Friday, February 14, 1908

CURRENT TOPICS

The principal event of this week is, as many of you have read, the murder of the king of Portugal and his son. The king and queen with their sons and been paying a visit to Villa Vicora some distance rom Berlin. They had returned by train on Sat-

day, Feb. 1. In was feared the royal party might attacked and they were not only attended by an

ger was feared. As the carriage was being driven a large square a band of men who had been un-iced suddenly aimed their carbines and at the first

olley the king and crown prince were fatally wound, while Don Manuel the younger prince was in-

Three of the murderers were killed on the spot and

Perhaps the real cause lies in the ignorance of the

pernaps the real cause hes in the ignorance of the people. There are in Portugal, which is about half the size of the province of Manitoba, about five and a half millions of people. Only eighteen out of every undered of the inhabitants of Portugal have gone to school. Every man over the age of twenty-one who an read or write has a vote, but as so many of them the province ignorant it will be seen that very few have any

ignorant it will be seen that very few have any see in making the laws. The others must submit the few. For many years the electors have been ded into two parties, so nearly equal that neither

ild rule. There were many changes and at last king and a powerful leader named Franco dis-sed the cortes, or parliament, and ruled alone.

Then the people determined to govern the country without a king and having stored away arms and ammunition waited their opportunity. Whether the murder was committed by men in the employ of the republicans are whether it was the result of blind unreasoning hate is not known by the outside world. Franco, the man who seems to have been most to

ranco, the man who seems to have been most to lame has resigned and another premier has taken is place. The young prince Manuel who does not ppear to have been badly wounded, is king. For

e moment the country seems at peace. It may be at the blood that has been spilled will bring the ople to their senses and that all parties will unite

to help the king and premier to govern the country. Although King Carlos allowed himself to be persuaded to rule tyrannically he was not a cruel man. He was well educated, loved science and art and took a keen interest in sports

was well educated, loved science and art and took a keen interest in sports.

While it may be quite true that Premier Franco knew what was good for the country better than the quarrelsome members of the cortes, neither he more the king had a right to rule without the advice of preliment.

of parliament.

Queen Amelie is a very beautiful and accomplished woman. She belonged to the Bourbon family which ruled France for many centuries. It is only a few weeks since the king and queen of Portugal were visiting King Edward and Queen Alexandra and it is said the King of England warned King Carles of the danger he was in

The English government has trouble in India as well as in Ireland. England has done much for India. The people of that empire who were oppressed by their rulers, have, under British protection en-

by their rulers, have, under British protection enjoyed peace and safety. The government has built great irrigation works and in time of famine and of plague has spared no effort for the relief of the sufferers. Roads and bridges and many other useful public works have added to the comfort and convenience of the people. Education has spread through the country. But the people of India have very little part in their own government. They have grown discontented and English statesmen are anxiously considering what is best to do. For many years the wisest and best of Englishmen have been sent to govern India. The task before the present rulers is one that needs all their tact and judgment as well as firmness.

The Russian generals who surrendered Port Ar-

people of Austria want to build a railway

thur have been tried by court martial. The judge advocate has declared they should be punished by death. Failure in a general is looked upon as a

from Vienna to Athens, but their German neighbors object. Turkey and the little kingdoms to the north of it are a source of great jealousy among the countries of southern Europe. Either Austria, Germany or Russia could conquer any or perhaps all of them if the others would allow it. A railroad would give Austria an advantage that the other nations would not be willing to allow.

