

he succeeded in ridding
orst 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
ught him in a strong
from his wound al-
he made directly to-
rightened and gasping,
and dragged himself
er, faint from loss of
ess 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
en 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
earch 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 grey
onight," he groaned,
red for Magnus. It's
o' man to explain
a o' Providence, but
that this nameless
in boy. I know it, I
I'm just like a man
en a' the lights are
ne what to dae or
! Magnus! Magnus!
heart is wae!"

the sun behind a cloud
can see the raindrops
. In a moment they
e 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.



THE 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!"

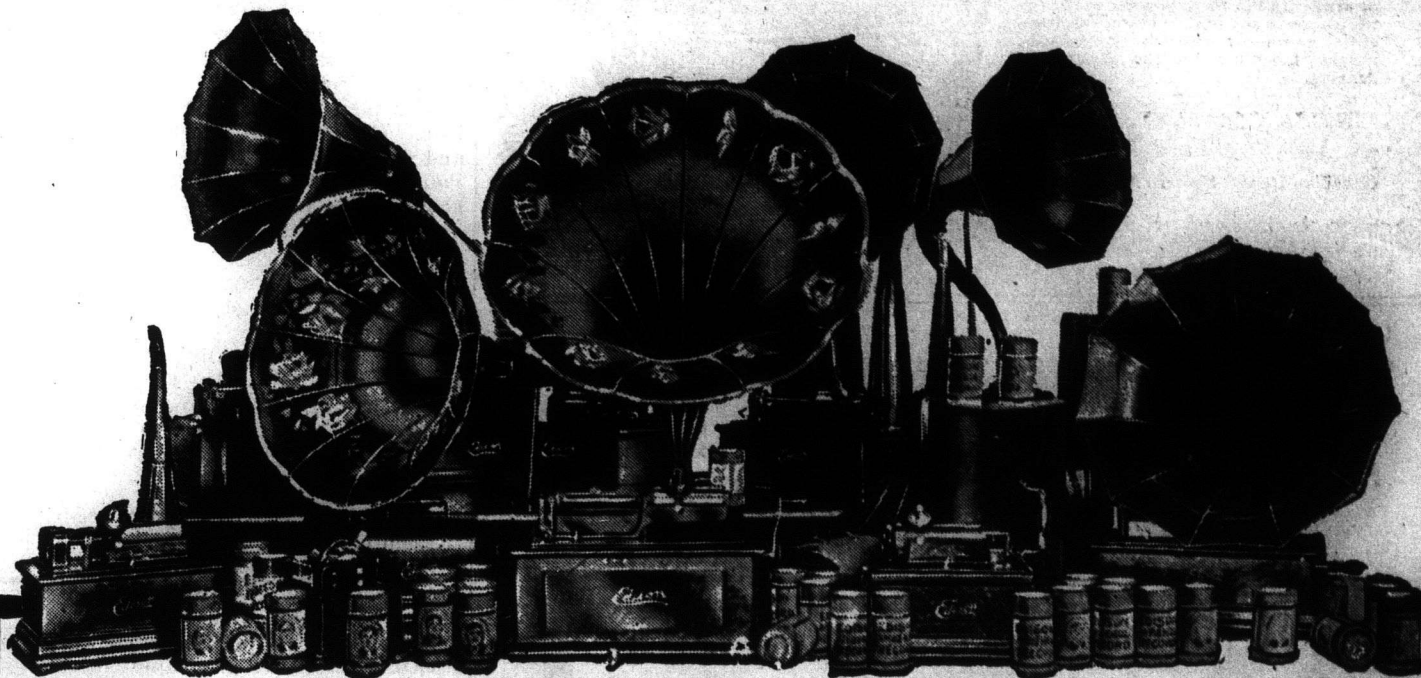
Mr. Bosking stared gloomily into the
fire for several moments. Then the
gravity of his face relaxed a little.

"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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