

THE WILD' GEESE

BY Stanley J. Weyman.

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Synopsis of Previous Chapters

Colonel John Sullivan, an Irish soldier, who has served abroad for many years, returns to his native Kerry on the sloop *Cormorant*, a French smuggling vessel, laden with Bordeaux wines. The cargo of the sloop is seized by the natives of Kerry against the protests of Captain Augustin, who realizes that he has no law on his side.

Colonel Sullivan is coldly received by Flavia and her brother, The McMurrugh, because of his men's faith and his undesirable position as their legal guardian. When Captain Augustin returns with Luke Asgill, the nearest justice, and demands the return of the confiscated cargo, Flavia and her guardian are in favor of returning the cargo on the captain's payment of the dues. The McMurrugh objects to this, but finally agrees to it on Colonel Sullivan's offer to get back Flavia's favorite mare, which was seized by British soldiers. The Colonel and his servant, Bale, set out and find the mare at the barracks of Tralee. The Colonel is invited into the mess room by the English officers, and one of them, named Payton, who seized the mare, throws wine in his face. The Colonel refuses to fight, because his right arm is permanently disabled. He wins a left-handed fencing bout with the man named Payton, at the same time winning the mare. At the time of his return to the barracks, he is amazed when Flavia drinks a toast to the king across the water and fears that a rising is contemplated. His fears are realized next morning when his kinsman, Ulick, wants him to leave the place and people to their fate. The Colonel refuses and the next morning after breakfast is invited to join a family council of war. He refuses to join the proposed uprising, knowing that the British are against him. He is informed by the McMurrugh and his friends that the Colonel may turn informer, and he returns to Tralee. The next morning the two are led out to their death by the agent of the McMurrugh, O'Sullivan Og. At the last moment this sentence is revoked and the Colonel and Bale are rowed out through the mist to imprisonment on a Spanish war ship in the harbor. The rowboat capsizes and the two prisoners, luckily escaping, take refuge on the French sloop, *Captain Augustin* and his sailors, under the Colonel's direction, steal to the house at Morrinstown under cover of the fog and seize and imprison the leaders of the uprising on the sloop. The Bishop and Admiral Cammock are to be carried to sea for a period and the McMurrugh, on swearing that he will attempt nothing against the Colonel, is set at liberty. The McMurrugh and his sister rebel at the Colonel's authority.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Counterplot

LUKE ASGILL rode slowly from the gates. The McMurrugh walked by his stirrup, talking rapidly—he, too, with furtive backward glances. In five minutes he had explained the situation and the Colonel's vantage ground. At the end of those minutes, "I see," Asgill said, thoughtfully, "Easy to put him under the sod! But you're thinking him worse dead than alive."

"Sorrah a doubt of it!"

"Yet the bogs are deep," Asgill returned, his nose snuffing faintly of rain. "You might do, with him first and his heir when the time came. Why not?"

"God knows," James answered. "And I've no taste to make the trial." Then he spoke of the will.

Asgill looked for some moments between his horse's ears, flicking his boot the while with his switch. When he spoke he proved in three or four sentences that his will was the stronger, his cunning was also the more subtle.

"A will is revocable," he said.

"It is."

"And the man that's made one may make another?"

"Who's doubting it?"

"But you're doubting it," Asgill rejoined—and he laughed as he spoke—that it would be in your favor, my lad."

"Never a bit do I doubt it," James said.

"No, but in a minute you will," Asgill answered. And, stooping from his saddle, he talked for some minutes in a low tone. When he raised his head again he clapped the McMurrugh on the shoulder. "There!" he said. "Now, won't that be doing the trick for you?"

"It's clever," James answered, with a cruel gleam in his eyes. "It is clever. The old devil himself couldn't be beating it by the length of his hoof."

"What's amiss with it?"

"A will's revocable," James said, with a cunning look. "And what he can do once he can do twice."

"Sorrah a doubt of that, too, if you're innocent enough to let him make one! But you're not, my lad. No; the will first and then!" Luke Asgill did not finish the sentence, but he grinned.

"Anything else amiss with it?" he asked.

"No; but the devil a bit do I see why you bring Flavy into it."

"Don't you?"

"I do not."

