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A large illustration of these pretty summer frocks is printed on page 4 of catalog No. 10 H

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girl here to stay with you, before the gentle Padre makes it impossible.

The One Sahib knew also that the outrageous clothes, and hat, and spats that turned the splendid little Burman into a paroquet were due solely to Moug Pyu's desire for betterment and his inherent Burman love of finery.

The Padre was not a meditative man, not one to sit and let fruit ripen before he judged of its flavor; so, bubbling with indignation, he sallied forth and swooped down upon the man, large in his Bond Street apparel.

Moug Pyu's black Burman's eyes opened very wide in astonishment as Padre Hobbs talked with vociferous eloquence. And after a little the Burman eyes grew cloudy with red anger.

"Woman?" he queried. "There are many women of my own kind at Mindak, Padre Sahib."

But the Padre buried his rubicund nose in a big handkerchief and trumpeted in condemnatory unbelief. To him Moug Pyu's words were but the duplicity of a Burman. However, thank God, no subtle Oriental could pull the wool over his eyes. It would be an outrage against the Church—the Commissioner would certainly interfere—somehow it would reflect upon the state of society in Phrang, for Phrang represented the District, if this matter were not put an end to.

This ready acceptance of evil intent where there was none, was a disquieting revelation to the boy-minded Burman. Somehow, as Padre Hobbs talked, the English clothes became distasteful to Moug Pyu; they seemed to drag him into this atmosphere of contaminating suspicion. In his own putsoe and little jacket he could have spoken out indignantly as a simple-living villager; all the people of his village were moral. Poh San had married six wives, but he had married them—it was according to law. Moug Pyu looked down at the glittering buttoned boots and the silly spats—indeed, they were more of that life he had seen in London, with its many stories of complicated lives, than of the village where one would even have hinted at what the Padre spoke so plainly about.

So, presently, Moug Pyu, answering, said: "You are altogether wrong, Minister Sahib, but I think you are right. I am a Burman, and to be a good Burman is very good—for a Burman. Miss Roydon is too good a woman to be here where people speak ill of her, so she must go back to England. I will pay all the passage and for her trouble."

When the Padre had gone, Moug Pyu took off his silly make-up and gave the clothes to a half-caste clerk in the Telegraph Service. He sighed in loose-hearted relief as he shoved his feet into the canvas shoes that had been made by a Chinaman at Phrang, and adjusted his silk putsoe with happy carefulness. Then he went to the One Sahib's bungalow and gave the Sahib a large cheque on the Bank of Bengal for the English girl's expenses, said good-bye to her, and went back to Mindak.

There he summoned the Talopins beneath the padouk tree, and said: "We must keep to all that is good in the faith of our fathers. Buddha taught us no evil, the evil comes of ourselves. The Christian religion is also very beautiful because of Christ, and if at any time one like the Craig Memsahib comes again, who can keep us close to their Christ and teach us so that we can understand, perhaps we will listen."

What the girl said to the One Sahib when he put her on the steamer for home was: "Moug Pyu is the gentlest Christian I ever knew."

Discovered.—"Wot was that last card oi dealt ye, Moike?"
"A shpade!"
"Oi knew it! Oi saw ye spit on yer hand before ye picked it up."

Her Ideal.—The Inventor—"That machine can do the work of ten men."
Visitor—"Gee whiz! My wife ought to have married it!"—Puck.

His Bride to Blame.

I cast my bread on the waters,
But it didn't return to me—
I'm a newly-wed, and it sank like lead
To the floor of the sounding sea.

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