

he succeeded in ridding  
 worst incumbrance—his  
 rose he lay inertly on  
 a moment, his hands  
 In the deepening twi-  
 noted a tiny ripple at  
 he dived, and he had  
 fearful blow on a hid-  
 now streamed through  
 ed the surface of the  
 g himself he spread  
 with all the energy of  
 able swam to where  
 l in midstream. He  
 aught him in a strong  
 from his wound al-  
 he made directly to-  
 rightened and gasping,  
 and dragged himself  
 er, faint from loss of  
 less from sudden ex-  
 a little to one of the  
 es. But even as he  
 ed strength his head  
 ard, his arms relaxed,  
 pped from the limb.  
 ent carried him twice  
 n flung him out, like  
 e, to where in mid-  
 leapt and danced in

\* \* \*

a diligent search for  
 amp, but it will never  
 already it is sunk in

Alpine Journal, 1910.

of the ocean. Last  
 search was going for-  
 d an experience from  
 him many days to re-  
 turning home about  
 lantern in his hand,  
 upon an old coat, a  
 boots. The moment  
 e knew them for his

was something gey  
 tonight." he groaned,  
 red for Magnus. It's  
 o' man to explain  
 o' Providence, but  
 that this nameless  
 in boy. I know it, I  
 I'm just like a man  
 en a' the lights are  
 ue what to dae or  
 ! Magnus! Magnus!  
 heart is wae!"

the sun behind a cloud  
 an see the raindrops  
 . In a moment they  
 ere they come across  
 the fence. Truly,  
 like April weather,  
 ng of the robin and  
 are not more wel-

ts of Punch, famous  
 the hunting-field.

that most men are  
 regardless of soiled

# Bongoline.

The Story of an Advertisement. By W. Freeman.