Asgill drew rein and in a gesture made him groom ride on. "No!" he said. "Well, I'll be telling you. He's an obstinate dog; faith, as obstinate a dog as ever walked on two legs! And left to himself he'd maybe, take more time and trouble to come to where we want him than we can spare. But I'm thinking, James McMurrugh, that he's sweet on your sister."

The McMurrugh stared. "It's jesting you are?" he said.

"It's the last thing I'd jest about," Asgill answered solemnly. "It is so whether she knows it or not, I know it. And so do you see if she's in this, 'twill do more—take my word for it that know—to break him down and draw the heart out of him, so that he'll care little one way or the other, than anything you can do yourself."

James McMurrugh's face reflected his admiration. "If you're in the right," he said, "I'll say it for you, Asgill, you're the match of the old one for cleverness. But do you think she'll come to it, the jewel?"

"She will."

James shook his head. "I'm not thinking it," he said.

"Are you not?" Asgill answered, and his face fell and his voice was anxious.

"And why?"

"Sure and why? I'll tell you. It was but a day or two ago I'd a plan of my own. It was to swear the plot upon him; swear he'd come off the Spanish ship, and the rest, if you see, and get him clapped in Tralee jail in my place. More, by token, I was coming to you to help in it. But I thought I'd need and told her she was like a hen you'd take the chickens from!"

Asgill was silent for a moment. Then, "You asked her to do that?" he said, in an odd tone.

"Just so."

"And you're wondering she didn't do it?"

"I am."

"And I'm thankful she'd not be doing it," Asgill retorted.

"Oh!" James exclaimed. "You're mighty particular all in a minute, Mr. Asgill. But if not that, why this. Eh? Why this?"

"For a reason you'd not be understanding," Asgill answered coolly. "But I know it myself in my bones. She'll do this if she's handled. But there's a man that'll not be doing it at all, and that's Ulick Sullivan. You'll have to be rid of him for a time, and how I'm planning that."



"I Am Wanting To Give You a Warning," She Said

"And still there's a thing you must be planning, my lad. It's only to a Protestant he can leave it, and you must have one ready. Now, if I—"

"No!" James cried with sudden energy. And he drew back a step, and looked at Ulick in the face. "No, Mr. Asgill," he continued; "if it is to that you've been working, I'd as soon him as you! Ay, I would! I'd sooner turn myself!"

"A man believe that?"

"A hundred times sooner!" James repeated. "And what for not? What's to prevent me? Eh? What's to prevent me?"

"Your sister," Asgill answered.

James' face, which had flamed with passion, lost its color.

"Your sister," Asgill repeated with gusto. "I'd like fine to see you asking her to help you turn Protestant! Faith, and, for a mere word of that same, I'll warrant she'd treat you as the old gentleman treated you!"

"Anyway, I'll not trust you," James replied, with venom. "Sooner than that I'll have—ay, that will do finely—I'll have Constantine Hasson of Dunpa. He's holder for three or four already, and the whole country calls him honest! I'll have him and be safe."

"You'll do as you please about that," Asgill answered equably. "Only, mind you, I don't use my wits for nothing. If the estate's to be yours, Flavia's to be mine—if she's willing."

"Willing or unwilling for what I care!" James answered brutally.

Asgill did not hide his scorn. "An excellent brother!" he said. "And so, good day to you."

The McMurrugh watched the rider go, and twice he shook his fist after him.

"Marry my sister, you dog," he muttered. "Ay, if it will give you my place again! But for helping you to the land first and to her afterward, as you'd have me, you schemer, you bog-trotter, it would make Tophet's dog sick! You say an agister? Now, marry sister, would you? It will be odd if I don't jink you yet, when I've made use of you! I'm a schemer, too, Mister Asgill, only—one at a time. The Colonel first, and you afterward! Ay, you afterward, brother-in-law."

With the last gesture of defiance he returned to the house.

It was two or three days after this, in a interview that Colonel Sullivan, descending at the breakfast hour, found Flavia in the room. He saw her with surprise, for during those three days the girl had not sat at meals with him. Once or twice his entrance had surprised her, but it had been the signal for her departure; and he had seen no more of her than the back of her head or the tail of her gown. More often he had found the men alone and had sat down with them, far from resenting this avoidance, he had found it proper. He suffered it patiently, and hoped that by steering a steady course he would gradually force her to change her opinion of him.

That she was already beginning to change he could scarcely believe; yet, when he saw on this morning that she meant to abide his coming, he was secretly and absurdly elated.

