julia, do you hear?"

"Poor fool!" said Julia, waving farewell to the exulting Barker as he passed out of the gate.

"She must do as she is told," said Theodore, decidedly "I shall not allow her to marry her cousin now."

Mrs. Cortelyon was aghast. "You don't mean that Barker ——"

"He shall not marry her, either. His extorted promise was a kind of blackmail by which I do not feel bound. But we'll be friendly with him, Julia, until the money is in our possession. John, being dangerously ill, cannot last long. The news of his death may come at any moment; and when we receive his wealth we can arrange for Frances to marry a Baronet."

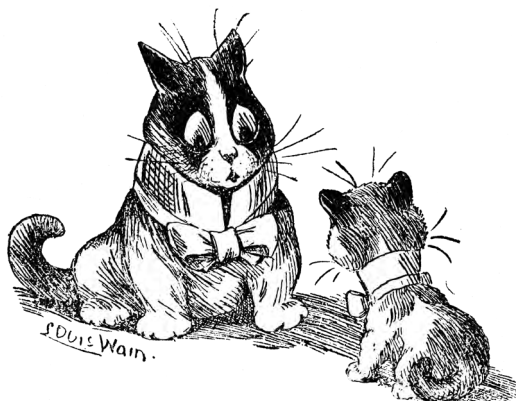
The little woman gasped. Her husband's dreams of grandeur were too much even for one of her soaring ambition. However, by tea-time the pair, firing each other's imagination, had married Frances to a Duke, and had retired to a country seat as a Peer and Peeress. It never occurred to them that their daughter might object to their taking possession of her legacy.

They were thunderstruck when she came in to tea and did object. Miss Cortelyon was a tall, slight girl, with a handsome, determined face, and masses of bronze-coloured hair.

"Francis is getting on so well with the *Monthly Moon*," said Frances, reaching for the bread and butter. "The editor thinks a lot of him, and is sending him to report on this Exeter election."

For the next week there was storm and stress in the Stepney villa. Because Frances could not bring herself to believe in the great news, she did not write about it to her cousin, now in Devonshire. Also, she declined to accept the hand and heart of Mr. Alfred Barker, and was so unladylike as to box his ears when he tried to kiss her. Finally, she laughed at the command of her father that she was not to think of marrying the journalist. These things made Mr. Cortelyon rage, and his wife nag, but Frances merely shrugged her shoulders.

Barker was furious, as he felt sure that Frances would inherit, and, moreover, was deeply in love with her. But if she refused him, he was



"DADDY, NOW THAT YOU HAVE PUT ON A RESPECTABLE TIE, I AM GOING TO BRING YOU UP."



OH, DEAR !

FRIEND: " IT IS LIKE YOU, CERTAINLY, BADLY PAINTED. "

determined that she should not become her cousin's wife, and so joined forces with the parents to place obstacles in the way. The trio plotted, and their crude efforts resulted in a letter to Francis Cortelyon—a letter which presumably came from his cousin. As a rule he appeared stern, but when pleased smiled pleasantly. On this present occasion, however, he did not smile over the two letters he was reading in the coffee-room of the hotel he was stopping at in Exeter.

The first letter came from Neil and Neil, and informed him that his Uncle John, having died in Australia, had left him all his money. A copy of the will was enclosed, and Francis saw—as Barker had seen—that it was a home-made document. His name was spelt "Frances"—a mistake which no lawyer would have made, as John Cortelyon had apparently mixed up the two very similar names of his nephew and niece. But the word "nephew" was set down, which showed plainly that the testator had not left his money to the girl. Mr. Barker had seen much, but not enough—hence his mistake.

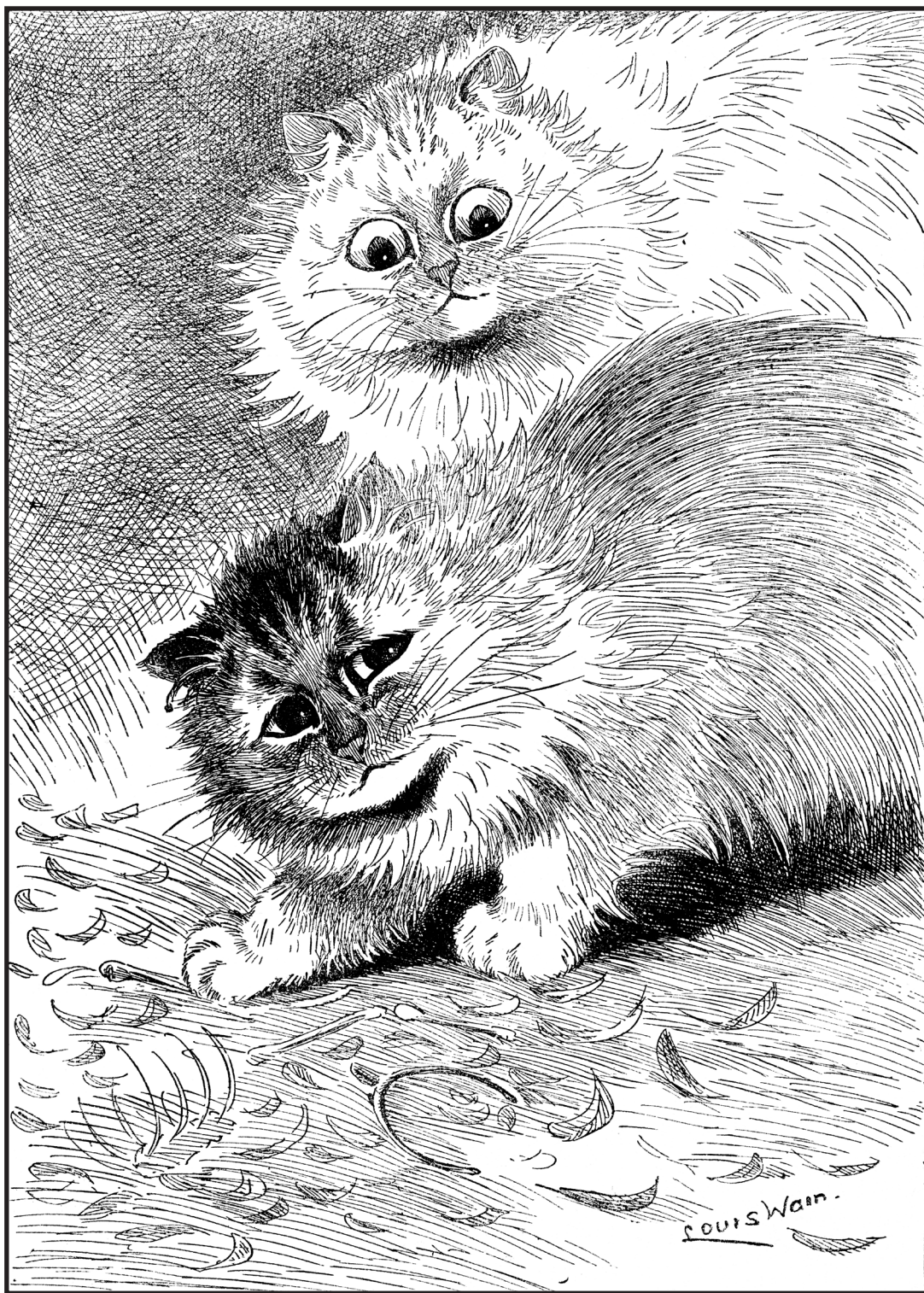
Francis was pleased enough to inherit so large a sum of money. Setting down the letter with a satisfied smile, he took that of his fiancée with a frown. It had come by the same post, and intimated that as she had inherited two millions from their mutual uncle she could not think of marrying him, and never wished to see him again. In a few curt lines she then bade him a frigid farewell, and signed herself coldly, "Yours truly, Frances Cortelyon."

"What the deuce is the meaning of this?" the young man asked himself, as he read and re-read this puzzling missive. "She wrote affectionately enough yesterday. Can it be that the thought of getting money has changed her?" He looked at the will again and laughed vexedly. "I can see how the mistake has been made, but how did she come to know of the will?"

There was no answer to this question, but Francis could not rest until he had obtained one. He took the express next morning to London, and sent one wire to Neil and Neil, and another to Frances at the Board School. This, although he did not know it, was wise, since Mrs. Cortelyon was on the watch, and would have stopped all communication promptly. The result was that Frances met Francis after the young man had interviewed his lawyers. She told him all that had happened, but denied writing the letter, and announced that even though she inherited the money she would marry no one but her cousin. Francis did not enlighten her about the inheritance, but being a prompt young man proposed a course of action, which the two carried out forthwith. Mr. Cortelyon heard of it the next day, and it surprised him greatly.



"NOW. YOU JUST STIR IT UNTIL IT IS FINISHED, THEN YOU FINISH IT YOURSELF."



"GREEDY THING, YOU HAVE EATEN ALL THE FOWL."
"NO, I HAVE LEFT YOU THE BEST PART, THE WISHBONE."

It was Sunday again, and again Theodore walked up and down the stuffy drawing-room, while his wife foretold their mutual fortunes. Mrs. Cortelyon was in despair, for the cards informed her that a marriage was at hand. "And I believe that it will be that of Frances with her cousin," she wailed.

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Cortelyon, sturdily. "After the clever way in which Barker wrote that letter to Francis——"

"Theodore! Theodore!" cried the lady, now at the window. "Here is Frances, and oh! how dreadful—her cousin is with her."

Mr. Cortelyon went to look for himself, and saw his nephew, tall, slim, and immaculately dressed, entering the garden with Frances. "A vulture—a very vulture!" said the good man, disguisedly. "He has heard of our wealth, and no doubt comes to borrow money. Leave him to me, Julia; I know how to deal with fortune-hunters."

Almost immediately the young couple entered, and Frances announced her lover and herself with marked defiance in her tone.

"I met Francis and insisted that he should walk back with me," she said, boldly.

"How are you, Uncle Theodore?" asked Francis, politely. "Aunt Julia, I hope you are quite well?"

"Quite well!" and "Perfectly well!" they said, severally.

"Appearances are deceptive, then," said Francis, satirically; and sat down to look at his pompous uncle with the severe air of a judge. "May I ask why you have become a criminal?"

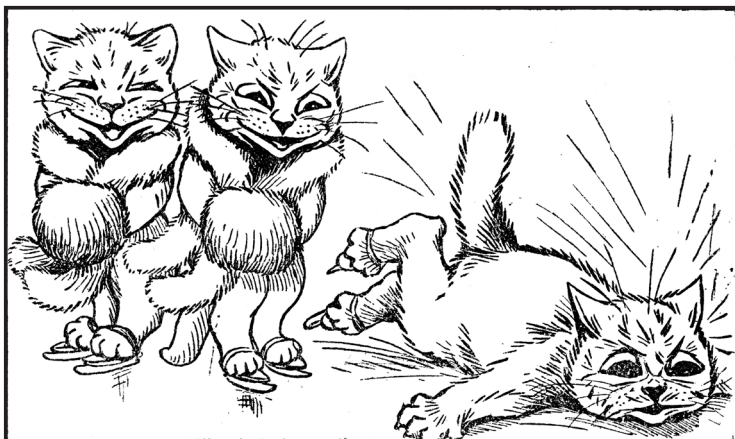
"A criminal?" gasped Mr. Cortelyon, taken aback by this plain speaking.

