## BATTLE WON.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AT A LOSS.

The next morning, as Mrs. Redmond was on her way to rehearsal, she met her husband. He stopped her as she was sailing along, her lips pursed up, her nose in the air, and her eyes on the other side of the

air, and her eyes on the other side of the way.

"I want to speak to you," he said. "Oh, that's no good," he added, as she creased her brows and jerked her head significantly over her shoulder. "Nessa won't see us. She went into the show half an hour ago; and I thought I'd take advantage of the occasion, you know, to drop in and have a chat with you."

'I sent you the money on Friday-what

else do you want?"
"That's the very thing I want to talk to
you about. Five pounds isn't enough."
"It's as much as you'll get out of me, any-

how."
"Oh, no, it isn't," he replied, shaking his

"Oh, no, it isn't," he replied, shaking his head with an incredulous smile.
"It's as much as I can afford—more. I have to pinch and deny myself absolute necessities to get it."
"Oh, that's all jolly nonsense. You don't expect me to believe that."
"It's a matter of indifference to me what you believe or don't believe."
"Oh, is it?"
The lines about his mouth took a still

The lines about his mouth took a still more unpleasant curve, and his eyes grew

more unpleasant curve, and his eyes grew narrower.

"I've seen the paper this morning. Seems to have made a big hit last night."

"There's some new business to be stuck in ; the call's for cleven, and its half-past now. I can't stop to talk to you."

"I'll walk down to the show with you—not too fast, or we shall have to stop about at the door to finish our conversation.

not too fast, or we shall have to stop about at the door to finish our conversation. Jolly big hit. What did Nessa get for that bit of business?"

"Nothing but that cheque she was fool enough to give away."

"Rot! It was all a put-up job, of course; but you wouldn't be fool enough to agree to her giving away the cheque unless she received another in it's place."

"I tell you she didn't take a chille."

"I tell you she didn't take a shilling of it. Something was offered, I believe, but she refused it."

"Gammon!"
"Oh, I don't ask you to believe me."
"Thank you—I won't. I never did; and
I'm not likely to begin now."

List to be deather.

I'm not likely to begin now."

It is not pleasant to a liar to be doubted when lying; but when, by accident, telling the truth, it is still more unpleasant. Mrs. Redmond's feelings were unutterable.

"I don't ask you what Nessa gets a week, because I shouldn't believe you if you told me," he continued. "But it's as obvious as the paint on your face that if she draws big houses she draws a big salary. As her manager, you'd look to that."

"When we accented the engagement I

the paint on your face that if she draws big houses she draws a big salary. As her manager, you'd look to that,"

"When we accepted the engagement, I agreed to take four pounds a week for both."

"Oh, come: four pounds a week for Viola Dancaster, with you thrown in as a makeweight! You might make a pretence of telling the truth. Four pounds a week?"

"She was unknown then. I didn't say hat she gets no more now."

"Ah, that is what I wanted to get at, Well, you agree that she is drawing a big salary, and that she got a hundred pounds for that business last night."

"I tell you she gave it away to Kitty Lawson—the girl from Sangegs!"

"Well, stick to it if you like. It only proves what I say. If she can afford to chuck away a hundred pounds, she must have more cash than she knows what to do with. Now, if she gets a lot, it stands to reason you get more. It wouldn't be you if you didn't. The lion's share isn't too good for you—never was never will be. Now what I'm coming to is this: if you can let her give a hundred pounds to a girl she never saw before, it stands to reason you can afford to give as much to the man of your choice. And the man of your choice means to have it—d'ye see?"

The man of her choice would have drop-

The man of her choice would have dropped dead on the spot if her wishes had been effective.

'As I said before, five pounds a week "As I said before, five pounds a week isn't enough for me. I want a cheque for a hundred pounds a week on Saturday—a cheque on your bankers, my dear."

"I will take my oath I haven't ten pounds in the world. You needn't expect any more than five pounds, for I haven't got it, and you won't get it."

you won't get it."
"Then I will take my oath you shall see

"You talk like a fool. I couldn't raise a hundred pounds to save my life."

