

lady; 'but if you mention me, please do so only as "Miss X." for that is the name by which I am best known.'

'Let me say at once,' continued the Marquis, after we were seated, 'that what annoys me most is that the name of the house has been given away. It was never intended it should be. I first heard of this house's strange noises in 1893. Whatever their cause, their commencement last year is absurd. It is true the Heavens were a little lark. They were Spaniards. Apparently when the noises did not appear some of the young fellows made believe. But it is a fact that they paid £900 for a year's shooting, and left at the end of seven weeks. Moreover, we have written testimony that these noises have been heard in the house for eighteen years.'

'Was anything ever seen?' I inquired.

'Well, yes! there is one very distinct testimony of an apparition.'

'Why,' said his Lordship, with a smile, 'the toughest thing that ever experienced was the apparition of the—'

'Perhaps, my lord,' quickly interrupted Miss X., 'it will (if I may have your lordship's permission to say so) be our best way with the reporter to keep to the point. I was going to say that we intend to publish a complete account of our investigation, and that it will contain some striking testimony. Unfortunately, we were unable to solve the difficulty.'

'We invited down all the first English scientists,' went on his lordship, 'but unfortunately they could not come at the time, and the proprietor would not renew our lease. We also asked Maskelyne, the conjurer, to come, but he was busy with his Jubilee stand.'

'The secretary of the S.P.R. came down,' continued Miss X., 'and brought with him Miss —, a medium, but her discoveries were of no value. We had hoped to have been able to use the phonograph, but could not, because we never knew in which way to direct the receiver. We had also intended to use seismetrical instruments, as it was suggested that the house had a sort of earthquake. Unfortunately it is now too late.'

'And your published account will contain many remarkable stories?'

'Indeed, it certainly will,' replied the Marquis. 'For instance—'

'My lord, with your lordship's permis-

don,' Miss X. once broke in, 'it would perhaps be better to keep them for the publication.'

'But let me add,' continued his lordship, 'that it was our intention from the first in publishing our report to entirely disguise not only the house but even the district, so as to save injury to the property.'

HIS ONLY CLIENT.

An old-time Californian astonished a circle of New Zealand acquaintances not long ago by remarking that he had never tried but one case in court.

'I never knew that you had studied law!' exclaimed one of his friends.

'I had neither studied law nor anything else,' rejoined the successful business man; 'but I had a flexible tongue, and that secured me my first and only client.'

'Those were pioneering days,' he continued, 'when the new settlements were filled with adventurers from all sections of the country, and when political arguments and business wrangles were adjusted with bowie-knives and six-shooters. One Fourth of July two men in our camp were drawn into a political discussion, and one of them was shot at close range and fatally wounded. The assailant was arrested, and a police magistrate set down the preliminary examination for the next week.'

The prisoner's friends asked me to defend him. When I pleaded ignorance of the law they told me that a slick tongue was what was needed. They also advised me not to confer with my client because knowledge of the facts might embarrass me. I had what might be called a free hand, and was alike independent of issues of law and of fact.

'The case came on before a rough-and-ready jury impaneled by the magistrate, and with a pioneer audience in attendance. The facts of the homicide were related by several witnesses. The prosecution rested. The defence opened.'

'My first plea fell flat. It related to the previous good character of the prisoner. The magistrate fidgeted about in his chair, and finally declared that everybody in California had a good reputation, and would not be there if he had anything else. It reminded me that I was not engaged in a libel case, but in a murder trial.'

'Then I made a second attempt. I argued that the shooting was accidental, and that my client did not know that the weapon was loaded. I treated it as an unfortunate incident of pioneering times, when everybody had to carry arms, and asserted that similar accidents were occurring in all sections of California. The audience murmured and the court warned me that I was not helping my client's case by pleading the baby act.'

'I made a final effort. I reminded the jury that the shooting occurred on the 4th July; enlarged upon the heroism of Washington and the fathers of the republic; waxed eloquent over the debt of gratitude which every lover of his country owed to those patriots; asserted that neglect to observe the national holiday would imply a decadence of republican institutions; and finally brought in the prisoner at the bar as an enthusiastic citizen who was seeking to celebrate the day heartily, and in his excitement had become uncontrollable and irresponsible. The audience warmly applauded my spread-eagle speech. The prisoner was acquitted.'

'After that remarkable achievement,' said the pioneer, with a twinkle in his eye, 'I retired permanently from practice; and I have never ceased to regret my conduct in the affair, and that my client escaped a well-merited hanging.'

The defence, however, shows how, by skill in appealing to sentiment in men, and by diverting their minds from the real issue, a lawyer can lead a jury to overlook right, and do under impulse an absolute injustice.

NARROW ESCAPE OF A GIRL.

ST. LEONARDS has been the scene of numerous startling events in the course of its career, which have excited the attention, not only of the borough itself, but of the whole country. Recently there has been another striking incident, which has been the subject of much comment, and which, moreover, has an instructive side. A narrow escape from death arrested attention, and the *Hastings Observer* visited the heroine Miss Sarah E. Gough, of St. Leonards, a prepossessing rosy-faced young woman, looking the picture of health.

'I used to suffer from anæmia,' she said,

'and was ill for four or five months. I kept getting worse and worse, and was so weak that I could not walk about. I used to wish I could die. I could not eat anything without being sick, and for two or three days I would go without anything to eat at all. When I went upstairs I had to go up two or three at a time, and then take a rest. I had no breath for walking. I lost all my colour; a very clever doctor told me that I had not got half a pint of blood in me, and that what I had was no good, adding that I was on the verge of consumption. I had to take to my bed—I could not stand. The doctor tried my heart and said it was very weak. I had very bad palpitations, and used to suffer from indigestion. At last I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Everybody was telling me about them and the good they had done. After I had been taking them about a week I began to feel better. I had more colour and regained my strength. My breath came back too. I took them continuously for about two months, leaving off taking them about four months ago.'

'And now you feel quite well?'

'Yes, I am better now than ever I was in my life. The people used to ask whatever was the matter with me. They told me I was in consumption.'

Miss Gough's words clearly show that her cure is permanent. These pills are not like other medicine, and their effects are permanent. They act directly on the blood, and thus it is that they are so famous for the cure of anæmia and rheumatism, weak heart, scrofula, consumption, chronic erysipela, and to restore pale and sallow complexions to the glow of health. They are also a splendid nerve and spinal tonic, and thus have cured many cases of paralysis, locomotor ataxia, neuralgia, St. Vitus' dance, and nervous headache. They are sold by chemists, and by Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Wellington, N.Z., at 3s a box, or six for 15s 9d, but are genuine only with full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Barbar: Your head is sadly in want of a shampoo, sir. Tailor (in the chair): Yes, and your c'otnes are decidedly seedy, but I don't nag you about it.

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Soap.

Makes the Hands white and fair, the Complexion bright and clear, and the Skin soft and smooth as velvet.

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Prof. Sir Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S.

Late President of the Royal College of Surgeons, England:

"PEARS' SOAP is an article of the nicest and most careful manufacture, and one of the most refreshing and agreeable balms for the skin."



"Since using Pears' Soap I have discarded all others."

Willie Austrey