

thing is certain; I can't stop here; I must go down and see him."

It happened that it was one of the foggiest mornings ever known in a late autumn; it was absolutely impossible for anyone to see across the street, even that aristocratic street wherein Miss Phyllis Holt lived. When, in course of time, she managed to find a hansom cab, the man suggested, when she gave him the address, that he would do his best, but added, cheerfully—"Don't you blame me, Miss, if we bump into anything!"

The Temple is an awkward place to find one's way about in; there are so many courts and alleys, and little passages and staircases; on a foggy morning (and the fog was thicker than ever down in Fleet-street) it is still more difficult. But at last Phyllis found her way up that long flight of stairs which led to the chambers of Mr Gilbert Kenshaw; saw the name in the paint dimly on the door; and knocked. For Mr Kenshaw was so poor that, as a matter of fact, he lived in the chambers which he was supposed to use solely for professional purposes.

A boy opened the door, and came out into the fog on the staircase to look at her. After some small delay, he asked her to come in; and she followed him into the room, which was half sitting-room and half office, and looked about her. One gas jet was burning, and, conspicuous on a desk among a pile of books and papers, was a glisty-looking wig block, with a very new-looking barrister's wig upon it; slung over the back of a chair was the black stuff gown which belonged to it.

"Is Mr Kenshaw in?" asked Phyllis of the boy.

"Ain't never bin out this fortnight," replied the boy, who was of a freckled aspect with very sharp features. "If you ask me, 'e won't never go out no more; simply wearin' 'isself away, 'e is. An' 'im doo at ten-thirty sharp in Smith v. Electric Syndicate. Jist my luck; if 'e'd only nipped in all right, the uvver boys wouldn't 'ave 'ad no chance to chip me about 'im, an' tell me I wasn't earnin' my wages. Jist my luck!"

"Where is Mr Kenshaw?"

"In bed," retorted the boy. "Ola Falls an' Beacons says 'e's bin ravin' an' shoutin' about the case, an' about some gel—"

"Boy, answer me carefully and quickly, and I'll give you more money than you could earn in a week," said Phyllis, with a little gasp. "When Mr Kenshaw goes into Court, what does he have to do?"

"Sit down and read the paper," replied the boy. "I carries the bloo bag, an' rushes up to 'im constant, an' whispers in 'is ear, as though all Chancery Lane was 'avin' 'is traffic stopped on 'is account—same as them doctors they fetches out of church in a hurry to read the tombstones, to remind 'em of their patients."

"But other gentlemen, who have to talk to the Judges—what do they do?"

"They stands up—summin' like this 'ere"—the boy threw himself into an attitude, with one hand thrust into the breast of his small jacket—"an' they says—'May it please yer ludship—I appears for so-and-so—an' the uvver side Junno were they are'—or summin' to that effect."

"Do you know anything about this case?" asked Phyllis. "It is now fifteen minutes past ten o'clock, and Mr Kenshaw should be in Court at the half-hour."

"Well, if 'e went in as 'e is now—wot a rush there'd be on the evening papers," suggested the boy. "Wot of it, Miss?"

"If you can tell me, in five minutes, what the case is all about—and how I have to begin—and anything that's useful—I'll give you—anything you like to ask for. You see—a friend of mine is going to take the case—just to help Mr Kenshaw."

At that moment a voice from the inner room cried out, in a sort of weak roar—"Skipper!"

"That's me!" exclaimed the boy; and disappeared through the doorway. Phyllis, listening and longing, heard but a few words of what passed inside.

"Skipper—my wig and gown. I've got to get up, Skipper; I've got to win the case—and win something else at the same time. If only this head of mine would keep still! Give me my wig and gown!"

"They've put the case on, gov-nor," said the boy earnestly. "They were so anxious you should tell 'em wot you thought of 'em that they wouldn't go on. They've put it on for a week."

"That's good, Skipper—that's fine!" came the weak voice from the inner room. "I'll be all right in a week, right as rain!"

The boy came out into the room again, and closed the door. "Gorn to sleep like a lamb," he began; and then suddenly started back, and cried out.

Before him stood Miss Phyllis Holt, in an altogether incongruous dress. Her bright hair had been twisted up, and laid flat to her head, and the very new barrister's wig was settled firmly over it. The gown was drawn over her shoulders, and fell over her dark dress; in that uncertain light, she looked a very presentable, although rather young, member of the Junior Bar.

"Now, Skipper, sit down, and tell me as rapidly as possible what I have to do; then take me into Court, and show me where I am to sit. Don't stare at me like that, Skipper."—Phyllis was half crying, but very resolute—"you've got to help me, and to help Mr Kenshaw."

Naturally, Master Skipper knew the case by heart; in fact, his master had practised upon him one or two rather fine speeches, on more than one occasion. So they went at it hammer and tongs, until the hand of the little clock on the mantelpiece pointed to the half-hour. Then Phyllis sprang up, and pulled her gown about her, and prepared to set out.

"I am glad I went in for the Lor!" exclaimed Skipper, as they prepared to start. "Didn't know there was 'alf so much fun in it. No, Miss, you don't put nothink on yer 'ead; you goes across jist like you are. Lucky it's foggy—might be the middle of the night."

