afterdon't care about Aunt
what you can do—"
ir fortune is not—" about my fortune, ittle gesture. "But I y happiness. Will you

says the professor

il take me away from ne small vivacious face ow. "I am not happy,
Jane. I"—clasping her
tting a quick, vindictive
eyes—"I hate Aunt
tys things about poor
Oh! how I hate her!" u shouldn't—you really ot. I feel certain you ought ays the professor, growing vagu-

very moment.
Ought I not?" with a quick little very moment.

Ought I not?" with a quick little laugh that is all anger and no mirth.

I do though, for all that I "—pausing and regarding him, with a somethat tragic air, that sits most funily upon her—am not going to stay here much longer!"

"What?" says the professor aghast.

But my dear,—Miss Wynter, I'm afraid you must."

"Your aunt."

"Your aunt."

"That's nothing—nothing at all—even a guardian is better than that. And you are my guardian. "Why,"—coming closer to him and pressing five soft little fingers in an almost feverish fashion upon his arm, "why can't you take me away?"

"I!"

"Yes, yes, you." she comes even

sort of

room, this laugh, and has the effect of frightening her altogether this time. She checks herself, and looks first down at the carpet, with the big roses on it, where one little foot is wriggling in a rather nervous way, and then up again at the professor, as wrigging in a rather nervous way, and then up again at the professor, as if to see if he is thinking bad things of her. She sighs softly.

"Have you come to see me or Aunt Jane?" asks she; "because Aunt Jane is out—I'm glad to say"—this last prianssimo.

"To see you," says the professor absently. He is thinking! He hastaken her hand and held it, and dropped it again, all in a state of high bewilds ment. "Yes, yes, you." she comes even nearer to him, and the pressure of the small fingers grows more eager—there is something in them now that might well be termed coaxing. "Do," says

nearer to him, and the pressure of the simal fingers grows more eager—there is something in them now that might with untidy hair, and her clothes pitchforked on to her?

"Well—I hoped so," says she, a little wistfully, as it seems to him, every trace of late sauciness now gone, and with it the sudden shyners. After many days the professor grows accustomed to these sudden transitions that are puzzling, yet so enchanting, these rap-ledge of the things that be? trace of late sauciness now gone, and with it the sudden shyness. After many days the professor grows accustomed to these sudden transitions that are puzzling, yet so enchanting, these rapid, inconsequent, but always lovely changes

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

The color mounts to his brow. He almost shakes off the little clinging fingers in his astonishment and agitation. Has she no common sense—no knowledge of the things that be?

She has drawn back from him and its regarding him somewhat strange-ly.

"Impossible to leave Aunt Jane?"

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

"Impossible to leave Aunt Jane?" asks she. It is evident she has not albestess, gently touching a chair near her with her slim fingers.

"Thank you," says the professor, and then stops short.
"You are—"
"You ard," says she ever so gently. You the mobatically. It is plain that the stops should be applied by the doesn't feel nearly as fond of his dead friend as he did an hour large.

"You are—"
"You reard," says she ever so gently, yet emphatically. It is plain that she is now on her very best behavior. She smiles up at him in a very encouraging way. "And you are my guardian, aren't you?"

"Yes," says the professor, with enthusiasm. He has pointed out to him, but on a very distant lounge. He is conscious of a feeling of growing terror. This lovely child has created it, yet why, or how? Was ever guardian mastered by a ward before? A desire to escape is filling him, but has got to do his duty to his dead friend, and this is part of it.

He has retired to the far-off lounge with a view to doing it as distantly as possible, but even this poor subterfuge fails him. Miss Wynter, picking up a milking-stool, advances leisurely toward him, and seating herself upon it just in front of him, crosses her hands over her knees, and looks expectantly up at him with a charming smile.

"Now we can have a good talk," says she.

Ig. He doesn't feel nearly as fond of his dead friend as he did an hour ago.

"Because," lucidly, "she is Aunt Jane. If she were your Aunt Jane you would know."

"I really wish," interrupts Miss wynter, petulantly, "you wouldn't call me 'my dear. Aunt Jane calls me that when she is going to say somethat when she is going to me 'my dear. Aunt Jane 'sour 'sour hand to me. 'Yes. What of your father?' asks the professor, hurriedly, the tears raising terror in his soul."

You knew him-speak to me of him," says she, a little tremulously.

"I knew him well indeed. He was younger. I was very fond of him."

"He was good to everyone," said Miss Wynter, staring hard at the professor. It is occurring to her that this grave sedate man with his glasses to dear to her.

"What are you going to tell me."

"What are you going to tell me." could never have been younger. He must always have been older than the gay, handsome, debonair father, who had been so dear to her.

CHAPTER III.

