

A SERIOUS AFFAIR.

the captain.

sure."

we leave Calcutta?"

I might give them to-

come down with you."

He stopped.

"Vere is the captain?" he screamed.

"I insist. Pring me all at once the cap-

The captain of the Bengal hurried up.

"I talk to Miss Norman for leedle

"Any suspicion?" asked the captain.

"I am not so sure. I am not so

"Von person only. Mr. Greig, if you

"Any person on board see them?"

please, come here. I show you my pre-

clous diamonds, ain't it, two days after

"That's so," said Greig, cheerfully.

"And very magnificent diamonds they

were. I remember telling you that I

wished one or two were mine, so that

"I suppose we shall have to search the cabins," said the captain of the Ben-

and gentleman; but it can't be helped.

May we begin with yours, Mr. Greig?"

Greig, "why I should have my cabin up-

"I desire that Mr. Greig's cabin should

The crowd went below and stood in

at eyes, came forward. The captain,

"The diamonds have been found," an-

er bored by the tediousness of the jour-

ney from Calcutta, and they could not

"Case found under the pillow in the

"Seemed such an honest fellow, too."

"My dear," said Mrs. Renton, bitter-

"But you'd think really on a P. and

"I'm sorry for that poor Miss Nor

man. She was engaged to him, you

"Oh, that's broken off quite definitely.

I heard her tell the old German so. The

old fellow asked her what was the mat-

ter, and she told him. He was a part-

ner of her father's, you know, and he

seemed much concerned about it. You

see, dear, I wasn't exactly listening.

"But you heard, dear-that's the main

point. Come into my cabin and see my

They went aft, leaving Greig at the

door of his cabin. He was holding the

sides to prevent himself from falling

Other passengers went past his cabin.

keeping carefully to the other side of

the narrow corridor. None of them

spoke to him, but they all spoke to each

"What does this mean?" cried Henry

A soft, white hand on his arm, with

"Elsie! Aren't you, too going to fol-

It did not take him long to put that

"And they dare to think that you

"Well," said Greig, uneasily, "they

found the things there, you see. It's

circumstantial evidence of rather an

awkward kind. But I needn't tell you,

"My dear girl, I peedn't tell you that

I shouldn't dream of taking poor old

Van Straaten's diamonds, nor anybody

"I'm quite sure of that, Harry.

must see him about it." She repinned her straw hat with a decided air. "We

girl into possession of the facts. Her

face flamed red with indignation.

would do a thing like that?"

"My name is still Elsie."

"Tell me first what It all means."

a kindly pressure. He turned and selz-

Greig. "Do they suspect me of-

ly, "It don't do to trust any one nowa-

days. You never know who's who."

"Most painful affair, really."

you, ladies and gentleman."

diversion.

O. steamship--"

new serge dress."

berth."

know."

but-

other.

"Harry!"

ed it gladly.

low them?"

Miss Norman-

set and turned out just because-

In a few words of mangled English Mr.

T is always an inscrutable mystery | to everybody why other people quarrel. For our own little argu- tain." ments there is always, of course, good. sound and sufficient reason; for the disputes of other folks the excuse appears Van Straaten explained. A group of ever absurdly inadequate. Why, for interested passengers stood around. instance, young Greig and Miss Elsle Norman, both returning from India on the Bengal, should break off with amaz- then to my gabin; I find there my preing suddenness their engagement just clous diamonds-vanished." as the Bengal was nearing the Bay of Biscay it was not easy to see. But they did.

"And I suppose," said young Greig, with a face that looked less bronzed must know how queekly who has stole than usual, "that nothing I can say will them alretty." alter your decision? Your mind is quite made up?"

"It always is," declared Miss Norman.

She held tightly to the brass rail and looked away at the spot in the distance which represented Spain, It is best when quarreling with anyone you have cared for not to look at that person's

"I particularly wish that, for the time that we shall have to travel together, we shall see as little of each other as possible. We can easily say 'good-by' at Plymouth."

"It will not be easy for me," said Henry Greig. "I am not used to saying gal. "It's a fearful nuisance, ladies good-by to anyone that I-that I have

"You should be glad of a new experience, Mr. Greig, It's a precious thing

nowadays." "You're not yourself this morning,

"I wish I were not!" she exclaimed, insistently. with a sudden change of manner. "If I were some one else I wouldn't be so unhappy. Here is Mrs. Renton. She mustn't see my eyes. This is the last time we shall speak to each other. Good- the corner while the examination was

"But, I say, isn't there some means | the noise, left her aunt, and, rather red

Eisle Norman held out her hand. Mr. Van Straaten, the chief steward Grieg pressed it and she turned and lenry Greig reappeared at the went below. Mrs. Renton sank into door of the cabin. The old German her deck-chair carefully, as stout ladies bore a leather case very carefully in do, and seemed gratified when the deck his arms. chair only creaked complainingly and did not give way.