According to the newspaper reports many Japanse will go to the countries of South America as there

the work for them there, and the people are willing be employ them. Many of the countries are very rich that the people are idle and ignorant and though

the land is very fertile and the climate good little is produced. There are people still living who can remember when the greater part of North America was

trackless wilderness and Africa an unknown con-nent. What changes will take place during the life-me of boys and girls now at school would be hard

en to imagine. It is certain that the successfu

men of the future must be even wiser, braver and more skilful than those who are now at the head of

There has been some distress and much disorder

in Ireland. For many years the Irish people have been saying that if they had a parliament of their own they would be better governed. The majority of the

people in Great Britain think that one parliament is enough to rule the two islands, and that there is no

nore need for a separate government for Ireland than

there is for Scotland. This question of home rule, as it is called, has been talked about a great deal during the last twenty years or more, and the wisest and

in studying what ought to be done. The land in Ireland, like much of that in England and Scotland, formerly belonged to great landowners. Much of it has been bought from the owners and sold to the tenants as those who rented the land from the landords used to be called. There are still large tracts held by rich men on which beads of settings.

eld by rich men on which herds of cattle are past-

is wasted. They want to cut in up into small farms and sell these to men with families. If these men owned five acres or more it is said they could turn their little farms into market gardens and live happy

and contented. Those who know most about the country believe it would be wrong to punish severely

people who are annoying their neighbors by driv

le people who are annoying their heighbors by driving away their cattle and refusing to have anything do with them. They think that the poverty of the cople causes their discontent and that if they get

chance to earn a good living for themselves and eir families the country will become peaceable and

The C. P. R. is going to bring the Empresses from

Atlantic to the Pacific and very likely send our its to Australia. It is hard to imagine boats larger,

and somer and faster than the great ships that ply etween here and China and Japan. But when you see the new Empresses you will see that the new me is much better than the one we have now. As he harbor at Esquimalt is much larger and safer han Burrard in the control of the co

an Burrard inlet many people think that these big ins should stay there to unload their cargoes in-ead of crossing the Gulf of Georgia. If they did

ere would be more docks built at Esquimalt and it

There have been many rumors that the warships the coming back to their old station. There are w people who would not welcome the bluejackets

ould be a busy place.

d. Many people, among whom are members of British parliament, think that much of this and

best of statesmen have spent much time and the

os of the danger he was in

jured. The queen in some marvellous way escaped

three arrested. In the confusion many escaped.
What events led to this terrible tragedy, which
was intended to destroy the whole royal family of

armed guard but a watch was set at every spot where

ne ironing board.
of "elbow grease."

the means of which aned and renovated

aps the best of the anket and fasten

eparately and fasten ith drawing pins. adcrumbs with just em a slightly bluish ughly over the sating always working the

removed, shake well a clean, soft brush. each length through o not rub, but press

ush out briskly, folsists of sponging rong wind, then pin

nade by beating to-zinc ointment and

the hair all that can gne, one drachm of achm of castor oil, lavender and oil of

tightly corked bot uds once a week

rving and beautify-

drops of spirits of s of eau de cologne, hree ounces of cin-

atures of the drive hal Park, says the macy between man he park. Thanks to ons, no shooting is

tourist, "is positive-le chipmunks, with er impudently about n the roadside. The est tree, but nodded us likewise. Even he rank grass. We g by the road. Not t did they seek the of the seek the offy. They simply nkind was regarded trusted. The only wn bear. He turned party, yet it was to approach close to n the refuse thrown ration for the closes. ation for the guests inched and disputed t part indifferent to ame inquisitive and tire; and these ani-unfettered in their fairy tale, but it is

Thrasher Shark

(Silver Badge.) from Europe, just to see a fight behark. The thrasher ed himself on the the back with his

and Banks. is whole length out e shark fastened to to stay under water, to come up for his g it. We watched n we had to give it We watched ar away to see any-t is a myth, but it

that skirt the canadbed fast, ne men that blast,

Nicholas League.

the deed of high th naked hands, lifting sands

whose graves mark may see, their misery,

or roll of muffled

he day is past, whose word brooks

awake.

en a bitter fight is street

that skirt the canroadbed fast,

nadian Magazine. ter in London once

our by his talk on ode of bathing, the

ligion and form of most intimate se

nade a great sensa-ng man said in an an! He seems to the Japanese guest

hers are few prettier places in British Columbia Burnaby lake, a few miles from Westminster, the lake live two families of English gentlemand Hill. They settled in the neighborhood some years ago and have been very successful farmTheir homes are within sound of the tramcars

ers. Their homes are within sound of the tramcars and a highroad runs past them.