"A forger," chimed in Frances, undutifully. "That letter supposed to have come from me was written by——"

"Not by your father; don't dare to say it was written by your father," cried Mrs. Cortelyon, starting to her feet. "Barker wrote it—the nasty little red-haired toad!"

"Yes—yes!" stuttered Theodore, anxious to exonerate himself. "Barker——"

But he got no further, for a gay voice interrupted him, as Barker, in all the shoddy splendour of his Sunday array, appeared at the door. "My name," he observed, archly. "My—crumbs!" He halted when his eyes fell on Francis, and retired when that young gentleman arose.



"OH! DON'T MELT THE ICE, TOMMY."



MUNITION WORKERS

"YOU SEE WE ARE SOMEBODIES AFTER ALL, NOT MERE FASHION PLATES."

"Did you write me a letter in Miss Cortelyon's name saying that she did not wish to marry me?" asked Francis, suavely.

Barker, driven back to the doorway, shook, turned white, and perspired freely with terror. "I wrote—I didn't—that is—oh!—" His voice became a shriek as Francis shot out a long arm. The next moment he had evaded the clutch, and was tumbling out of the house in desperate haste.

"Quite right," said Mr. Cortelyon, deserting his ally basely. "How dare such a creature aspire to the hand of my daughter."

"It was impertinent, certainly," assented Francis, sauntering back coolly to his chair, "seeing that she is engaged to marry me."

"She is not—she is not!" fumed Theodore. "I refuse my consent."

"Impossible; you consented long ago, and always appeared to be pleased that we should marry. May I ask why you have changed your mind?"

"What does it matter if father has?" said Frances, impatiently, "I have not changed mine."

"Ungrateful girl—ungrateful girl!" bellowed her father. "After all I have done for you."

"Even to employing Mr. Barker to write a letter in my name to part me from the man I love," said Frances, with a shrug. "I certainly should be grateful."

"Francis interposed: "I am waiting for your answer, Uncle Theodore. Why have you changed your mind?"

Mrs. Cortelyon glanced anxiously at her husband, intimating that now was the time for him to exert his authority. Feeling that great things were expected from him he arose gravely, and again adopted the Napoleonic pose. "I have great news for you, Francis," he said, pompously; "my daughter, your cousin, has inherited two million sterling from your uncle John."

"I congratulate Frances," said the young man quietly. "May I ask how you learnt this great news?"

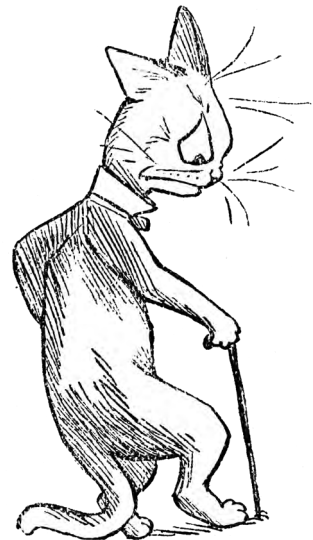
Theodore detailed how Mr. Barker had seen the will, and intimated that a letter was expected daily from Neil and Neil concerning the fortune. "You see," said Mr. Cortelyon, "that I am in mourning for the dead."

"Do you wish me to go?" the young man asked the girl, very meekly.

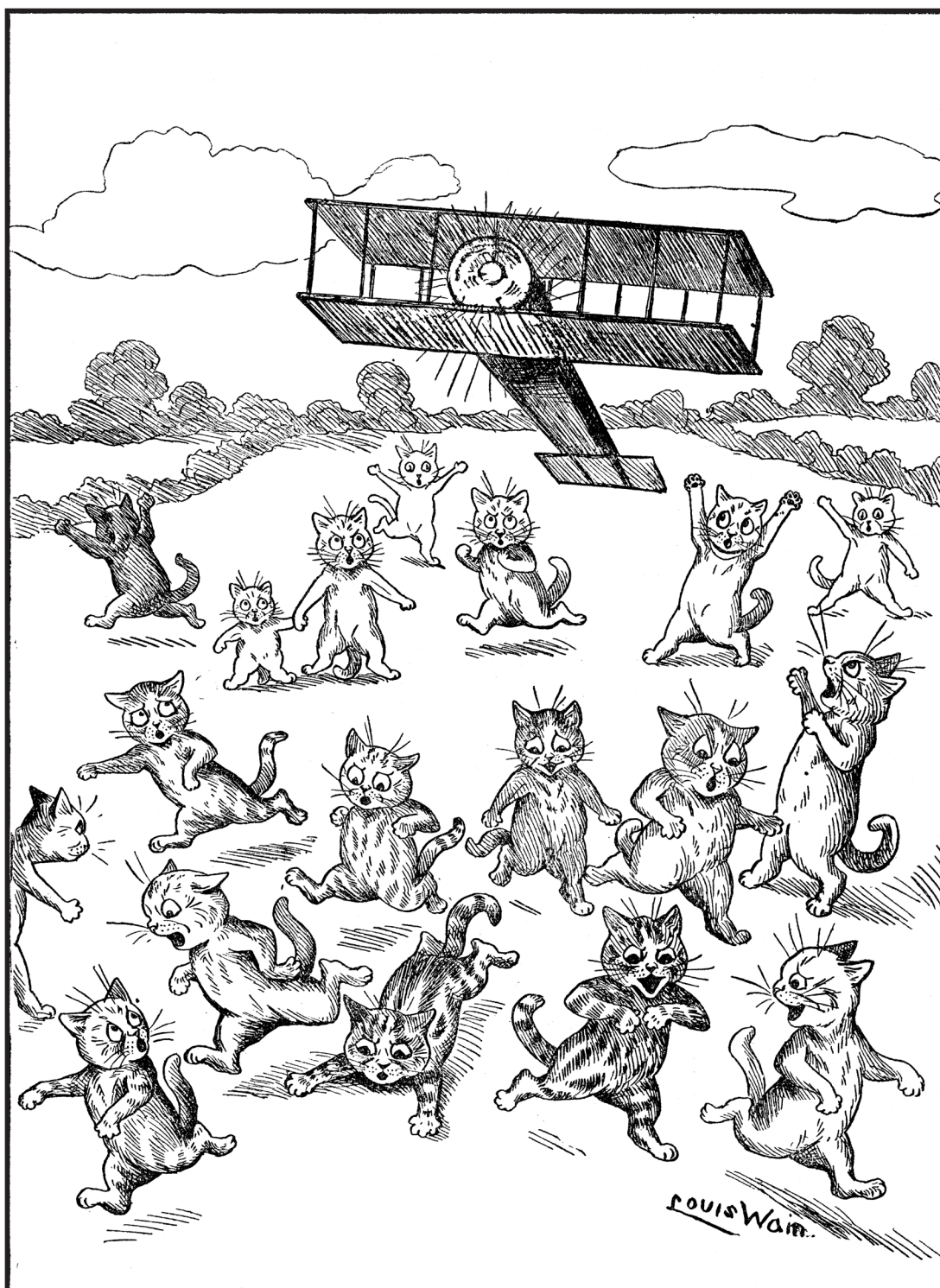
For answer she threw herself into his arms. "You silly boy, how can I, when I love you. And you know—"

"Hush!" He stopped her mouth with a kiss. "So you don't want me to marry Frances, Uncle Theodore?"

Then Theodore displayed his strength of character. "I forbid the match!" he shouted, crimson with anger. "Francis, leave my mansion!"



"I HAVE BEEN LOOKING OUT FOR ACHES AND PAINS, AND NOW I HAVE GOT THEM I DON'T MIND."



“ WHAT A STING THAT WASP HAS. ”

The young man took up his hat and moved towards the door. "Your wish is my law, Uncle Theodore. By the way"—he paused, holding the handle "I forgot to tell you that as Uncle John drew up his own will he was foolish enough to mix up my name with that of Frances here. Barker made a very excusable mistake. I should have done so myself had not Neil and Neil explained. But it doesn't matter. I can take my two millions elsewhere. Good-day!"

"Stop! Stop!" Mr. Cortelyon bounded forward like a kangaroo and seized his nephew's coat tails. "Do you mean to say—is this—this true?"

"Read this letter and the copy of the will," replied Francis, taking an envelope from his breast-pocket. "I'm sorry you won't let me marry Frances."

The girl did not seem dismayed by this speech, but caught her lover's arm with a ringing laugh. "Do you mean to say that I am not a millionaire?"

"Not a millionairess, darling. Be correct."

"You knew this when——"

"When we met yesterday," interrupted Francis quickly, "of course; but I did not tell you, as I wished to see how sweet you could be in sticking to a poor man when you supposed yourself to be possessed of millions. But, of course, if Uncle Theodore does not approve we must part."

"Oh, how dreadful," cried Mrs. Cortelyon, wringing her hands; "you have made a mess of things, Theodore."

"No, no—that is—well, I have been mistaken." Mr. Cortelyon looked yellow and crestfallen. "Of course, if Frances really loves you," he said, lamely. "I——"

"You consent?"

"My only desire," said Mr. Cortelyon, pathetically, "is to see my child happy."

"Theodore, I really can't stand such rubbish," said his wife, vigorously. "You wished only for that miserable money. I am glad that I behaved as a mother should before I knew the truth. Now Francis can marry Frances and——"

"I am afraid that is impossible," said the young man, gravely.

"Eh, what—why not? Oh, dear me, why not?" Theodore's scanty locks stood on end with anguish as he saw the two millions about to disappear.

"Because I'm married already."

Mr. Cortelyon swore, and Mrs. Cortelyon screamed. "Married!"

"Yes." Francis drew Frances into his arms. "Allow me to present my wife."

"We were married at a registry office yesterday," explained the girl, smiling at the amazed faces of her parents.



"IT IS NOT THE FLU! OH, NO!"



"AM I A FREE THINKER ? 'COURSE I AM ! NEVER HAD ANY EDDICATION.
QUITE FREE !"



BOTHER IT, IT IS A BACHELOR'S FLAT !

"Yes," added the newly-made husband, pressing his wife to his breast, "when Frances thought that she was endowed with millions. As it is——"

"You endow me with yours," finished the girl, "so that's all right, dear."

Mrs. Cortelyon turned triumphantly to her husband. "Now, Theodore, perhaps you will believe the cards are truth-tellers after this. A marriage—I knew it—the cards said so. Let me see"—and she sat down to again spread out the pack—"let me see if the marriage will be happy."

