

called it. No; if ever she was again to live in luxury, it could only be through Nessa, and so with growing recklessness she at length resolved that, come what might, she would not lose sight of the girl.

"Chummy," she said, in the genial tone adopted in her most amiable moments, "I've made up my mind to stick to you. Don't mind what I said this morning. When we're upset we say anything. I have stuck to you from the beginning, and I'll stick to you to the end. I know how we'll do 'em to-night. You leave it to me. We've done 'em before and we'll do 'em again. I'm not going to abandon you. Why you'd be in the workhouse or the hospital before the end of the week. We can live cheaply—two chummies together, almost as cheaply as one. And we'll go on the Q. T."

"What is that?" asked Nessa, with a vague idea of ocean steamers.

"Why, the strict quiet, you little mug!" Mrs. Redmond had already abandoned Brighton in imagination and dropped instantly into the slang of that profession she began to see must be returned to for a time.

"Mr. Levy counselled that strongly."

"Oh, you'll find me as fly as he is now. I'm up to the ropes. I know the very pitch for us: Shoreditch—that'll queer 'em."

Nessa said nothing, but she thought her friend had taken rather too much brandy, which was not improbable.

"What are you thinking about, Chummy? You look precious glum. Oh, I know—you think I must be a precious juggins to stick to you with the chance of being lagged for my pains. Well, I daresay I am a fool; but, hang it! I won't have it said that I turned my back on a chum in trouble."

Perhaps Nessa was thinking that her own life was jeopardised by this adherence, but she kept the reflection to herself; and in accepting this new lease of companionship made no boast of her own generosity.

When all the bells in Brighton were clanging in hideous discord and the streets were crowded with people on their way to church, Mrs. Redmond and Nessa left the hotel. At the last moment Mrs. Redmond had borrowed a Church Service, and this she carried ostensibly before her, to poor Nessa's shrinking shame. At the corner of the street they parted—Nessa going towards the pier and Mrs. Redmond to the nearest church. The spies, who had no reason to suspect anything, were completely thrown off their guard by this ruse, and gave up work for the day. At 10.15 Mrs. Redmond stepped out of the train at London Bridge and there met Nessa, who had arrived by the preceding train. Their dress in that part of the town was conspicuously lady-like; they had not a vestige of luggage, and very little money; of necessity, therefore, they had to seek refuge for the night in a place where no questions are asked. Close by the station they found a nondescript house of entertainment, something between a coffee shop and tavern, where a shatterly woman, without demur, led them up two flights of uncarpeted and dirty stairs, and, showing them into a double-bedded room, set down the candle with a yawn, and asked Mrs. Redmond for half a crown, as it was the custom of the house for lodgers to pay over night. Nessa had never been in such a room before, and looked round in shuddering disgust at the yellow linen of the beds, the greasy slips of carpet on the dark floor, the frowny stuffed chairs, the chipped toilet service, and the walls that seemed to have imbibed yellow fog of many years from the river. The atmosphere was redolent of all the rancid smells of Tooley Street, with a whiff of fried bacon and herring from below superadded. Mrs. Redmond seemed to take these discomforts as a matter of course, and even showed herself acquainted with damaged door fastenings by tilting a chair and wedging the back of it under the knob of the handle. Her indifference surprised Nessa, for hitherto she had shown herself distressingly particular in the proper appointment of her room, and would have her bed re-made if the sheets were not folded to her liking.

However, this experience prepared Nessa for what was to come, and she had less hesitation in agreeing that the lodgings they found the next morning in Spital Square would do when she thought of the horrible room in which she had passed that miserable sleepless night. The square was quiet; the house looked respectable. There was a silk warehouse on the ground floor; there three rooms were neatly furnished; the linen was fairly white and clean, though Nessa could never accustom herself to unconsciousness of the acrid, smoky smell peculiar to sheets and curtains and blinds in the City.

The housekeeper who let the rooms undertook to come in for an hour every morning to light the fire and to do the rough work, or the rest of the day the ladies had to wait upon themselves. On Monday evening, Mrs. Redmond declared herself so delighted with Nessa's performance as a housewife

that she should henceforth leave all the domestic arrangements to her. This gave Nessa plenty to do. But that did not displease her at all. She was glad of the occupation, not only as a mental distraction, but as a means of lessening her obligation to Mrs. Redmond. But she knew nothing of cooking, and some of her first experiments were terrible failures. These failures were the subject of much silly sarcasm on the part of Mrs. Redmond, but her banter was less hard to endure than the gloomy silence with which she regarded an underdone pudding or an overdone chop after a few days. That was trying! Besides cooking and washing up, Nessa found it necessary to provide herself with a change of clothes, and, with a view to economy, she bought some stuff with a few shillings grudgingly lent her by Mrs. Redmond, and did her best to cut it and make it up; though this was experimental work to her, thanks to our modern system of educating girls, she came in for plenty of ill-natured chaff over that poor girl!