In this settlement there was a startling adventure on Sunday evening in which a Norwegian named Namen proved himself a worthy successor of the old Vikings. Bernard Hill and George Clayton, two schoolboys, had gone out skating on Burnaby lake. A. Nansen had been sent to look after them. All three were returning home when Bernard Hill, who was leading the little party missed his footing in jumping over a log and fell backward on the body of a huge bear. The bear, startled and angry, leaped at the lad with a fierce growl, but before he could reach him Nansen put his arm into the bear's mouth and caught him by the throat. The bear and man then wrestled fiercely and Clayton tried to stab the brute with a large knife which he carried. Young Hill ran for help, but before he returned the bear loosened his hold and escaped to the woods. Nansen's arm was terribly mangled in the encounter. Bernard Hill owes his life to the heroism of the brave Norwegian.

THE TRIUMPHS OF THE TWINS

The Twins were five years old; and on a certain beautiful September afternoon of their happy, busy little lives, they wandered, hand in hand, to their father's room as he sat writing. They waited for a few moments, because mother had always told them not to distant him. a few moments, because mother had always told them not to disturb him at his work. It was a wonderful book he was writing, and when it was finished he would read to them why the flowers have colors, and where the wild birds build their nests, and how the salmon sometimes live in the salt water and sometimes in the fresh.

Presently he look up at them and smiled

Presently he look up at them and smiled.

"Well, kiddles," he said, "what is it now?"

Cynthia spoke: "Mother says we've been very good today; so, may we go where we want to?"

"Of course you may, you quaint little people," he answered, "and as soon as I've finished, I'll come and look for you. Good-bye."

Perhaps it would have been widen if he had all the said of the said of

Perhaps it would have been wiser if he had asked where their desired haven might be, but he was intent on finishing a chapter, and supposed that their

mother knew.

But Cynthia and Arthur left the library, their little hearts beating all the faster for the joy they felt. A mile away, on the hill, stood a great grey house surrounded by a high wall. It appeared so remote to the tiny children, and so vast, that all the fairy tales they heard seemed to have for the inevitable mysterious castle, this great grey house on the hill. They had peopled it with prisoned princesses, and the grounds, where the country folks said mastiffs roamed at night, were full of dragons and other strange animals. They had often begged for permission to explore this fascinating house, but had never been allowed to do so for fear of the caretaker's dog. been allowed to do so for fear of the caretaker's dog. And now, all unwittingly their father had given them Outside the library door they discussed the situ-

"I shall take my sword," said Arthur valiantly, girding on a tiny blade; "mother says dragons always live underneath castles."

Arthur agreed readily. "It wouldn't be fighting fair," he said.

Then without taking any more notice of him, the

A PAGE FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

Then without taking any more notice of him, the twins commenced a thorough exploration of the room. There were furs, and bronzes and ivories, and things more wonderful than they had ever dreamed of, and as they exclaimed over the wonder of it all, the old man watched them in silence.

"Curious animals, children," he thought, and his mind went back to these days thirty years ago, when his only child had been a boy about the age of this little stranger who made himself so much at home. Then he thought about the boy as he grew up; and, Then he thought about the boy as he grew up, and, finally, the last scene came back to him—when he drove the boy, a grown man then, penniless from his home because he chose to marry another woman than the one his imperious father desired. When his son went, happiness closed its door to him, and even the

amassing of money was losing its charm.

He was awakened from these reverles by Cynthia's sice. "Poor old man!" she said, "poor old man!"
He pulled his hand away, not roughly, but deddly. "Why do you say that?"
"You've been crying," she returned grayely: "look."
"Tut-tut!" he exclaimed, "nonsense."