"Oh, yes you could," he said, lowering his voice. "You could raise a great many hundred pounds if you chose. But you don't choose. You run no risk, and you live very comfortably, and you're putting by a nice little sum every treasury day. You're getting eareful and thrifty in your maturity. You're quite content while you can pocket the enormous sums that Nessa is receiving, and don't want anything better. You're like a fat, heavy leech, that gets more lethargic and lumpy whilst there is blood to be sucked. But that won't do for me. I'm going to put a little salt on your tail and wake you up. You won't get anything more out of Nessa after Sunday unless you give me a fair proportion. Do you understand me, my angel?"

"Oh, I understand you well enough not to be frightened by your threats. You're not fool enough to cut off your nose to spite your face. You know well enough that if I get no more out of the girl you'll get no more out of me. You won't sacrifice five pounds a week for nothing."

"No, I shan't. It will be worth five

get no more out of the girl you'll get no more out of me. You won't sacrifice five pounds a week for nothing."

'No, I shan't. It will be worth five pounds to see you kicked out of the show. It would afford me just as much pleasure to see you out in the cold as I get from your prize alla fivers, and how many more pounds. to see you out in the cold as I get from your miserable fivers; and how many more am I likely to get? Two at the outside, I reckon, if I let things slip on. Look at that girl's success. Why, there was a string of bouquets all round the course after her business last night. It would be a paying concern to have such a girl for a wife if she had no expectations.

of her, and she'll be the pet of society, like Mrs. Thingamebob. But the family lawyer will look after her estate and sift her affairs. Then what will become of you? Well, you may think yourself lucky if they leave you alone. That's the best you can hope for. But look out for squalls, my sweet creature, if you dare to make yourself known to Nessa or any of her husband's lot when she's married. Why they'd pay me sweet creature, ir you dare to husband's lot known to Nessa or any of her husband's lot when she's married. Why, they'd pay me when she's married. Why, they'd pay me handsomely to let 'em know what sort of a friend you are to the girl; and, by George! I'll let 'em know if you force me to come and see you next Sunday. I'll sell you if I can't do better—I give you fair warning, mind: I'll sell you to the enemy. Nichols gave you a hint, and you haven t chosen to act on it. Now I've given you a hint on my own account, and if you don't take it, so much the worsa for you. Ta-ta!"

Mrs. Redmond had a shrewd suspicion that this hint came from Nichols also. It was too masterly for her husband. She saw that their motive was to stir her up to im-

was too masterly for her husband. She saw that their motive was to stir her up to im-mediate and decided action; but she was convinced that Redmond's threat was mediate and decided action; but she was convinced that Redmond's threat was not an idle one, because the interests of Nichols and himself were threatened by delay. She saw, as well as they, that among Nessa's admirers there were many who, from cupidity, for a less mercenary fascination, would gladly offer her marriage. The woman scarcely needed stirring up. Her own devilish inclinations prompted her to take desperate measures for the destruction of the girl. The will to do

fascination, would gladly offer her marriage. The woman scarcely needed stirring up. Her own devilish inclinations prompted her to take desperate measures for the destruction of the girl. The will to do murder was ever present; the means alone were needed. Her torpid imagination had no object but the accomplishment of that one desire. A sense of her own impotency added to her exasperation. The thread of life was so slight, even in the strongest man, that a touch could break it; yet she was powerless to put an end to this girl. She was well read in criminal history, and knew the particulars of every murder that had attracted public attention within the last ten years. From the newspaper reports she had learnt the surest ways of killing. She knew the exact places in the human body where the life could be tapped—where a knife could be buried, or a razor drawn, or a bullet fired. For a few pence she could buy drugs to poison a whole family. There was no difficulty about that. With two substances to be bought separately, without a question, at any druggists' shops, she could distill in an ordinary oil flask prussic acid by the pint. Poison almost as deadly was to be had at the hair dressers, the grocers, the general shops—anywhere, despite all Acts of Parliament. It wasn't want of knowledge that hindered her, but the fact that she knew too much. For she had learnt in the course of reading that in nearly ever case of poisoning the prisoner is found out. That frightened her. She remembered the narrow escape she had from being openly convicted of administering chloral to Nessa at Grahame Towers. And yet she clung tenciously to the idea of discovering some method of poisoning Nessa safely—with the infatuation of an ignerant inventor to solve tenaciously to the idea of discovering some method of poisoning Nessa safely—with the infatuation of an ignerant inventor to solve the problem of perpetual motion. She could not see that the problem was insolvable—that she, with a very inefficient intelligence was attempting a task that has baffled the highest ingenuity of scientific criminals in