But Theodore's glib tongue could frame no sentence coherently. "I've been a millionaire for a moment," he gasped. "That is, I was—I am—I may be—ch!"

"Nonsense!" said his wife. "You were never a millionaire at all; you were an——"

"Brandy—brandy!" cried Mr. Cortelyon, interrupting the opprobrious speech.

"No," said his nephew, laughing; "as I am the millionaire, I think that the occasion deserves champagne." And he kissed Frances.



OWL: "I have caught cold, so I am using a talking machine. How does it sound?"

SPARROW: "It sounds as if you had the flu."





Who Would Have Thought It ?

By WILLIAM GRIEGSON

MOONSHINE and burglars agree very well together. If you have got the one you get the other. Moonshine was made for burglars. It is a sort of winking light which drops itself into dark corners where Nothing else will show. Now, this is what happened in a room in a nice house. The clock fidgeted about striking twelve, and just as it stopped bump went a boot ! Evidently hobnailed. There was a noise of sheets moving, and just as the moonlight moved around the ghostly figure of a woman sat up in bed.

"Who's there ?" she whispered.

"It's me," answered a gruff man's voice.

"Who's me ?" shivered the woman.

"Bill Bats, that's me. I'm on my rounds," answered the voice.

"Thank goodness, you're a policeman," said the woman.

"No, I dodged the policeman, and got in here to take stock for future income."

"You don't mean to say that you are a burglar, do you ? How awful !" said the woman.

"Yes, mum, me and my mate here are both of the best ; come to look after your property, and see it safely placed. Where is your jewellery ?" asked the burglar.

"In the pawnshop !" said the woman.

"Dear me, how sad. Where is your money ?" asked the burglar.

"It's in my husband's pocket, and he has not got home from his club yet."

"Never mind, we will wait for him, and in the meantime you'll make your will, and leave all your personal property to us, won't you ?"

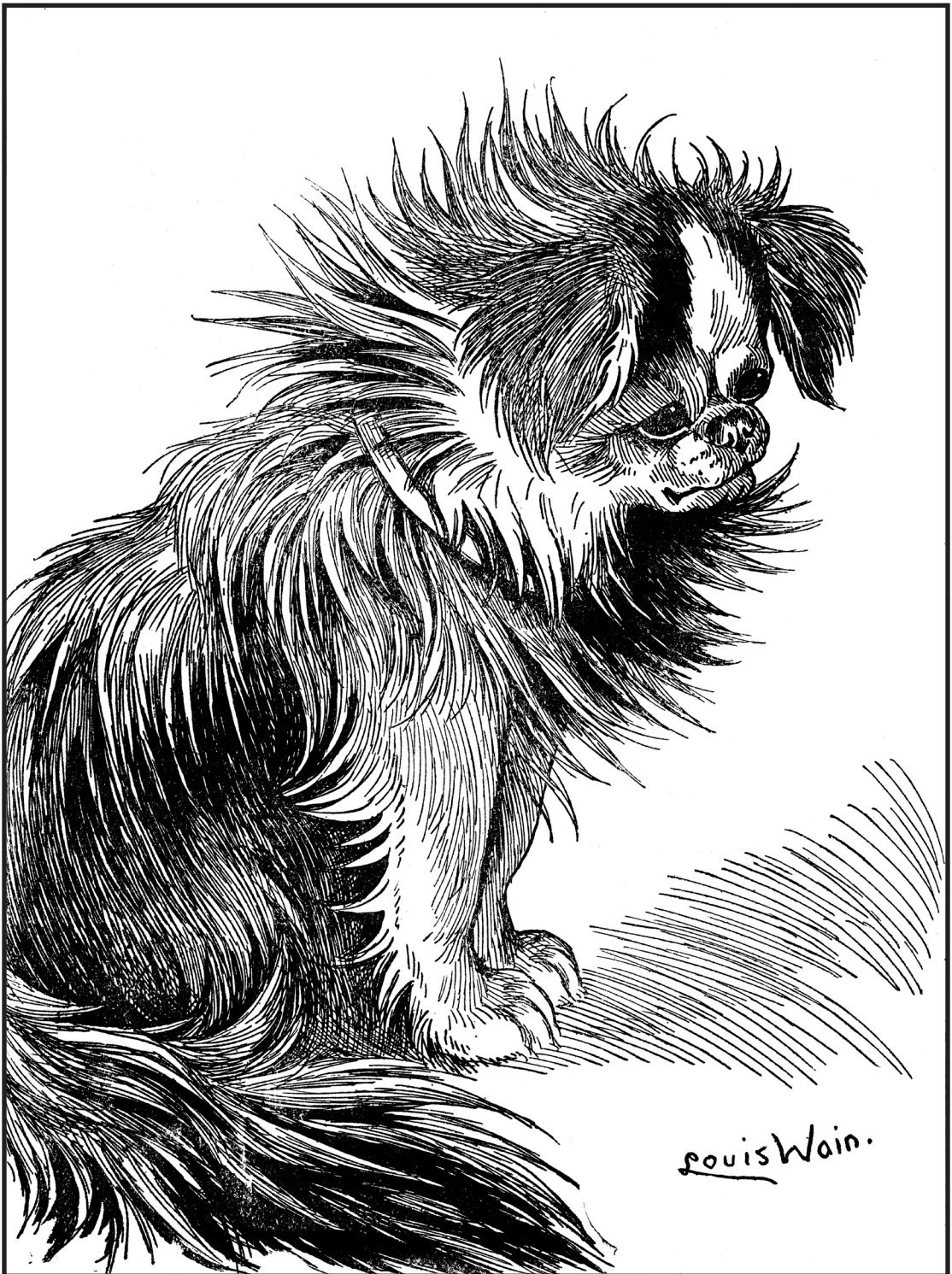
"Ye-s-s," said the woman.

"Very well, we'll go down and sample the wine, and then we will come up and arrange matters legally."

That's all. They didn't come up again, because there did not appear to be enough in the house to make burgling a paying game, so they went next door and did better.

When the husband came home, he waited till the morning before he said anything, and what he did say was to the point, and it was this : "Wifey, I lost all the money last night playing bridge."

"You are worse than burglars," shouted his wife. "They only take silver ; you have lost gold !"



“ WHAT’S UP ? OH, NOTHING ! ONLT THE NEXT DOOR CHILD HAS BEEN
LOVING ME. THAT’S ALL ! ”



The Cat's Rubaiyat

By LOUIS WAIN

CHAPTER I.

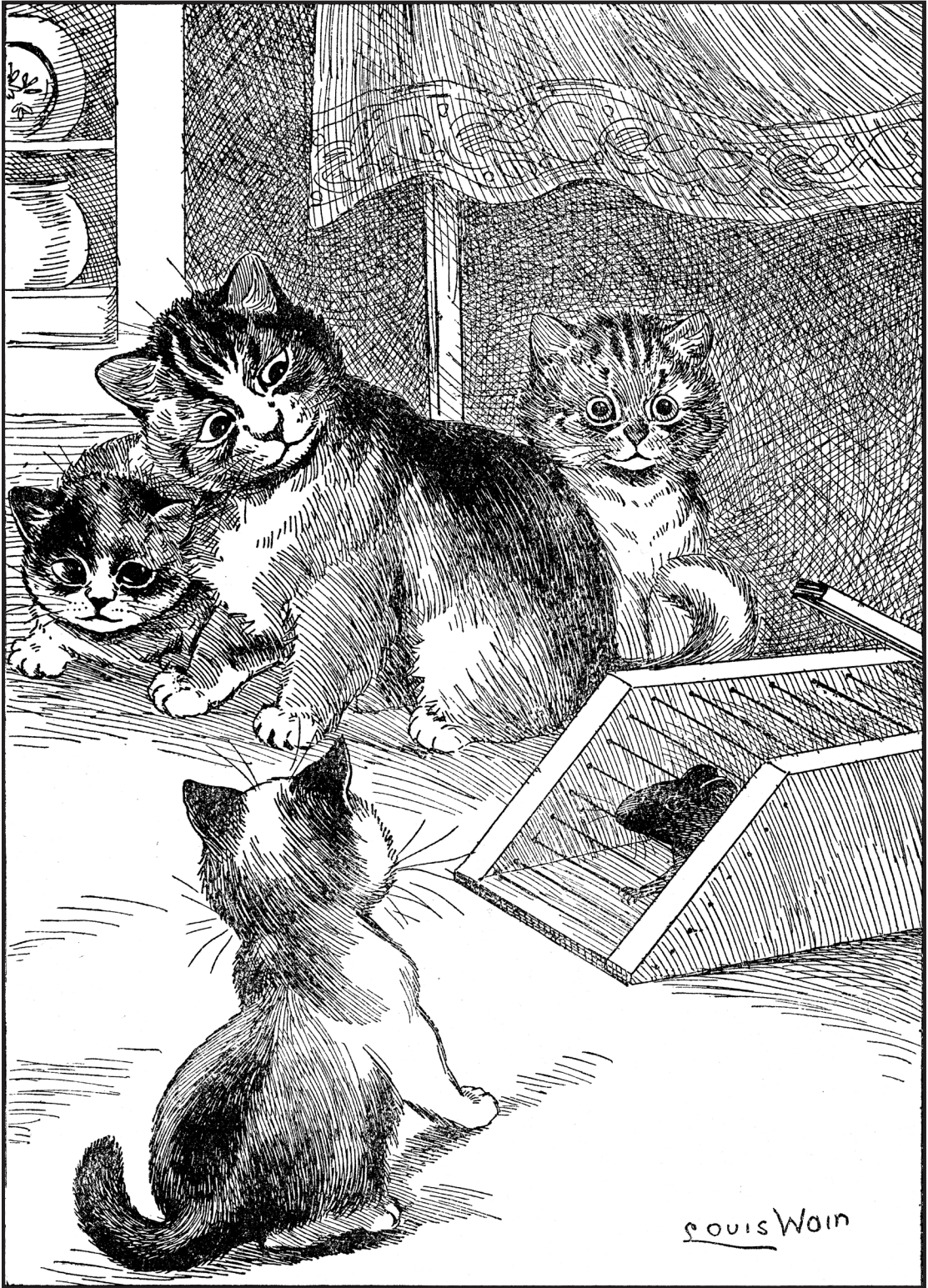
LO, the night is cast in shadow, amid the orchard's realms, with just one ray of moonbeam athwart the horizon's depths. Ghostly forms, these gnarled fruit tree trunks, with spraying arms bedecked in garment white, and just a sibilence betraying whence comes the wind from out of the wilds of cloudland, to give them tune. Ah me! For the cat the night has fancies sweet. Look, those distant purples steeped in mists, steeled in the frosty air, how they dance in the shadow. What mazes undulate o'er wood and dell, and the tall pines stalk down the hillsides, their tops hidden aloft in the night. He who said that sleep had no messages is mistaken, for nature is alive in the slumbering pall of night, and realises her messages in fairy ardour. I, in my dreamlands, awoken to a thousand gnomes. I chase them through the meadow-sweet and tall rank grass. They dance with me, and give me merriment, race the hare through plough and ditch, follow the bat in tumbling course. Then do we fall to talking philosophy. How scenes of night are but the opening to a grander day, how striving sees a greater heaven, how suffering chastens the mind to conceive the grander sentiments, how a greater sensibility misses nothing of the sweets of life's work, and holiness has conception unconceived of the world. We talk, yes, and the night in its fastness pulls down the blind, and it ends in slumber.