But all the same there was a telltale tear on his

'You haven't told me who you are," he said.

"I am Cynthia, and this is Arthur" She shook hands gravely, and Arthur followed suit. He had discarded his tin sword for a priceless Chinese ivory simitar.

It was a very difficult conversation, the old man thought. He was utterly at a loss what to do or say. But Cynthia, after a whispered conversation with her brother, broke the silence. "Please, can we have some warm milk?" she asked.

It was the old man's first impulse to ring for the servants, but he hoped to get rid of his visitors without letting the servants know of their intrusion. He determined to give them milk and send them home, for he saw nothing strange in sending such young children into the growing darkness. They pulled chairs to the table, and sat one each

The younger man commenced to speak, but was waved down impatiently.
"Don't talk loud. You don't seem to understand that children need sleep."

The father stared in astonishment. Here were his

ildren sleeping happily, and his father telling him

he did not understand their needs.
"He's going to be an engineer," said the old man a minute later, indicating the sleeping boy: "that's what I wanted you to be, instead of studying birds, insects, and that kind of rubbish. Sit down Richard. There's cold black coffee. I gave the children all

"You gave them milk?" said the other incredulously.
"And why not?" snapped his father. "Are you the

only one to understand children?"

There was triumph in his tone as he added, "I may tell you that they both said I prepared it better than even their mother did." His son smiled. "How many lumps did you put

he asked. "Seven in Cynthia's cup and nine in Arthur's."
"Good heavens!" cried their father, "two is all they

e allowed."
"To think," said the old man, apostrophizing space, "that he doesn't know how to feed his own children! Richard, you never had much sense. Tell me this much: are you sorry for your disobedience?" "I'm proud of it," said the other. "I did the first od thing in my life when I married my wife."

The old man did not answer him for a time. When he did, he spoke of another subject. He pointed to

"Did you ever see anything so shell-like?" he asked. "I don't know where she gets such pretty ears from. All the women of our family have ugly ones."
"They are her mother's," said the other briefly.
"Has your wife the same eyes and expression?"

"Yes," said his son. A few seconds later, the old man stood up, very carefully, lest he should awaken the child. "You take the engineer," he told his son, "I'll take

trusted, from the colonel down to the drummer boy. I have heard men in the barrackroom upbraid K. of K. in no measured terms for his harshness, only to confess a few moments later that he was the best man in the service. But some there are a favored few, perhaps—who will remember many little touches of human nature the great soldier has betrayed. Those will owere at Komatlepoort in the late war will remember one. The guns had stuck in the mud. Neither horses nor men could more them. Kitchener. member one. The guns had stuck in the mud. Neither horses nor men could more them. Kitchener dismounted. The "Tommies" looked up amazed, for the great K. of K. had got his tunic off, was at a spare place against the limber, and was pushing like grim death. The gun creaked, moved and a moment more was out of the mud. It was not Kitchener's strength that moved it but the climbing down of this strength that moved it, but the climbing down of this man to their level put fresh heart into the troopers. A Short Way With Shirkers.

A Short Way With Shirkers.

Kitchener has a wholesome horror of shirkers. During the late war he heard that a certain number of officers had decided to remain at a hotel at Cape Town till the roughest work was over, instead of going up to the front. He accordingly strolled into the hotel one afternoon, and asked to see the register. This at first was refused, but, learning who he was, the manager gave way. Kitchener took note of the names, and then went upstairs, three steps at a time. He found a whole bevy of officers playing cards. "Now, then," he said, "the troop train goes at 10.30, the boat for England at 4 a.m. Take your choice."

Another pet aversion of his is effeminacy. During the war a certain colonel came to him with his eyeglass fixed. Kitchener spotted it at once. "Colonel X.—," he said, "is it necessary for you to wear that eye-glass?" "Absolutely, sir," replied the other. "That's a pity. I was going to offer you a place on my staff. As it is, you must go down to the base. I want no short-sighted men here."