"And if you dreamed how a friend's smile,

"And if you dreamed how a friend's smile,

"Only what he used to called me—

smile,
And nearness soothe a heart that's sore,
You might be moved to stay

"Only what he used to caned me-Doatie! I suppose," wistfully, "you couldn't call me that?"

"I am afraid not," says the profes-

ight be moved to stay ile "I am afraid not," says the professor, coloring even deeper. "I'm sorry," says she, her young mouth taking a sorrowful curve. "But don't call me Miss Wynter, at all events, or 'my dear.' I do so want some one to call me by my Christian name," says the poor child, sadly. "Perpetua—is it not?" says the professor, ever so kindly. You might be moved to stay awhile "About?" begins the professor, and

Before my door."

Everything,"

know-I'm sure of it," says the

that might be

professor with a sigh that might be called a groan. "But your aunt, Miss Majendie—your mother's sister—

"I don't believe she's my mother's sister," says Miss Wynter, calmly. "I have seen my mother's picture. It is lovely! Aunt Jane was a changeling —I'm sure of it. But never mind her. You were going to say—"

"That Miss Majendie, who is virtually your guardian—can explain it all vou much better than I can."

"Everything," says sate, tell nod. "It is impossible to talk to the nod. "It is impossible to talk to Aunt Jane. She doesn't talk, she only argues, and always wrongly. But you are different, I can see that. Now tell me,"—she leans even more forward and looks intently at the professor, her pretty brows wrinkled as if with extreme and troublous thought—"What are the duties of a guardian?" "Oh!" says the professor. To him it seems very difficult to say. Is it possible she is going to ask him to call her by that familiar—almost affectionate—name? The girl must be mad. "Eh?" says the professor. He moves his glasses up to his forehead and then pulls them down again. Did ever

"Eh?" says the professor. He moves his glasses up to his forehead and then pulls them down again. Did ever anxious student ask him question so difficult of answer as this one—that this small maiden has propounded?

"You can think it over," says she most graciously. "There is no hurry and I am quite aware that one isn't made a guardian every day. Do you think you could make it out while I count forty?"

"I think I could make it out more quickly if you didn't count at all," says the professor, who is growing warm. "The duties of a guardian—are—er—er—to see that one's ward is compfortable and haven?"

It suggests itself to the professor "I think I could make it out more quickly if you didn't count at all," says the professor, who is growing warm. "The duties of a guardian—are—er—er—to see that one's ward is confortable and heavy."

are—er—er—to see that one's ward is comfortable and happy."

"Then there is a great deal of duty for you to do," says she solemnly, letting her chin slip into the hollow of "Good-by," says he, holding out his sex.
"Good-by," says he, holding out his

hand.
"You will come soon again?" de-

"You will come soon again?" demands she, laying her own in it.

Next week—perhaps."

"Not till then? I shall be dead then," says she with a rather mirthless laugh this time. "Do you know that you and Aunt Jane are the only two people in all London whom I know?"

"That is terrible," says he, quite sincerely.

rnat is terrible, says ne, quite sincerely.

"Yes. Isn't it?"

"But soon you will know people.
Your aunt has acquaintances. They—

to his inexperienced brain, that there has just been a row on, somewhere. Perpetua is sitting on a distant lounge, her small vivacious face one thunder-cloud. Miss Majendie, sitting on the hardest chair this hideous room contains is smiling. A terrible sign. The professor pales before it.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Curzon," says Miss Majendie, rising and extending a bony hand. "As Perpetua's guardian, you may perhaps have some influence over her. I say 'perhaps' advisedly, as I scarcely dare to hope any one could influence a mind so distorted as hers."

The professor glances keenly at the girl's downcast face, and then at Miss Majendie. The latter glance is a questions on the subject and some of them have been translated into English.

The Chief Inspector tells his officers

Perpetua looks at her with large,

Perpetua looks at her with large, surprised eyes.

"Why?" says she.

"I really think," interrupts the professor, hurriedly, who sees breakers ahead, "if I were to take Perpetua for a walk—a drive—to—er—to some place or other—it might destroy this ennui of which she complains. If you will allow her to come out with me for an heave are a very "

"If you are waiting for my sanction, Mr. Curzon, to that extraordinary proposal, you will wait some time," says Miss Majendie, slowly, frigidly. She draws the shawl still closer and sniffs again.

"But—"
"There is no 'But,' sir. The subject doesn't admit of argument. In my young days, and I should think," scrutinizing him exhaustively through her glasses, "in yours, it was not customary for a young genflewoman to go out walking, alone, with 'a man'!" If she had said with a famished tiger, she couldn't have thrown more horror into her tone.

