telling me where I find Mr. Phee-leep Hayward?"

"Um—um—um! Upon my soul, this is most extraordinary!"

In the meantime, the street was becoming congested from the ever-gathering crowd of curious ones, and the old gentleman, fearing trouble, managed to convey to Tatsu that neither he nor anyone else could just then tell where Mr. Philip Hayward was to be found; but if she would show him where she lived he would try and find out. Fortunately, Tatsu had proceeded a very few steps before her appearance had attracted the crowd, and now, pacified by his promise, she willingly turned with him, and a few seconds' walk brought them again to the big building, the entrance to which she luckily remembered, as she knew neither the street nor the number.

When Miss Clancy returned, Norah gave her a highly-coloured description of Tatsu's adventure. After the first hysterical burst of laughter, that young woman sat down on the sofa in her little drawing-room, and, calling Tatsu to her, drew the foolish little head down to her own broad, warm heart.

"Poor innocent!" she said. Then she slowly and carefully explained to Tatsu that she would leave no stone unturned to find her lover; but that she must not be too much disappointed if she failed; in a great city it was sometimes very difficult to find people. He might not be there at all.

And she kept her word, making inquiries and telling the pathetic little story in all directions; but no trace of Philip Hayward was found—a quite natural result, since "Hayward" was Philip's middle name, and he was now Sir Philip Darras, of Darrascourt, Surrey.

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So three months slipped away, and the roses of Tatsu's cheeks had become palest of pink, instead of glowing brightly, as in the old days.

Miss Clancy must soon sail for New York, where she was booked as a special attraction at one of the big "vaudeville houses." She had grown so fond of the little Japanese girl, however, that she did not dream of leaving her behind. Tatsu, on her part, was never tired of trying to please her friend. She could sew very nicely, and delighted to make pretty trifles. Sybil picked up for her one day, at an old curiosity shop, a "samisen" (Japanese banjo), and hour after hour she would sit on her pillow and sing to its twanging the songs of her native land; those strange, haunting little melodies, yet as misty and indefinite, with their soft trailings from key to key, as dreams that float across a summer night.

Listening to her thus singing one afternoon, through the twilight of a thick London fog, a thought struck Sybil—why would not Tatsu-San be a success on the music-hall or "variety" stage? The managers of such are always looking for "novelties." She would take her to New York, as she had intended, but, instead of keeping her at home as a pretty toy, she would take her to a friend of her own there—a certain "hustling" manager—who would, if he liked Tatsu's performance, exploit her as "the real thing in Geishas," as he doubtless would have expressed it. The glamour, the excitement of the life, would perhaps be very beneficial to her little friend. It would give her once more an object in life, and help her to forget her unfortunate love affair. Acting on this thought, the week after Sybil reached New York, she gave a small and very select Sunday "At Home" in the handsome suite at the hotel on Broadway where she stopped, and introduced our little Geisha.

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Tatsu-San, gorgeous in a golden kimono, embroidered with lotus blossoms, fluttered in, fluttering her purple fan. She sank gracefully on a pillow and sang in her high, soft voice, which yet held a certain wild note of longing that touched the heart, a song of "Falling Leaves." She told, in quaint, broken English, little stories and legends of "Old Japan." And, last of all, she danced. She had taught her friend the melody, and Sybil, who was a good musician, had arranged it for the piano.

She floated down the room, with tiny hands outspread, and fluttering like white butterflies in the cherry-orchard. She unfurled a fan, and a whirring of wings, as of some giant moth, was heard. She took from the folds of her "obi" a second fan—and there were two gorgeous butterflies of purple and gold. She heard the beating of their wings; she smelled the perfume of the blossoms from which they sipped; one felt the joyousness of the early summer day. Up and down they flit, these butterflies, darting there, circling here, chasing each other merrily, madly. Down, down they wheel—and the purple-black cloud of hair touches the floor. Then up again they flutter, wafted on a breeze of melody, while the long, flowing, wing-like sleeves sway and float like the waves of a satin ocean! At last, as she sinks again on the pillow, they flutter gently down, as if a-weary, and are still!

"Great!" cried the manager. "Great! I'll back you, all right, little lady. She'll make a sensation," he said, turning to his neighbour.

A few weeks thereafter, O-Tatsu-San was billed to appear as "A Real Oriental Attraction" at Fairport—a wonderful city by the sea, where the houses that stretch along the top of the famous "Cliff Walk" are all palaces, and the illustrious lords and ladies who live in them have so much money, the endless, weary search for pleasure, for "something new"—must be very hard to bear.

