

will let you into a little secret if you will promise to keep it religiously to yourself. I have determined never to take a wife at all unless—

'Unless—' Justina echoed, very faintly.

'Here we are at the station,' said Basil, going abruptly from the conversation. 'Now I wonder if you would think me very rude if I asked you to wait here while I go and see if I can capture the latest London paper?'

'Go, most certainly,' Justina said, and she sent him from her with a smile.

There were tears in her eyes as she watched his tall, grand figure move away from her, and her heart was beating wildly.

Something in his voice rather than his words had started that emotion within her. She could not quite understand it, nor did she seek to do so. She rested against an old wooden railing that ran along the back of the path where they were walking, and she waited for him to come back.

The little station was just in a bustle as a train had come steaming in.

'From London, I suppose,' Justina said to herself. She had a vague thrill of pain at the very mention of the word London. What memories of misery and sadness were confused up in its sound!

There were few arrivals, and no one seemed to need the very quaint-looking fly that was waiting so patiently.

A smart dog-cart, however, was not without its occupant, and as Justina stood watching she saw Sir Basil come through the doorway with two other men, who, after a little conversation, mounted into this dog-cart and prepared to drive away.

'It is Lord Dunchester,' Justina said to herself, as the sound of a voice came to her ears. It was not quite so easy to see the faces.

Sir Basil's big form alone was unmistakable. He came striding across to her, and the dog-cart left the station at the same moment. It flashed past Justina. Neither of the men in it noticed her nor the great start she gave as the vehicle whirled by.

'That's Dunchester's wonderful friend from Paris,' Sir Basil said, as he rejoined her and took her hand through his arm again. 'Made up his mind after all to take Philip up his word and come down here for a while.'

'Can't say I am much impressed with his looks. No more a St. Leger than I am; of that I will be very certain. For the rest it is hard to condemn a chap before you know him. All the same, I think Dunchester's party would have been better if his last guest had stuck to his original intention and not joined it.'

Justina made no reply. Words were quite impossible to her. Her brain was on fire for a moment. Quickly as the dog-cart had passed her there had been time and light enough for her to recognise in Lord Dunchester's companion, Mr St. Leger, the face and form of the man George Ayresworth, the former friend and accomplice of her husband—Rupert Seaton.

(To be Continued.)

TWO OF A TRADE.

That two of a trade seldom agree is a common saying. Its weakness, however, resides in the fact that it is a cavilling, sneering saying. The idea sought to be conveyed is that the disagreement is the outcome of reciprocal jealousy. While that is likely, it is not a necessary, or even a philosophical, inference. Two of a trade may easily see reasons for an honest difference of opinion to which the outsider is blind. Again, two of a trade may agree and both be wrong—on a point, of course, connected with their own industry. Some years ago there was high debate over the question whether a painting, exhibited in Paris, was an original Velasquez or a copy. Half the artists and connoisseurs in Europe got hot under the collar about it. It was one or the other—so they said. Later on the fact came out. It was neither an original nor a copy; it was a replica. The experts were mistaken. And so runs speculative judgment in everything.

Here is the case of two doctors, both, doubtless, competent men. If they were wrong, or if only one was wrong,—but let us have the story first. It comes from a reputable source, and is well corroborated.

'In March, 1891,' says the relater, 'I had a severe attack of influenza, which prostrated me for two months. After this I could not get up my strength. My appetite was poor, and what little I did eat gave me much pain at the chest and around the heart. Sharp, cutting pains in the region of the heart seized me every now and again, sometimes so bad I feared I was going to die. At night I got little or no sleep on account of wind, which rose into my throat until I fairly gasped for breath. During the painful attacks of my complaint perspiration would stand in beads upon my face.'

'I soon lost strength to that extent I could not stand. Indeed, I was weak as a child. I was often so dizzy I had to catch hold of something to keep me from falling. Several times these attacks have come upon me at concerts, obliging my friends to conduct me home. As time passed on I grew more and more feeble, and abandoned all hope of ever being well and strong again.'

'I had two doctors attending me, who prescribed medicines; which, however, eased me only for a time, and then I was as bad as ever.'

'One doctor said I had pleurisy; the other said I had heart disease. 'For two and one-half years I lingered along, nearly as much dead as alive, all my relatives and friends thinking I would not recover. In November, 1893, a book was left at my house, in which I read of a case like mine having been cured by Mother Seigel's Syrup. My wife procured me a bottle from the Provincial Drug Stores in Westgate street, and the first bottle gave me so much relief that I continued with the medicine. I could then eat well, and the food agreed with me; the pain around the heart soon ceasing.'

'In a short time my strength returned, and I got back to my work well and vigorous. Since then I have been in the best of health. You are at liberty to publish this statement and refer to me.'—(Signed) William Henry Jervis, 48, Rendlesham Road, All Saints, Ipswich, November 13, 1897.

One of Mr Jervis' doctors pronounced his complaint to be pleurisy; the other said it was heart disease. Were they both right, or both wrong? Or was one right and the other wrong? In the latter case—which one? Judging from the symptoms as set forth by Mr Jervis, the probability is that both were right—as far as they went.

The sac or bag which surrounds the heart (called the pericardium), and the sac in which the lungs rest (called the pleurae), are parts of the lymphatic system; which is the especial abiding place and stamping ground of the kind of poison produced by the diseased digestive system, and the cause of rheumatism, gout, pleurisy, and heart disease. Now, after (if not before) his attack of influenza Mr Jervis suffered from acute dyspepsia with torpid liver, which engendered the poison that set up a mild form of both pleurisy and heart disorder. When the real and underlying ailment of all—the dyspepsia—was cured by Mother Seigel's Syrup these supplementary or consequential troubles vanished, as might be expected.