The professer had shrunk a little from that classing of her age with his but has now found matter for hope in it.

To Be Continued

Chief Inspector of Police Ikigami Shiro, or Hiogo Ken, Japan, takes a fatherly as well as a disciplinary interest in the force under his command. He wishes the men to win the respect of foreigners by conforming to the strangers' ideas where circumstrated that the strangers' ideas where circumstances permit. He has given instructions to the commanding officers of respect of foreigners by conforming to stations on the subject and some of

tion.

"You hear her," says Miss Majendie coldly—she draws her shawl round her meagre shoulders and a breath through her lean nostrils that may be heard. "Perhaps you may be able to heard. "Perhaps you may be able to heard."

The Chief Inspector tells his officiency since the mutant they should not make tiny. Guns, horses, equipment and professional training are admitted to place they can help it. At any rate, they should not make tiny. Guns, horses, equipment and professional training are admitted to place they can help it. At any rate, they should not make tiny. Guns, horses, equipment and professional training are admitted to place they can help it. At any rate, they should not make tiny. Guns, horses, equipment and professional training are admitted to place they can help it. At any rate, they should not make tiny. Guns, horses, equipment and professional training are admitted to place they can help it. At any rate, they should not make tiny. Guns, horses, equipment and professional training are admitted to place they can help it. At any rate, they should not make tiny. through her lean nostrils that may be heard. "Perhaps you may be able to discover her meaning."

"What is it?" asks the professor, clothing prior to the call, and they matter of numbers, and the mobility. "What is it?" asks the professor, turning to the girl, his tone anxious, uncertain. Young women, with "wrongs" are unknown to him, as are all other sorts of young women for the matter of that. And this particular young woman looks a little unsafe at the present moment.

"I have told you! I am tired of this life. I am dull—stupid. I want to go out." Her lovely eyes are flashing, her face is white—her lips trembling. "Take me out," says she, suddenly. "Perpetua!" exclaims Miss Majendie. "How unmaidenly! How immodest!"

Some of Ikigami Shiro's directions matter of numbers, and the mobility of the field batteries has been in recent years amply tested in Indian campaigns and in the manoeuvres at Aldershot and on Salisbury Plain. The Transval artillery force is divided in the regular way into horse, field and garrison artillery and possesses a good and efficient telegraph staff. The men have been well drilled, and the shooting has been good and accurate. The weak point, however, is in the higher officers, who are utterly deficient in technical knowlest!"

per place. The former is however, sometimes carried into the room."

Some of Ikigami Shiro's directions as to conduct might be pressed upon the uniformed forces in the foreigners' countries. "Dress our hair and beard always," he says; "dirty clothing and ah unkempt head are an insult in civilized countries. Cut the finger nails properly and keep them clean. Keep your boots clean and your handkerchief clean. Don't spit in or out of the room; never smoke in presence of a lady; it is a gross insult to put out your hand to a lady before she does. Greetings to a foreigner are conveyed by a simple bow; don't shake hands with them if you are not invited to do so."

These are a few of Mr. Ikigami Shiro's lessons in deportment for his

Shiro's lessons in deportment for

WISE WOMAN.

Mr. Dukane—Ladysmith refuses to surrender to the Boers.
Mr. Gaswell—Ladysmith has learned to say No.

DEBIOUS GENEROSITY,

Mrs. Henpeck-It costs a great deal to keep me in the country all eck-Yes, my dear,

I never begrudged the

will take an overwhelming frame your to be a considered to be a consid

THE BOER ARTILLERY.

Higher Officers Are Deficient in Technica

In all the military forecasts of the probabilities of the war it was from the very first estimated that encounters between the British and Transvaal artillery could end only in one way. The Royal artillery force is perhaps the one branch of the British army which has been kept at the high-

utterly deficient in technical ledge. The Free State, indeed, ly intrusted its command to ly intrusted its command to Major Albrecht, an able German artilleryman but the Transvaal has retained its chief commands within the limits of the principal Boer families. The whole Transvaal corps is nominally under the command of Colonel Trichaardt, who as a subordinate officer was much ridiculed for coming up too late at Dornkof in the Jameson raid. Lieutenant Colonel Erasmus, the next in command, has no scientific training, and in the Mapoch war lost his gun to a small number of Kaffirs. Major Wolmarans and other officers, however, have studied in Holland, and as the standard of the Durch artillars is high standard of the Dutch artillery is high may have acquired some knowledge of handling their gups effectively. Up to a recent date there were no foreign officers in the artillery owing to the Boer jealousy and suspicion of the for-

EVENING SHOES.

The most fashionable evening shoes are of satin the exact shade of the dress. Back satin embroidered in various colors so that they will go with dress are more useful, and oper, according to the latest