Mrs. Redmond herself did nothing except read penny papers, and yawn at the window. She bought her things ready made, and when the last shilling was gone, hinted that Nessa's muddling extravagance would ruin them.

As credit was not to be got in Spitalfields, and food was an absolute necessity, Mrs. Redmond took a bus to Old Ford on Saturday morning, pawned some trinkets there, and returned jubilant with two pounds ten. She was always at her best when she had money to spend, and before she had drawn off her gloves, she said—

"Chummy, we'll go to a show to-night."

Nessa was human—that is to say, not over wise—and after being cooped up indoors for the best part of a week, and enduring a great many little miseries in silence, the idea of a long evening in a theatre set the blood dancing in her veins. Still, she made an effort to be reasonable, and suggested that they ought to save their money.

"Oh, bother!" exclaimed Mrs. Redmond, "What a wet blanket you are. Why can't you be jolly when you've got the chance? What's the good of meeting misfortunes half way. It's bound to come all right in the end."

Nessa yielded; and so, in the evening they went to Arcadia, where the International Hippodrome had just opened their season—Mrs. Redmond taking a hansom from Norton Folgate, after buying a new pair of gloves for the occasion.

In the entrance lobby Mrs. Redmond recognized a gentleman in evening dress as an old friend.

"Jimmys!" she said, laying her hand on his arm familiarly.

"Hallo, Totty!" he returned, recognising her, and shaking her hand warmly.

"Shouldn't have known you in that wig." Mrs. Redmond had profited by the hint of Mr. Levy, and changed her hair dye to the chestnut tint then just coming into fashion.

"What do you do here?"

"Come to see the go-goers. My friend, Miss Lancaster—Mr. James Fergus, she said, introducing Nessa, to whom she had given this new name.

Mr. Fergus raised his hat to Nessa and replaced it with the regulation tilt, and shook hands with a lengthened look of admiration.

"What are you doing here, Jimmys?" asked Mrs. Redmond.

"Bosning the show for Duprez."

"Delighted to hear it. Any opening for an old chum?"

"Well," said Mr. Fergus with deliberation, casting another admiring glance on Nessa, who clearly occupied his thought more than the old chum, "might find something. Are you in the line, Miss Lancaster?"

Mrs. Redmond answered for Nessa, who looked perplexed by the question.

"Oh, we're both on, said she. No trunks, business. *Haute couture*, you know."

"But busy in the front just now. But I'll come round and see you presently. Where will you go—stalls or a box?"

"A box, of course. You don't think we're going in with the cattle."

Mr. Fergus went to the pay place, and gave them a pass, "praising" as he went that he would come and look them up when the front was clear, and raising his hat again.

As they followed the attendant through the corridor, Mrs. Redmond whispered "It's all right, chummy. The show's done. We shall be in this show next as safe as houses!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Used as an attraction, base-ball played bicyclists, etc., to keep the theatre. Adams Tott Frutt (um. So. by Druggists and Comic-spectacles, etc. cents.

BRITISH NEWS.

Christy, the London hatter, died leaving assets of nearly a million and a half of dollars.

The cabriolet in use fifty or sixty years ago has reappeared in Hyde park, including the tiger in the back.

Six dollars and a quarter a month, "with the privilege of dining in the house," were the wages paid to a governess in Yorkshire. is an increase during 1889 of 113,005, or 3.10 per cent. The population of New Zealand is now 620,279, an increase during the year of 12,890.

An English plaintiff has received damages and costs for injuries done to his clothes by a barbed wire fence while walking along a public path after dark.

The Government Statistician of New South Wales, T. A. Coghlan, has estimated the population of Australia at the beginning of the current year to be 3,786,798. This

The invention of smokeless powder has been followed by a counter-invention in the shape of a "smoke rocket," to be used to screen the advance of a body of troops. It has been tried with success.

The *Manchester Examiner* says that such great ships as the *City of Paris*, that can enter but one dock in Liverpool, and then only with risk, will be able to come at least to Runcorn, easily and safely.

The Archbishop of Canterbury's Clergy Discipline bill will deprive a clergyman of ecclesiastical preferment on conviction of treason, felony, or any misdemeanor involving penal servitude, or for bastardy or adultery.

A new stumbling block for bigamists has been found by a determined young Miss Day, who was married by a Mr. Roberts, he having another wife at the time. When she had to leave him she sued him for breach of promise of marriage and has got a verdict of £2,560.

The newest and most lect club about London is the Two Pins Club, composed chiefly of *Punch*'s young men, with the addition of a few persons like Sir Charles Russell and Lord Rosbery. The two pins in question come from the names of Dick Turpin and John Gilpin.

