

with nothing to do but watch his orgy of content.

"Why don't you come and play with me?" at last she asked angrily.

"I can't," replied Rex, in a wee, sweet voice, as from some far realm of bliss. "I'm having too much fun with the—the albatross." And he clinked it deliciously against the door-knob.

"I'll get an albatross, too," cried Regina, maddened by jealousy; and without a minute's hesitation, she jumped to the chair, and hurled the remaining vase to the floor.

Rex's stupor of amaze, her own unfeigned horror at the actual consummation of the deed made it impossible for her mother to think this disaster anything but another "accident"—for of course Mrs. Pettison heard the second crash, and came in a second time.

Consistency demanded that Regina get a bangle, too, but no poetical selection from Coleridge accompanied this seizure.

"You are a very, very naughty little girl," said Mrs. Pettison sharply, and she tied some china to the culprit with quite angry jerks and with a tighter twist than was at all necessary, for the fragment was small—Regina's smash had been thorough.

"Mine's a baby albatross," said the smasher complacently, as soon as her mother had left the room.

Now that the children were similarly equipped, they had a lovely time together, and put their novel toys to every conceivable and inconceivable test. They began to warm up tenderly to punishment.

"What shall we smash next?" asked Regina, leaning mentally in the direction of a magnificent Satsuma urn in the parlour.

"We'll—we'll be had some other way," authoritatively said Rex. He had the saner mind, and realised that the limitations of smash had been reached.

All sports pull in time, and the twins gradually desisted from their exuberant cracking of furniture, and drew near each other to take hold of hands—a friendly tricks of theirs when weary. The contact, bringing their bits of bric-a-brac together with a clash, flecking a splinter from each, recalled to Regina the game which is played with Easter eggs.

"Let's chip albatrosses," she said stoically, and sat down on the floor.

Nothing averse, Rex sat down, too, and the war was on. Cash followed clash, and chips flew frantically, till finally each combatant came off victorious with but a bracelet of string left.

Their mother, who had entered and silently witnessed the contest, deemed it wise to take this disposal of the albatrosses as a matter of course, so she merely made the twins clear up the chips, and then she reminded them that it was time for them to go to their desks; first, to write the usual half page in their copy books, and, second, to hear each other all the geography questions they could think of. Secretly, she was worried, for never until to-day in all their sterner-ordered, meekly-obedient little lives had the twins shown the least trace of naughtiness. She comforted herself with the belief that the worst was now over, for the children, now sedate as dormice, went tractably to work upon their copy books. Reassured, she left them to themselves again.

It was the letter to which they were devoting their attention, and the page was spared this:

"L! Lady! Led by the right! Lady! L."

If the originator of the copy had had any hope of casting a moral glamour over his page by means of the phrase, "Led by the right," that hope was dashed in Regina's case, for she wrote it, "Leg by the right." Stems of letters appealed to her as unimportant. After she had laboriously made a round fat body, it was all one to her whether she turned it into a "C" or a "G."

Moreover, she had her own line of progress. She never went across. She went down. She made six "L's," then six "Lady's," then six "Legs," and so on, and got through in less than no time.

"What's an island?" she demanded peremptorily. As far as she was concerned, it was the hour for geography.

Rex, who did all things lovingly and well, was still writing, but he looked up kindly and humoured her.

"An island is land surrounded by water," he said. Then a pulsed look came on his face as if he loathed the necessity, but he leaned forward, pen in hand, put a blot on Regina's waist—for the land—and drew a scalloped circle

around it—for the water. He tapped the picture with his pen and repeated his definition.

It needs to be impressed that heretofore an accidental blot no bigger than a pin-point had been sufficient to set them both into sobbing convulsions of fright.

As the island grew upon her, Regina had one brief, embryonic spasm, and then—she understood. Rex was again martyring himself.

"What is a lake?" he asked.

He had an apt pupil. Regina seized her pen and stirred it around in the ink bottle.

"Lakes water," gabbled she (blot on Rex's shirt) "surrounded island." (Scalloped circle.) "What's a strait?"

"A strait"—and here Rex sketched upon his sister's yoke something resembling a pair of spectacles—"is a channel of water connecting two larger bodies of water. What is a river?"

"A river"—said she, dithering with delight as she ran a zigzag streak of black lightning down his front pleat—"is water flowing through the land. Wheel! What's a hill?"

"A hill," said he, abandoning the pen and dipping his finger in the bottle, "is a low elevation of land." Here he dabbed a come-like smudge upon Regina's shoulder. "What is a mountain?"