was attempting a task that has baffled the highest ingenuity of scientific criminals in seeking the means of taking human life with im; unity. She had actually tried an experiment in the art of murder. Taking a hint from the novelist, she had attempted to suffocate the girl by laying a wet cloth over her face. It was a signal failure. Nessa had woke out of a sound sleep as soon as her lungs failed to get their due supply of air, compelling Mrs. Redmond to snatch off the cloth and decamp for safety. She liked the idea of strangling the girl with a cord in her sleep, and setting fire to her by overturning a lamp; but she dreaded the examination that must follow at the inquest, and the evidence of the doctor, who might have some test to prove that she was killed by strangulation, and not by suffocation from smoke. Then she turned her mind to killing with the fumes of charcoal in the French way. It would be easy to introduce a pan of the stuff lighted into her room when she slept, but, unfortunately the girl obstinately insisted on having the window open at the top.

It seemed as if the Fiend himself had reobstinately insisted on having the window open at the top. It seemed as if the Fiend himself had re-

fused to have her for his minister.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

an five pounds, for I haven't got it, and at won't get it."

"Then I will take my oath you shall see a some time on Sunday."

"You talk like a fool. I couldn't raise a midred pounds to save my life."

"Oh, yes you could," he said, lowering the interior course, shouting in structions as he went. Forgus stood on the course with them in the inner course, shouting in structions as he went. Forgus stood on the course with them in the inner course, shouting in structions as he went.

the group of equestriennes, adding, "Of course we cannot spare you for the work, Miss Dancaster.

There was no response.

"Surely there must be some amongst you who can drive a pair of horses." He fixed his eyes upon Mrs. Redmond, who he knew was as clever a driver as she was a rider. "The idea is this," he continued for her besefit, knewing she had only just come in. "When the horse race is run, the chariets are brought. that gill success. Any, energy against the course after her business last night. It would be a paying concern to have such a girl for a wife if she had no expectations. But it's got about somehow that she's heiress to a big estate. You've been fool enough to blab, I darceay. Anyhow, it's known who she is—Nichels heard it in the canteen. It will be in the papers soon; they grab at every bit of news about the popular favorite, and she'll be nailed by some fellow for a certainty. It's the fashion now for swells to marry professionals. Some sucking lord will get hold

the tripods, but the chariot can verge the dais all the way round—no fear of upsetting that. Of course if chariot wins chariot will take the prize. Now then, there's a chance for you; who volunteers?"

Mrs. Redmond looked straight before her as if she hadn't heard a word.

"Surly brute !!" muttered Fergus between his teeth. Then as none of the girls offered to take Miss Melville's place, he said "Well Miss Melville, as no one seems to have the pluck or the kindness to come forward on your behalf, I must ask you to do your best for to-night. There's no nonsense about you, and you can keep behind. No one will notice it except myself, and I shall not forget your service. I promise you that if you don't like it after to-night, I'll find another for the business to-morrow. May I ask you re for the business to-morrow. May I ask you

for the business to morrow. May I ask you to oblige me?"

"Oh, I'll do it to oblige you, seer, Fergus I don't mind coming in last."

"There's a good girl. Now then, Waring, chariots round again, if you please. Take it a bit quicker, ladies, and the first in will them do a heat with Miss Dancaster to see what start, may be given. Tail off, Miss

thendo a heat with Miss Dancaster to see what start may be given. Tail off, Miss Melville, when you get to the top."

"Further out, further out!" called Waring, galloping along the inner course as the chariots neared the top.

Fergus watched with anxiety.

Mrs. Redmond put her horse forward, taking suddenly an eager interest in the heat.

heat.

