

as though in the act of diving into the Colonel's tumbler—over the side of the sheep, into the sea howling. Ah, me! What shall I do? And the sobbing and wringing of hands was continued.

Poor Davenport had grown deadly white during this dismal recital. The shock was almost too great for his self-command. He tried to speak, but could not.

And, marvellous as it may seem, the sentiments of his friends towards him seemed to be undergoing a change. Their sympathy, pronounced as it had been in his endurance of the ordeal of the challenge, seemed to vanish before the certainty of Arron's death and the spectacle of his friend's despair. The Colonel viewed him reprovingly, and even the Illinois legislator, whose militance of spirit had previously been so sharply defined, avoided his eye and busied himself with the task of administering more refreshment to the now exhausted Spaniard. As for Lawyer Starring, he was non-committal. As usual, he smiled and said nothing.

Whether the young man was to blame or not, his punishment was indubitable and tremendous. Even without the calm contempt of his fiancée, who had declined to look at or speak to him since the morning after Señor Arron's awful end, he would have been miserable enough. His conscience gave him no peace; for although he had been practically forced into the game of cards that had ended so fatally, he could not help feeling that the catastrophe might have been avoided.

Once, being unable, as it seemed, to endure his torment any longer, he had approached Miss Martindale as she stood pensively by the stern railing with her mother watching the antics of the log. She had a fleecy white shawl over her head and the sting of the spray had whipped her cheeks to an adorable carmine. 'Gertrude!' he had said, with a lump in his throat as big as a turkey's egg, 'won't you—'

'Oh Dick!' moaned the damsel, feebly, with the gentle eyes streaming, and the carmine cheeks buried in the broad maternal breast, 'how could you do it?'

'How could I do it?' repeated the unhappy man, gasping like a fish out of the water, 'that's a good joke, I don't think. Why—'

But the strong maternal hand waved him imperiously back and he departed miserably.

Dick was in no hurry to rise on the morning the ship reached her harbour; a fact in itself remarkable, for he failed to remember having made an ocean voyage that did not terminate in a spasm of rapture at the thought of getting to land. He could see by the sunlight that streamed into his stateroom through the port-hole that the morning was as superb as most American mornings are; and it seemed to him, as he lay there half awake, reflecting, with all the bitterness of twenty-four, on the utter heartlessness of women, that a good deal of noise was being made about the ship. There was scurrying back and forth through the corridors, the sound of laughter, the clinking of glasses. Presently there came from the saloon, and from the decks above, simultaneously, the deep diapason of a cheer. They were steaming slowly into port, and a sensation of some sort was afoot. Though he could not shake off the feeling that he had quite done with life, the young man roused himself from his inertia. He arose and dressed. When he reached the deck twenty minutes later, the sight that confronted him was sufficient to dissipate all the blue devils in creation.

New York harbour on a bright morning is sufficiently brilliant in any case, but now there were conditions and embellishments that made the spectacle more inspiring than usual. Flags floated from every ship, and streamed from every building visible from her deck, as the ocean liner swept majestically up the Bay toward her moorings in the river. It seemed indeed, as if the whole city of New York had gone wild on the subject of flags, and the merrily flippant manner in which the tugs and smaller craft were fitting about, all displaying a quite unusual wealth of bunting, heightened the observer's impression that some unusual festival must be afoot.

The actual situation would doubtless have dawned on Davenport in another second if Colonel Brainard had not enlightened him. The old

boy danced up with friskiness entirely out of keeping with his years and dignity, and grabbing him by the hand, bawled out: 'Isn't it glorious, heh?'

'Isn't what glorious?' was on the tip of the young man's tongue, when he caught sight of the Honourable Elias Stackpole, of Illinois, by George, sir! as he was in the habit of proclaiming—coming truculently down the deck, broadside on, with his mouth wide open and roaring, and an American flag held aloft in either hand. The Honourable Elias was cheering for his own government and consigning that of Spain to the Inferno in the same breath, and his behaviour supplied Davenport with a clue. 'You don't mean to say,' he ejaculated, 'that war's been declared?'

'Sure's you're born!' asserted the Colonel, and all the young man's troubles seemed to vanish in the exhilaration of the moment.