"Mr. Greig, pray come here at once. Miss Norman monopolizes your time to such an extent that we poor women see nothing of you. Sit down here at once and tell me all about yourself."

"It is an uninteresting subject," said help showing a certain relish over the Greig, pulling another deck chair to the

side of Mrs. Renton. "Tell me a secret, then. I'm exceedingly fond of secrets. When are you

going to marry Miss Norman?" "Never." "Never? Of course you're both young.

but that seems a long time to wait, doesn't it? Mr. Van Straaten said--" "Van Straaten is an old fool of the kind they make in Germany. I shall

have to ask Van Straaten not to interfere with my affairs." "His servant Hans is a queer youth. He looks after the diamond samples, I

suppose. "I haven't seen Hans. But Van Straaten is the sort of old nulsance that ought to be labeled, like some of

the luggage, 'Not wanted on voyage,' " "He always speaks very highly of Miss Norman," remarked Mrs. Renton, thoughtfully. "Why shoudn't he?"

"Precisely. She is very charming, no

doubt. But she should remember that she is only a girl after all." "That fact has not escaped notice,

Mrs. Renton." Mrs. Renton looked complacently

down the undulating scene that her plump figure furnished, and lifted first one small foot and then the other from under the hem of her yellow skirt. The number appeared to be correct, for Mrs. Renton, having mentally audited them, sighed with satisfaction.

"There is such a thing," said the widow, confidentially, "as common sense

"I know Cheap eau-de-cologne and

"I wonder where, Mrs. Renton?"

"No, no. Sense. S-e-n-s-e."

"It is not for me to tell you where," answered Mrs. Renton, modestly; "all than I can say is that you don't find it with young girls. At the age of, say 30, sometimes, now, you find a girl-or, perhaps, I should say a woman, admirably fitted to be a companion for a

sensible man. "The popular prejudice," remarked Greig, "Is nevertheless, oddly enough, in favor of girls of 20, sometimes." looked up. "What in the world is the matter with Van Streaten?"

The old German, with his pince-nes swry pinching the end of his nose, was reming excitedly up the gangway.

two must stand together now, whatever happens."

"Elsie, hadn't you better let me fight it out alone? The froth is nearly sure to come out sooner or later, and-"In the meantime, dear, you will have

to forget our stupid quarrel of this

morning. I was quite wrong."

"So was I," said Greig, promptly. A man has no business to kiss a girl as she is ascending the gangway of a P. and O. steamship. It has been done, no doubt, on more than one occasion, but it is nearly always an act to be condemned by right thinking people who have not had the chance of committing the crime. Nevertheless, if it is at any time to be pardoned, it was in the instauce at present in question.

"But," said the astonished Mrs. Renton to her companion, "I thought you said, my dear, that their engagement

"She certainly said so. Why should after this scandalous affair, goodness

only knows." "Ah, my dear! Girls are queer crea-

There were a few hours of mixed feelings for Mr. Greig of the Eastern bank. It was terrible to feel this suspicion hanging over him, to watch the looks cast at him by the passengers, to observe Mr. Van Straaten's almost comic appearance of injury. On the other hand, it was delightful to feel that close to him in this time of stress, as he sat on deck or strolled up and down, was a cheerful young person in her very best spirits. The bay meanwhile sympathetically behaved in a manner quite exemplary.

time," cried Mr. Van Straaten. "I go "I am astonished, my tear," said Mr. Van Straaten, severely, "that you "They can't have gone far, sir," said should be friently with Mr. Greig after what has habbened alretty. I strongly "They have no need to go at all. Eight advise you to gif him up. You told me thousand bounds' vorth all gone. 1 you had decided-"

"I've changed my mind," she said definitely. "Women folks are not good at a lot of things, but we do know how to change our minds."

Mr. Van Straaten lifted his hat and turned away. The old gentleman, when he was a few paces off, seemed agitated-so much so that he had to pat his eyes gently with his searlet handkerchiew. He called to one of the sailors: "Dell my man Hans to come up instantly.