"Mountain's a high elevator of land!" she shrieked, drunken with joy. Inking her whole hand she stroked him with an "elevator" that reached from his hair to his chin. Now was she frenzied indeed, and hissed meaningly, "What is an OCEAN?"

He took the dare even though he paled under the magnitude of the sin thrust upon him.

"The largest body of water," he said, methodically pouring the entire bottle into Regina's lap.

This naturally concluded the lesson; there was no more ink.

"We had better see about this right away," he announced in a businesslike tone. And they sought out their mother.

They found her occupied in rereading the article on Rational Punishment. They little knew how good a thing it was for themselves that she was so occupied—occupied, too, so serenely and deeply that she failed to notice their approach until Rex murmured, "Mauna, something has happened."

She looked up, and, catching sight of their really awful condition, was literally stunned and dumb-stricken. All she could do was to wave them away from her. When speech finally returned to her, it was so far beneath the occasion that it sounded tame.

"Get out of my sight as quickly as possible," she begged, "before I say or do what I should not. Oh, do go! Later, when we are all calmer, we will talk over this frightful occurrence; for rest assured I shall demand a full explanation. Not that your punishment will wait till then—no, indeed. I shall attend to that at once, and severely. Listen! I forbid you to change those disgraceful garments. You shall take your outing in them, you shall see visitors in them—if visitors come—you shall go to the supper-table in them, you shall wear them till bedtime, even if your hearts and mine break with humiliation. Now go. Immediately!"

When they left the room, Mrs. Pettison burst into tears over the problem. The twins did not know that, of course, and danced away perfectly happy; if there was one thing they hated worse than another, it was their afternoon raiment of white pique. The stuff was always starched as stiff as tin, and it creased if it was looked at cross-eyed. When creased it was done for. If the twins had the ill-luck to sit on a punch-stone or kneel on a blackberry, they were in the worst sort of a fix. And to think they could wear their nice, comfortable, messy suits all afternoon! To think that they could actually go out in them and tell everything to all the other little boys and girls! It was too good to be true. And why should not visitors know about it? The more the merrier. And as for supper—again, why not? Was not their father going to be absent? Of course he was, thank heaven! Yes, really and really, it was too good to be true.

The evening hour was positively the happiest they remembered. When they were forced to go out with Catherine, the "help," it was she who suffered, not they. They strutted to the utmost, while she chased desperately to have it over and done with.

"Such a holy show!" she kept muttering.

"Why, Catherine, you're not the holy show, we are," they sweetly insisted, but all the same she hurried them home, and left them to take most of their outing on the front steps. That was not so bad, either, for they could point out their adornments, in dumb sign, to all their passing cronies. They sat there basking in rare contentment.

When it came to be the neighbourhood supper-time and the street grew dull, Rex thought out another excitement.

"Sister, I begin to see how this thing works, do you?"

"What thing works?"

"This new punishment. It works this way—when we do something bad we have to keep on doing it."

"Well," said Regina, listlessly.

"Well, we'll go now and steal some jam."

Which they immediately did. It was not hard to manage, with Catherine making disappearances into the dining-room to put supper on the table. Of course, discovery was swift, but then, discovery was their aim.

"Some had angel possesses you," cried Mrs. Pettison, despairingly, but still clinging to her ideals. "You think you want jam—I'll prove to you how mistaken you are—come to the table and see!"

A large dish of jam was set before them, and their broth was removed. When they understood that they were to help themselves plentifully to jam, they wondered if they had not fallen into fairyland. Requesting bread, they were denied it.

"Nothing but jam," said Mrs. Pettison sternly, her sympathetic stomach recoiling from the fearful fate.

The twins perceptibly cheered and tucked into the jam at a great rate. They had aimed at this happiness, but the result exceeded belief. The next course would have been sandwiches of stale bread, sparsely buttered and served with weak cocoa. This, too, they were mercifully spared.

"Help yourselves to jam," ordered their mother, in the tone of an executioner. The twins' whole beings melted under the affliction and they stowed away jam enough for a long winter.

This method was persevered in during the meal and at each added prohibition, the twins cheered further and took more jam. At last, Mrs. Pettison, fearing that she was becoming barbarous in her cruelty, offered them forgiveness by saying:

"The dessert is cold the pudding; you may make your choice between it and the sickening sweet stuff I have forced upon you."

"I'll take jam," said Rex gently.

"More jam," said Regina, the greedy glitter in her eye undimmed.

They rose from the table oozing contentment from every pore, and Mrs. Pettison wearily kept her seat to ponder upon the situation.

Out in the hall—

"Regina, didn't that jam make you thirsty?"

"Awful."