She was at the window, but turned on hearing his step. "I am wishing to speak to you," she said. But her unforgiving eyes looked out of a hard cut face, and her figure was still as a sergeant's cane.

After that he did not try to compass a commonplace greeting. He bowed gravely. "I am ready to listen," he answered.

"I am wanting to give you a warning," she said. "Your man Bale does not share the immunity which you have secured, and if you'll be taking my advice you will send him away. My uncle is riding as far as Malloy; he will be absent ten days. If you think fit, you will allow your man to go with him. The interval may—she halted as if in search of a word, but her eyes did not leave him—"I do not say it will, but it may mend matters."

"I am obliged to you," he answered. Then he was silent, reflecting.

"You are not wishing," she said, with a touch of contempt, "to expose the man to a risk you do not run yourself?"

"Heaven forbid!" he answered.

"But—"

"If you think he is a protection to you," she continued in the same tone, "do not send him away, but let him stay."

"He is not that," he replied, unmoved by her taunt. "But I am alone, and he is a comfort to me."

"As you please," she answered.

"Nevertheless he shall go," he continued. "It may be for the best, but I was thinking that if he rejected this overture, she might make no other."

"In any case," he added, "I thank you."

She did not deign to answer, but turned and went out. On the threshold she met a serving boy and she passed so close that the Colonel caught a momentary glimpse of her face. It wore a strange look, of disgust or of horror—he was not sure which—that appalled him; so that when the door closed upon her, he remained gazing at it. Had he misread the look? Or—what was its meaning? Could it be that she hated him to that degree! He was in a brown study when Uncle Ulick came in and confirm the story of his journey.

"You had better come with me," he said. "I shall be at Tralee one night, and at Ross Castle one night, and at Malloy the third."

But Colonel John had set his course and was resolved to abide by it. After breakfast he saw Bale, and the man consented to go—with forebodings at which his master affected to smile.

"None the less I misdo not them," the man said, sticking to his point. "I misdo not them, your honor. They were never so careful for me," he added grimly, "when they were for piking me in the bog!"

"The young lady had naught to do with that," Colonel John replied.

"The deuce take me if I know!"

"Nonsense, man!" the Colonel said sharply. "I'll not hear such words."

"But why separate us, your honor?" Bale pleaded. "Not for good, I swear. No, not for good. I hope."

"For your greater safety, I hope."

"Oh, ay, I understand that! But what of your honor's?"

"I have explained to you," the Colonel said patiently, "why I am safe here."

"For my part, and that's flat, I hate their blarney!" the man burst out. "It's everything to please you while they sharpen the pike to stick in your back!"

"Hush!" Colonel John cried sternly. "And for my sake keep your tongue under your teeth. Be more prudent, man."

"It's my belief I'll never see your honor again!" the man cried with passion.

"We've parted before in worse hap," Colonel John answered, "and come together again. We'll do the same this time."

The man did not answer, but for the rest of the day he clung to his master like a burr, and it was with an unusual sinking of the heart that Colonel John saw him ride away on the morrow. With him went Uncle Ulick, the Colonel's other friend in the house, and certainly the departure of these two seemed un-

lucky. But the man who was left behind was not one to give way to vain tears. He chided himself for a presentiment that belittled Providence. Perhaps, in the depths of his heart, he welcomed the change, finding cheer in the thought that the smaller the household at Morrinstown the more prominently and therefore the more fairly he must stand in Flavia's view.

That as it might, he saw nothing of her on that day or the following day. But though she shunned him others did not. He began to remark that he was seldom alone. James and the O'Beirnes were always at his elbow—watching, it seemed to him. They said little, but if he came out of his chamber he found cue in the passage, and if he mounted to it one forewent him! This dogging, this endless watching would have gone on to wretchedness, had it not been for the courtier, who wished to see something to him. But at the critical moment Morty O'Beirne popped up from somewhere and Darby sneaked off in silence.

The Colonel thought that the would give him the chance of speaking. "Are you looking for your brother?" he asked, suavely.

"I am not," Morty answered with a gloomy look.

"Nor for The McMurrugh?"

"I am not," he answered, "but I am looking for a man that has his hands full with the young lady."

Colonel John was startled. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"Oh, that's a house. Sorrah a bit more than that. It's no very new thing in a family," Morty added. And he went out whistling. "Twas a' for Our Rightful King!" But he went, as the Colonel noted, no further than the courtier, whence he could command the room through the window. He lounged there, whistling, and now and again peeping.