The chariot just managed to escape collision with the tripod, and that was all; but at the bottom they came to grief, despite the ring master's warning, the innermost chariot fouling one of the tripods, and throwing the other chariots into confusion. Fergus tilted his hat over his eyes and scratched the back of his head as Waring set the charioteers right and brought them round.

round.

"You must keep away from those confounded standards," he called out, tilting his hat back impatiently. "Why will you keep all of a lump at the turns? Make your running in between, but do, for Heaven's sake, take the top and bottom wide. I'll have it over again, and you must keep at it till the thing goes right."

To the surprise of everybody, Mrs. Redmond called out—

"Give me a hand down, Fergus; I'll tool one of the dust carts round."

"Give me a hand down, Fergus; I'll tool one of the dust carts round."

Fergus helped her down, and without taking off her skirt she took Miss Melville's place in the last chariot, bringing the frightened and restive horses under control in masterly fashion. She took the inside of the row at the start, and kept the others in their places to the finish, for she was not less feared than disliked by the girls, and not one dared to press upon her at the turns. She won, of course, by a couple of lengths. "There's no fear now," said Waring, as he trotted up to Fergus. "One word from that woman is worth a week's shouting from me. They give her a wide berth, and she knows how to keep it. A cool, strong hand; she can do what she likes with the horses."

Nevertheless, Fergus had the business re-

what she likes with the horses."

Nevertheless, Fergus had the business repeated thrice before he dismissed the other chariots. Then Mrs. Redmond and Nessa ran a heat: the chariot in the inner course; the horse in the outer. This seemed to most of the onlookers a mere matter of form—to test their relative powers. There was not the slightest danger, each having an unimpeded course, and Mrs. Redmond's interests keeping her as close in to the dais as possible. Only Fergus saw that the woman was terribly in curnest.

only rergus saw that the woman was terribly in carnest.

As it was a trial of pace to decide what start should be given to the chariot, Nessa honestly put her mare to her best; Mrs. Redmond, on the other hand, kepta tight rein; but, notwithstanding, Nessa only got in a length in advance, the difference in the radius being so much against her. Fergas, who detected the unfairness on the part of Mrs. Redmond, grudgingly decided that she was to have the start of a length at 'night, but he gave Nessa a word of warning as he helped her down from the saddle.

"My dear, you'll have to do better than ever to-night. That woman means to win. The trial wasn't fair, for she was pulling all through. You can't afford to be generous, and must take the turns a little closer. You can do that without danger, and you must win for the sake of my reputation as well as for your own."

"Thank you for telling me. I will do my

"Thank you for telling me. I will do my very best. I could keep closer in."

"Then do." Every inch out makes a difce-a foot out means a length in the e lans.

Nessa's unselfishness was not so complete to reconcile her to the prospect of defeat Mrs. Redmond. It had seemed so natura by Mrs. Redmond. It had seemed so natural of her to win that since her first success she had never contemplated the possibility of osing. Such a possibility terrified her now as she realized how much of this wonderful appiness she enjoyed was due to her success. She felt that she should lose all that made the first contemplation of the secretary the statement of the reaction that the secretary the secretary the secretary the secretary that the secretary the secretary the secretary that the secretar She felt that she should lose all that made her life so dear if she were not to receive the applause of the audience, not to be invested with that glittering robe, and be led to that gilt chair above the white wigs of the judges. It would break her heart to go out with the crowd of girls who had lost and be pitied instead of envied.

Fermy himself was uncough.

Fergus himself was uneasy about it. From a business point of view, it might not be bad thing for Nessa to lose a race now an bad thing for Nessa to lose a race now and then, but this consideration was overruled by the strong liking he had for the girl and friendly sympathy with her. In the erening, shortly before the call, he went upstairs and knocked at her door. She had now a dressing room to herself. After a couple of minutes, Nessa came out to him in the corridor dressed for her first entrance.

"Just ran up to see how you are getting on," he said, carelessly, but glancing anxiously at her face. Then something unusual and unlooked for in it fixing its attentions.

usual and unlooked for in it fixing its atten tion. He added, "Why, you've got color of for the first time; what's that for?"

That they shan't see what I feel wher beaten," she answered in a tone so dull, I'm beaten," she answered in a tone so dull so unlike herself, that it sileaced her hones friend for a moment.

