

frame struck him afresh, as his eyes lingered fondly at each detail of her perfection.

She steamed, as the warm rays of the sun beat upon her back and flanks, and in a short time she was dry. Claude himself, too, steamed; but his underclothes remained uncomfortably moist even though his coat and trousers dried rapidly. He spent the time in calling Zuleika pet names and establishing himself in her friendship.

Claude, fearing to attract attention, led Zuleika into the shadow of a boat-house. Then he began to cast about him for a safe means of returning to the city. Remembering that Galbraith Effendi, a Mohammedanized Englishman, and a friend of his father, had his villa in this neighbourhood, he determined to avail himself of his hospitality. He reached the Englishman's dwelling and was cordially received.

A message was sent to Colonel Ring, with an account of the morning's adventure, and Zuleika was tended, waited upon and cared for as if she had been a princess of royal blood—which, in fact, she was.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TOO MANY HENRYS.

THERE was lately proceeding, in the principality of Reuss, Germany, an election for members of the Parliament of the county. The Parliament of Reuss consists of twelve members, of whom four are elected by the rural districts, and for these four seats there were twelve candidates, four of whom were Conservatives, four Progressists, and four Socialists.

There is one feature of this principality of Reuss which is still stranger than its little Parliament of twelve members. Its princes, of whom there are two branches, each reigning over a part of the little country, are all named Henry, and are distinguished from each other solely by numbers.

That is to say, in Reuss-Greiz, which is reigned over by the elder line of the family, the princes, who are quite numerous, are numbered, as they are born, from one up to one hundred. The reigning prince of Reuss-Greiz, for instance, is Henry XXII. There are several princes of his branch who have larger numbers, and when Prince Henry C. is reached the next prince born will be Prince Henry I., the enumeration beginning again.

In the younger line, which reigns over Reuss-Schleiz, where the princes are also all Henrys and have been from time immemorial, a different system prevails. The numbering begins and ends with the century.

The first prince born in the nineteenth century was Henry I., and the first born after the year 1900 will be named the same. The reigning prince is Henry XIV.; he succeeded his father, who was Henry LXVII. This happened because the father was born in 1789, toward the end of the century, while his son, the reigning prince, was born in 1832.

No doubt this system is a very awkward one for the members of the princely houses of Reuss. As the name Henry, from the fact that it is universal among them, is useless as an appellation, they must be under the necessity of calling each other by their numbers. One can imagine such a dialogue as this between two youthful princes:

'LXXXVI.' 'Oh, LXXXVI.'

'Is that you, LXIX.?'

'Yes. Can't you bring your bat and come out and play?'

COWHIDE BOOTS.

THE cowhide boot, writes a correspondent who wore a pair forty years ago, was neither a thing of beauty nor a joy for ever. It was plain even to ugliness, and a constant source of discomfort as long as it lasted. It was always so short that it tortured the toes, or so long and so roomy in the instep that the heel was perpetually rubbing up and down, like the modern elevator. When new its symmetry was like that of a stove pipe elbow, but after a few wettings it became as wrinkled as a calf's neck.

The boy of that period almost invariably removed his boots at night in a thoroughly soaked condition—in spite of a reputation for being waterproof, they took in water like a sponge and as they were sure to dry in the most inconvenient shape, or rather shapelessness, it was a work of patience for their owner to force his feet into them again the next morning.

With a clothespin inserted in each strap, to save his fingers from being cut to the bone, the untappy youth tugged and pulled until his arms were almost dislocated at the shoulder, and around the base-board and at the door-bottoms were the marks of his vigorous kickings, without which his utmost strength would have come to nothing.

There was no right-and-left nonsense about a pair of cowhide boots. Each boot was constructed on the utility model, and was quite as bad a misfit for one foot as for the other. It would have been possible, no doubt, to mould it into something like the contour of one's foot, but this was prevented by the watchful oversight of the boy's father, who insisted that the same boot should never be worn on the same foot two days in succession.

When the boots were pulled off at night, they were carefully placed side by side in such a way that there could be no mistake as to which foot each had encased during the day, and next morning came the reverse wear—not by any means the least serious reverse of the boy's life.

And with Sunday came the duty of making the boots presentable. What a task it was to coax a polish upon them! If they were not as red as brick-dust, they were saturated with grease, and in either case to bring forth a shine was impossible.

The boy of to-day, in his neatly-fitting, finely-fashioned shoes of calf-skin, can have no conception of the sufferings of his sire in his cowhides. If he could have, he would perhaps smile audibly at his father's occasional laudation of the good old times.

FLAG BRAND PICKLES.—Ask for them, the best in the market. HAYWARD BROS. Christchurch.—(ADV.)

Builders and others will save from one pound to thirty shillings per ton by using 'ORB' CORRUGATED IRON. ADV.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

WE SHALL GO HOME AT EVENING.

