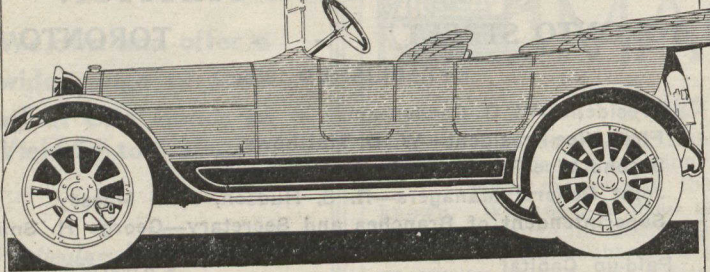


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\$1475

When you step through the wide doors of the Russell Light Six, and stretch out in the deep, well-cushioned tonneau, you realize the importance of length in a motor car. The day-after-day pleasure of driving in a big, roomy car makes long wheel-base a thing to be demanded.

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The Russell Light Six has a wheel-base of 121 inches. Road clearance, 10½ inches. Tires, 33 x 4 inches.

Motor—Continental 3¼ in. bore x 4½ in. stroke, a unit with transmission and clutch. WESTINGHOUSE two-unit electric starter and lighting system with double-bulb searchlights. UNDERSLUNG REAR SPRINGS, FULL-FLOATING REAR AXLE, with worm-bevel gears. VACUUM FUEL FEED, ONE-MAN TOP. NON-SKID TIRES on rear wheels. European Streamline body with oval fenders. Touring—\$1475. Cabriolet—\$1825.

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room and "Jock" lying on the hearth-rug by the fire. He said to his wife, "I don't seem to care for 'Jock,' and shall write to his late owner that I shall send him back." Mrs. Layard urged him to do so then and there, and after discussing the matter he rose to write the letter. Just then the servant came into the room to take "Jock" for a run before shutting up the house. No sooner was the garden gate opened, than away ran "Jock," into the darkness, and he has not been seen since!

He had been taken out in the same way before, and always returned on being called! He seemed to have had foreknowledge that he was to be sent off!

Dr. Barford, of Wokingham, had a Welsh terrier, "Taffside," which had a great objection to the regulation muzzle, took it off, and hid it somewhere. He was seen by a policeman without his muzzle, and his master summoned. The case was to be heard on one Saturday (Dr. Barford's children had told "Taffside" he was a wicked dog to lost his muzzle, and his master would have to go to the Court, but, really he, "Taffside," ought to be there, as he was to blame for losing the muzzle.) The case was postponed on account of illness of the policeman. Dr. Barford was told of the postponement by letter, but forgot to tell the children. On Saturday's Court being

held, the Magistrates were greatly astonished at seeing "Taffside" appear in Court, sitting solemnly in front of them. This story is related by Miss A. M. Wood, of Wokingham, who does not say how "Taffside" learnt the day and place where the Court would be held!

#### Communicating Together.

DR. WALTER F. ATLEE relates that a man named George Cosgrove had his arm broken, and often came to his surgery for attention. He was always accompanied by a large, fierce-looking bulldog, which watched the doctor most carefully, and kept very unpleasantly near while he was dressing and bandaging his master's arm! A few weeks after Cosgrove's recovery Dr. Atlee heard a noise at his surgery door, as if some animal was scratching it. On opening the door he saw Cosgrove's bulldog, accompanied by another dog holding up one of its front legs, evidently broken. They gravely entered the surgery. Dr. Atlee applied splints and adhesive plaster after straightening the injured limb. They left immediately afterwards, but the dog which came for medical attention was not again seen by the doctor, but must have been told by Cosgrove's dog that Dr. Atlee was the man for him, as he had cured his master!

## Mickey and the Duchess

(Continued from page 9.)

them, who had given them many a good day's hunting and had saved his skin so long that he was considered all but immune.

The two horses kept together all day, and the riders willy-nilly. They ended up fifteen miles from home, with the early afternoon drawing in and the rain coming on to a downpour. All through those hours Kitty had remained sulky. She could not acquit Percival Lumley of a most ungentlemanly persistence in following her about all day. She had not been free of him for one second.

NO words had passed between them. They had gone on doggedly riding through the mist while Kitty's rage and scorn grew. Now, when she turned about for home, he turned, too, Duchess pressing up as closely against Mickey as was consistent with the safety of riders.

"Your mare is fouling my horse," said Kitty, icily.

"I am so sorry," said Percival Lumley. "I thought it was your horse's fault. Duchess is certainly very wilful to-day."

She scorned to answer what she thought was an impertinence. The field had quite melted away. The master had jogged off in another direction, and the hounds had disappeared. They were quite alone in the wet October afternoon in the midst of the sheets of rain. And all of a sudden Kitty felt a sense of exhaustion. They had covered a deal of country, and she had eaten nothing since morning, when she had been too excited to eat anything but a poor breakfast.

"Somewhere about here," she said, "ought to be Larry Casey's farm, where Mickey was reared. I wonder if he will remember. Mrs. Casey would give us a cup of tea. I am rather tired."

Then she did what she had never done in all her healthy life. She seemed to fumble with the reins, and then dropped forward. She would have fallen if he had not been quick. As it was he caught her just in time.

She had the briefest interval of unconsciousness before she came back to his alarmed face and the knowledge that his arms were about her and her cheek resting against his scarlet coat.

"Are you better, darling?" he asked, and she forgot to rebuke him, answering a little uncertainly that she was all right. She did not know what had happened to her.

"That pair of fools," he said, as a loud whinnying reached them, "seem to have found Mr. Casey's. I am so

sorry that Duchess was such a fool to-day."

"I thought it was Mickey," she said, smiling faintly. "At one time I thought it was you and I was very angry."

"No wonder. I couldn't make Duchess behave like a reasonable horse. She made her mouth like iron when I tried to give her room."

"Oh," said Kitty, finding the support of his arm comfortable—"Mickey was just the same. I might just as well have been pulling at the Pyramids."

"You must have thought me a vulgar, presuming cad."

"Oh, no," said Kitty, with a shocked air. "Of course, I never thought such a thing!"

And she really believed what she said.

They moved forward in the direction from whence the whinnying came.

"I really believe that Duchess came from somewhere about here," said Percival Lumley. "I bought her from Algy Savile, of the Hussars; he wanted something heavier. She is a trifle light for me. She would make an ideal lady's hack."

A gate banged and a voice came to them between the insane whinnying of the horses.

"Biddy! Biddy! Come out, for goodness sake, an' the childer wid you. Keep quiet now, darlin', will yez. If it isn't the colt an' the filly broke away and come back to see us."

The riders were abundantly fed and warmed under Mr. Casey's hospitable roof, while Kitty's riding habit and Mr. Lumley's coat were being dried. Kitty, in a loose jacket and skirt of clean stiffly starched pink print, belonging to Mrs. Casey, was more bewitching than ever while she sat by the fire, her eyes shining, her cheeks and lips glowing, her curls in a soft, wild confusion. The horses were being accommodated in the stable they remembered, while the small Caseys entertained them, renewing old ties.

"Wasn't it odd?" Kitty asked Mrs. Casey, as she drank the steaming tea with rich cream in it that was so delicious after the cold rain and the hard riding, "that neither Mr. Lumley nor I knew that the horses were brother and sister?"

"It was, then," said Mrs. Casey. "Sure they're delighted to be wid aich other. Horses have great nature in them. I wouldn't like to be partin' them. But sure there's no call, seein' the way things is."

"Imagine it being so apparent as all that," whispered Percival Lumley into Kitty's pink ear.