GEOGRAPHICAL GAME

What country in Europe would you carve at Christmas? Turkey.

What country in Europe describes the perpetual condition of the small boy? Hungary?

What city in southern France would be dangerous to meet in the desert? Lyons.

What country in Europe would you use on the griddle before making pancakes? Greece.
What two towns in France reminds a person of a small boy with his father's trousers on? Toulouse

What sea in Europe would make a good sleeping room Adriatic.
Why should old maids go to Ceylon? Because

Why should old maids go to Ceylon: Because the inhabitants are all Singalese (he'es).

What island in the Irish sea is in great demand because of its scarcity at summer resorts? Man.

What bay in New York should be served with pepper and salt? Oyster.

If you were commencing a dairy business what summer resort in the south of England would you Name two islands representing the breed you would select? Jersey and Alderney.
What country in South America describes your feelings on a winter morning when all the fires are

What geographical features would then be desir able? Capes.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

The drawing teacher had been giving a lesson on cubes, and some of the pupils had given examples. The teacher wanted more, but no one could think of any. Finally, a boy said:

"I know a good cube—half a pound of butter"

"Why, that is excellent" cried the teacher.

"Now, who can give me another example, as good as Henry's?"

Then she saw a hand waying wildly at the back. Then she saw a hand waving wildly at the back of the room.
"Well, Willie, what is it?"

"Why, the other half-pound of that butter," said Willie, triumphantly.

"That's All!" A well-known humorist one night at the theatre fancied he saw a friend some three seats in front of him. Turning to his next neighbor, an over-dressed

Would you be kind enough to touch that gentle-"Would you be kind enough to touch that gentleman with your stick?"

"Certainly," was the reply, and the thing was
done. When the individual in question turned round,
the humorist saw he was not the man he took him
for, and became absorbed in the play, leaving the
youth with the cane to settle matters with the gentleman in front. As he had no excuse ready this
was re done without considerable trouble. When the was no done without considerable trouble. When the disturbance was over, the victim said:

'Didn't you tell me to tap that man with my "And what did you want?"
"Oh," said the other, with imperturable gravity, wanted to see whether you would tap him or not,

WITH THE POETS

Sunset By Ruth Livingston, Aged 9. (Silver Badge Winner."

> The royal sun sinks slowly down Behind the purple hills so tall, And children look with wondering eyes Up at the glowing ball, And all the world is still

And now appears a lordly troop; In splendor great comes dressed the queer With all her lords and ladies garbed In robes of silvery sheen-A fairyland of clouds.

The birds now sing their evening psalm And cuddle in their soft, warm nests. The mother sings her child to sleep, The weary peasant rests;

-St. Nicholas League.

A Skating Song Hurrah for the wind that is keen and chill. As it skirts the meadows and sweeps the hill: Hurrah for the pulses of swift delight That tingle and beat in the winter's night, When over the crystal lake we glide, Flying like birds o'er the frozen tide.

Hurrah for the lad with the sparkling eye, For the joyous laugh and the courage high! Hurrah for the health that is glad and strong So that life is gay as a merry song, For the motion fearless, smooth, and fleet, When skates are wings to the flying feet.

Hurrah for the landscape broad and fair Spread boldly out in the brilliant air! Hurrah for the folds of the sheeted snow, On the mountains high, in the valleys low; Hurrah for the track where the skaters glide Fearless as over a highway tried!