"Oh, nonsense! You are not going to be beaten," he said, presently.

"Yes I am. I shall lose to night. I feel

"Yes I am. I shall lose to night. I feel quite cure of it."
"If you do I shall know that it's my fault. You want courage at such a time as this, and I've just gone and taken it all

this, and I've just gone and taken it all away."
"No. You won't find me wanting is courage—but I shall loose all the same."
"You know I may have been wrong. She may not have pulled her horses."
"She did. I am sure of that to; for she had not come home to day. She had she had not come home to day.

has not come home to-day. She has been

"You are wrong again there. She went out to lunch with a fellow (catch her refusing!) Who would be afraid to face you, I should like to know?"

"You would if you were doing me an intended injury. I'm not an angel. You don't know how wicked this has made me feel towards her."

"I'll cut this confounded business out altogether."

"En with a German are Burdened.

Apropos of the burdens with which the German citizen is weighed down, a contem-

together." 'No, I will not consent to that. You "No, I will not consent to that. You may think me a coward; she never shall." She spoke with such firmness and dignity that Fergus saw the uselessness of attempting to alter her decision.

Just then the call boy ran up the stairs.

"The overture, miss," he said, and hurried down the corridor to the general dressing rooms.

"I've kept my eye on the mare. She's in

"No kept my eye on the mare. She's in fine form. I suppose I can't do anything for you," Fergus said, offering his hand.
"No," said she, as she gave hers "Only please don't come to me when it's all over.

please don't come to me when it's all over.

Let me get over it by myself."

They parted—Fergus relieving his dejection by cursing Mrs. Redmond from the bottom of his heart, and himself as well for not openly accusing the woman of foul play and denying her any advantage in the start. Nessa was glad to enter unnoticed amongst the crowd. It seemed to her that the building was more densely packed than ever—that more had come to witness her failure than had been attracted by her successes. Some of the supers recognising her offered to give her a place at the front of the barrier; but she declined it. For the first time she dreads the moment when all eyes should be turned upon her. It came at last; as soon as she slipped under the barrier and stepped outin the area, she was recognized by the expectant audience. Her name was on every lip—every one had heard of her generous gift to the unsuccess.

recognized by the expectant audience. Her name was on every lip—every one had heard of her generous gift to the unsuccessful rival; all looked for some new and extraordinary evidence of her daring and address. Never had she received such prolonged and enthusiastic applause. Yet it dress. Never had she received such pro-longed and enthusiastic applause. Yet it failed to chase away the settled gloom from her mind; the presentiment of disaster hung over her like a black impenetrable cloud. Mrs. Redmond kept her distance, and never once dared to meet Nessa's eyes. A groom coming to Nessa's side, said, in an under tone—

an under tone—

"Mr. Fergus says, will you have Caprice
for the first race, and keep Esperance fresh
for the final heat?" Nessa assented to this arrangement. It was almost a matter of indifference to her whether she lost the first race or the last as

whether she lost the first race or the last as she was to be beaten.

There were half a dozen competitors from the audience to-night. The races were run as on the preceding night. The outsiders' heat was won by an Italian woman; Nessa won in the "International Company" heat. When the two horses were brought in for the race between the two winners, Nessa gracefully offered the choice to her adversary. After taking in the animals' "points" with a keen, shrewd glance, the Italian chose Caprice. Nessa won on the other by a length and a half. Nessa was once more triumphant, and when she had trotted round the arena a line of bouquets marked her he arena a line of bouquets marked her

Fergus had arranged that the robes of vic Fergus had arranged that the robes of victory and the triumphal chair were to be taken after the chariot race; but just at the last moment he had changed his instructions, with the hope of inspiriting Nessa for the last effort; so to Nessa's surprise and Mrs. Redmond's expressed disgust, on having returned to the steps where she started, Nessa was lifted from her horse, clad with the tinselled robe, and led up to the chair, the collected bouquets being placed at her feet and the steps leading to it. Nessa was glad to sit three once more; but she felt that it was for the last time.

The chariots were brought in, and the challenge given to the women beyond the barriers. Mrs. Redmond was the last to offer. Her victory was a foregone conclusion—the race was a feeble one, and yet she won by more than the length of her chariot. Nessa and Fergus knew that she was reserving her horse's strength for the single combat.