A LITTLE child was reading.

The text was wondrous fair;

'We shall go home at evening

And find it morning there.

'It means, mamma,' she prattled,

With shining eyes and fond,

When all the stars are lighted,

That heaven is just beyond.'

Closed, closed, that book forever!

To prove that promise fair;

My child went home at evening

And found the morning there.

WHO CUT HOLES IN THE ROSE-LEAVES.

GRANDMAMMA heard a great commotion, and, I am sorry to say, something that sounded a little like quarrelling, out on the verandah.

'It's them children, I do believe,' said the dear old lady, in dismay, dropping her knitting and trotting to the door.

'Jack's cutting holes all in the pretty rose-leaves, grandmamma!' cried little Cary, angrily, as soon as grandmamma's face appeared in the doorway.

'Preserve my patience!' exclaimed grandmamma. 'I wouldn't have believed it of you, Jack! Those sweet roses, that Aunt Kitty was going to take to town to-morrow to the little sick children in the hospital' and grandmamma looked both grieved and astonished.

'But I didn't, grandmamma!' protested Jack, as soon as he could get in a word.

'You are sure you have not been flourishing your new whip, with the long snapper on it, too near 'em?' questioned grandmamma.

'Why, I did switch it a little—'

'And you tried to see how neatly you could cut out a piece, Jack Brown! You can't see anything pretty without wanting to 'stroy it, so there!' and tears of vexation stood in Cary's eyes at the remembrance of how Jack had snapped in an eye of her best dolly that morning with the same pretty new whip.

'Well, well, don't dispute, children,' said grandmamma mildly. 'If you did do this, Jack, I'm sure you didn't mean to. I can't believe you would be such a heartless boy.'

Jack went off to the garden, kicking his toes sullenly into the clover tufts, and beholding some tall scarlet poppies with the offending whip, for he felt ill-used.

He hung himself down in one corner by the patch of giant rhubarb, and began to chew a stalk. Jack resorted to rhubarb when he felt particularly cross.

Pretty soon a bee hummed close by his ear with something red in its 'mouth.' Jack dodged, and the bee alighted in the corner by the garden fence near him, and before Jack could hop up it had popped out of sight into a little round hole at one side of a sod.

In a minute or two Mrs Bee (so Jack called it) came out and flew away. Jack did not move and not long after the hurried little worker returned with another load. This time she dropped it. It fluttered down to the edge of the hole. Jack jumped to look.

Then he rolled under the rhubarb, and laughed and shouted till an old Pee-wee, wagging his tail on the fence, flew off in alarm. Jack rushed up to the house. 'Grandmamma! Cary! Cary! Come out! I've found the rose-leaf snapper!'

'Bless my heart! Well, well, I'm glad it isn't my Jack!' and grandmamma rumples his hair lovingly.

'Where is he?' cried Cary, looking about a little puzzled.

'Wait a minute and you'll see!' said Jack, chuckling.

Just then along hummed Mrs Bee again, and alighted softly on a fine red rose.

Snip! Snip! Snip! went her little scissors rapidly, and in a moment a tiny disc of the leaf about as large as a silver threepence was cut out, and away she flew with it.

At that moment Aunt Kitty came up the walk.

'Ah, yes,' said Aunt Kitty, laughing. 'Tis the little upholsterer bee, as some call it. She's got a nest in that hole, Jack. But we won't disturb her if she did come near getting you into trouble.'

'She flies and pads it with rose-leaves, and in this sweet bed she lays her eggs and places her bee-bread for the little bees to eat when they are hatched. Then she adds more leaves, tramping them with her little feet till the hole is filled to the top. She is a dainty mother, but I think we must humour her. There are enough roses for her and the children, too.'

A FAIRY TEA-SET.

A COMPLETE tea-set can be made from acorns and their cups. But as such dishes do not hold much, you had better not take a meal from them when you are very hungry.

The tiniest cups are the tea-cups, the larger ones will serve for saucers and plates. An acorn hollowed out makes a bowl or sauce dish; a smaller one can thus be made for a sugar-bowl. A spoon-holder can be obtained in a similar manner.

A butter-dish can be made by cutting an acorn in two about half-way between the base and the top. The lower part should be hollowed out. The top part represents the cover.

A tiny teapot can be made by making a hole in an acorn, and putting in a bit of straw for a nose. On the opposite side, two holes can be made to hold in place another bit of straw, which serves as a handle. Make the cream-pitcher in similar fashion, omitting the nose, however.

By-the-way, the seed of the pine will furnish you with knives and forks to match your fairy tea-set.

The New High Arm Davis Vertical Feed proved the World's Champion at the Paris Exhibition, 1888.—ADV.

WHAT THE LITTLE ONES SAY.

