

some jealousy where Mrs Seaton is concerned. Molly is so popular, you know, Sir Basil, and up to now we have one and all imagined her to belong to us in a sort of way. Now that Mrs Seaton has come—

'It will make no difference in the world—none. I only hope you will all be as kind to Justina, and give her as bountifully of your friendship as you give to my little sister.'

Leam rose from her chair.

'I must go now,' she said.

She had almost an impatient sort of dislike to Basil Fothergill this evening. She was beginning to be bored with so much conversation about this girl, whom she felt instinctively, yet surely, she should dislike most heartily.

'I shall see you to-morrow,' she added, with a faint smile, as he rose, too, and moved with her to the door. 'Molly will have to come and spend a long hour soon with my mother, or there will be great disappointment. Please tell her so. Yes, Bee, dear, I must go now. Don't look so gloomy; one would think you were never going to see me again.'

Leam Greatorex submitted in a languid, graceful manner to be kissed by her pretty, young hostess. There was no doubt of the genuineness of Beatrice Somerset's affection for her proud, undemonstrative friend. Bee admired Leam immensely. She was attracted chiefly to Miss Greatorex because the latter possessed just those very qualities which she herself lacked. Bee was not clever, not very thoughtful, not proud or dignified. Leam she considered to be her superior in every sense of the word, and it was only natural that Bee Somerset should be a little vain of the partiality which Lady Gertrude and her handsome daughter showed for her own pretty self. Apart from all this, too, there was not quite consciously defined, perhaps, in Bee's mind a sort of pity for the girl whom she admired so much—a sense of regret that Leam's life was not, and never would be, the same as her own bright, happy one. There was a great deal of grandeur and dignity in Lady Gertrude Greatorex's house, but there was no warmth or gladness, as it were, and although Bee knew this was owing as much to Leam's uncongenial nature as to her mother's, still the other girl did not withhold her pity on that account—rather did she give it the more. Deep down in her heart Beatrice was cherishing a hope for Leam's future—a hope that should mean happiness and brightness and a constant pleasure in life; and this hope was centred on Basil Fothergill. Beatrice, however, said nothing definite, even to herself, about this thought and hope, but she encouraged it all the same. She never lost an opportunity of putting Leam's charms before Sir Basil—not heavily, or with a purpose in her words, but gently, prettily, lightly, as beffited all that came from her. To-night after Basil returned from putting Miss Greatorex into the large roomy boudoir in which Lady Gertrude was wont to take her daily drives, Beatrice was full of admiring words for

'The room always seems to me to have a sort of void when Leam goes,' she said to him, warmly. 'Did she not look splendid to-night? There is really something regal about Leam Greatorex.'

'She is certainly very handsome,' Sir Basil agreed, just as warmly, but there was no flush on his face or little awkwardness or shyness about him as he spoke Leam's name, such as came over Jasper Wyllie's rugged face when Beatrice Somerset smiled up at him or flashed some pretty pertness at his gravity, as she danced hither and thither.

Bee noticed this fact, of course, in Sir Basil's manner, but it did not carry much weight against that little scheme she was cherishing in her heart. Every man was not so foolish as Jasper Wyllie, she would have declared saucily had she been asked to speak outright on this subject. Then Bee would most certainly have blushed a rosy red, for, despite this sauciness and depreciation of him, Jasper Wyllie and his 'foolishness' were exceedingly dear to her.

(To be continued.)

THE WAR IN SAMOA.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE RECENT ENGAGEMENT AT VAILELE, ALSO PHOTOS AND SKETCHES OF IMPORTANT EVENTS.

THE FIGHT AT VAILELE.

We are able this week to present our readers with an interesting series of pictures descriptive of recent events in Samoa. Unfortunately the most prominent of our illustrations have reference to the fatal fight at Vailele, in which seven officers and men of the American and English land force were killed, and seven others wounded. The landing party consisted of 110 British and American sailors and 150 Malietoa natives, the whole being under the command of Lieutenant Freeman of the Tauranga. The other officers were Lieutenant Cave (H.M.S. Porpoise), Lieutenant Lansdale (H.M.S. Itoyalist), Lieutenant Lansdale and Ensign (Sub-Lieutenant) Monaghan of the Philadelphia. Mr Macdonald (surgeon), Mr James Mackie, and Dr. Lang, surgeon of the Philadelphia, also accompanied the column which marched along the beach from Apia to the Vailele plantation. After several native villages had been shelled by the war vessels and occupied by the land force, the latter turned homewards, taking the inland road. After they had proceeded some distance and had just crossed a small stream with steep banks, they were surprised by a large body of the enemy lying in ambush, who poured into the column a hail of bullets. The Europeans were at once extended in skirmishing order, and opened fire on the enemy, who were seen to be in large numbers with new rifles, and also with the Colt automatic machine gun.

Several volleys were fired by the machine gun, then it suddenly jammed and refused to work. Brisk rifle firing was kept up, and Mataafa's white-capped fighting men fell back and disappeared in the shadows of the bush. A halt was ordered and Lieut. Lansdale and the Philadelphia's gunner spent nearly half an hour trying to put the machine gun right. In this encounter one of the Europeans was wounded, and a Samoan woman was also hurt.

The order being given to resume the march, the force proceeded along the bush road in the direction of Apia.

When about half a mile further had been covered the enemy were again encountered in large numbers amongst the coconut trees. They attacked the column in force, and it was reckoned that there were at least 800 Mataafa's men engaged.

Soon after the men in ambush made their presence known Lieut. Lansdale

opened fire on them with his machine gun, which when in proper working order was capable of firing 400 bullets a minute. After a few rounds had been fired, however, the gun jammed again and became quite useless. Lieut. Lansdale once more tried to get it to work, and while so engaged he was wounded, a bullet striking him just above the knee.

The friendly natives met a heavy fire from three sides while they were in the valley of the Vaivase, and as they had been given only a small supply of ammunition, and had fired all their cartridges, they retreated towards Apia. They behaved well throughout, but having no ammunition were forced to leave the scene in a hurry. It was then that Mr Lansdale received another bullet wound, and Ensign Monaghan, who went to his help, was also wounded.

As the skirmishing continued and the rebels were seen to be in great force it was decided to make for the beach again. Between the Anglo-American force and the beach were two barbed wire fences, which were soon cut by Mr Freeman's orders. It was felt that the path of safety was along the beach, and that if the attempt to reach Apia through the bush was continued the force would

be completely surrounded and decimated by the enemy. The 'Retreat' was sounded on the bugle by Mr Freeman's orders, and the column headed due north through the bush and undergrowth to the beach, fighting as they went.

Several men had been hit by this time, one or two being killed, and it was found very difficult to carry them off through the bush and over the rough ground.

A few of friendly Samoans who had some cartridges left were busily engaging the enemy on the eastern flank, with four British bluejackets, who kept bravely at their position till the last.

Lieut. Freeman, finding that the American portion of the force in charge of the Colt gun did not retreat when the bugle sounded returned to them to a little rise where the gun party were firing briskly with their rifles at the rebels. Just as he approached the top of the hill a bullet struck him in the chest and he fell dead, shot through the heart (as was found afterwards).

Some of his men tried to carry him off, but as he was a big man and heavy they had to leave him to save their own lives, the country being very rough.



THE U.S. PHILADELPHIA FIRING THE FIRST SHOT.



THE DISTRIBUTION OF ARMS TO MALIETO'A'S WARRIORS.

Photo by Davis.