

dom. But the brightest dream has its awakening, and one day, when I was about 13, having laid an elaborate plan for spending the day at a yeomanry review, I was baulked of my pleasure by the fact that the rain began to fall, and continued falling with a steady persistence, which left no hope of sunshine during the rest of that day. Now, for my part, I always liked my creature comforts, and having, with my pal, sheltered under a railway arch, we ate our stolen lunch. At two o'clock I made the best of my way to school. I went in quite in an ordinary way, as if I had just arrived from home, and was greeted with: "Hallo, Etta Palmer, you've got yourself in for it this time."

"Have I?" I said.
I felt the game was up, and that there would be a Nemesis to follow of the most unpleasant description, but, in spite of a sinking heart, I put a brave face on it.

"What do you mean?" I asked.
"Mean? Well, your father is upstairs." I said, "Oh!" and sat on the edge of a box and wondered what I should do

was received with looks of distinct disapproval. My mother sighed and looked tearful, my father told me I should bring his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, and that one day I should regret deeply that I had neglected my opportunities. And so they talked to me and at me, and, at last, it dawned upon me that neither my father, my mother, nor the head, were in the least aware that I had not been at school all the morning! You can imagine the relief to my mind, and you can imagine that a conviction had birth and grew and thrived in my brain, that it is better to be born lucky than rich. The explanation of my mother's tearful looks and my father's reproaches was, he had been recommended to take me away from a school where I was learning nothing, and where I would not learn anything, for, as the head delicately put it, "We really feel we are not earning your money."

I suppose it was my shrewd North-Country blood that told me such an extraordinary piece of luck would never befall me again. Certain it is this near shave was the end of my truant days. I

tude he had toward failure of any kind, no matter how blameless the failure might be; these and many others are not qualities that are usually found in gentle and amiable natures, and they do not as a rule attract sympathy and affection. But they saved the whole expedition from annihilation many a time, they dragged us out of difficulties which would have overcome an ordinary man, they drew us through places where there seemed to be only death before us, and they gained for him the absolute trust and confidence of all those who followed him. In the early part of the expedition, we, Stanley's four officers, Captain Stairs, Captain Nelson, Dr. Parke, and myself, did not entirely understand his character, and at first the things that he did seemed to us sometimes to be hard and unnecessary. But as the months went on our estimate of his character changed, for we saw how absolutely right and necessary all that he had done had been, and we realised that sometimes it was very necessary to do hard things for the safety and preservation of an expedition like ours. Stanley has often been accused of cruelty, but I can only say that during the three years we four officers were with him in Africa we never once saw him do a cruel or wanton thing, or anything of which our consciences disapproved."

In the same number is a poem by Winifred Coombe Tennant, the sister-in-law of Lady Stanley, which is a protest against the policy which forbade the burial of Stanley in Westminster Abbey by the side of Livingstone.

Touring Team Titles.

As the county cricket clubs wind up their season the period of third-class cricket begins to reach its meridian, and all manner of amateur teams go on tour (says the London "Daily Graphic"). There is no doubt that the number of these touring teams has shown signs of considerable increase this season, but the development is accompanied with one tendency which, it is complained, is derogatory to the dignity of the game. As with one mind, a quantity of the new teams have indulged in alliterative titles more catchy and, perhaps, witty, than dignified. There are some titles of this nature, such as the "Hampshire Hogs," justified by antiquity and grounds of derivation. "The Guinea Pigs," again, a name given long ago to teams which boasted the absence of a "tail," has an appropriateness that must be recognised. But the stylist has some excuse for objecting when a locality beginning with "D" thinks it desirable to call its team the "Dumplings," and plays the "Stragglers" from Somerset; and this surrender to the fatal attraction of alliteration becomes genuinely lamentable when Chorley or Chestnut, or some such sounding place, supports an eleven of "chappies." No doubt most of the synonyms for "touring" are used up. Wanderers, Peripatetics, Nomads, we have in excess, but the imagination of cricketers should be able to advance beyond snipnet assonance.



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG AND GOTHA.
The young Duke, better known as the Duke of Albany, is shown in his dress as a student of Bonn University.

next. My first impulse was to run out of the house and bolt altogether; my second, to face the music. I did face the music, and went up into the schoolroom in the usual way, and presently in came the head-mistress. She was a woman of extraordinary dignity, who did but little of the teaching, being the figure-head of the establishment. She sauntered round, swishing her silk skirts and glancing over the shoulders of first one and then another of the girls bending over the long desks. Then, when she came behind me, she took hold of my skinny little shoulder with a firm but not unkindly grip.

"Etta," she said, "your father has been here."

"Oh, has he?" I said, in a very meek voice.

"I have told him what I think about you," she said, in accents more of sorrow than of anger. "I don't wish to say anything to you on the subject, but you will hear all about it when you get home."

This was prolonging the agony. I felt that facing the music was postponed till I reached the paternal abode. How I suffered that afternoon! The whole school knew exactly what had happened. Some were sympathetic, some admired my courage, and some contemptuously put me down as a little idiot for running the risk of getting myself into such a horrible scrape.

So home I went to face the music. I

left school at the end of that term, and began private lessons under my father's eye. They included Latin and Euclid. Latin I loathed, but it was Euclid which undid me and cast me out of my father's study!

After that for several years I was entirely given up to music. I did nothing else, cared for nothing else. Then came a time when I realised that, neglectful as I had been of my opportunities, there was something in me which could only come out through the point of a pen, and that was the literary birth of "John Strange Winter."

Stanley as a Leader.

The feature of "Scribner's Magazine" for September is a striking tribute to Stanley's memory by his last surviving officer, Mr. A. J. Mounteney-Jepson, who visited New Zealand a couple of years ago. "His faults," he writes, "were never of a mean or petty kind, and were easily forgiven when one saw the true greatness and nobility of his nature beyond. . . . His seeming hardness and callousness in working to achieve what he had undertaken, if he felt that the end was a good one; the curiously hard and unsympathetic atti-



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