

to observe that the room was empty when I felt, rather than saw, a something, a something I felt, rather than saw, to be a small copy of John Swinnerton, brush by me and vanish in the darkness of the verandah.

'I thought I heard you talking; that you had company,' I said.

'No, no,' he said, laughing an animal's laugh without mirth. 'I was waiting for you.'

The man had not been alone. I was perfectly sure of that, and yet, and yet! Who knows the secrets which dog the footsteps of his fellows!

This was a mystery I was destined to solve, and that soon, though I did not know it then. At least, I was destined to solve as much of it as I can solve. Perhaps, after all, I was only destined to tell the story, leaving the solution to you, if you are wiser than I.

I did not go to the Oriental that night, not being inclined for gaming, and, if the truth must be told, because of not having received certain remittances. John Swinnerton went to his watch at the usual time, leaving a crowd of us smoking under the cool fig trees in the court with the fountain rippling an undertone to our low conversation. It is the fashion to sit far into the night, in Arizona, where nights are hot and sleep comes at no man's bidding.

It must have been midnight when a scuffling of tramping feet at the hotel office disturbed us, and the porter, greatly agitated, came out into the court-yard.

'What is it, George?' I said, seeing dark figures going along the verandah, as though bearing a heavy burden.

'El Paso Pete has plugged Swinnerton,' the porter said, his teeth chattering. 'He's sure safe to cash in, the Doc says.'

I threw my cigar away at once and walked down the verandah to Swinnerton's room. It was true. The Mexican had paid for the knife thrust through his swarthy hand, and John Swinnerton was dying. He lay with closed eyes upon his bed when I went in, the doctor bending over him and probing a wound in his breast, just under the heart. He opened his eyes presently, and even at that time the upper lip raised itself and the white teeth gleamed as he smiled.

'It's no good, doc,' he said. 'Pete win out. You are hurting me.'

The doctor straightened up, wiping his probe carefully, and the dying man's eyes caught mine. He held out his hand to me feebly. Perhaps he was about to tell me something of his past, to give me some message to those who would better have believed him dead long ago, when a woman lost to all womanliness save love for this one man, the woman whose hurts I had tended when he struck her down rushed in and threw herself beside the bed upon her knees—and in the same instant I felt, rather than saw, that the form of a small man, of a small man the perfect copy of John Swinnerton, had followed in her footsteps and stood beside her as she knelt. It was a form so vague, so shadowy that even while I looked I could not be sure of its presence. As I say, I felt rather than saw it, and it seemed to hover over the woman and over the dying man and, somehow, to be absorbed in both before I could fix it in my vision.

The dying man, dropping my hand made a gesture of repulsion as the woman came in, but his hand paused even as the gesture was made. He turned toward me and laid his hand upon the head of the woman as she sobbed with her face hidden in the sheets. Slowly he spoke and for the first time I saw in his face the look that is common to humanity.

'I know now,' he said, 'what it profits a man to regret. I have found my soul—and in finding it have lost it. The bank goes broke on this turn. Be as good to her as you can.'

The hand that rested upon the woman's head dropped, nerveless, and there came over the dying face one look of such unutterable horror as I hope never to see again upon a human face living or dying. Once more I became conscious of the presence of that other and smaller man, the presence I felt rather than saw, close to the bed. It passed out into the darkness of the verandah, and we, the doctor and I, were alone with the dead. The woman had ceased her sobbing. When I approached to raise her up and take her away I called to the doctor, for she, also was dead.

PITHY PASSAGES FROM MODERN NOVELS, ETC.

COLLECTED BY W. H. J. SEFFERN, NEW PLYMOUTH.

In most instances the names of the novels from which the passages have been taken are given; but where 'Anon' is placed the sentences have been extracted from magazine or newspaper articles.

**G**OLD.—I will gather in piles and piles of gold; I will pile it up as I used to do the chips when I cut wood; and if I get so much it will not be worth anything more to me than the chip.—*Jerry*.