CHAPTER II.

WHO dared my cushion rare displace? Who my chair occupy? 'Twas in this mood I lived, and saw the light of magnificence. Roses filled the room with fragrance, rare plants have a key of daintiness to the surroundings, and they, rich silks, brocades, and satin cloths, carpets and rugs that came afar, carved woods of rare design, these and pictures too lent glamour to my interest. What was there beyond? Whence come these luxuries, brought by seedy men of no remark? Whence? I sat alone. It was my portion. Fed alone; it was my destiny. Whence these fine flavoured foods, this precious jug of cream? This ornate jumble of silver? Daily, a vision in silks, a thing of beauty, came in the room, admired, and



ACTOR: "THE FINEST RECEPTION I EVER HAD WAS WHEN I PLAYED RICHARD III."
STAGE MANAGER: "WHAT WAS IT, BRICKS OR ROTTEN EGGS?"



KITTEN : " I DON'T LIKE THESE WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS ! "

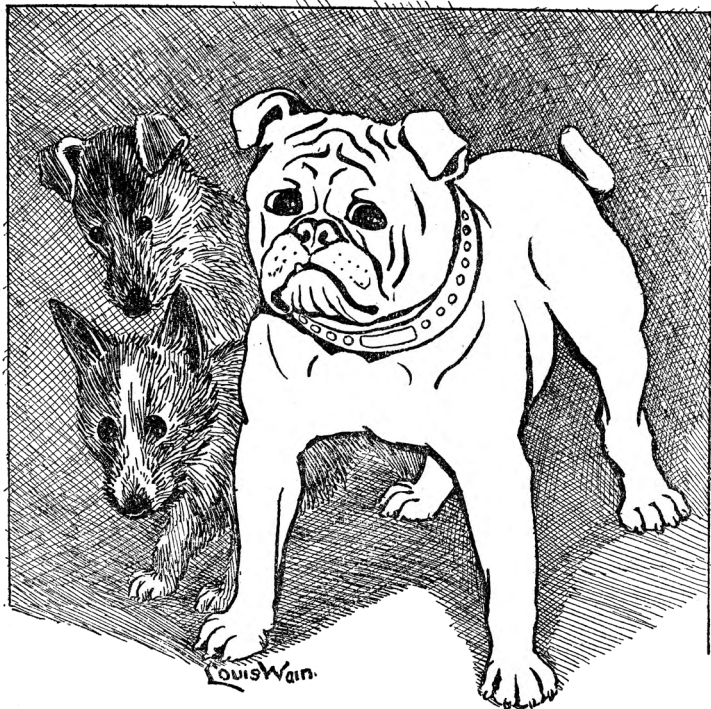
retired ere I could further enquire into the things beyond. A period of slumbering days and nights of dreaming passed, and none came near. I was alone. The beyond was dead to my life, to my fine surroundings.

A ray of hope shone one day. A little pink thing was brought into the room. A baby. The vision in silks followed. I was taken into a greater confidence. I must be kind and good to baby. For baby was precious, and baby must be kind to me, for I was weak. Whence came baby, and why was the vision in silks so adoring to the little pink ornament, and why was the room periodically filled with other visions in silks, who all cooed and laughed and gurgled at Baby, just to get one bubble of laughter or notice from it, and why did they all go away, happy and smiling, as though something precious had come into their lives, and why could I not move them in the same way? Whence all this, and where was the great beyond they retired to? Must ask Baby, who seemed to have a language of her own, which they all understood. I purred with baby, and her dimpled little hand wandered on my fur, and I asked Baby all I wanted to know of the great beyond, but Baby only stroked me harder and said, "Ba!" and yet again "Ba-a!"

CHAPTER III.

BABY has gone. Gone for ever. No one can tell me anything about it but the vision in silks, who comes in to see me very frequently now. But she does not understand me. She is robed in black, and she is red with crying, and her eyes are far, far away in the beyond, dreaming of Baby.

Another vision in silks walks silently in the room, and they both burst into tears and silently shake hands. Then the friend leaves, and the vision in silks gives way altogether. I am sorry for her. I want so, so much to help her. Surely she will let me do so. I have jumped on the arm of her chair, on to her lap, and she has tenderly stroked me. Her hot tears fall upon my coat, and she calls me. Poor deary! I am so sorry for her. I love



"ENGLAND, IRELAND, AND SCOTLAND. WE ARE READY!"

her. I purr and tell her so, and she picks me up and presses me close to her soft, warm cheek, and kisses me, and I stroke her with my cheek, and put my arm round her soft neck, and she sighs, and stops crying. Then my heart goes out to her, and I tell her how much I love her, and how I should like to see her happy, for has not a new thrill come into life? Something which I had not understood before, something which was going to open up the great beyond and tell me everything? Surely yes, at last! She strokes me with her soft, dainty hands, and to me it is heavenly! Suddenly she starts, and she whispers, "Tis Harry! I must go, Kitty dearest." Harry comes in the room; he is a man. So nice. But all his thoughts, all his sighs, all his troubles are for my new-found mistress. I am but a little toy in his fate, and he allows no one to come between him and his love, and I feel it; I must love in secret. He talks of the great beyond, but it is not for me; he wants to take his love into the great beyond to take her mind away from her burdens, her trouble, and she consents. I want to follow. I cling passionately, but I am left alone. Alone in the world I know, and understand. To live for the day, and to dream.

CHAPTER IV.

THE day has it's wonders. Think of that great orb rising and driving that all-absorbing slumberland away, with its ghosts, its moon, its silvern touches which tremble into nothingness; sparkling stars which strive afar, mere dimples in the firmament. Gone are the ground mists, shivering into nothingness; vanished vampires are the dreams and nightmares. I saw them flit into the woods with uncanny owls, and cawing rooks under cover of the speeding shadows. The sunlight shot its beams piercingly every-

where, and the finish of colour gave life to all nature. How everything responded. The snow wings of the apple trees scattered and toned the grass daintily. The blue sky shone resplendent with dappled clouds and depths of azure tone. I raced the meadows, paced butterflies, scared the sparrow and the tom-tit. Wild were my movements, fresh with life, youth, and energy then—Bang! rang out a strange sound, and again bang! bang! and methought I heard a cry as of a bird in distress. My heart throbbed with fear as I saw the figure of a man walking along the hedges with a gun in his hand. For a moment he pointed it at me, but catching sight of his love in the distance he thought better of it, and I escaped. Instead, he threw a dead



"THERE! DID YOU EVER SEE A GIRL TURN
OUT A BETTER PIECE OF WORK THAN THIS?"



"LET ME THINK, NOW!"

bird at my feet and bade me eat. He toyed with it, and with me, till my whole nature changed, and the little savage in me growled and spat again. I became a poacher greedy for plunder. Those woods had reckonings of their own for me, and I was master of its denizens. Mr. Harry knew what he was doing. The soft, sympathetic spirit was there, but it was unattached, and he was happy with his love. "There was a door to which I found no key; there was a veil past which I could not see"; "Then to the rolling Heaven itself I cried, asking 'What lamp had Destiny to guide her little children, stumbling in the dark?' And—'a blind understanding!' Heaven replied."

CHAPTER V.

I CHASED the weather to the damp lands. It left me a sorry cat. All humours, fits, and frettings. I saw by fitful lightnings, and snarled at giant thunders. Who dared to speak in such loud tones I knew not, nor the wherefore. Then the sky cleared, but what is the use of the sky without a bird in it? There is a quickening of the blood at the sound of a chirp, which is exhilarating; he that knows the savage, knows this.

It is the tender warbling, the thrills of the canary, which bring on that semi-sleepy state one feels as

conscience. I sat with conscience awakened alive to the fact that if it once slept the canary would be no more. Conscience, that strange warning from the great beyond.

I was sure of my mistress's forgiveness, but not of my master's, for he had given the bird to her, and both prized it, whereas I was but the re-echo of the past, and must lose.

The canary hung in the dining room, and on the table a centre dish had been laid for luncheon. I know not why, but the saving clause of conscience made me curious to know what lay under the dish cover, and forthwith I exerted my little strength, and by strange good luck the dish cover rolled over, and laid bare a row of cold plover on toast. Conscience slept, and the



"THAT SPECK IN THE DISTANCE IS MY PIG. WHEN I LOOK AT HIM THROUGH MY GLASS IT BRINGS HIM SO NEAR THAT I CAN PLAINLY HEAR HIM GRUNT."



THE SPRAY BATH.

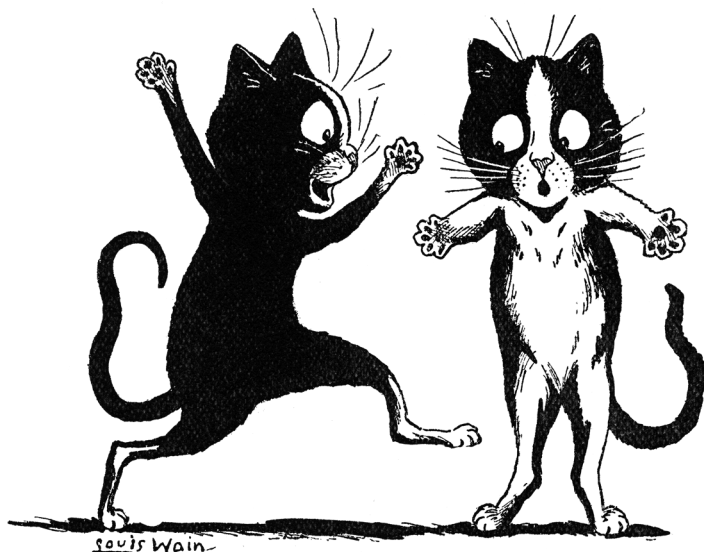
"IT'S THE WORST STORM I HAVE EVER BEEN IN."

savage came to life, as the canary, startled by the noise, floundered about his cage. Fascinated, I was drawn insensibly after him, lost to the world and all else. Suddenly, when about to spring upon his cage, he started to warble and thrill, and conscience came to my aid. I turned instead, and snatching at a plover, disappeared under the table. I was forgiven my choice of evils.

CHAPTER VI.