When Miss Martindale and her mamma crossed the plank and set foot upon their native shore, Mr Dick was busy opening his luggage for the benefit of the Custom House inspector. His tall figure was bent and he did not even see them.

The mother and daughter were passing just behind Davenport, on their way to the M section to see to the examination of their own baggage, when they were nearly upset by a mad rush on the part of the Honourable Elias Stackpole—of Illinois, by George, sir! The face of the western legislator was purple and his eyes were flashing like those of a nervous horse. With a wild plunge, he gained Davenport's side, and his mighty hand fell on the young man's shoulder with a slam. 'Look there!' he exclaimed hoarsely.

Davenport did as he was bidden. In the direction in which the statesman was pointing, not ten feet away, he espied a dark, swarthy person, in the garb of a seaman, who was regarding him with furtive eyes. By the seaman stood Señor Veluto, and both men, on perceiving they were noticed, tried to move away.

It would not do. The extent and cruelty of the cheat that had been practised upon him flashed upon Davenport in a second, and the memory of its bitter consequences prompted an instant reprisal. In two bounds his long legs had mastered the intervening distance and in two more seconds Señor Ferdinand Arronca, in his garb of a sailor, was being shaken, and kicked, and cuffed by this brawny American athlete in a manner that set his bones to aching and his teeth to rattling like his native castanets. When he deemed the punishment sufficient, Davenport picked his victim up from the ground bodily, as a terrier may lift a kitten, and flung him at Señor Veluto, who stood trembling by. The conspirators met like two sacks of meal and subsided in a heap, much to their wonderment. A police officer was on the point of demanding an explanation of Davenport, when he was compelled to make way for a girlish figure in a dainty travelling dress. 'Oh, Dick,' cried the figure appealingly, as it raised its little blonde head to meet his eyes, and totally oblivious of the admiring crowd that had collected, 'isn't he dead?'

'I don't know,' answered the still panting Dick, 'unless I've killed him. He didn't drown himself, if that's what you mean.' Her gladiator was still on edge with the flush of battle, and, quite defiant of the conventionalities of Madame Martindale, who stood, at a little distance, he stooped and kissed the lady—an honest smack, squarely upon her tempting mouth.



Healthy happy girls often become languid and despondent, from no apparent cause in the early days of their womanhood. They drag along, always tired, never hungry, breathless and with a palpitating heart after slight exercise, so that merely to walk upstairs is exhausting. Sometimes a short, dry cough leads to the fear that they are "going into consumption." They are anæmic, doctors tell them, which means that they have too little blood. Are you like that? Have you too little blood? More anæmic people have been made strong, active, hungry, energetic men and women by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People than by any other means.

"I am a w 20, but for nearly 5 yrs I have a fierce, severely dry, smart, hard, persistent, cramps on my legs, of the limbs. Sleepless, as added to my troubles, as I would toss on my bed night after night vainly trying to sleep. The cramps in my legs were so bad that I used to scream out with pain. Nei her doctors nor medicine improved me, but a few boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have restored me to perfect health. Four friends of mine have also been cured by them. Please publish this." So says Miss P. Peterson, Featherston, North Island, N.Z.

The genuine package always bears the full name of all chemists and retailers or sent by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., 40, Sharland & Co. Wellington. On receipt of price 3/- per box or 16/- for six boxes.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE BANK OF NEW ZEALAND DIRECTORS.

We give in this issue portraits of the gentlemen now constituting the Board of Directors of the Bank of New Zealand. Four of the gentlemen, Messrs. Blair, Malet, Beauchamp, and Milne, are appointees of the Government, and the other two, Messrs. Watson and Kennedy, were elected by the shareholders.

Mr Blair, the present Mayor of Wellington, is well known in the Empire City as head of the late firm of Lyon and Blair, wholesale stationers, etc., Chairman of the Education Board, and President of the Victoria College Council.

Mr F. de C. Malet was formerly in the Civil Service as Clerk of the Magistrate's Court, and was also Associate of the late Mr Justice Johnston for many years. He has the qualifications of a barrister and solicitor, but he has not practised. From 1876 to 1896 he was a member of the Board of Governors of Canterbury College, and for some time its Chairman. Mr Malet has also had extensive commercial experience.

Mr Beauchamp is a member of the firm of Bannatyne and Co., general merchants. He has been for some time a member of the Wellington Harbour Board, and a director of the Gear Meat Company.