Suddenly, on the upper floor, Colonel John heard a door open and the clamor of voices raised to a quickening pitch. James' voice, "Tell him? Curse me if you shall!" Colonel John heard him sharply closed, and he caught no more. He had not heard enough to quicken his pulses. What was it she wished to tell him? Was she seeking to follow up the hint which she had given him in Bale's behalf? And was the surveillance to which he had been subjected for the last two days aimed at keeping them apart?

Colonel John suspected that this might be so; and his heart beat more quickly. At the evening meal he was early in the room when the time came that he might appear before the others. But he did not descend, and the meal proved unpleasant beyond the ordinary. James drinking more than was good for him and taking a tone brutal and choleric. For some reason, the Colonel reflected, the young man was beginning to lose his fears. Why? What was he planning?

"Secure as I seem, I must look to myself," Colonel John thought. And he slept that night with his door bolted and a loaded pistol under his pillow. Next morning he took care to descend early, on the chance of seeing Flavia before the others appeared. She was not down, he thought, and she did not come. But when he had been in the room five minutes a serving girl slipped in at the back, showed him a scared face, held out a scrap of paper and when he had taken it, in a panic without a word.

He hid the paper about him, and read it later. The message was in Flavia's hand; neither James nor the O'Beirnes were capable of penning a grammatical sentence. Colonel John's spirits rose as he read the note.

"Be at the old Tower an hour after sunset. You must not be followed."

"That is more easily said than done," he commented.

Not did he see how it was to be done. He stood, eyeing his brain to evolve a plan. But he found none that might not, by awakening James' suspicions, make matters worse. He had at last to let things take their course, in the hope that when the time came they would shape themselves favorably.

They did. For before noon he gathered that James wanted to go fishing. The O'Beirnes also wanted to go fishing, and for the general convenience it became him to go with them, and he did neither nor yes, but he dallied with the idea until it was time to start and they had made up their minds that he was coming. Then he declined.

James swore. The O'Beirnes scowled at him and grumbled. Presently the three went outside and held a conference. His hopes rose as he sat smiling to himself, for their next step was to call Darby. Evidently they gave him orders and left him in charge, for a few minutes later they were off, spending their anger on one another and on the barefoot gossamers who carried the tackle.

Later in the afternoon Colonel John took up his position on the horse block; there he affected to be busy plaiting horsehair lines. Every two or three minutes Darby showed himself at the door, and presently the butler came again, found him still seated there and withdrew—this time with an air of finality. "He's satisfied," the Colonel muttered, and the next moment he was gone also. The light was winking fast, the night was falling in the valley. Before he had traveled a hundred yards he was lost to view.

When he had gone a quarter of a mile he halted and listened, with his ear near the ground, for the sound of pursuing footsteps. He heard none, nor any sounds but the low of a cow whose calf was being weaned, the "Whoo! ho!" of a dog beginning to howl beside the creek, and the creak of a door being shut. He straightened himself with a sigh of relief and hastened at speed in the direction of the waterfall.

Here he stood on the platform and made out the shape of the Tower loom in dark and huge above him, he had come to the conclusion that the need which forced Flavia to such a place at such an hour must be great. The moon would not rise before eleven o'clock, the last shimmer of the water had faded into unattractive blackness beneath him; he had to tread softly and with care to avoid the brink.

He peered about him, hoping to see the figure emerge behind him. He did not and, disappointed, he coughed. Fin-

ally, in a subdued voice, he called her name once and twice. Alas! Only the wind, softly stirring the grass and whispering in the ivy, answered him. He was beginning to think that she had fallen asleep, when, at no great distance before him, he fancied someone moved. He groped his way forward half a dozen paces, found a light break on his view and stood in astonishment.

The movement had carried him beyond the face of the Tower and so revealed the light, which issued from a doorway situated in the flank of the building. He paused, but second thoughts reassured him. He saw that in that position the light was not visible from the lake or the house; and he moved quickly to the open door, expecting to see Flavia. Three steps led down to the basement room of the Tower; great was his surprise when he saw below him in this remote, abandoned building—in this room three feet below the level of the soil—a table set handsomely with four lighted candles in tall sticks and furnished besides with a silver inkhorn, pens and paper. Beside the table stood a couple of chairs and a stool. Doubtless there was other furniture in the room, but in his astonishment he saw only these.