I WAS banned to the company of my shadow, and studied it in all its proportions, wondering at its definitions, its lengths, and contractions, and so it seemed to me was the length and breadth and contortions of thought. There was a substance which was always the same, well defined and clear cut, made in the making to a pattern, then as the sun changed its position, so thought, but a shadow of itself, elongated or contracted, spread out on the ground in many contortions, very unlike the original. Ah! For such is life! We see the ideal, we make a reckoning on a ground plan, and they don't fit. My mistress invited a girl friend to stop with her, and her husband went out of his way to pay her every attention a host could reasonably pay. My mistress, I saw, was mortified, nay alarmed, at nothing, of course, but the great beyond seized hold of her, and she knew not how to discriminate. She suffered untold contortions of thought, like unto the shadows on the ground. She built her own elongated fears, but the husband was blind in his duty to his guest, and his duty assumed the elongated shadow on the ground without knowing it. Here kind nature gave me a hand in resolving circumstances. The guest left her hat on a chair; this hat sported a bird with

spread wings. I pounced upon it, ripped its false head from its false body, and scattered its useless wings. The dreadful deed was done; all saw it at the same moment. The rest happened in the great Beyond, The wife was happy. Peace reigned. To me the future had its reward. The great Beyond has opened my eyes.



BLACK CAT: "Come and let me dip you in the tar barrel, then you won't be seen in the moonlight."



CROCHETY.

"YOU NEVER KNOW YOUR LUCK."



Sapphires

IT is related in the Hindu *Pouranas* that *Vishnu*, lord-compassionate, in one of his nine incarnations as Saviour, committed a sin that he might know the torments of remorse and feel all that mortals could feel.

As he began repeating the mantras, or prayers of purification, in his grief a tear dropped to earth, the hottest that ever fell; and from this tear, the anguish of a god, was formed the first Sapphire; ever since, emblem of repentance.

With our form of adornment the most harmonious effect is to simply let gems seem to lose themselves in the material they are laid on—sapphire on sapphire velvet—turquoise on nile-green—garnet on crimson—pearls and diamonds in lace-like designs half-hidden by lace.

Sapphire is then the stone of repentance. It is said to be easier to repent in sables and sapphires than in any other way.

Blue stones make blue eyes look bluer, bring out the blue veins in a fair skin, emphasize the line of the upper lip, and clear the white of the eye.

The sapphire is a corundum of the same composition as the ruby, but takes lower rank, as large stones are much more common. Its hardness is next to the diamond, and probably for this reason it was only polished by the ancients, though a few engraved gems exist.

The pendant sapphire of the native crowns of the seventh-century Guarazar treasure now at the *Musée Cluny* at Paris, and those of the *Beto d'Oro* in the church of San Ambroglio at Milan, are all pierced and strung, showing their East Indian origin.

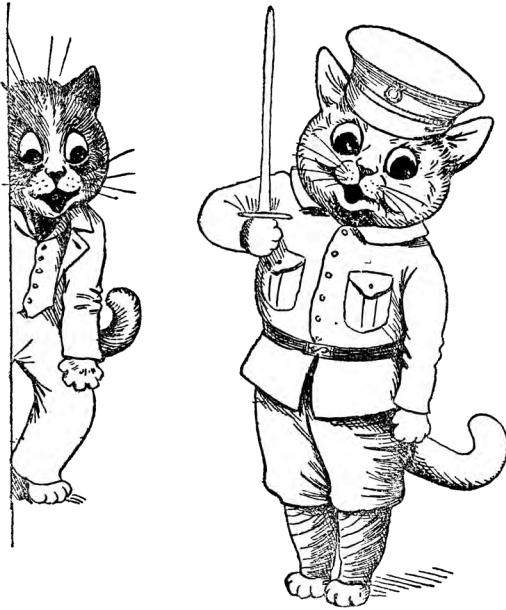
Oriental stones are most favoured.

The term "Oriental" being given to all gems to distinguish from common quartz of the same colour.

An occasional rare form shades from ultra-marine blue to yellowish-green, while those of the Bitter Root Range in Montana hold red tones almost like Alexandrites. Other fine gems in America are found in Corundum Hill, Macon Co., North Carolina.

Of late remarkable crystals of blue beryl have been discovered in Topsham, Maine; clear and transparent as those of the Ural Mountains.

"Star-sapphires," *asterias*, belong to that occult family of shifting fateful gems, beloved by those who care for something beyond the common stones of trade. So few are found they may scarcely be said to be on the market.



1. "I'M READY TO FIGHT ANYTHING."

same rank for days as pearls for evening wear.

Assuring fidelity and demanding pure conscience, it is a favourite engagement-ring abroad.

On the mystic side much sought by seers and magicians, bringing clear vision and dominion-over-others.

Tradition tells it tipped the rod of Moses, Aaron wore in his breast-plate, Shiva on his brow, and Diana in her hair.

A magnificent blue beryl tops the globe of King Edward's crown.

The Baroness Burdett Coutts possessed two sapphires valued at over twenty thousand pounds apiece.

In the Beresford-Hope collection of the South Kensington Museum there is a huge stone from Bengal carved a parrot with ruby eyes and beak, a favourite form in India, where the parrot is the *vahan* or steed of *Kama*, the god of love. Another stone clasped by two hands of gold weighs 113 carats.

Queen Victoria presented Madame Calve with a brooch, a figure of Fame, holding her name in sapphires.

One consolation—the least expensive are the most becoming. Those jewellers urge one to buy look like bits of coal in artificial light. This is why sapphire tiaras are so seldom seen.

Sapphires are especially beautiful set in ivory—with moonstones on dead Etruscan gold.

Probably there is much exaggeration as to their powers—such as antidote to madness, &c.

Slightly clouded, with six-rayed ever-changing star, they come from Rutnapura, "City of Gems," in Ceylon.

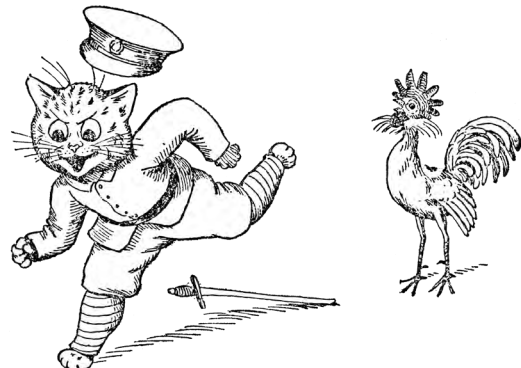
There is no more satisfactory stone for a man's ring than star-sapphire.

The pale, milky-grey sapphires are very becoming to people of weak tone or character, and mild, undecided features.

But the true cornflower blue is daytime gem *par excellence*.

The symbol of "Peace in riches"—how rare! The elegance and dignity of those sure of their position.

"Loyalty and nobility," the French say, and give this gem the



2. "WOW! BUT I CAN'T STAND SCREECHING."

With peacock-toned enamels they may be associated with emeralds and peridots. Water-sapphires or imperfect star stones are much used, sunk in oxydized silver for the handles of canes, umbrellas, etc.

Art-jewellers now mount in dull translucent horn, whose dry grey-green gives great richness to the gems.

The Bible sapphire was probably our *lapis-lazuli*, for the Greeks called the stone Hyacinthus, from the blood of Apollo's friend.

In no country in the world has the azure crystal been worshipped as in Peru.

It is said that there exist gems whose liquid depths mirror a golden sun.

Such, held sacred and never shown to travellers, the natives call *Opu*.

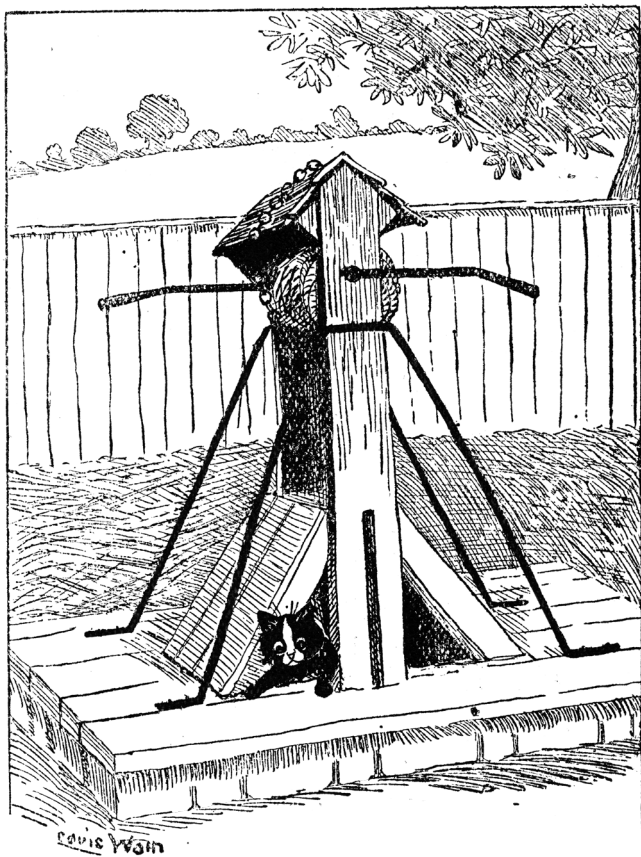
Whenever a Peruvian ruler was born, the Sun, according to their belief, his father, disintegrated a world in sort of pyrotechnic burst for his honour. All that was pure and good in that world was concentrated to one drop and encased in the heart of a sapphire. On his breast, insignia of his office, the Incan Emperor wore a resplendent glory of pure gold, and in its centre this royal gem—his lucky stone, his life. As long as the reflected sun could be seen so long did that ruler prosper, but when its rays began to pale danger

was near, and when it went out entirely death accompanied its extinguishment.

Then with stately pomp he was interred, covered with his jewels in testimony of his earthly power and possessions.

Of the eighteen emperors of the Huacan dynasty only thirteen tombs have been discovered, all bearing this splendid stone. The other five are said to be contained in the vast holdings of the wondrous Poto dredging mines.