So we see that—strange as it may seem—two of a trade can differ and both be right.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Notice to Contributors.—Any letters or MSS. received by the Editor of the "New Zealand Graphic" will be immediately acknowledged in this column.

'Traveller.'—It is rather hard to recommend books for other people, unless you know something of their tastes. If you are going Home by either Orient or F. and O., from Sydney, you will find capital libraries on board, and the subscription is very moderate. You will also find a good library on any of the intercolonial boats on your way over. Have you read 'Peace With Honour' (Blackwood's Colonial Library)? It is not quite in the newest lot, but is capital. 'The Day's Work,' 'An Uncrowned King,' and 'A Crowned Queen' (sequels) are excellent. 'The Marchioness Against the County' is likewise a good novel. If you've not already read it, you should take Lord Roberts' 'Forty-one Years in India.' It's not very new, but everyone should read it. Also 'The Story of the Malakand Field Force.'

'Mary K.' (Auckland).—On no account begin taking any 'pick-me-up' of spirits 'to tone your appetite,' as you say. You say you feel must take some stimulant, though your husbands objects. If you feel that way, all I can say is, the sooner you set your face against alcohol in any shape or form the better. Happily, there is no 'spirit which leaves no odour' your husband could not detect. Go and see some good medical man, tell him what you have told me of your craving. He will give you a tonic. But for mercy's sake be careful not to start yourself on 'pick-me-ups.' I am no teetotaler, but it is plain as print that if you don't make a stand at once you are lost.

'Constant Reader.'—Thanks for good opinion. We are trying to improve in every issue, and think we are succeeding. Are these the lines you want:

Monday for health,
Tuesday for Wealth,
Wednesday best of all,
Thursday for crosses,
Friday for losses,
Saturday no luck at all.

The lines refer to the days of the week as birthdays. They are, in idea, the same as the more famous lines:

Monday's child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace;
Wednesday's child is merry and glad,
Thursday's child is sorry and sad;
Friday's child is loving and giving;
Saturday's child must work for its living;
While the child that is born on the Sabbath day
Is blithe and bonny and good and gay.

'Mother.'—Is there really no doctor whatever in your neighbourhood whom you could consult about your daughter? If not, I should advise you to run down to Christchurch—that will, I presume, be nearest—and see one. Persistent fainting fits must be injurious. All I can tell you now is that fainting is due to failure of the heart's action. It may be brought about by any sudden excitement, or any unexpected pleasure or pain. The patient should be kept in a recumbent position, the dress and clothes about the neck should be loosened, and water should be sprinkled over the face. A little ammonia, or sal volatile, applied to the nose will act as a stimulant, or a bottle of smelling salts will serve the same purpose. To prevent the recurrence of attacks, attention must be paid to the general health; the condition of the blood should be improved; the bowels should be regulated, and plenty of food and stimulant should be given. One of the most appropriate remedies for this condition is dialysed iron (weyth), given in doses of 10 drops three times a day. Another admirable remedy is the beef and iron wine, of which a tablespoonful should be given twice a day, preferably at 11 in the morning and 4 in the afternoon. The elixir of calisaya bark, in tablespoonful doses, three times a day before meals, would do much to improve the appetite. Fer bravais is also useful.

'Anxious.'—Something more is needed to qualify you for reporting work than spare time and a knowledge of shorthand. If you are fairly well educated there should be a pretty good field for you. News-

papers are always glad to get items of information, especially such as may have been missed by their own reporters. You would doubtless be paid for what you supplied. As to the time for sending in reports, that would, of course, depend on when the paper goes to press.

'G.L.'—If you wish to publish your stories in book form in England, you should send them to a publisher and ask if he is willing to publish them for you. You ask, 'Do the publishers pay the writer if they publish the story? Is there a standard payment, or is it left to the publishers?' No doubt Sir Walter Besant and the Authors' Society would like to have a 'standard payment' fixed. Much depends on a circulation which a book is likely to attain. Writers, and especially inexperienced ones, should be careful to deal only with publishers of good standing. But why not ask the N.Z. Literary Society for an opinion on your book before sending it Home. The secretary, Mr Cottle, Ranfurly Buildings, Auckland, will give you all information.

'Mary' (Oamaru).—The next time you make a fruit pie or tart, brush the bottom or 'lining' crust over with a beaten egg; this will prevent the juice of the fruit soaking into the crust and much improve the dish. No trouble at all. Send on your other questions, and I will do my best to reply to them.

'Maritana.'—In soaking dried fish, ham, or any other article of food which is too salt, buttermilk is much more efficacious than water. Try the experiment with tinned red-herring—cut it open, and soak it all night, skin side uppermost. Broil it in the usual way, basting with butter, and seasoning with cayenne and lemon juice, and you will be surprised to find what a tasty breakfast dish despised 'soldier' makes.

'B.P.T.'—I fear this will be a disappointing reply to your letter; but without seeing the muffs I could not tell the cause of the hair falling out, or suggest a remedy. I think your better plan would be to consult a practical furrier, who will at once tell you what is wrong.

In reply to my correspondent 'R.' of Napier, I have obtained the following recipes for cleaning brass, which are not expensive, and, I hope, may be of use, and what you require. Both brass and copper can be cleaned with powdered half-brick, rotten-stone, or red-brick dust rubbed on with flannel and polished with leather. A strong solution of oxalic acid in water gives brass a fine polish, but requires care. The following pastes are also good. I believe, for cleaning brass:—Soft soap, 5oz; rotten-stone, 4oz; beat to a paste and apply with a little water, and afterwards rub with soft leather. 2. Rotten-stone, 4oz; oxalic acid, 1oz; sweet oil, 1lb; add enough turpentine to make a paste; use as above. You see I have given you several to choose from, and all the recipes are inexpensive.



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