Hurrah for the girls who skate so well-Dorothy, Winifred, Kate, and Nell! Hurrah for the race we're bound to win, And the curves and figures we mean to spin! Hurrah for the joy that wings our feet, When like gay dancers we pass and meet

Who chooses may boast of the summer time. Hurrah we cry for the frost and rime. For the icicles pendant from roof and caves. For snow that covers the next year's sheaved Hurrah for the gleaming, glassy lake Where the skaters hold their pleasure take? -Harper's Xoung People



Cynthia's blue eyes sparkled. "Oh, yes," she cried, os then you can rescue me when I'm carried away

There were many obstacles for the children to ercome before they could reach the gray house, and once or twice they lost their way, so it was nearly seven o'clock when they came to the big bronze gates. They could see that all the garden paths had been newly cleaned, and the big gate stood ajar. After being empty for some years, the house had been sold, and lacked the wild, forgotten air they anticipated. But it was somber enough to awe them and the sound of a dog's distant baying made Cynthia cling to her brother's arm. "Oh, Arthur," she said, "get your sword ready, to rescue me at once if the

'As quick as I can," said the hero; "but you see, Cynthia, I'm not very big yet."
"But the dragons always get killed," said his sister

Very big the house seemed to them as they neared, and the absolute lack of sound almost frightened "I think we ought to go home," said Arthur;

"there isn't any dragons here."
"Oh, no," said Cynthia, feeling certain of rescue under any conditions; "we must go all over the house. We may find lovely things."

Arthur brightened up. "Will there be any engines?" he asked hopefully.

"Princes and princesses," said Cynthia with dignity "don't play with silk, said cynthia with dignity "don't play with silk, said cynthia.

y, "don't play with silly old engines."

Arthur paused a moment, and then, putting on a bold front, stepped through an open French window into a very large room. Their little feet made no noise on the heavy Persian rug, and, unobserved, they

saw an old man sipping coffee as he sat at the din-ner table. Arthur, after a swift glance, felt much relieved, and remarked, "Why, it's only a man, Cyn-thia!" The old man looked up, startled, and the girl turned to her brother. "Yes, he's just an old man, and not handsome enough for a prince."

Their tones indicated deep disappointment. The old man, who was very tall and heavily built, frowned at them. He knew nothing of children, and, knowing nothing, thought he disliked them, and

knowing nothing, thought he disliked them, and knowing nothing, thought he disliked them, and classed them with lapdogs and similar nuisances.

"Go away, you children," he said.

They looked at him open-mouthed, for they had not been accustomed to being spoken to in anything had said to be a second them. but gentle tones. Seeing them make no motion to obey him, the old man struck the table with his clenched fist. "Go away," he repeated. To his astonishment they burst into laughter. "Do that again," they said.

"Do what?" he demanded.
"Make the cups jump," answered Arthur.
He looked at them for a moment. "Wha

want?" he asked.
"We came to kill the dragon," said Cynthia, readler of tongue than her brother. "Is there one here, 'Only me," retorted the old man, with something

like a smile.

Cynthia looked at him critically. "I don't think Arthur could kill you," she said, "you're too big. Isn't he, Arthur?"

There was plenty of milk, now almost cold, in the silver jug, and he handed a cup to the boy, who made a wry face on tasting it. "Sugar," was his brief command. They finished the milk between them, and enjoyed some dessert. Then, when he was beginning to doubt whether the to doubt whether it would be kind to let them go home through the darkness unprotected, they made a

"You shall tell us a nice story, and then we will go Arthur lay at his feet, resting on the head of a

tiger, and Cynthia, in no wise afraid of him, twined her little arms around his neck.

And as he looked at their fresh faces so near his.

gine story they had ever heard, all about the strange things that are inside locomotives and what makes them go; and he captured Cynthia's hearf by making the engines bring carloads of dolls to a beautiful princess who lived in a tower.

As he neared the end of his story, he was aware they were asking fewer questions, and as he came to a triumphant finish he saw they were both asleep. He had never experienced a keener gratification than that which now took possession of him. His financial triumphs seemed trifling beside his success with these children. Had he not given them warm milk, told them an interesting story, and so won their confidence that they slept without the slightest fear?

A few minutes, later, he heard a step on the garden path, and a man entered by the open window—a tall pleasant-faced man of five and thirty, with hair thinning and turning gray at the temples. thinning and turning gray at the temples.