He uttered an exclamation and descended the steps. "Flavia!" he cried. "Flavia!" He did not see her, and he moved a pace toward that part of the room which the door hid from him.

Crash! The door fell to, dragged by an unseen hand. Colonel John sprang toward it, but too late. He heard the grating of a rusty key turned in the lock; he heard through one of the loopholes the sound of an inhuman laugh, and he knew that he was a prisoner. In that moment the cold air of the vault struck a chill to his bones, but it struck not so cold nor so deathlike as the knowledge struck to his heart that Flavia had duped him. Yes, before the crash of the closing door had ceased to echo in the stone vaulting he knew that, he felt that! He had tricked him. He let his chin sink on his breast. Oh, the pity of it!

(To be continued)

PLANTS WE OUGHT TO GROW

PEAS and beans and a few other pod-bearing plants are familiar to our gardens, but there are ever so many others that might be tamed to useful account if we did but know about them.

Recently the Government Plant Bureau has been making experiments with a number of such legumes—for instance, the "kudzu" of Japan, which is a large-leaved and woody plant. The Japanese extract from its thick roots a starch of unusually fine quality, which is used mostly for confectionery.

The fibre of its stems is utilized in the manufacture of a cloth of coarse texture for wrapping, some of which is imported into the United States under the name of grass cloth.

Seeds of the "guar" were first obtained from India by the Plant Bureau six years ago. It is a pod-bearing annual, remarkable for its prolific yield and for its resistance to drought. At Chico, California, a fine crop was produced without irrigation and without a drop of rain from the time it was planted until it was nearly matured. A single plant produced two hundred and sixty pods. The seeds are said to be exceedingly nutritious, and in India the natives eat the green pods as a vegetable, like string beans.

The "moth bean" is another pod-bearing annual from India, where it is grown principally for its seeds, which are used as human food. It runs over the ground, forming mats two or three feet in diameter, and its foliage is so dense that there is practically no evaporation from the soil beneath it. Trials made in this country have shown that it will yield two tons of pods to the acre. It is superior in quality to the cow pea and is thought to be specially adapted to the Panhandle region of Texas.

In China and Japan the "adzuki bean" is largely grown for human food. It is quite as prolific as the famous "soy bean," producing forty bushels or more of seed to the acre. Another Asiatic legume is the "kuli," which runs in a densely-matted vine over the ground. In India it is grown chiefly for its seeds, which are eaten by the poorer classes.

The World, it appears, is much richer than the New in pod-bearing plants. Careful study of the subject indicates that the Arabian legumes ought to flourish in Arizona, the climate being much the same. Similarly those of India and southeastern Asia do well in our cotton states—as illustrated by cow peas, crab grass and velvet beans. The high plains of northern Texas are much like the highlands of India in respect to climate, and practically every plant introduced from that part of the world has thriven well in the Texas Panhandle.

The new Year Book of the Department of Agriculture, in summarizing these facts, states that the Great Plains region east of the Rockies and west of the one-hundredth meridian is very much like the steppes of the interior of Asia, whence many valuable forage plants, including alfalfa, have already been brought to this country. The middle and south Atlantic states resemble in their climate China and Japan. All indicated that the legumes of those states, many of them finding themselves so much at home that they have literally taken to the woods and behaved like natives. Examples in point are the Japanese honeysuckle, the albanthus, the Japanese clover, and the recently-introduced Chinese violet.

The western portions of Oregon and Washington are, in point of climate, much like the British Isles, and practically every plant that thrives in those states is at home on our northwest coast, or vice versa.

HEIGHT OF WAVES

MEASUREMENTS and estimates from mariners and observers at sea indicate that the average height of all waves running in a gale in the open ocean is about 20 feet, but the height of the individual waves is often found to vary in the proportion of one to two, and there is, in fact, no regular sea, no incompressible range of size among waves. In any statement that we may make as to the size of waves in a gale on the ocean we should not neglect the mention of the larger waves that occur at fairly frequent intervals. These, which may be termed the ordinary maximum waves, are perhaps what seamen refer to when they state the size of the waves met with during a storm at sea. "About 40 feet" is a common estimate of the height of the larger waves in a severe

CLIFF DWELLERS OF ALASKA

FIVE hundred feet above the troubled surface of Bering Sea, which dashes itself to spray on the bare rock wall far below them, lives a race of real cliff dwellers, writes the Nome correspondent of the *Seattle Times-Intelligencer*. How long these strange people have been nestled in the caverns of Kings Island no one pretends to know. But they are there today, living in much the same way as anthropologists say our ancestors lived long ago after they had given up roosting in trees.