"Come into the pantry and we'll open a bottle of grape juice."

But they had been overheard and pursued, and while they were trying to unscow the cap of the bottle the wrath fell—and the shameless, degrading irrationality of that wrath would have painfully the whole editorial staff of "Privileges."

"Biff!" on Regina's ear, and "Baff!" on Rex's and then they were jerked up by their collars and rattled around in the air awhile.

That these processes were dangerous to tympanums and spinal columns, Mrs. Pettison well knew. Temporarily, however, she failed to remember.

"You are a naughty—disobedient—exasperating—bad-hearted—thieving little pair!" she said, by way of making confidants of her children.

She told them so much more about themselves that they could hardly believe it. They had not leisure to listen to it all, being so very busy attempting to shelter various portions of their anatomy. Sweep! and Regina found herself balancing upon her mother's knee in a swimming attitude, and—well, she was given a lesson.

Swoop! Rex took her place, and also received a lesson. A perfectly unimportant tale of accusations, accompanied all this, and "arbitrary" was the last thing thought of by any of the parties. Finally, the twins felt themselves hoisted as upon derricks and swung along the passage to a dark room where they were inconsiderately and urgently

dumped, the door being banged upon them.

"And at the next atom of trouble, I'll treat you to a double dose of this!" was the syllabic utterance which floated in to them.

When they had wept themselves almost to a pulp and their sobs came a little further apart, Rex's broken voice came from somewhere in the darkness:

"Regina, I think we'd better go now."

"I thought it first," she hiccupped.

And since it was upon her that the chastening hand first fell, perhaps she did.



THE SQUADRON.

ARRIVAL OF THE FLAGSHIP.

The flagship of the Australasian Squadron, with Vice-Admiral Sir Wilnot Hawkesforth Fawkes on board, arrived from Lyttelton at noon on Monday after a smart passage up the coast. The flagship, accompanied by H.M. cruisers Pegasus and Prometheus, left Lyttelton at 6 a.m. on Saturday last, and it was arranged for all the boats to take part in a twenty-four hours' speed trial, but the weather was so rough that it was decided they should come along under ordinary speed. The Powerful is capable of 22 knots per hour under favourable weather conditions, and in the rough sea she maintained an average speed for the 24 hours of 19 1/2 knots. At times she was steaming 20 knots an hour. The Admiral is at present undecided as to his movements while in Auckland, but it is expected the fleet will remain here until the end of this month, when the boats will take their departure for Sydney. The Admiral and officers will be entertained at a citizens' bill, probably on Monday week, and in company with a large number of officers from all the boats he will pay a visit to Rotomahana. Admiral and Lady Fawkes will be the guests of the Governor at the latter's residence, near Hasting, and Lady Fawkes, who is at present in the South, will come to Auckland before the departure of the fleet.

The warships in port comprise H.M.S.'s Powerful, Cambrian, Pegasus and Prometheus, which will be supplemented later on by two more vessels. It is likely that the vessels will go out in the Gulf for firing practice. The Cambrian leaves this week on an extended cruise to the islands and America. The Challenger remained behind at Lyttelton for the purpose of drilling R.N.R. men. She is due to arrive at Auckland about the 20th inst. The training-ship Pyramus is expected to leave Sydney on the 8th for Auckland, where she will be due to arrive about the 12th. The Pyramus has been appointed to the New Zealand division, and will remain in these waters for some time. One of the other visiting warships will remain with the Pyramus. It is not yet known which vessel it will be, but it is stated that the Prometheus, which has been stationed on the New Zealand division for some time, will accompany the flagship to Sydney.

THE ADMIRAL.

Vice-Admiral Sir Wilnot Hawkesforth Fawkes, K.C.M.G., who succeeded Admiral Sir Arthur Dalrymple Emschaw, K.C.B., as Commander-in-Chief on the Australasian station, was born December 22, 1846, and educated at St. John's College, Cambridge. He joined the navy in 1860. He attained the rank of commander in 1880, and from 1884 to 1886 commanded the Royal yacht Osborne. He was promoted captain in 1886, and commanded successively the cruisers Raleigh, Mercury, and Terrible, and the battleship Canopus, to 1891 and 1892 he was Naval Adviser to the Inspector-General of Fortifications. From 1899 to 1901 Captain Fawkes was A.D.C. to Queen Victoria, and for two terms was private secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty. He was promoted Rear-Admiral at the beginning of January, 1901, and in 1902 commanded the Cruiser Squadron. Sir Wilnot Fawkes was promoted Vice-Admiral on March 2 last. Sir Wilnot married in 1873 Juliana, eldest daughter of Mr.