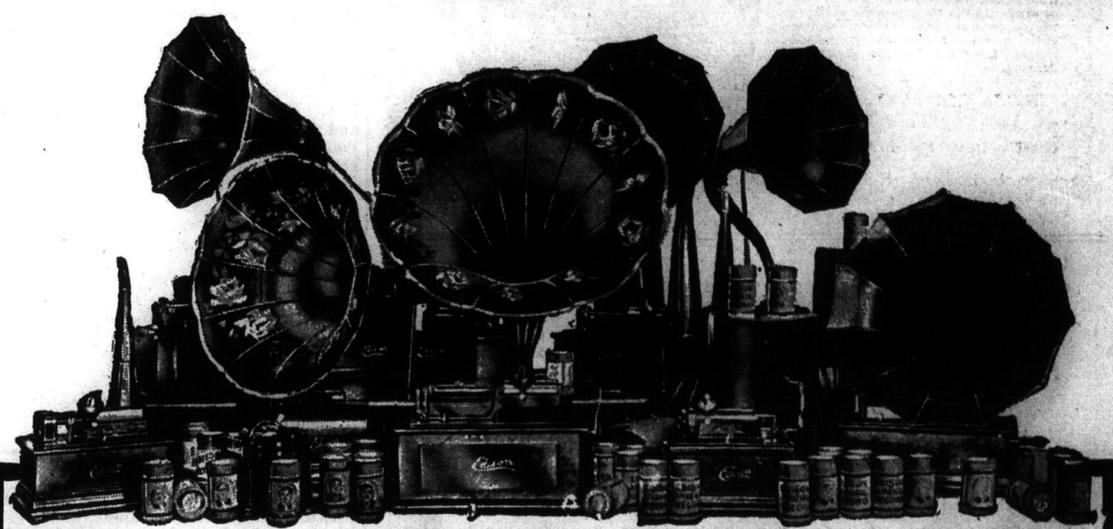


HE car, with a hic-  
 cough, came to an  
 abrupt halt by the  
 side of the road. I  
 was alone, and be-  
 cause the machine  
 was new, unfamiliar  
 with its mechanism.  
 I climbed down,  
 and had been tinkering about for ten  
 minutes without the slightest success,  
 when a gate on my right clanged, and a  
 stoutly-built man of about fifty, with  
 rubicund cheeks, diminutive whiskers,  
 and a general air of having himself and  
 the universe well in hand, approached.  
 "In difficulties?" he inquired.  
 "Yes."  
 "Don't quite know what to make of  
 her—hey!"  
 "Not exactly," I confessed.  
 "Better let me send my chauffeur" (he  
 pronounced it "shuffer") to overhaul  
 the works; he's somewhere about here.  
 And while he's doing it come in and  
 make yourself comfortable."  
 "I am extremely grateful," I said, as  
 indeed I was, "and if it isn't trespassing  
 on your kindness too much—"  
 "Lord, no! I'm in the mood to offer  
 the hand of friendship to all creation  
 just now. What do you think of our  
 decorations?"  
 He had led me though the gate, and  
 we faced a big, sober stone building,  
 decked with strings of flags and Chinese  
 lanterns. The effect was startling—as  
 startling as the spectacle of a bishop in  
 tights and spangles.  
 "Very fine!" I said.  
 My host turned to send a boy who  
 was passing with a message to the  
 chauffeur. Then he looked at me again  
 and smiled.  
 "Considerin' how the thing ended, it's  
 not surprisin', is it? And it was a bully  
 advertisement while it lasted!"  
 "True," I said. I had not the slight-  
 est idea as to his meaning, but illumina-  
 tion might come to me, as to the lan-  
 terns, in due course.  
 He led the way into the house. Here  
 also the flag-and-lantern combination  
 prevailed. In a snug little smoking-  
 room he produced chairs, cigars, a  
 syphon, and an open tantalus.  
 "Now," he said, "did you know what I  
 was drivin' at, or was it swank?"  
 "Swank," I admitted.  
 "Thought so. Then, sir, your ignor-  
 ance is amazin'!"  
 "I am only just home from South  
 Africa," I said meekly.  
 "Then, since you're my guest till the  
 car's repaired, perhaps you'll allow me  
 to improve your education."  
 I expressed my gratitude, wondering  
 meanwhile at the accent, that was nei-  
 ther English nor American, but an un-  
 equal mixture of both.  
 "Very well, then. When I tell you  
 that my name is Bosking, I suppose I  
 needn't offer a visitin' card as well?"  
 he remarked.  
 "Bosking's Beneficent Bongoline," I  
 murmured.  
 "Exactly! May be taken internally  
 and externally with confidence and  
 pleasure from the age of eight months  
 to eighty years.' That's me!"  
 A memory of certain painfully vivid  
 advertisements crossed my mind. My  
 host chuckled, and bent to select a cigar.  
 Through the window we had a distant  
 glimpse of the road. Already it was  
 strewn with disconnected fragments of  
 my car, among which the chauffeur  
 was grovelling happily.  
 "You must understand," said Mr. Bos-  
 king, leaning back in his chair, "that I  
 came from New York about six years  
 ago with the notion of galvanising this  
 blessed little backyard of a country in-  
 to appreciating the beauties of Bongo-  
 line. Mamie came with me. She's my  
 adopted daughter (her mother refused  
 me nine times, and then married a brute  
 who broke her heart)—and a peach!  
 She was nearly fifteen at the time, and  
 I reckoned that if she was going to be  
 left anything of a pile, she ought to have  
 an education to match. I'd heard that  
 Paris was the only place that could give

the final polish, and I shipped her over  
 with an old lady who called herself a  
 Marquise to lay in the latest thing in ac-  
 complishments, while I stayed here to  
 try and lick a little business into a big  
 one. My, but you're a conservative  
 crowd where a novelty's concerned!  
 However, by the time Mamie was  
 twenty, Bongoline was just beginning to  
 be talked about, and I'd got a factory  
 running in the north, and a wholesale  
 depot in London.  
 "I'd been over to Paris a good many

times to see Mamie, and I'd bought this  
 house and fitted it up in style against  
 the time when she would be coming back  
 for good. Last Christmas she came—  
 the finished article!"  
 Mr. Bosking stared gloomily into the  
 fire for several moments. Then the  
 gravity of his face relaxed a little.  
 "You'll believe me when I say that  
 I don't set myself up to be a critic of  
 Society. I'm an ignorant man myself,  
 but that's no reason why Mamie  
 shouldn't speak French and German.  
 But they'd taught her a darn sight  
 too much. A princess couldn't have  
 turned up her nose in the style Mamie  
 did when she saw the house and furni-  
 ture, and watched the way I dressed,  
 and fed, and spoke! And as for Bongo-

line, she said the mere sound of the word  
 made her ill, and she wouldn't touch a  
 bottle of it if she were at the point of  
 death! That trade of any sort was  
 vulgar and debasin', and that dealin' in  
 a patent medicine was the most vulgar  
 and debasin' of all! Lord—but she said  
 what she thought, forgettin' that she  
 owed every blessed thing, schoolin' in-  
 cluded to Bongoline!"  
 He took his cigar from his mouth, and  
 right at all! But I put up with that,  
 and more, without grumblin', thinkin'  
 "It warn't right, you know, it warn't  
 contemplated it thoughtfully.  
 perhaps that things would improve, un-  
 til after Easter, when, havin' gone on  
 a yachtin' tour with some of her high-  
 class friends, she comes back again



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