AN AUTUMN EXPERIENCE.—'Oh, mamma,' exclaimed little Johnnie, 'the trees in our yard are getting laid-headed.'

The next door neighbour gave little four-year-old Helen an apple, whereupon the little one started directly for the house. 'Where are you going?' she was asked. 'Goin' to get this apple undone.'

James, four and one-half years old, was pointing out a cow to a playmate. 'See the bell around her neck,' he said; 'do you know what that is for? That's what she rings when she wants to tell the calf that dinner is ready.'

THE DIFFICULTY MASTERED.—Four-year-old Charlotte had been having some trouble with her English, but she has entirely passed her difficulties on one point. 'I see how it is now, mamma,' she said, the other day. 'Hens set and lay.' 'Yes.' 'And people sit and lie, don't they, mamma?'

A LAUGHING DUNCE.

A LITTLE boy once went to school, Who laughed, and would not mind the rule; He laughed so much that, deary me! He never could tell A from B.

FUNNY SAILORS.

PAUL made a little sail-boat. He got Elsie to hem the sails, which she could do very well, for she was a good sewer.

'You could sew, too, Paul,' said Elsie, 'if you would learn to use a thimble.'

'It is handy to know how to sew sometimes,' admitted Paul; 'but I wouldn't use a thimble. Boys never do.'

'Why don't they?' asked Elsie, boldly. 'They could sew easier if they would. Don't tailors sew? They're men. Don't they use thimbles?'

Paul was busy fastening on the sail, and didn't answer. The Flirt was ready for sea.

'She'll go splendid!' he cried, proudly. 'What shall I do for sailors?'

Just then Herbert came in with a tin cup full of—what? bronze beetles. They had brown and yellow stripes down their backs, and were really pretty, except to people who don't think any kind of beetle pretty.

'Just the thing!' shouted Paul.

So he manned—or bearded his craft, and started it on the raging ocean, which filled a wash-tub outside the kitchen door. The sailors swarmed all over the ship, up and down the rigging and masts, and over ropes of cotton thread. They looked very busy. It was a successful cruise. The ship sailed gallantly from side to side of the tub, and the actions of the active sailors called forth shouts of laughter from the three children.

John, coming in from the potatoes, tired and dusty, stopped to see the fun. 'Good use for 'em,' said he. 'I'd all you can, boys. Never mind if a few fall overboard sometimes. Plenty more.'

COMMAS.

THE London *Journal of Education* says that a Prussian school inspector appeared at the office of the burgomaster of a little town to ask him to accompany him on a tour of inspection through the schools.

The burgomaster was out of sorts, and was heard to mutter to himself, 'What is this donkey here again for?'

The inspector said nothing, but waited his time, and with the unwilling burgomaster set out on his tour. At the first school he announced his wish to see how well punctuation was taught.

'Oh, never mind that,' said the burgomaster. 'We don't care for commas and such trifles.'

But the inspector sent a boy to the blackboard, and ordered him to write, 'The burgomaster of B— says, the inspector is a donkey.'

Then he ordered him to transpose the comma, placing it after R—, and to insert another one after inspector, and the boy wrote, 'The burgomaster of R—, says the inspector, is a donkey.'

It is probable that the refractory official gained a new idea of the value of 'commas and such trifles.'

YAP.

A WRITER in *Chambers' Journal* gives a slight but loving biography of two prairie-dogs, which were sent him from Texas, and which succeeded in becoming really domesticated in their English home. At the end of a year the older of the two died, but Yap, livelier and more hardy, has now reached the advanced age of six years.

His food is strictly vegetable, and his diet light. Dry oatmeal, oats, a bit of oatmeal cake, are his favourite dishes. The average temperature of England being so much lower than that of Texas causes him to creep close to the kitchen fire, where he sits beside the cat, fondling her and bestowing on her loving pats with his little paws. When out of doors he is particularly fond of keeping close beside a little bantam hen.

One peculiarity of both dogs was that they lacked the sense of vertical distance. Whenever they had mounted a table, chair or window-sill, they were liable to fall as if unaware, sometimes hurting their faces quite seriously. When they attempted to leap from one chair to another, they would miscalculate and fall between them. Now, however, experience has taught Yap to estimate distance and direction.

Yap is never satisfied until he has thoroughly examined any new piece of furniture which appears in the room. At one time, when a new rug was placed temporarily before the fire, he sat down on it with great enjoyment, but as soon as the oil one reappeared, he showed unmistakable resentment by tearing and gnawing it.

He expresses his affection mainly by pressing gently with his teeth the hand of him he loves. If a stranger touches him with firmness he offers no objection, but should the action be timid or hesitating, he is apt to give him a pinch. Like the tittle of the warning rhyme, Yap must never be grasped tender-hearted.