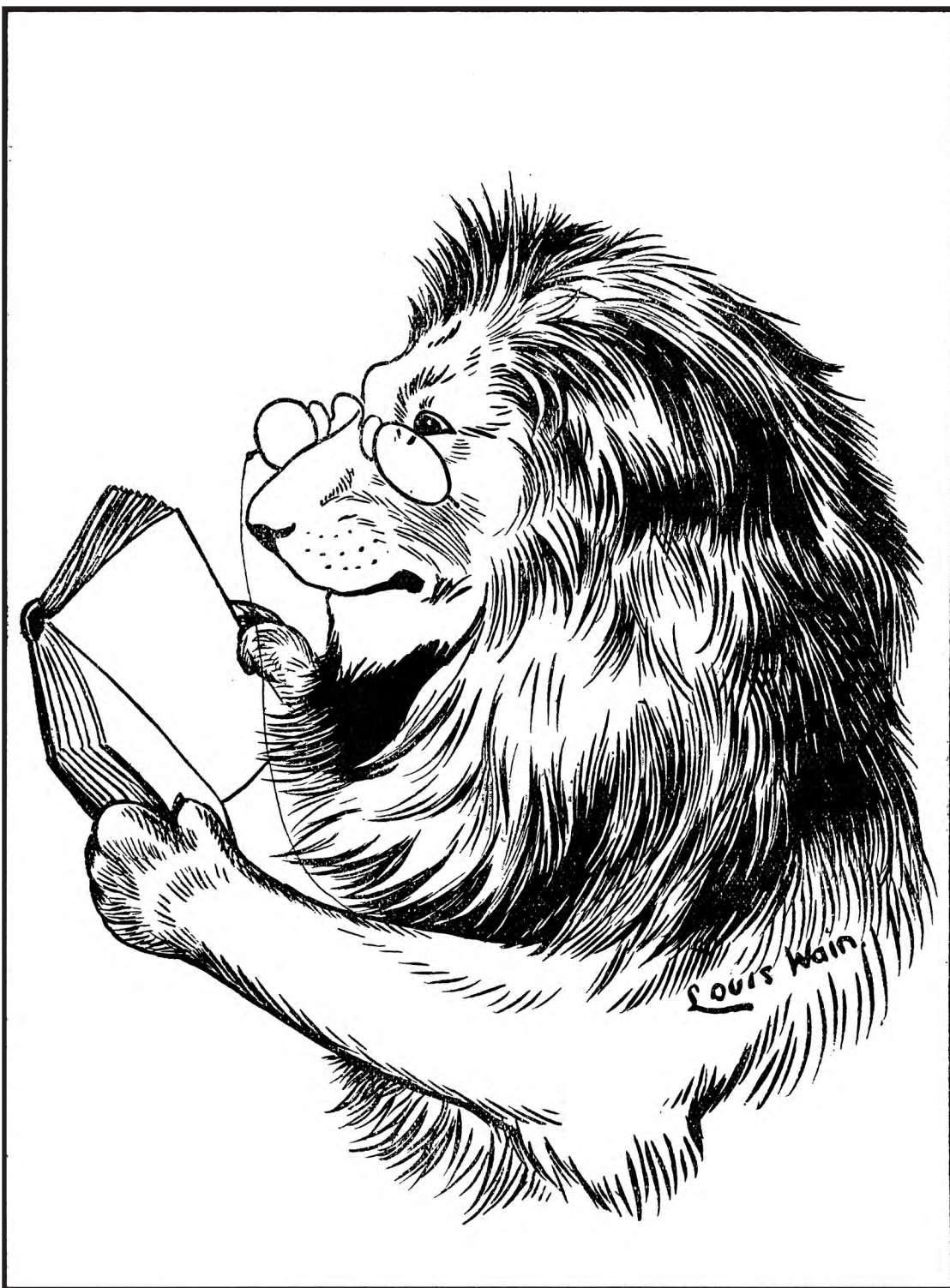
It is a curious fact that no one has ever discovered one of these stones in the rough, and though six-rayed stars are not unfrequent, no modern hand has ever been able to carve a corundum to mirror the Incan sun.



"DING, DONG, DELL. PUSSY'S IN THE WELL, AND DOESN'T SHE LIKE IT. HA! HA!"



HAW, HAW! EVERYBODY KNOWS ME.



" I READ OF MY CHILDREN'S DOINGS WITH GREAT JOY. "



Margery's Elopement

By ALICE AND CLAUDE ASKEW

Authors of "The Shulamite," "The House Next Door," "The Blue Diamond,"
"The Legacy of Love," "The Love Stone," &c.

I'M in terrible disgrace, shut up in my own room, and not allowed to see anybody at all except the Misses Jane and Emily Newman—that's the head mistress of the school and her sister—and the maid who brings me my meals and who stares at me without speaking a word, just as if I were a curiosity out of a museum. I'm to wait like this till my father comes to take me away. But as he was coming to take me away in any case I don't suppose that's quite like being expelled, is it ?

Between the intervals of Miss Jane's scolding and Miss Emily's tears I'm going to write down all that has just happened to me. It will serve to pass the time, and, really, it's all so romantic that I feel quite like the heroine of a story. Of course, things didn't turn out quite as they should have done, but the romance is there just the same.

For it isn't every girl who can say that she has had an elopement. I'm not ashamed of what I did, not one little bit, and I won't say I am, in spite of all Miss Jane's scolding and Miss Emily's weeping. And I'm quite sure that what happened in London was all due to some horrible mistake, and that in a day or two my Manuel will vindicate himself, and then everyone will see that I was in the right.

Then there's Geoffrey Wallace. I shall always look upon him as the villain of the story, although I must admit that he isn't altogether the usual type of villain. Still, I hate him, and one day I'm quite sure that he will meet his deserts at Count Manuel's hands.

But let me tell how it all happened—it'll be a sort of melancholy satisfaction to write down the story.

My name is Margery Beresford, and I have been under the charge of the two Misses Newman for the last eight years—that is because my father has been living in India, and has been so hard worked that he has never been able, since he went away, to take a holiday.

Well, it was just at the end of the summer holidays—which, on this occasion, I had been spending at Melsham—that I first made the acquaintance of Count Manuel. He is Spanish, and comes, so he told me, of one of the

oldest families in the country, a descendant of those proud Grantees of whom I've so often read. His real name is Count Manuel de Siguenza y Ceballos—there, I think I have spelt it right—and so I, poor little Margery Beresford, might have been a Countess with a name like that if things had gone properly. I can't tell you how that title of his attracted me. I used to say it over and over to myself—of course, with my own name tacked on. Then there's the wonderful castle in Spain which Manuel had so often described, and to which he would have taken me.

It was the last day of the holidays, and I was watching the semi-final of a lawn-tennis tournament that was being held in the club grounds adjoining the public park. Count Manuel strolled in when the game was half finished and sat down not far from me. I noticed him at once, for he was so very handsome that he must have attracted the attention of any girl. Manuel was a man of thirty at least, and he had crisp black curly hair, and that olive complexion which you only meet in Southerners. I remember thinking at once that he had the figure of a young Greek god. I'm sure that's quite the right sort of expression to use.

Well, he seemed to notice me at once, and several times I caught his eyes fixed upon me. I don't know what he can have seen in me, although he has told me since then that he thinks me sweetly pretty.

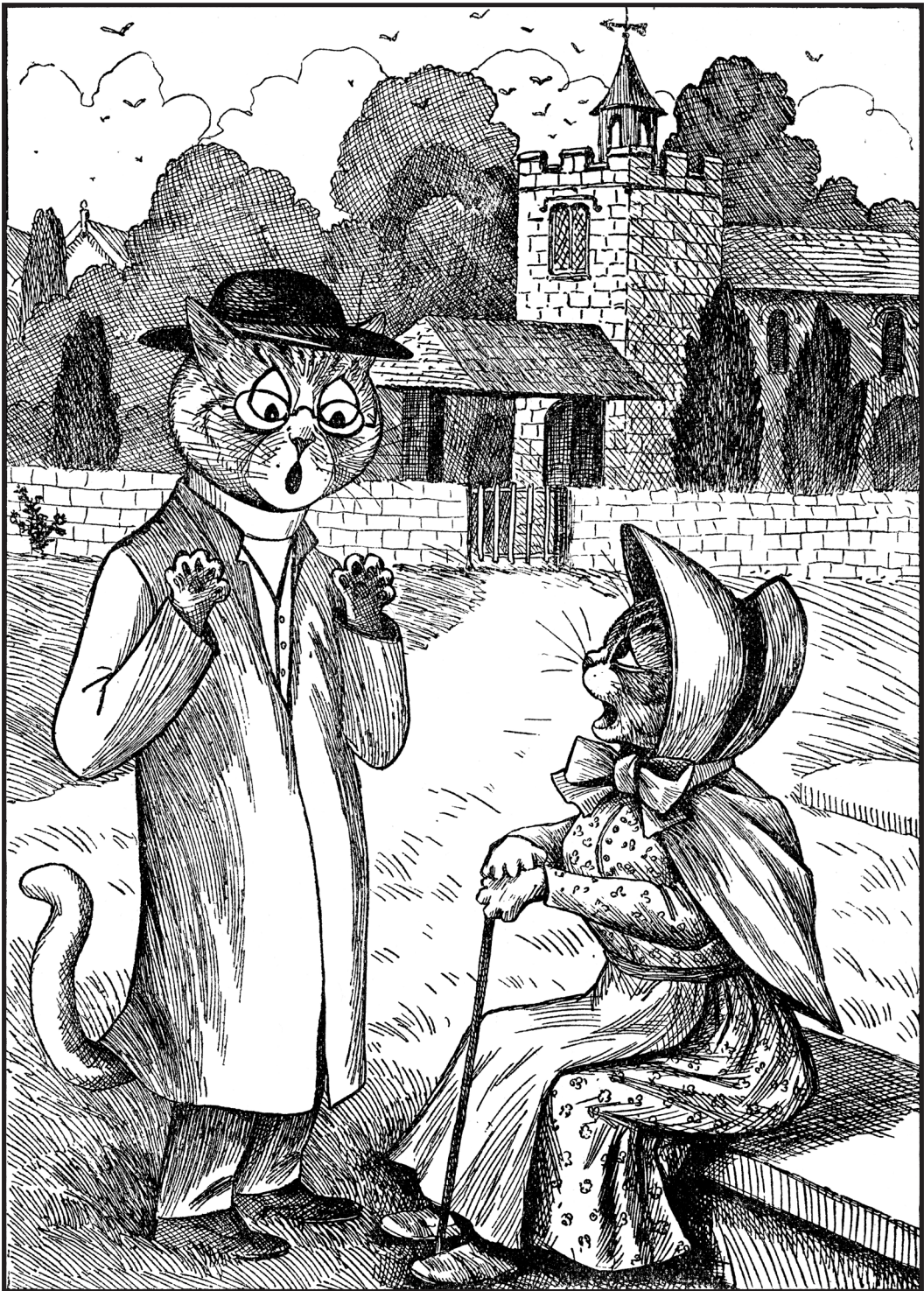
Count Manuel moved his seat at last so as to be close to me. I was by myself that day, as it happened, for my friend Miss Wilkinson was playing in the tournament. And then, somehow, we began to talk. I was very bashful at first, for it seemed an awful thing to be talking to a man without having been introduced. And yet there was something delightful about it. He paid me compliments almost at once, smiled at my blushes, and said that they were becoming to me.

He had come down to Melsham, he told me, for a week or so, and was putting up at the principal hotel. He spoke English with a delicious foreign accent, and said he would have preferred to talk to me in French, because it was a much more suitable language to express the feelings of the heart. But I'm not very good at French, although I pretended I could understand him when he said soft things to me in that language. I spent a very happy afternoon, and my only trouble was that the term began the next day, and that I would have some difficulty in meeting Count Manuel again.

Greta, my greatest friend, was particularly enthusiastic, and ready to help me in every way she could.



"DEAR ME, THIS UMBRELLA IS SO FASHIONABLE THAT I CANNOT OPEN IT IN CASE IT SPOILS ITS SHAPE."



