

cork-screw curls, tortoise shell spectacles, and the complete school-marm. His olive turned a purple-yellow with rage as he proceeded to give his own drastic version of the eternal "scrap-of-paper" doctrine—the doctrine of the tyrant encumbered by past pledges that do not fit his present mood and convenience. He might have been a Hohenzollern. "I do not know what I have promised. I do not know former condition. I do not know anything but you are our servant and it is our pleasure that you must live in this palace and *you shall obey!*" But she did not obey. She let him bellow to the imminent danger of bursting a blood-vessel in his lungs: "You shall live in palace; you shall live in palace"—turned her back upon him and walked out leading her boy by the hand, merely facing round once or twice and bowing her acknowledgement of the monarch's pursuing storm of objurgations. And after an incredibly shabby exhibition of simple cunning on his part—he assigned her a horrible little den impregnably barricaded by the stinks of a filthy slum—the obstinate old skinflint was compelled, by some three months of indomitably steadfast resistance from his delicate adversary, which however cost her a bad illness, to own himself beaten, and to find a decent house for her.

In that English woman's castle of her own, she lived with her boy for six eventful years, maintaining an inviolable sphere of royalty for herself which was just as absolute, if it was not so extensive, as that of the demigod her master. Much to his astonishment, that "Supreme Celestial" was forced to recognize in this uncomplaining and astonishingly helpful young woman a certain palpable divinity which on occasion confronted him like a highly electrified fence of thin-spun steel wire. Like his prime-minister Kralahome, the ablest man in his dominions, who was the first to divine her peculiar properties and discreetly to stand her friend, he too was ere-long made to bow before her "great heart." This particular "lady of Niger" did not wreath the Royal Tiger's face in smiles of beatifically prosperous assimilation, though she did "ride on the back of the Tiger," often deflecting him from