Much commotion after the appearance of the stolld-faced Hans. A rush toward that part of the ship by all the passengers on deck. Swift talking in German. Considerable temper on the part of Van Straaten; penitent words from Hans.

"Mr. Greig," cried the old German, come here directly. And Miss Nor-"I really don't know," protested man. Listen to this horreeble man of mine. I haf lost also my hatbox. I ask him where it is, and he replies that he think he place it by mistake in Mr. be searched," said Mr. Van Straaten, Greig's gabin. Is it not so, Hans?" Sorrowful acknowledgment from the

"That settles it, then," said Henry profusely penitent Hans, Mr. Van Greig, carelessly, "Fire away, I'll Straaten raised his voice: "Then I say to him: 'Is it possible

that you gareless schoundrel you placed also by mistake the diamond box progressing. Elsie Norman, hearing in Mr. Greig's gabin?' And he say, Yes.

Quite a noisy cheering from the assembled passengers. A pressing forward to congratulate Greig. He, delighted beyound question, turned to Elste Norman:

"You don't regret being counsel for my defense, young Portla?"

"You are just the client I like."

nounced the captain of the Bengal, se-"And respecting this morning?" riously. "We shall not have to trouble "Sir! I do not respect this morning. They were only ordinary folks, rath-Let's look forward."

They walked forward. "Dot was a good drick of mine," said Mr. Van Straaten, as he watched them. He wiped his glasses carefully, "I knew it would answer. I was once, a long time ago, in love mineself."-St.

Beyond His Means.

James Budget.

The Chicago Herald tells an amusing bit of experience which one of that city's benevolent men had with a beggar. The gentleman has a regular staff of "visitors," to whom he gives aims according to their needs and his ability. There is one old fellow whose ealls are as punctual as the sun. On a recent occasion this man accost-

ed Mr. G. as usual, and received from him a half-dollar.

The beggar took it, thanked the donor, and turned toward the door. Before reaching it, however, he seemed to be considering a matter very seriously. He hesitated, stopped, and then turned to Mr. G. again, saying, "Excuse me, sir, I would like to ask you a ques-

"Well, what is it?" asked Mr. G. "It is this. Every month for years past you have given me a dollar, but to-day I come, and you give me only fifty cents. How is that?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said Mr. G., smiling good-humoredly. "I have had some unusually heavy expenses this month. My eldest daughter got married, and the outlay for her trousseau, etc., has compelled me to retreach in every di-

"Ah, yes, I see," said the beggar. But, Mr. G., I really can't afford to contribute toward your daughter's wed-

ding expenses.'

Science Versus Custom. In Hungary, where it is the custom for school children to kiss the hand of their teachers on coming and going, the Board of Education has forbidden the practice for the future. Their decision is based on a declaration of the Sanitary Council to the effect that kissing is a dangerous proceeding always, from a sanitary point of view, and should not be practiced weless absolutely necessary, as it is a certain means of carrying infection, especially in the case of small children.

No one laughs harder at a poker joke than the man who wants the bystand-



in fathers."

DATY TOSSID."

man, and hold high revels in the hall of

ighast, as if that was the lowest depth.

and my estate, depend upon it."

ing her large, white hands together

hints from me. I would suggest your

telling the simple fact as a matter of ordi-

"How can you be so unfeeling, so

answer for the consequences, were she

your base desertion in my heart. Do you

snow that she is worth two hundred

"Two hundred thousand!" repeated

Marsden, slowly. "What a delightful

dear sister, no one knows better than my-

say we shall manage an immense amount

have not the faintest regard for duty or

selfishness, regardless of everything ex-

gence; you are weak beyond what I should

"You can take what view you like of the

matter," he said, watching her with quiet

"Dorrington will be disgusted with you

"If you had any honorable instincts, I

would hope to move you," continued Lady

Isabel will not do the civil to Nora, and

Nora will worry herself about it. At any

He rose, drew the writing materials to

"Dear Mrs. Ruthven: May I hope to see

"Mrs. Ruthven's compliments. She

was sorry she did not feel equal to see

when the footman had delivered this mes-

'Not yet, sir. It will not be ready for

"Then you must give me something to

eat first and tell them to bring round a

train at Rockingham. Send my man to

Lady Dorrington was in Mrs. Ruthven's

room, and Lord Dorrington had gone down

to the Home Farm, when Marsden set

forth. So he left without leave-taking,

save from the stately butler and his satel-

lite footman, with whom the easy-going,

open-handed, affable squire was a prime

"Tant miex," said Marsden to himself.

as he gathered up the reins and drove

CHAPTER XIII.