"WHAT DID YOU THINK OF MY SERMON, MRS. MUTTON?"

"AH, SI—, WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT SIN ISN'T WORTH KNOWING."

"Oh! Margery," she exclaimed, "I'm quite sure that he is going to fall in love with you. How delicious it would be if you should become a Countess!"

Of course, I managed to meet Manuel once or twice a week after that, although it was term time. And, really, I was living all the while in a sort of blissful ecstatic dream, for I felt quite sure that before long he would speak seriously of his love. He had already told me of his great wealth, so, quite apart from the fact that I was falling deeply in love with him, I knew that I was acting wisely.

I have forgotten to mention that when the last holidays were about half-way through I had had a letter from my father in India which displeased me intensely. He told me that he was just about to be married again, and that immediately after the ceremony he was going to return to England, and would take me to live with him and my new mamma. He hoped I would love her dearly, for she was everything that was charming. Circumstances had brought about a change in his position, and he had decided to leave India for good.

That's one of the reasons why I was so delighted when, after the term was some six weeks' old, Count Manuel really and truly asked me to marry him.

Of course, I accepted him at once, and wanted to tell the Misses Newman all about it that very evening. I told him, too, that my father was expected back in England in a week's time, and was going to take me away from school at once, so that there were no difficulties at all in the way. But he wouldn't let me say anything to anyone, and then he begged that I would run away with him. There were reasons, he explained—political reasons, I believe, although I did not understand his explanation very well—why he was obliged to leave England at once. He could not possibly wait until after the arrival of my father. We would get married in London, he said, upon the very day we arrived there, and then he would take me to Paris, where we would remain until my father came home, when, of course, I would be immediately forgiven because of the wonderful match I had made. It was not likely that my father would object to a Count de Siguenza y Ceballos as his son-in-law.

It all sounded very reasonable, and, though I was just a little bit afraid, I consented to it in the end; for, after all, it was so deliciously romantic.

Well, there were really very few difficulties to be overcome, once I had made up my mind. Manuel went to London to arrange for the licence, and he was away three or four days.



"OH! THIS IS NOT CRICKET!"

MARGERY'S ELOPEMENT.

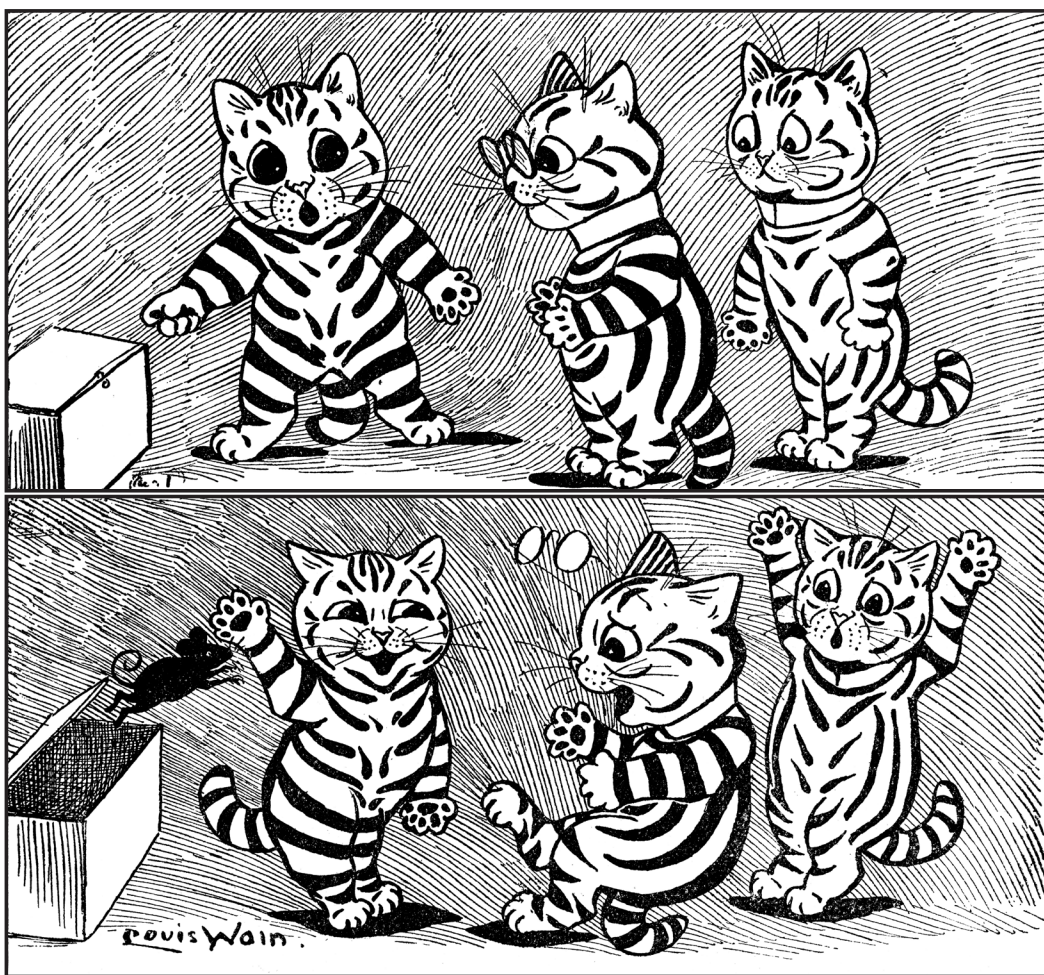
All went well. Manuel came back, having arranged everything, and said we must go the next day. That very morning I had a letter from my father—he was at Marseilles, so we were only just in time.

I was to meet Manuel at a little station some three miles out of Melsham, a place called Handley, where we were to catch a certain train which would reach London before noon. Then we were to be married at once, and go on, that same night, to Paris.

It was a baking hot day, and a long trudge to Handley. I got awfully tired on the way, and the result was that I reached the station just in time to see the train that we were to take puffing off in the distance.

Luckily, there was another in half an hour's time, but Manuel—who, of course, was at the station waiting for me—seemed very upset and awfully nervous lest I should be followed.

Well, just about five minutes before our train was due, another train,



1. "THIS IS THE MOST WONDERFUL SCIENTIFIC APPARATUS POSSIBLE. YOU SAY 'HEY PRESTO' AND SOMETHING WONDERFUL HAPPENS!"
2. "NOW THEN, HEY PRESTO! DID YOU EVER SEE ANYTHING MORE MARVELLOUS."

going in the opposite direction, drew up, and who should step out of it but Geoffrey Wallace, brother of my friend Greta.

"Hullo, Mouse"—that's the silly name they call me by—"what on earth are you doing here?"

So he cried as he came up to me, and his eyes fell suspiciously upon Manuel almost at once.

I took him by the arm, and walked him a little down the platform. "I'm eloping," I said, and I think there must have been a touch of pride in my voice. "It's quite all right, I assure you. I'm to be married in London at once, and I shall be the Countess Manuel de Siguenza y——"

"The Countess Fiddlesticks!" he exclaimed, rudely, and gave a low whistle. Then he turned to me very seriously just as the train came in. "Look here, Mouse, I've no right to interfere, but, for heaven's sake, don't commit this folly. The man's a humbug, a fraud—I'd stake my life upon it!"

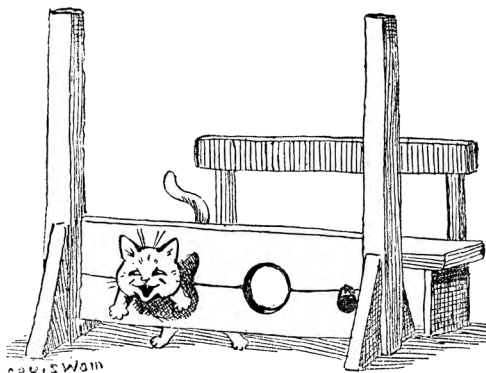
The journey to town, which only lasted about an hour, was not as pleasant as I had expected it to be, all because of this fuss at the station. I assured Manuel that Geoffrey would not betray us; but he did not seem so certain on the subject, and it was at his suggestion that we left the train before we had actually reached the terminus and completed the journey by motor-'bus and cab. He asked me on the way if I had brought with me what money I had, and he looked quite cross when I said no. But what did my little money matter, after all, when he is so rich?

Well, we drove to an hotel where, he told me, he always stayed when in town; and then, leaving me there in the care of the landlady, he went out by himself, saying that he would be away half an hour, for there was some business he had to see to before we were married. It was then nearly one, and we were to be married at half-past two.

And now I come to the tragic part of the whole story. Manuel went out—but he never came back. You can imagine all I went through as I waited for him that horrible afternoon.

I didn't know what on earth to do. I imagined all sorts of terrible things had happened to Manuel. I couldn't go out, for I had nowhere to go to. There seemed nothing for it but to wait. Oh, how heavily the minutes dragged along!

And at last the woman began to grow nasty. She asked me if I had any money, and said she could not have me there all night unless I could pay. I don't know what would have happened unless, about five o'clock, a knock hadn't come at the door, and I, starting up in the belief that it was Manuel returned to me, hadn't thrown myself violently into the arms of Geoffrey Wallace.



TIMMY IN THE STOCKS.

It was really most ignominious; but I must admit that he behaved very nicely.

"Thank Heaven, Margery, I have found you!" he cried. "Oh, you poor little girl! I was afraid—I was terribly afraid—that you had escaped me altogether."

He seemed to want to hold me in his arms, but I pushed him away from me; and then, drawing myself up to my full height, I asked him how he dared follow me, and what he wanted.

And then I learnt everything—as much, at least, as Geoffrey could tell me. He had jumped into the train at Handley to follow us to London. But we had escaped him by leaving the train just before we reached Victoria, and he had despaired of finding us again. He had then gone to the police, but they held out very little hope of tracing me. Geoffrey had, however, naturally given a description of the Count; and so it happened that later on, when he was despondently waiting for news, he learnt that the man he was in search of my Manuel—had been arrested upon some absurd charge or other—arrested in mistake for somebody else, of course—for a French swindler of the name of Duport; and when taken to the police-station refused to give an account of himself. That's how it came about that I was left alone, and that's how it was that Geoffrey succeeded in tracing me.

Well, there isn't much more to be said just now. I was almost fainting by that time with fatigue and trouble; and so Geoffrey took me away in a cab to his mother's house, where everybody was very kind to me, till Miss Newman came the next day to fetch me back to school. And now I am expecting my father, who will probably arrive some time to-day.

But I am quite sure that it has all been a horrible mistake, and that my dear Manuel has been arrested through some error, and that before long we shall be restored to each other.

Later. I feel I must add a few words to say that the whole truth is now revealed, and that Manuel deceived me, after all. Oh, what a cold-hearted wretch he must be! And I fancied I loved him; but, of course, that was all a mistake, and I understand now why I felt so little real emotion at being separated from him. He was not Count at all—had no right to any title whatsoever. He was just plain Henri Duport, a thief and a swindler, who was badly wanted by the London police. That explains why he was so



"I AM ONLY MAKING AN OPERA HAT FOR YOU INSTEAD OF BUYING ONE."

eager to leave England. Just think of it—he hadn't even paid any of his bills at Melsham!