According to the East Asiatic Lloyd there are 7,905 foreigners and 474 foreign business firms in Chinese ports. Great Britain has there 3,276 citizens and 290 firms; Germany 596 citizens and 72 firms; the United States 1,061 citizens and 27 firms. France 551 citizens and 20 firms.

The *British Medical Journal*, considering the danger of kissing the usually greasy Bible of the law courts, recommends that a clean wrapper of paper be put on from time to time. This was done recently for the benefit of the Duke of Fife, a recent witness, and it is approved as a desirable practice.

The Dutch General van Mullen in Harlem invited his surviving comrades on the field of Waterloo to celebrate with him the seventy-fifth anniversary of the battle. Seven veterans responded. Their ages were respectively 97, 95, 94, 93, 92, 92, and 91 years. All save one are in the most straitened circumstances.

When Labouchere questioned the actual value of a Senior Wrangler's ability a list was submitted to him in their behalf containing "some of the Senior Wranglers during the present century." The list contained only five Judges, four Bishops and a Dean, and some six or eight eminent astronomers and mathematicians.

Mr. Walter Besant has been accused by an alleged author of having hypnotized him and extracted from him when in that condition the entire story, word for word, of the novelette entitled "The Doubts of Dives." "The Hell of St. Paul's," or "everything that is good" in it, was obtained, it is alleged, from the same source and by the same means.

A movement has at last started at the gates and bars which are still put the some London streets by the adjoining holders. The Select Committee of the House of Commons appointed to inquire into the matter has passed the played with the free by the last offered little help, the that mouse next door, and the next of the no formation of a bachelor's society, sworn not to marry, go to London the piano. The society numbered over 300, but it had many of them in the French bar.

In a stone quarry, Russia, a relation of the form, "Gara"

in Vienna is a little village community of itself. It consists of 411 persons—the director, twenty-one male solo singers, a chorus director, fifty chorismen and sixty-seven chorists girls, ten male solo dancers, sixteen female solo dancers, twenty-five male chorus dancers, seventy-five ballet girls, three directors of the orchestra, one director of the ballet, 100 members of the orchestra, one stage musical director, and twenty-two stage musicians.

A butler in London brought an action against his former employer for the libel said to be in a reply to an inquiry about the butler's character, which said: "I discharged John Walsh for insolence." In consequence of this he lost a subsequent engagement. The action had been shown to the defendant's wife, and was not denied. The Judge said that it was for the plaintiff to show malicious misrepresentation on defendant's part, and the jury gave a verdict for the latter.

It may come to pass, said a British lecturer lately, "that some African may, in centuries to come, point out how a race of Englishmen once dominated the West Indies, and were improved off the face of the land." Such fears are real enough. In 1658 there were in those islands 4,550 Europeans as to 1,500 Africans. In 1,800 the numbers were 30,000 Europeans and 300,000 Africans. In the last census the figures were 14,433 Europeans, 109,946 colored, or mulattos, 444,186 Africans, and 12,240 Asiatics.

The cigarette habit is flourishing tremendously in Austria. The number of cigars smoked in that country during the past year was 1,085,000,000, showing a reduction of 72,000,000 on the previous year. On the other hand the consumption of cigarettes rose to 895,000,000, or an increase of 174,000,000. The quantity of tobacco sold by the Government, which monopolizes the market, has neither increased nor diminished, though the consumption of snuff is steadily declining. Cigarette smokers in Austria take the ready-made article.

A monument to the lifeboat now stands at South Shields, said to be the lifeboat's birthplace. In 1789, the ship *Adventure* was wrecked off the Tyne and a committee was formed to consider the matter of providing a lifeboat. The models submitted by Henry Greathead, a boat builder, and by William Wouldhave, a journeyman painter, were selected by the committee for use. Whether Wouldhave or Greathead was the actual inventor is a moot point; but locally Wouldhave is looked upon as the author of the model. The names of both men are given on the memorial. The first occasion on which a shipwrecked crew was landed by means of a lifeboat was on June 30, 1790.

Two years ago three hundred whales were driven ashore on the estate of a Mr. Bruce at Sumburgh, in the north of Scotland, and they were killed and sold. Mr. Bruce at once demanded that a third of the value of the whales (£100) should be paid to him, in accordance with an ancient custom, by which the "laird" of this property was entitled to claim "thirds" of all salvage. The Sheriff approved the claim on the ground that Mr. Bruce had taken no part in the capturing of the whales, and the Court of Sessions has upheld the Sheriff. The *Junco* intimated that although the laird's demand was justified by precedent, it was based neither upon principle nor upon justice, and it time for a new rule.

Rolls the Baby

Checks that

Twin roses

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Soft gaze that

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