Kings Island, like the Diomedes and other islands in Bering Sea and Bering Strait, is of limestone formation, with what the geologists call granite intrusions. This peculiar formation is favorable to the formation of caves, and Kings Island's honeycombed with caves and grottoes. One great cave is more than two hundred feet in height.

The Eskimos who inhabit these caves and whose descendants still cling here and down the precipitous ledges have added to the ancient cliff dwellings of a more remote period a newer type of dwelling. In winter they creep back into the rock chambers, that are greasy with the memory of much number and many big feasts in the days that were. But in summer the Kings Islander abandons his ancestral home and fixes up a home that is a thousand times more comfortable than the one than is the simple abode of a rover cave man. Great poles are fixed in the rocks, and on these is built a boxlike affair, which is then covered with walrus skin, whose walrus skin cabins look for all the world like cottages suspended on poles. But when the summer tourist approaches them he finds that every one is full of very live Eskimos, with sundry pups and venerable dogs scrambling out to give welcome to a stranger greeting.

Kings Island is the flat top of some sunken mountain. Its sides rise steeply and perpendicularly from the water to a height of over a thousand feet. All around its four miles of shore line there is not a square yard of beach, and only a few feet of water is fifty fathoms deep. Owing to the fact that the region about Bering Strait is almost always stormy, it is nearly always quite impossible for white men to land on the island. The native, by long practice, has learned how to land his nestling "comiak" and to launch it even when the bravest white man would fear to approach the rocky shore. In launching their big canoes several men get in and then canoe and barge down upon the surf as a wave is ebbing.

Although Kings Island is a barren rock, with practically no vegetation, the hundred or so natives who live there do not starve. In fact it is just possible that the average white family would much better off in the way of eating, when taste is left out of the question, than are these belated cliff dwellers on Kings Island. The sea around them abounds in walrus, and when the ice pack begins moving through Bering Strait great herds of walrus may be heard through the long snuit might beloveling like wild cattle. To an Eskimo walrus is just plain meat, and from the time that the walrus comes ashore the great sea monsters come to the ice until the last ton of blubber is stored in the great cave no one sleeps on Kings Island. Sometimes sixty walrus have been killed out of one herd by these daring and hunted natives. Many of these creatures run into many hundreds of dollars.

These cave people who live just below the Arctic Circle are also great whalers, and there is seldom a whale goes by that some of these levitating natives do not feel the savage thrust of the cliff dwellers' harpoons. With walrus and whale meat galore and hundreds of seals and thousands of Bering Sea tomcod, the Kings Islander manages to live fairly well.

Probably the finest ivory eribbage boards in the world come from Kings Island. Not only is the carving on these eribbage boards remarkably well done, but the drawings of the dead animals of the sea which adorn the surfaces are exquisitely done and make the boards very attractive to white purchasers.

GLISSADES FOR LOUSTS

FOR a long time herds of locusts devastated the island of Cyprus, marching across country, leaping and flying in swarms of hundreds of millions, destroying every green thing in their path. Observing that the insects could not retain a foothold on a smooth surface, an investigator of the name of Mattei tried the effect of placing screens of canvas stretched upon stakes and bordered at the top with a band of varnished leather in the path of the advancing host. In front of the line of screens, pits were dug, into which the locusts fell when they attempted to surmount the screens. The upper part of the pit was lined with smooth zinc. The imprisoned insects, unable to climb upon the zinc and pressed back by the thousands of fresh victims continually falling into the pit, were easily destroyed. This system was adopted throughout the island, and in a few years the locusts were practically exterminated.

ALUMINIUM COINS

IT is expected that aluminium coins of low value will be in circulation in France by the end of this year. It is interesting to note, in this connection, that the adoption of the proposition for an aluminium coinage in 1871 would have resulted in a heavy loss to the French Treasury. Although experts have declared it to be impossible that the value of the metal should decrease, it has now fallen to nearly half the price ruling thirty-eight years ago.

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