How Phyllis ever got into the Court at all she scarcely knew. She had a dim vision of a stern-looking gentleman in a wig, seated far away above her, and seeming to fix his eyes intently upon her face; she found herself, trembling and shivering, seated among several barristers who were whispering to-

gether; before her eyes was a very large man, in a wig and gown, proing away at great length upon something she did not in the least understand. The gentleman in the wig above her spoke shortly and sharply for a moment or two, and there was a movement in Court; then she understood that that particular case was finished. Then someone called out—"Smith v. Electric Syndicate"—and, catching the eye of the attendant Skipper, she got to her feet, with something hard and painful beating in her temples.

"May it please your ludship—I appear—that is to say—"

Someone else was speaking, which was just as well, perhaps. For the Court seemed to be spinning round and round, and the Judge to be dancing up and down from the Bench to the ceiling. As the new barrister fell back, the strange thing was that a strong and friendly arm went round the stuff gown, and a voice she knew spoke in her ear.

"It's all right—play the game a moment longer, little woman, and we'll get you out comfortably."

The other speaker had applied for an adjournment; certain evidence had not yet been collected. The Judge cleared his throat of the fog and peered down to where the barristers were sitting.

"I regret to say, m' lud, that my learned friend Mr Kenshaw is overcome with faintness, and quite unable to proceed. He raises no objection whatever to the adjournment." Of course, it was all part of the faintness, but Phyllis had a curious feeling that the

man who spoke on her behalf had the voice of John Medlow. More than that, it was the voice of John Medlow again that whispered in her ear to have courage, as she got out of Court, supported strongly by his arm.

John said never a word, until they were back again in Gilbert Kenshaw's chambers. Then he laughed, and said something ridiculously complimentary; and then he laughed again. "Lucky I happened to be next to you," he said.

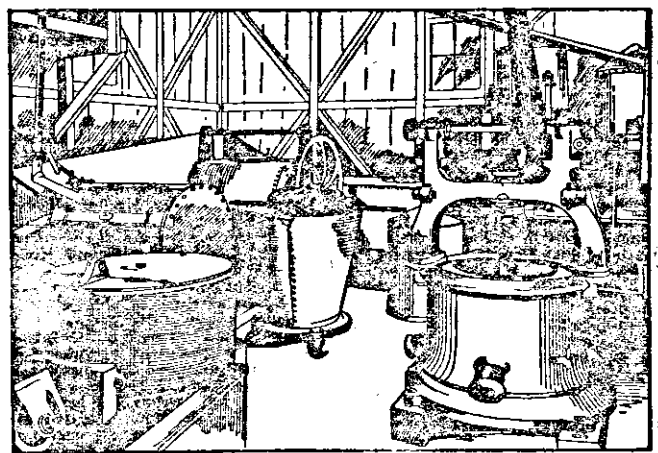
"But it wasn't any good, after all," said Phyllis, with a little sob.

"Wasn't it! Why—you've got the case adjourned—the very thing you wanted. You've helped Gilbert immensely; this'll put him on his legs again."

"You don't really mean that I—"

"Don't it! Don't take off that wig; go in and see him, just as you are. Tell him you've been fighting a battle for him; tell him what you've done. Above all"—he dropped a hand on her shoulder as he spoke—"tell him what you mean to do; don't stand any nonsense from him!"

He opened the door of the inner room, and gently thrust her in; then closed the door again. And the curious thing has to be recorded that from that hour Mr Gilbert Kenshaw began to get well; and the still more curious fact that when, a fortnight later, he appeared in Court, he won his case, and won it well. And Phyllis Holt sat (not among the barristers this time) and listened; and was probably the proudest and happiest little woman in England.



Nettoyage à Sec.
THE ABOVE ILLUSTRATION REPRESENTS OUR NEWLY-IMPORTED
APPLIANCES FOR FRENCH DRY CLEANING.

The only ones in Auckland, if not in the colony.
LADIES can now have their most elaborate COSTUMES, FANCY DRESSES, CAPES, BLOUSES, etc., done by this process. No part of the linings, trimmings or ornaments need be removed; the goods are not shrunk or altered in shape; the lustre and finish are preserved; and the most delicate colours are not injured.
GENTLEMEN'S DRESS CLOTHES and SUMMER SUITS satisfactorily manipulated in the same manner.
D. & A. BROWN, FROM-CLARS CLEANERS AND DYERS,
Works: GRAFTON TERRACE, AUCKLAND. Shortland Street.

This is the Watch

for Her.

Reliable Movement. 14-ct. Gold Case. Beautifully enamelled in natural colors.

Price, £5 10s.

Bright as Summer Sunshine.

Our New Goods make our Store a Fairy Land of Gold and Silver Brilliance, with Art, Style, and Novelty thrown in.

A Host of Inexpensive and Artistic Novelties suitable for Xmas.

WATCHES
CLOCKS
JEWELLERY
SILVERWARE
ELECTRO-PLATE

Call and See Them!!

Price List Free on Application

BY THE BEST MAKERS AND AT FINEST PRICES AT

BARTLETT'S 222 QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

Pearl Heart Pendant and Necklet.

Price, £4 10s.