The brilliantly lighted room for the moment ob-"I have them here, Richard," answered the old man

them up."
The younger man started back in astonishment,

"What are you going to do with her?" asked the other, wondering.
"I'm going to take her to my daughter," he answered.—By W. H. Wyndham Martyn.

FAMOUS MEN

The following article about the greatest of living British generals is taken from Chums, and will be read with interest by all boys. It shows what sort man this is who wins the Empire's battles in all the lands where he has led her soldiers:

Kitchener, the Hero of Khartoum. In the army they call him "Hawkeye," because he misses nothing. His face betrays the indomitable will of the man; you can talk to him for an hour and his features will not relax. Nothing can be gleaned from his set expression: he has the reputation of being a strong stlent man and he gets up to it. He was silent man, and he acts up to it. He was born in Kerry.

He was a dull boy at school. Many great men are. His ignorance at school annoyed his father to such an extent that he threatened to take him away and send him to a dame's school with small children, and as Herbert Ritchener failed to pass a certain exam.

But when he was threatened with apprenticeship to a hatter, he set to and passed his exam. Then he started to make his career. His father was then living at Dinan, in Brittany, and thither the son went on a visit. Whilst there the Franco-Prussian war broke out, and he volunteered for service with the French. He was shot while attached to Chanzy's army of the Loire, and was invalided home. Risking Death in Egypt.

Next we find him as Lieutenant Kitchener, in Egypt, mapping the country, and whilst there he learned to speak Arabic—indeed, he could talk it so learned to speak Arabic—indeed, he could talk it so well that he could converse with Arabs without his nationality being discovered. Then, when trouble broke out, he volunteered to go as a spy. He dressed in Arab clothing, colored his face, grew a beard, and penetrated into the heart of the Arab camp. Once he witnessed an English spy put to death in such a bruwitnessed an English spy put to death in such a brutal manner that he was compelled to shudder, and so, to avoid being similarly treated, he bought a phial of cyanide of potassium, and always carried it about with him in case he fell into the enemy's hands. Once an Arab suspecting him shot at him, and the bullet entered his mouth. It fell out in his plate eventually, when he was dining with some friends ten years afterwards. He, however, "pumped" the principal Arabs as to their plans, and then a strange thing hapnened. He was captured, not by the Arabs, but by Arabs as to their plans, and then a strange thing happened. He was captured, not by the Arabs, but by his own troops! Chained to two other prisoners he was taken to the British headquarters and thrown into prison. Next morning when the orderly brought the prisoner some food he almost fainted when he heard the old "Arab," who was crouched in a corner growl out, "Say, orderly, had you better not tell Col. X—that my two companions are dangerous characters?"

Kitchener's rise up the military ladder was rapid, there was no holding him back. He was never a popular officer, but he was a man whom everybody

said Cynthia, dragging him to a big chair,

"Arthur will sit on the tiger rug, and I will sit on But what shall I do?" cried the dismayed old man.

he knew that he had missed that great pleasure which only the love and knowledge of little children can give to men. For a minute he could not trust himself to speak. Then, with an effort, he said, "But I don't know any stories."

"Then tell us something real," said Cynthia.

"Something about engines," interjected Arthur.
The old man looked at the boy in a kindlier fashion.
"Engines?" he said, "do you like engines?"
"Father says he's perfeckly ridiclus about them,"

But the old man made up the most wonderful engine story they had ever heard, all about the strange

"I must apologize for entering thus," he began, ut I have lost my two children; they were seen by the lodge-keeper to enter your grounds, and I picked up my little girl's hat outside this window. Are they here?"

in his deep, gruff voice; "be quiet or you will wake

The younger man started back in astonishment, his face wearing a sterner look.

"When you drove me from your home, sir," he said, "I swore never to enter a house which sheltered you; and I had no idea that you were within a thousahd miles of me. I came for my children and—"

"And found your father." The old man smiled grimly "You are in luck Richard." found your father." The old man smiled "You are in luck, Richard."