And now I know, too, why he was so anxious to marry me—for he really would have married me if he had not been arrested just in time. He had made all preparations for the wedding.

It was because I am a big heiress, and he had found out all about it before I knew anything myself. It appears that my father has come in for a great fortune, as well as a title—he has inherited an estate that he never had the smallest idea of coming in for, and he had made up his mind only to tell me about this when he reached England. So Manuel, married to me, could have blackmailed my father just as much as ever he chose.

Oh, how silly I was, and how I cried when I learnt all about it! My father wasn't a bit hard with me, and as for my stepmother, she is a perfect darling, quite young and pretty, and oh, so kind! I shall look upon her as a big sister. She told me that she had been just as silly and romantic herself when she was at school, and that I wasn't to think anything more about it, but just be happy that everything had ended so well.

She told me, too, that I ought to be grateful to Geoffrey, and that I should tell him so the next time we met. Well, I think Geoffrey is very nice, and it isn't true that I hate him. Father says we must see a good deal of him in the future.

We are going to live in a real castle—a beautiful place somewhere in the Midlands.

To Husbands

By ANGEL DAVIS.

Never give a casual invitation,
'Twill land you in a horrid situation,
For the visit may be paid,
When I'm very much afraid,
It will cause you to exclaim, "Botheration!"

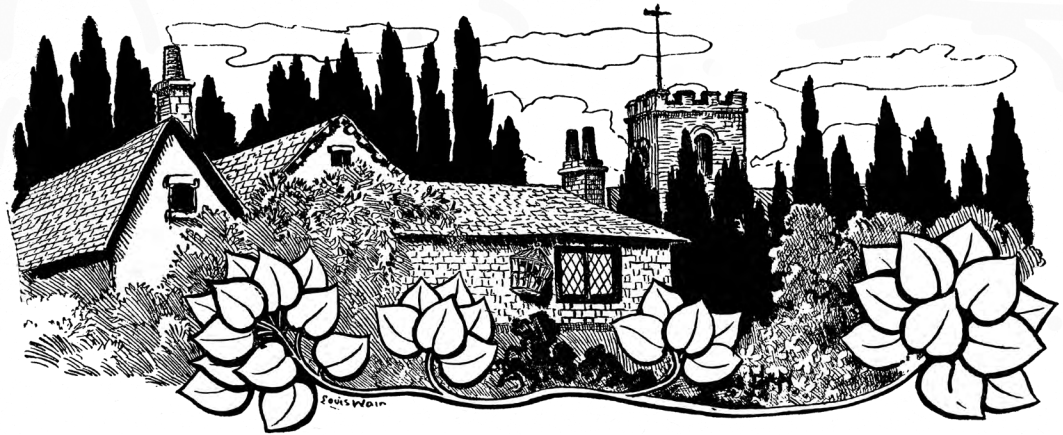
Cupid

By ANGEL DAVIS.

The gay little Cupid he took up his bow,
And slung on his quiver a-hunting to go,
The wounds he inflicted that Midsummer night,
Were none the less fatal because out of sight.
He met a sweet maiden, and all unawares
She found herself wounded, in vain were her prayers,
She pressed her soft hands to her fluttering heart,
Oh! Cupid be merciful! Pluck out your dart.



" CAN YOU LOOK AFTER A PUPPY, GEORGE ? "
" I THINK I CAN ACCOMODATE YOU, SIR. "



Where the Gold Came From

By JOHN ORP

IT was silent everywhere on the sea, but distant echoes reminded one that another world lay below the horizon. A curtain of deep blue swept the vault above, and roamed along the surface of the sea, marking its ripples with black lines, an afterglow formed on the western horizon, and thereon moved fantastic forms and weird, strange dashes of colour, sparkling in soft, misty streaks. The mirage formed into lofty, deep blue mountains, speckled with simmering lights. Giant trees, too, massed into strange shapes, and added to the effect, and out of it two strange figures moved and commanded the whole scene as its poised interest. The vivid sparkling scene was toned in the beams of the rising moon. Distant voices rang loud, and out of their turmoil one voice called out clearly :

"What is it, Jeb ?"

"Quartz, John," was answered, "at last I have found it."

"You ? No, me. I found it. What is its condition ?"

"Very rich. Half gold !"

"Where did you find it ?"

"Out there, where the rock rises like a pig's back. It is all on the surface."

"It's mine !"

"No. It is all mine !"

"You dare !"

"Oh !"

Then a revolver shot rang out, followed by several others, as from two weapons, the sounds simmering down to silence suddenly.

From the east swept a grey cloud bank, sweeping the mirage away. The sea rose, and our vessel rode the waves over to the point whence had disappeared the strange scene, and then appeared a line of foam, crowned by a frowning island of rock.

Soon our vessel leaned to starboard, and bumped upon a sandy shallow

swept by the storm. Hours passed, the tide ran out, and left the vessel high and dry ashore.

From the rocks, streams and miniature waterfalls rattled down into the pools formed by the rain. By dint of sheer hard striving we worked our way over the rocks until we had climbed to a pinnacle. Then the wonderful phantasy made its appearance in reality. Glowing forest land and flowers extended in every direction, but there was one distant jar to the scene. A bare, yellow grey rock rose out of the forest, and extended half along the horizon. You remember the voice which called out, in the quarrel of voices we heard, "Out there where the rock rises like a pig's back," said the first mate, Jackson.

"Ah, yes, that distant rock is the quartz hill of gold-bearing veins we heard the voices quarrelling about. Undoubtedly we have struck the gold mine right on the surface," answered the captain. "We must clear our ship of the sand banks at high tide, and find a sheltered cove to contain it until we are ready to leave. In the meantime we must try and unravel the tragedy which has apparently taken place over the gold discovery."

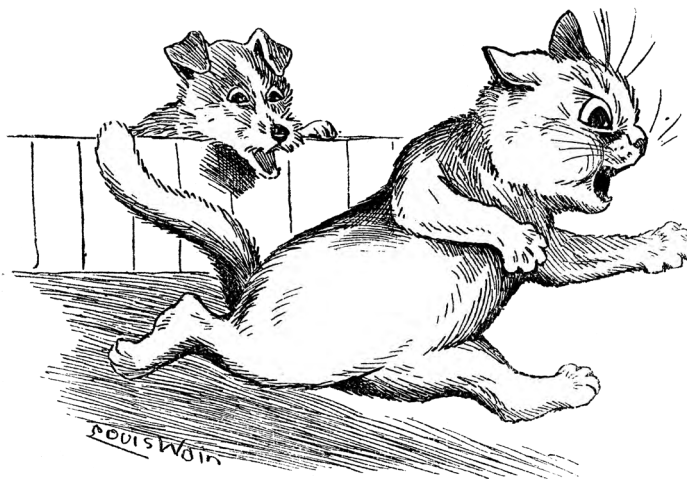
Evening saw the ship smuggled under the protection of a rocky inlet, and the following morning the whole crew wended its way through thorn-bush and rubble, breaking a path inland. The way was irregular, over the roughest of ground, lit up by plants of rare and great beauty, springing out of the tangle which made the way a paradise to look at. But the task before the crew hardened, as they tired, and it was evening before they touched the line which formed a rocky ridge rising from the ground, and led directly on to the hog's back. The sailors did not like the outlook and threatened mutiny, so the captain and first officer left them round a fire lit on top of the rocks, and went forward alone over the quartz until a strange sight met their gaze. A cavity in the quartz contained two figures lying spread out. A bullet wound in the forehead of one figure and two revolvers told the story. "A bit of luck," said the captain. "These revolvers will keep the crew in order in case it comes to trouble with them if we find the gold." Half an hour's work filled the cavity with sand, and covered the dead bodies decently. The captain clutched hold of a piece of quartz taken from the hand of one of the dead men. Evidently they had quarrelled over the possession of the gold, and killed each other. The captain saw the possibility of a similar quarrel with the crew, so he decided upon a means whereby he thought that he might become master of the situation.

The meeting of master and men was something of a revelation.

The captain pointed to the gold quartz in his hand, and told the company that he had made a great gold discovery, and promised that if the men put their backs into work to get it down to the ship everyone should have a share in the gold when it was sold. Blasting the surface rock proved the best means of getting the veins, and by the time the quartz had been properly boarded on the ship the men had become rough wild boars to look at. The captain, who knew the seas like a book, saw a suspicious streak low upon the horizon, and told the men that he was going back alone to the Pig's Back, and that as soon as he returned they could start the ship.

They watched him grow a speck in the distance, and then the mate harangued them, and as a result they decided to make the mate captain, and go off with the ship at once, so that when the captain looked back from the top of the hog's back he saw his ship far off out at sea. "Good," said he, "things work well. The storm will break at midnight, and drive the ship back on the sand banks, and the crew will fall on their knees and ask for pardon, and I shall be master again, and have no more trouble. The storm did break out at midnight. The ship was blown back on the rocks, but the crew itself did not escape altogether. The true men stuck to the vessel, while the rougher element made for the water, intending to take their share, but the waves caught them and pounded them to death.

When the captain walked down to the shore next day half-a-dozen men made their way over the sands, and falling on their knees, begged the captain's pardon, and promised to be true to him. The captain saw things at a glance, but felt sad over the death of so many men. When the ship was again floated at high tide he took possession, and the ship ran out under sail for home, while the blast of the gale meandered a hundred miles off. None but the captain knew their position, or whence lay the island. Weeks passed, and the ship ran along short-sailed, just making its way in the currents. Time passed rapidly, and still the blue seas varied little, and there was nothing to see. The small crew grew sullen, and feared that the first bit of rough weather would seal their fate. One day, right on the horizon in the west, appeared a trail of smoke, and the men without more ado got into a boat, and rowed off regardless towards the coming steamer. The captain was content. He was left on board, but he knew that the crew would talk of the gold mine to the captain of the steamer, and that the result would be to his advantage. Just as he predicted the way was paved for him, and when he was fairly settled on board the steamer a scheme was arranged which gave him the chance he was marking for. The Pig's Back proved a comfortable source of income to him to the end of his days.



"HELP! HE SAYS THAT HE DOES NOT LIKE CATS!"



" COME OUT FOR A DRINK : CAN'T YOU SEE I AM A TEETOTALER ?"

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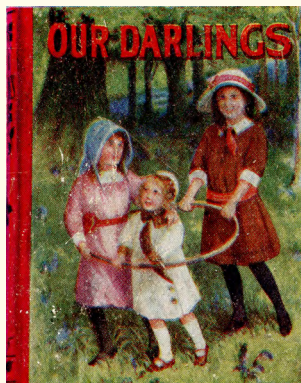
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