Once more the herald came forward chal Once more the herald came forward challenging the crowd to compete with the charioteer. A note from Fergus slipped into her hand had prepared Nessa for her business. When the herald had given the challenge three times and no one from the crowd responded, Nessa rose upon which there was a tumult of applause from company and audience. She came down from the throne amidst the flowers that covered the steps, and put off her wreath and robes. the throne amidst the flowers that covered the steps, and put off her wreath and robes. Then Esperance was led in. She patted the mare's neck, looked round the house once more, and mounted. In dead silence Mrs. Redmond brought her chariot' to the starting line on the inner course: then's length was measured, and Nessa brought her mare to the mark. Fergus whispered a word of encouragement as he passed her and the

to the mark. Fergus whispered a word of encouragement as he passed her, and the next minute the signal to start was given.

Before they had gone half way down the first lap, Nessa perceived that Mrs. Redmond was putting her horses to their utmost speed. She knew they never could keep up the pace, and so made up her mind to reservation may be the final lap. to reserve her mare for the final lap. In the second lap Mrs. Redmond was far ahead; but Nessa and Fergus both saw that her horses were almost spent with the tremen-dous effort exacted from them, and that there was yet a good chance of Esperance getting in a wing

getting in a winner.

"Now!" cried Fergus, as Nessa darted past, entering on the last lap.

"Now, now! my dear mare!" cried Nessa.
Up to this moment Mrs. Redmond had stuck close to the dais, taking all the advantage possible of the inner course, but, now. with a cry of bravado, she drove away to the outer imits of the course, as if in con-tempt to give her rival a chance. The man-curre was seen by the audience and raised some applause from those who admired the andacity; but, before the hands had ceased to clap, a wild scream rose from the whole audience. The chariot wheel had caught in the leg of a triped at the lower end of the arena, and had awing the horses right round and flung them days. the leg of a triped at the lower end of the arena, and had swung the harses right round and flung them down across the outer course, and in the next instant Nessa's mare, kept closs in te the standards, and going at the very top of her speed, dashed into the floundering horses of the chariot.

It had happened in such a brief space of time that few actually saw what occurred; but as Esperance limped across the arena with an empty saddle, it was known to all that Blue and White had come to grief at last.

She lay motionless on the tan. The colour was still on her face, but a thin stream of I lood flowed from the corner of her lips, likely to produce fresh evils than cure that and Fergus raised her shoulders her head fell against which it is directed.

Apropos of the burdens with which the German citizen is weighed down, a contemporary paints the following interesting and somewhat amusing picture:

'On waking in the morning the German artisan drinks a cup of coffee on which the Imperial Treasury has levied a duty of 20 pfennige, or about 5 cents, a pound. The sugar with which he sweetens it has been taxed at 10 pfennige a pound, and the bread d sugar with which he sweetens it has been taxed at 10 pfennige a pound, and the bread at 3 pfennige. On leaving home for work his wife provides him with a crust of bread (on which the duty is 3 pfennige a pound), spreads it with a layer of lard (duty of 5 pfennige a pound), and sprinkles it with salt (duty 6 pfennige a pound). During the course of his morning's work the man will probably take a small glass of brandy (duty 26 pfennige per quart). At noon he will return home to dine with his family off a soup made of flour (duty 5 pfennige per pound), with a slice of bacru (duty 10 pfennige a pound), or a piece of beef (duty 10 pfennige per pound), or, perhaps, a herring (duty 1 pfennige a piece). In the evening, after his work is over, he will probably refresh himself with a glass of beer (duty 1 pfennige per quart), accompanied by a piece of cheese (duty 10 pfennige a pound), a little butter

work is over, he will probably refresh himself with a glass of beer (duty I pfennige per quart), accompanied by a piece of cheese (duty I0 pfennige a pound), a little butter (duty I0 pfennige per pound), and a slice of bread (duty 3 pfennige a pound). Afterward, by light of his lamp, on the oil of which a duty of 6 pfennige a quart has been paid, he will smoke his pipeful of tabacco, taxed at the rate of 25 pfennige per pound, and will then retire to sleep, which is apparently the only thing that the Imperial Government has omitted to tax."