It was more than an hour before Lady

Dorrington felt sufficiently recovered from

the excitement of her interview with her

brother to present herself in the invalid's

had sought as the only possible recipient

of her indignant complaints, was out, and

his whereabouts uncertain. She felt

dreadfully uncertain how to act. She was

afraid to break the news of his engage-

produce a fatal effect, yet she felt it in-

cumbent on her to enlighten Mrs. Ruth-

When, at last, Lady Dorrington entered

the sitting room into which Mrs. Ruthven

since her strength could bear it, she found

that lady writing on a movable desk at

tached to the arm of her easy chair. She

short, and a white cashmere wrapper,

trimmed with cream lace over pink, hung

"My dear," exclaimed Lady Dorring-

ton, "you are not surely trying to write?"
"I really am," a smile parting her pale

like to see Sir Harley Portman again; he will tell me when I can move. I begin

loosely on her attenuated figure.

en as to the true state of affairs.

ment to the deserted widow, lest it might

Lord Dorrington, whom she

off sharply. "I wonder if Mrs. Ruthven

favorite.

chamber.

him, and quickly traced these words:

scheme?" asked Marsden innocently.

will never again be a welcome guest.

you very heartily farewell."

old too suddenly of your treachery.

dare not face her with the knowledge

thousand pounds, if not more?"

of enjoyment without it.

not try to attract you."

Marsden laughed.

gentlewomen.

CHAPTER XIL-(Continued.) Marsden had braced himself up for

stormy interview with his sister. After carefully reviewing his position. and assuring himself there was no tlaw she be so affectionate with him now, in his armor, that the accounts of his trusteeship were in perfect order, he determined to announce his intended marriage to the world.

The first person to be informed was Lady Dorrington. That done, there was den politely. "Only that you require no

nothing more to fear. He did not reach Chedworth till just in time to dress for dinner. There were one or two country neighbors to share that repast, and the conversation Lady Dorrington wished to have with her brother was postponed till the next morning.

Marsden observed that his sister looked very grave and portentous; but that in no way damped his spirits or lessened his efforts to amuse and interest his sister's guests, which were peculiarly successful. He listened with lively attention to the details Lady Dorrington poured forth respecting Mrs. Ruthven's sufferings and tedious recovery. She feared that the poor invalid would scarcely be able to see him. Marsden begged he might not be asked to do anything not quite agreeable to her.

"It is no question of what is agreeable," said Lady Dorrington severely. "It is of what will be safest for Mrs. Ruthven. You rising in her wrath, "you have not the cannot imagine the weakness to which she is reduced. Any relapse now would be fatal. She is anxious to go away to the south of France, or the Riviera, but I trust she will not go alone.

"No; she had much better get some pleasant companion. You will find her have expected, for you must have yielded one, I dare say. You always have such against your better judgment to Nora's a supply of admirable persons on hand fitted to fill every possible position."

Lady Dorrington darted an angry. warning glance at her brother, and addressed him no more that evening.

When breakfast was over next morning as the frost was too hard for hunting, Marsden sauntered into the billiard room, and was knocking the billiard balls about by himself, when the inevitable message again. I did believe they were well-bred reached him:

"My lady would be glad to see you, sir, in the boudoir." "I have been waiting for you this half

hour, Clifford." "So sorry; I did not like to intrude on you till you sent for me," he returned, coming up to the fireplace, and leaning ensily against the mantelpiece. know you are looking wonderfully well, In spite of your nursing worries?"

My looks are of small consequence," said Lady Dorrington, sternly. some serious conversation with you, Clifford: your conduct is very unaccountable and unfeeling. What, may I ask, is your left the room without further speech. motive for staying in town all this time?

when he was alone.
"A man can't help his nature, I sup-"Oh, because—because I like it." "There is something more than thator rather there is some strong attraction pose?" he muttered to himself. which I do not understand, to keep you look on the cant and shibboleths of soin London! Pray, has it anything to do ciety as constraining truths, and I am with Mrs. L'Estrange and Nora:

"They are very agreeable relatives and I see a good deal of them," returned Mars- | The worst of this storm in a teacup is, that den, in a lazy, indifferent way, most irritating to his sister.

"Why, Clifford, you surely would not be rate I have her promise, and I feel I can so unprincipled as to delude Nora, your trust her." own cousin, with the notion that you are in love with her, and you could not be so insane as to think of marrying her? 1 shall certainly warn Mrs. L'Estrange against you; you are too regardless of everything except your own amusement." "In this case I have thought more of my and shall be most discreet." own happiness."