**G**OLD.—Gold is the key to all things, even to woman's love.—*Vendetta*.

**G**OLD will bring the proud to their knees; it will force the obstinate to servile compliance; it will conquer aversion and prejudice. The world is a slave to its yellow glitter, and the love of woman—that perishable article of commerce—is ever at its command.—*Vendetta*.

**G**OLD is the moving force of this, our era. Without it kings and ministers are impotent and armies starve. With it all things can be accomplished, even to the concealment of the foulest crime.—*Vendetta*.

**G**OD.—One always believes in God by the side of a good woman.—*Wormwood*.

**G**OD.—There are two governing forces of the universe —'One, the masculine, is love; the other, the feminine, is beauty. These two reigning together are God, just as man and wife are one. From love and beauty proceed law and order.—*The Soul of Lilith*.

**G**OVERNMENT.—All improvement in government means improvement of the people.—*All Sorts and Conditions of Men*.

**G**RAVE.—Charles Dickens went on one occasion to Higate Cemetery to select the site for a grave, and was accompanied round the ground by one of the officials, who pointed out various plots, none of which Dickens fancied. At last Dickens himself made a suggestion. 'I don't think you'd like that,' said his companion. 'Why not?' The man pointed to an overhanging willow. 'The tree?' said Dickens. 'That was one of the reasons for my choice. The shade and——' 'Yes,' interrupted the officer, 'but in wet weather it drips; rather uncomfortable for the party!'—*Anon*.

**H**AT.—He felt like a man who has got a new hat which does not belong to him, which does not fit him, and which will not stay on his head in a high wind.—*Children of the King*.

'**H**APPY MEDIUM' are two words which mean 'miserable mediocrity.' Go first-class or third; marry a duchess or her kitchen maid. The happy medium means respectability, and respectability means insipidness.—*Diary of a Nobody*.

**H**APPINESS.—To be wise is to be happy; to be happy is to be wise.—*The Soul of Lilith*.

**H**APPINESS.—Negative happiness is better than positive discomfort.—*Mr Isaacs*.

**H**APPINESS and suffering are the only words that have or ought to have any meaning. The rest—it is all a matter of opinion, of taste, of fashion, of anything you please excepting the heart.—*The Three Fates*.

**H**APPINESS is a fool's term, and designates a state of being that can only pertain to foolishness. Show me a perfectly happy man, and I will show you an ignorant witting, light-headed, hard-hearted, and of a most powerfully good digestion.—*Ardath*.

**H**APPINESS.—All happy families resemble each other, but every unhappy family is unhappy in its own especial way.—*Kreutzer's Sonata*.

**H**APPINESS.—If you are willing to be happy, happiness will come in its own shape.—*Don Orsino*.

**H**APPINESS.—The aim of ignorance is pleasure; the pursuit of the wise is happiness.—*Mr Isaacs*.

**H**ATRED is a strong passion. To hate well one must have first loved.—*Vendetta*.

**H**EATHENS.—An impious Scot once described the House of Commons as an assembly of heathens.—*Anon*.

**H**ELP.—There is no one so great but he may both need held even from the meanest of mortals.—*Anon*.

**H**EAVENLY.—You want to turn this world into a kind of heaven, and men and women into angels, but the wings don't grow here.—*For Love of Prude*.

**H**EALTH.—A man soon gets right again in the fresh air of the bush.—*Robbery Under Arms*.

**H**EALTH.—Youth and health are good things.—*Vendetta*.

**H**EART.—He has no more heart than a bad onion.—*Wormwood*.

**H**EART disease is the usual reason assigned by medical savants for the sudden departures out of the world.—*Romance of two Worlds*.

**H**EART (a woman's) is full of mystery; but even when one has it, surrendered at discretion and given up in one's own custody, it is so very, very hard to read.—*The Liebel Queen*.



Ferrier, photo, Tlmaru.

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