

less night. Jameson went in front, and Rougen followed at his heels like one in a dream, his finger on the trigger of his pistol.

They left the lights of the camp behind, and tramped on, on, in silence. The trail they followed led hundreds of miles away to Cape Town, and Rougen shuddered at some inward thought.

Four or five miles they covered stumbling along in the dark. At last Jameson struck a match, and pointed to a clump of undergrowth. Then when the match went out he pushed on again until he halted under a stumpy tree. He wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and again struck a light.

"Dig there," he said solemnly.

Rougen, who was shivering in every limb, obeyed. He knew well enough where he was. He knew all that he should find below was the skeleton of Travers' little brother.

Three or four times he stopped in his ghastly work and looked as if he would run away. But in the light of the moon, which had suddenly risen in the south, he saw Jameson standing there and smoking his short clay pipe, and he was afraid.

"Go on, my friend, go on," the little man murmured.

Suddenly the spade grated against something hard, and Rougen shuddered. In another moment he had unsheathed a heap of glistening bones. He had discovered his handiwork.

The rays of the moon pierced the leaves of the desert tree and fell on something which glistened in the yawning grave.

Rougen fell forward on his knees with a little cry.

There was the glorious gem lying among the bones.

"You are a fool," said Jameson, shortly, "not to have guessed what I guessed. When little Travers saw you meant to kill him he swallowed the stone. What? Are you satisfied now?"

Rougen had picked up the gem with greedy fingers, although his marrow froze at the touch of the bones. He looked up inquiringly.

"And you saw me bury this man and understood? When you summed up for me in the court this afternoon, you knew I was a murderer, although I had not murdered Mark. Why did you not let me hang?"

Jameson flushed.

"Why should I accuse you?" he said.

"Travers killed his brother, and you killed him. It was quits. For the blood of man, man's blood has been shed. Justice was satisfied."

"When I came up and saw you burying little Travers here, I understood you had been sold. But with one brother

missing and the other dead, you hoped that your absence from the camp that day would not be connected with the murder. And there you were mistaken.

"I must tell you," Jameson went on knocking the ashes from his pipe, "that I owe you a debt a gratitude for calling on me to-night. You wondered, perhaps, why I had that spade and pickaxe in my room?"

"I was lusting for that ruby. Why should it not be mine? With it I could go back to England and marry the girl I love. With it my life would have been easy, and it was no good there among the bones of the murdered man. I was arguing the point out with my piano when you interrupted me. Two hours ago I was something very much like a criminal; now—"

Rougen was breathing hard.

"I say," he said; "come with me, and we will go shares. I do not want it all!"

"Not another word!" said Jameson, quickly. "Remember, whatever I was on the verge of being, now I am, thank God, an honest man!"

Then he held out his hand.

"Good-bye," he said. "And may the sin which you have done be forgiven! Good-bye for ever. If I see your face again, I shall accuse you of the murder of little Travers, and—you shall die!"

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

OUR sisters on the other side are desperately concerned with the latest inventions for improving their personal appearance. Anti-fat societies have been formed and large sums realized by the inventors of novel antidotes to corpulence (to which, by the way, English women are largely addicted), double chins, unsightly busts and other inroads made by time and luxury upon the delicacy of female beauty. The latest craze is a flannel belt, stuffed with herbs, which are medically known to be efficacious in reducing fat, lined with waterproof sheeting and maid dainty with stitchings and buddings of white or colored ribbon. This girdle is worn only at night, and one lady testified that after a fortnight's use the width of her hips was reduced several inches.

One of the prettiest and coolest accessories of summer dresses is a blouse front made of India mull, batiste or net, banded with lace insertion, in perpendicular stripes of the thin fabric and the insertion, if the wearer is inclined to stoutness, and in Breton style if slender. This is worn inside the open Eton jacket or blazer, and the full broad front is fastened by shoulder and under-arm seams to a fitted back of lawn or batiste, which is buttoned down the back. Simi-

lar fronts are made of white nainsook, chambray, wash silk or accordion-plaited chiffon.

One of the favorite ideas of writers used to be love, devotion and care of mothers for children, as exemplified by the hours they spent stitching on the little clothes. These same authors never thought it worth while to dwell on the state of nervous irritation those mothers sewed themselves into. While not half so romantic nor sentimental is it to buy for one's children ready-made clothes, there is no question that home is made happier in consequence.

Children's hats are simply trimmed and look more like the childish headwear of a good many years ago. Many have merely wreaths of simple flowers others ribbon trimmings. A pretty trimming is a wreath of rosette bows, the tie-over going from one to the other without being cut, and the bows being graduated in size, with a tall loop or two near the front on one side.

A skirt divided against itself cannot stand. It must ride a bicycle.

Every time you see long gloves at a great bargain get them; that is, if you ever wear such gloves. The kid put into long gloves is much better than that used for short ones, and the long ones will cleanse and cleanse till they fall to pieces, and yet not lose shape.

Brown hats are trimmed with cornflower blue interspersed with mignonette and poppies.

A white moire parasol with a waved edge, on which is an applique of ecru lace, has a curiously carved handle with ivory knob, set with a pearl-trimmed miniature.

Pique has come into favor with a rush. A stunning promenade gown of this fabric has revers, belt and roll collar entirely covered with gold and black embroidered spider's web.

Intense interest was manifested in the fate of the Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister Bill in the House of Lords. Only on one occasion has a second reading been accorded to the bill in the Upper Chamber, and that was 11 years ago, the majority being seven; but the measure was thrown out on the third reading, a fortnight later, by the narrow margin of five. This time the second reading was lost by nine, the actual figures being 120 for and 129 against. The minority included the Prince of Wales, the Lord Chancellor and other high dignitaries.