

about—bring all—companies of the guard—the palace officers! But her throat was parched, and when she tried to utter a word only a husky sound came forth. And the debonaire captain was lounging at the outer entrance even then!

"Sire," she began, "I—I—" And then she stopped, paralysed with fear, for the hangings moved once more, and this time she could plainly see that someone was looking at her from out of that hiding place, and she felt fascinated by the gaze.

Then as she at length dragged her

eyes away from that sight, it was for them to fall on the bell which was to be seen on the table near which the king stood. Dare she advance boldly and ring it, and thus give the alarm?

"I think, mademoiselle," began the king; but he could proceed no further, for there was a sharp rustling, and the girl darted forth her hand and pressed the bell.

Then all was confusion, for the king gave vent to an exclamation, clapping his hand to the hilt of the light dress sword he wore, for he divined the truth, and saw something which resembled the passing of a shadow.

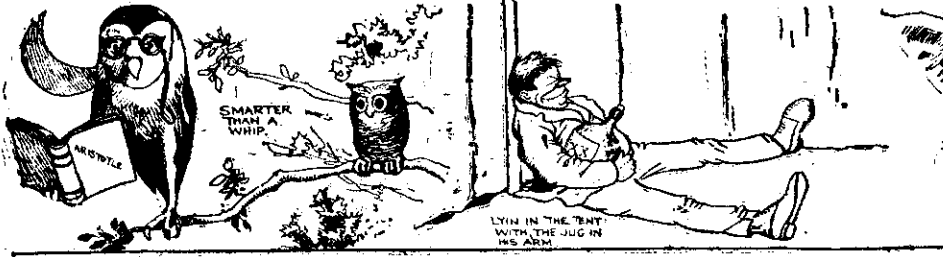
"Treachery!" he cried, and he made a step forward; but at the same instant the girl had moved forward quickly to the table and swept the silver candlesticks to the floor, plunging the apartment in darkness. Cimmerian in intensity, while there followed the rush of steps, a cry, a sound of steel meeting steel, to be succeeded immediately by silence—for her.

When she opened her eyes it was to see that the apartment was in a blaze of light and filled by officers and men of the royal bodyguard, while the king was standing near, and Paul was looking down at her.

She heard the king saying: "Well, Captain Stahlstein, you have captured these miscreants;" and then, turning to his son: "I owe my safety to her. You must persuade her to forget my words to-night."

The Black Family musicians have just completed a most successful South Island tour, and leave this week for Fiji, where they play a seven or eight weeks' season.

In the Beginning of Things By Little Johnny



UNCLE NED, he sed, Uncle Ned did, di ever tel you about wot makes the owl look so wise?

I sed no, he dident, and he sed wen the owl was created he was the fooltest lookin berd that you ever se, but he was smarter than a wip. It dident do him no good fur to be so clever, cos none of the other berds an' animals wuld blieve it, but only jest laughed at him, and sed, Wot do you kno about it, idiot? So he went to Addam and sed, Se here, mister, linc mity tierd lookin like this.

Addam he sed, Same here, ole man, wot can we do for each uther?

The owl he thot a wife, and then he sed, You make me look real wise, and if you are ever overrun with yello leg pullets He stand by you in yure trouble and help you for to thin them out, cos one good turn deserts a uther.

Addam he sed, He do it, but you must remember this is a imperfekt world and no feller can have evry thing good wich is going.

So Addam he thung him in to a deep sleep, and wen he woke up he went to a pool of cheer water for to drink. He seen his refleckhon in the water and jump back and sed, How!

Addam he sed, Its you, you fool. I have made you the wizest lookin feller wich I knew how.

But at the same time he had made him sech a gum dasted idiot that he cant say any thing only but jest hoo, hoo, hoo. But he is beleived to be so wize that evry thing wich is in the world hates him, and he is afrade for to go out in the day time, for they wuld tare him to peeces. Johnny, that will teach you for to be content with yure looks, jest as you was made, and nex time you se yure angel sister a primpin her self wen she is expectin her yung man you may tel her about the owl.

But my sister is the best lookin gerl in town, and Bildad, thats the new dog, is a ether, and Mose, wich is the cat, can lick Bildad. If I was outas an dogs I wudent be so fity, but wuld obay my mother and go to Sumly skool, for the Bible it ses onests is the best politicks. Me and my father is Repubicans, but Mr Brily, the fat lincner, he is a Noble of the Mistiek Sine and oon-skin sheeps.

I ast Uncle Ned wot makes the ratle

snake have rattles on his tail, and he sed, Johnny, he dont. That is a optickle illusion wich is du to the idleness of observers wich wot examin the ratler real close to. Wot they mistake for rattles is the last joints of the spine of his back bone. It come about this way. The ratler he was created so ugly that it strangled him for to look at himself, and wen he dru near any thing for to be sochiable it piled amain! Wel, I day he shedded his skin, like of snakes do, and a ether snake he shedded hisen same

shude be kind to the poor ratler and not step on him if there is plenty room.

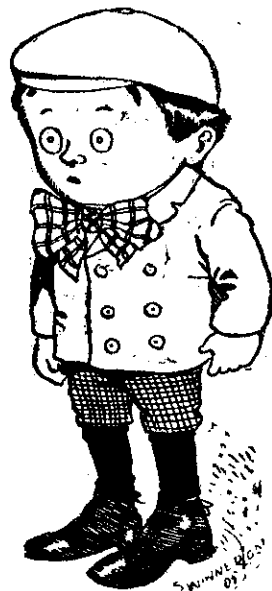
And now, Johnny, He tel you a story bout a ratler and a feller wich dranked wiskey, wich is equal pizen. Me and the feller and Docket Mutner was in the mountins a huntin. The docket he had took along a jug of wiskey, wich was for to cure snake bites. One day him and me we went out for to shoot bares, and wen we come home to camp the feller he was a lyn in the tent with the jug in his arms, ded drunk, he dident kno a thing. Johnny, its offle for to se a drinkard wen he is himself, and I tore my hair and bewailed both loud and aril. But the docket he jest braced his back again a big tre for to think, and bime by he sed, I got it, I got it!

Then he rusht away, but prety soon he come back with a ratle snake in the end of a long split stick, wich he poked at the drinkard, and it bit him meeny a time and oft. Johnny, it sounds like a misterry, and I wuldnt ask you to blieve it if I dident tel it my own self, but then snake bites restore the feller to helth and youselfness, and he leapt in to the primevil forest and run away, and he is now holdin a office of trust and profit in Illinoi.

I ast Uncle Ned wot become of the ratle snake, and he sed, Uncle Ned did, Thats a mity sad story, Johnny, and I dont like to speak about it. We took the snake out side the tent and let him go, and first thing he done was to ti himself in to a double bo not. Then he stood on his hed and whaved his tail in the breeze and sed he was the Queen of Sheby!

But Billy, thats my brother, he ses that if Uncle Ned dident give us candy and tuk us to the shu and make boes and arroses for us he wuld be a lieer.

Injens eats snakes, but giv me mints pi with plenty spice, and a apple dumplin and some squosh and a spung cake and a lot of sossidge and plenty pickles and some chickin gizzards, wich is the stof of life!



time. So the ratler he croid in to the ether snakes skin for to hide his ugly, but it was a inch or 2 too short and the bones of the spine of his back they stick out and ratle wen he shakes with frite, wich is frequent. Wot skares him the wurst is wen a buy is about to step on him with his bare feet, Johnny, you

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