Mr Milne is a member of the firm of Dowling and Co., general merchants, Oamaru. He is an Aberdonian, and has had the training of a banker in the North of Scotland. Afterwards he entered a London bank, and he was selected to come to this colony as a visiting officer of the Colonial Bank. Subsequently he became manager of the branch of that bank at Oamaru, a position which he held for 11 years. Seven years ago he retired from the bank's service, and went into business, in which he has had a successful career. Mr Milne has also been largely identified with agricultural interests.

The other two gentlemen, Mr Watson and Mr Martin Kennedy, are both too well-known in the colony to require to be referred to here.

THE GREAT BLIZZARD OF 1899.

The two most remarkable blizzards that have visited the United States were the storms of 1888 and the recent one in February last. Of the two the latter appears to have been the worst. In New York, which was subject to the full fury of it, the temperature was ten degrees lower than the lowest recorded in the blizzard of eleven years ago. Our picture shows what the effect of the cold was on the sea. Nearly all the Atlantic ports were ice-bound, and in New York only the most powerful of ocean steamers could break their way into the city.

The physical suffering among the poor in the ill-ventilated, overcrowded and insufficiently heated tenements is indescribable, and it is not surprising that during the height of the recent storm the charitable people of the city had to provide for more than 60,000 helpless persons. The work of the Salvation Army, perhaps, reached further and accomplished more than that of any other organisation, the churches not excepted. By direction of the Governor many of the armouries were opened and blankets and food were provided for the homeless.

The city was virtually cut off for twenty-four hours from communication with the outside world. Vessels could not reach the harbour, railroad trains could not break through the snow blockades, and several thousand men with shovels, aided by 300 horses and carts, were unable to make paths through the main thoroughfares of New York. The hospitals, dispensaries and all the asylums for the sick and suffering, the police stations, and every place where the faintest hope of succour could be expected, were overwhelmed with persons seeking aid, many of these starved and almost frozen.

The loss inflicted upon a great city by such a visitation is almost incalculable. The sudden suspension of business in thousands of factories, the interference with the trade of all the stores, the loss of earnings by street cars and steam railroads, by ferry lines, and all other regularly constituted methods of public conveyance, must foot up an appalling aggregate, and it would be difficult for anyone to approximately cipher it out.

BULBS advertisement for H.C. GIBBONS & CO., 131, Lambton Quay, Wellington. Includes text: 'Finest Quality Largest Stock Most Reasonable Prices' and 'Illustrated Descriptive Catalogue on application. Send for cultural directions.'

A TERRIBLE COUGH.

Commercial Road, Peckham, July 12. 'Dear Sir, I am a poor hand at expressing my feelings, but I should like to thank you. Your lozenges have done wonders in relieving my terrible cough. Since I had the operation of "Tracheotomy" (the same as the late Emperor of Germany, and, unlike him, thank God, I am still alive), performed at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, no one could possibly have had a more violent cough; it was so bad at times that it quite exhausted me. The mucous, which was very copious and hard, has been softened, and I have been able to get rid of it without difficulty.—I am, sir, yours truly, J. HILL.'

A DOCTOR'S TESTIMONY.

'Routh Park, Cardiff, South Wales, Sept. 28, 1898. I have, indeed, great pleasure in adding my testimony to your excellent preparation of Cough Lozenges, and I have prescribed it for the last eight years in all hospital and private practice, and found it of great benefit. I often suffer from Chronic Bronchitis; your Lozenge is the only remedy which gives me immediate ease. Therefore, I certainly and most strongly recommend your Lozenges to the public who may suffer from Catarrh, Bronchitis, Winter Cough, or any kind of Pulmonary Irritation.—Yours truly, A. GABRIEL, M.D., L.R.C.P. and L.M., Edinburgh; L.R.C.S. and L.M. Edinburgh.'

USE KEATING'S LOZENGES.

It is nearly twenty years ago since KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES were first made, and the sale is larger than ever, because they are unrivalled in the relief of such ailments as Cough, Asthma, and Bronchitis; one alone gives relief.

UTTERLY UNRIVALLED.

Keating's Cough Lozenges, the unrivalled remedy for COUGHS, HOARSENESS, and THROAT PROBLEMS, are sold in Tins by all Chemists.