"What do you mean?" in a tone of alarm. "Do you mean to say you have taken one of your wild fancies to poor, any one, but would write when able."

dear Nora?" asked Marsden, dear Nora?"

"I do; and what is more, I have perspaded 'poor, dear Nora' to take me for better, for worse,

"Good God!" cried Lady Dorrington, quite half an hour. She sat a moment staring at him in silence, as if dazed. Marsden was quite unmoved. "Clifford," gasped Lady Dorrington at last, "your conduct is most dishonorable toward Mrs. Ruthven."

"How do you make that out?" "When she was at Evesleigh, every ne thought, judging from your mannerour attentions-that you were engaged."

Then every one was mistaken. "I, myself, believed that you were deermined to marry Mrs. Ruthven.

"Why? because I flirted with her? Don't you understand she is the sort of woman to whom the end and aim of existence is to flirt? She would not thank you for friendship, however true; for scents the battle from afar? Her mes-service, however kindly, if you did not sage sounded warlike." offer her the homage of overt flirtation. 1 never intended to marry Mrs. Ruthren. "Then you have behaved abominably,

and just think of your own interests. Nora L'Estrange has nothing, or next to noth-'She has all I want."

"She has nothing you really want; she is a mere distant relative, a nobody; before six months are over, you will be sick of her, and wonder what madness induced you to tie yourself to her."

"I think the madness will last a couple of years," put in Marsden in a low tone, but his sister did not heed him.

"Do be advised by me. Clifford! Break off with Nora L'Estrange; she cannot care much about you in so short a time; she is reasonable and unseifish; she would not had been moved for a few hours daily like to condemn you and herself to the horrible fate of becoming pauper gentry. I protest you drive me to my wit's end; will disgrace yourself whatever you do. I assure you you have contrived to weary; a lace cap, with pale pink ribbons, covered her hair, which had been cut

that you intended to marry her. "I cannot help her being highly imaginative, can I?" asked Clifford, quite un-"I never said, and certainly never wrote, anything approaching a proposal. Now I have asked Nora to be my wife, Now I have asked Nora to be my and, after some prudent hesitation, she lips. "Only a few lines, for I am certainly and, after some prudent hesitation, she stronger. Do not fear any imprudence: I sm too anxious to get well. I should like the larger Portman again:

ad Lady Dorrington.

"As to poverty, well, we shall not starve. to be very anxious to deliver you from the long-endured incubus of a sick guest."

harry nway."

"I know you are all goodness, but there are matters to be attended to that no one can do for me. I have been scribbling a few lines to my lawyer. Will you write for me to Sir Harley?

"Believe me, we only care to see you

well. There is not the slightest need to

"Certainly. But you know when he was here last be said -- "

"Yes, yes, that I could not move for three weeks. But one has passed, and if he sees what progress I have made I am sure he will let me go on Wednesday or Thursday next. Wherever I go ultimate-

ly, I must take London on the way. "All I beg, dear Mrs. Ruthven, is that you will not hasten your departure on our account. You know we are to spend our Christmas with Aunt Ilminster, so there will be no party here! I am sure you are

"Let Evesleigh!" said Lady Dorrington. not equal to write, you look so weary. Mrs. Ruthven lay back in her chair, and "Yes! Nora quite approves," continued let her maid unfasten and remove the Marsden, serenely. "She is prudent, and desk. When they were alone she said, as very resolute for so youthful and charmshe lay back, her eyes closed, her figure ng a wood nymph. She will reform me,

"I had a message from Mr. Marsden

"And what-what am I to say to Mrs. just now. Enthven?" cried Lady Dorrington, press-"Indeed!" cried Lady Dorrington, feeling exceedingly uncomfortable. "He had "Whatever occurs to you," said Mars-

no business to disturb you." "He did not disturb me. I would not be disturbed. He asked to see me." There was a silence of nearly two minutes, while Lady Dorrington sought in vain for some wise and cautions words with which to shameless?" exclaimed his sister, her eyes reply before she found them. Mrs. Ruthven resumed very languidly, but opening her eyes and settling them on her hostess: sparkling with indignation. "I would not "I suppose he wished to announce his engagement to Miss L'Estrange, if it is

true. Is it true, Lady Dorrington? What a question! What would she not have given to be able to deny the fact with scorn and indignation? As it was, ought she not to be thankful the ice was

rhythm there is in those words. Yes, my "Why, my dear Mrs. Ruthven, who in the world told you?" self her financial position. She is not "Some one mentioned it in one of the quite so rich as that, but, I confess, I

letters I have been reading. wish her fortune was Nora's; still I dare "Shirley," thought Lady Dorrington. "Viper!" "Clifford!" exclaimed Lady Dorrington,