In addition to these indirect taxes, which are purely for Imperial purposes, the German citizen is obliged to contribute direct taxes to the Exchequer of the particular State to which he belongs, and likewise to pay heavy communal and parish rates Moreover, he is called upon to devote the three best years of his life entirely and exclusively to military service. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the young Emperor, who has shown unusual sympathy for the working n.en, should exert himself to bring aboat a reduction of their burdens. The hopeful feature in the case is that Germany is not the only European country under the military wheel. France, Russia, Italy, all stiff in armor, are groaning under their self-imposed loads. Sell preservation must soon force them to adopt some means of relief. No one who seriously contemplates the situation can fail to pray "God speed the Kaiser in his humane and contemplates the situation can fail to pray "God speed the Kaiser in his humane and beneficent work."

Will Blaine Accept.

The recent despatch of Lord Salisbury of Secretary Blaine re the Behring Sea difficulty will render it difficult for the astute and wily American politician to reject the proffer of the British Premier, and at the same proffer of the British Premier, and at the same time retain the respect of right-minded citizens, who are above prolonging a dispute with another nation merely for the sake of catching votes. While denying that England ever admitted the Russian claim to marine jurisdiction and the exclusive right of fishing throughout the whole of the waters from Behring Straits to the 51st parallel, and that the right to fish and catch set in the high seas can be held to be abandoned by a nation from the mere fact that for a certain number of years it has not suited the subjects of that nation to exercise such rights, the desnatch concludes: "If the United States Government continues to differ with Great the desnatch concludes: "If the United States Government continues to differ with Great Britian asto the legality of the recent capture, Her Majesty's Government is ready to refer the question, with the issues dependent thereon, to impartial arbitration." Referring to the proposal to arbitrate the New York World. After admitting the incontrovertible point that the mere fact that for several years After admitting the incontrovertible point that the mere fact that for several years British subjects refrained from engaging in the business of seal-catching cannot be construed to be a surrender of a right to catch seals on the high seas, and that rights on the high seas are never lost by non-use, remarks, that "as for the proposition to arbitrate, the sconer it is adopted the better. Party politics and Canadian demands seem to stand in the way of a speedier settlement, and any longer indulgence in bickering would be intolerable." However Secretary Blaine may be disposed to treat the proposition, impartial and dispassionate judges must Blaine may be disposed to treat the proposi-tion, impartial and dispassionate judges must see that Britain desires to act in a manner at once fair and conciliatory. Under such circumstances it seems impossible that the dispute should be much longer continued.

The new law regulating the work of minors in factories in Russia is not so stringent as the old law was. According to the latter, children below the age of 12 years were not allowed to work at all, but the new law allows children of 10 and 12 years old to be employed in factories. Children between the ages of 12 and 15 years were allowed to work only eight hours daily, and then only for four hours at a time. The were allowed to work only eight hours daily, and then only for four hours at a time. The new law allows them to be employed six hours at a time, and in some instances even hours at a time, and in some instances even six hours in the night, or even on Sundays and helidays. Women and girls between the ages of 15 and 17 years were not allowed to work between 9 o'clock in the evening and 5 in the morning; now they may be employed at night work. Thus the new law is more favorable for the employers and less protective, for the minors and the ess protective for the minors and the factory women.

The poet Swinbourne has been summoning The poet Swinbourne has been summoning the Muse to aid him in giving expression to the indignation he feels at the manner in which the Czar is treating the harmless Jewish subjects found throughout his Empire. That the verse-maker has cause for indignation few will deny who reflect that of the four million Jews scattered throughout Russia, nearly one million who are farmers, laborers, and landowners, will, by the recent edict, be reabed of their property, rendered hemeless and reduced to beggary, and that all are practically denied access to the educational institutions of the country, to the professions, or to government offices however professions, or to government offices however subordinate. But that he has succeeded in superdinate. But that he has succeeded in keeping his indignation righteous is not so clear. Witness the following lines:
"God or man, strike swift; Hope sickens for delay;
Hull the tyrant howling, down his father's