"But is it true?" persisted Mrs. Ruth-"Oh! I don't know what to think: I am ordinary gentleman's sense of honor, you afraid there is something in it. Indeed, I justice, you are a slave to the grossest have been infinitely annoyed." Lady Dor-

rington paused abruptly, feeling inexpressibly awkward. cept your own pleasure and self-indul-"You are not inclined for this marriage, then?" said Mrs. Ruthven, a peculiar and have expected, for you must have yielded not very amiable smile passing over her wiles, for I never will believe that she did

face. "Inclined for it! Why, it is the bitterest disappointment to me! You must know that, my dear Mrs. Ruthven!"

"Ah! Miss L'Estrange has but a small fortune, and it will take more than an ordinary one to put your brother's affairs and I quite give you up. As to Nora and Mrs. L'Estrange, I never wish to see them in order. "Besides that," cried Lady Dorrington. "there are other considerations!

L'Estrange is quite unfit to be Clifford's "Do well-bred gentlewomen never wife. He will tire of her in six months." "That is very probable. He is not wise. "And he actually talks of letting Eves-

Dorrington. "As it is, I give you up, and leigh on a lease for years, and sinking into a continentalized dilettant English-I beg you will leave my house, where you man. "Very well," looking at his watch, Mrs. Ruthven compressed her lips, and "There is a train at three-thirty, which

her pale cheeks flushed as she answered will suit me. I will have luncheon and bid in a low, clear tone: Your brother is changeable and im-

Lady Dorrington took up some letters pulsive. After all, it is quite probable the that lay on the table before her, darted marriage may never take place." an angry, scornful look at her brother, and "He appears to have committed himself

fully," said Lady Dorrington, who, now that the ice was broken, found it a relief Marsden's face grew graver and softer to talk on this vexations subject. Mrs. Ruthven was silent, leaning her elbows on the arms of her chair, and pressing her "I cannot finger tips together, while her face, which had grown deadly white again, expressed certainly a better man than most of my displeasure fellows. How I hate unpleasant faces! (To be continued.)

ROUGH ON THE CYCLIST.

How a Practical Joker Made a Mess of Trouble.

An elaborate practical joke has been played on a Belgian cyclist. While taking his usual afternoon ride along you for a few moments, as I am obliged o return to town immediately. I should the central boulevard of Brussels he like to see with my own eyes how you are, entered one of the cafes for some refreshments, leaving his machine against To this, a verbal answer was returned. a lamppost. A joker seated outside on a terrace

pinned his trousers in the orthodox cyclist's style, as if he were a genuine bicyclist, and taking hold of the machine as if he had just dismounted, hailed one of those long white bloused street commissioners to be met with at nearly every street corner in Brussels. "My man, just you look well after trap. I want to eatch the three-thirty up

my bicycle, and see that no one takes it during my absence, for there are so many bicycle thieves about the city you cannot be too careful, so keen a sharp lookout, and here's a franc for your trouble."

The loker then crossed the road, taking up his post at a cafe opposite to enjoy the result of the franc's investment. Out came the unsuspecting victim, and, taking the machine, was about to start.

"Hold, there, old chappie, we know your measure, so off with you," said the white-bloused one, at the same time gently forcing the astonished cyclist back.

At first be thought the man was drunk, and expostulated quietly with him, but all to no purpose, the trusty guardian simply replying that "Le knew what he was about." Finding persuasion useless, Mr. X--- lost his temper, and the discussion soon grew to angry menaces on both sides.

Meanwhile a large crowd had assembled, highly amused at the prospects of a pugilistic encounter. The appearance of a policeman put a stop to any fighting, and he took both the belligerents to the station, escorted by an immense crowd of spectators.

The unfortunate bicyclist soon recollected that he had in his pocket his license on which was recorded the number of his machine. In consideration of this testimony the machine was handed over to the rightful owner.

The movements of air commonly called winds are due to the heat of the sun. The warm air, being lighter, rises, and the colder air flows in to take its place. This principle is beautifully illustrated at the seashore in summer, where the daily sea breezes are due to the air over the heated land being displaced by surrent of scoler air from the sea.