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All day long she had sat alone in her little room at the hotel. Now, again it was evening, and she must go on and do her "turn." Separated from her friend Sybil, she was almost overcome with nostalgia for her own dear land, and with a despairing longing for "Phee-leep." But, when one is billed as "of bewitching Oriental beauty" by all pronounced the personification of the "poetry of motion"—Oyama! it is necessary to present an appearance of happy gaiety.

The pretty summer theatre was crowded. The management was complimented by "the press" on having the "best bill of the season." All the boxes had been engaged by the illustrious ones, who came to chat, to laugh, to throw at each other meaning glances, to flaunt the evidences of their riches—in many cases so newly acquired! And the people from the houses in the town came to gaze upon the illustrious ones who lived in the palaces. The lords from the palaces leaned over the beautiful ladies, who displayed, on bosoms and arms as white as the blossoms of the ume-tree, strings of jewels that gleamed like coiled serpents of living fire—the lovely ladies who stirred men's blood to flame!

Yes, undoubtedly the little Jap. was quite a success. She was really "a novelty," with her funny waddle, her piled-up hair, her weird music, her wonderful dancing, and her foolish little white-clad feet.

Tatsu-San had finished her first number—a song—to generous applause which sounded like the booming of great guns to her unaccustomed ears. Now she pattered on the stage again, and began her dance. She certainly was extremely amusing, especially to one Lovely Lady, known as a "society queen" throughout two continents, and who, evidently having dined "not wisely, but too well," now pointed a jewelled finger at Tatsu, and quite audibly remarked to her neighbour—

"I say, Harry! Do look at the creature's feet! Let's get a pair of those ridiculous things she wears from her as a pattern, and then you can come as a 'geisha' to my fancy-dress ball."

Then, amid gusts of tinkling laughter, lorgnettes and opera-glasses were levelled at the small feet, clad in native "tabi"—short, white, "digitated stockings," as someone has described them.

And Tatsu! As she fluttered through the dance a painful lump grew and grew in the slender young throat. Oyama! If only she were now at the "Teahouse of Irish Gardens," dancing to music of "samisen" and "koto," before a pleased audience who understood and petted her, instead of being in this painful place, with its sea of cruel white faces! The faces leered at her, and wavered up and down in uncertain lines. The music sounded now very loud and terrifying, now soft and far away.

There is a stir. A young man who has just arrived enters the box of the Lovely Lady.

"Ah! My dear Sir Phillip!" she cries, with outstretched hand, "you are just in time to see the most amusing creature—a real geisha, with such absurd feet; Harry is going to copy them for my ball, and come as a geisha!"

Suddenly, a troubled wave passes over the audience. The tinkling laughter dies in the throats of the amused ones; the music sounds harsh and strained, and the wailing of the oboe is like that of a thing in pain. Clad in her white satin kimono, embroidered with dreamy flowers, the Japanese girl is swaying unsteadily, like a wind-shaken lily. She looks at the man who has come into the box. The folds of her long sleeves fall in drooping lines, like the wings of a wounded moth, as she stretches forth her arms, with a gesture infinitely pathetic—

"Phee-leep!" she cries. "Phee-leep!"

The curtain is hastily rung down.

"Great God!" cries the man who has entered the box, "it is Tatsu-San!" He glances with an expression which it is not good to see at the Lovely Lady beside him, and makes hasty adieux.

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A few weeks later a Lovely Lady who spends the summer months in her palace by the sea, and who has angled industriously to catch a certain rich English nobleman for her daughter, read in that herald of fashion, the "New York Chronicle," the picturesque details of the marriage of Sir Philip Darras, of Darrascourt, Surrey, England, to Miss Tatsu Ikeda, better known as O-Tatsu-San, of Tokyo, Japan. That day Felice, the maid, acted disgracefully, and pulled my lady's hair so hard she was promptly dismissed. Also Miff-muff, the Japanese poodle, who ate off a golden plate and wore jewelled bangles on his slender limbs, misbehaved scandalously, and received a severe slapping from the Lovely Lady's own white hands.

The Metric System Criticised.

Writing in the "Scientific American," Mr Alfred Lang, of Pittsburg has something to say against the metris system, which he maintains is not suited to everyday life. He says:—"Come with me to a French market. The first stall is the dairyman's. "How much is the butter?" you ask. "Thirty-eight sous a pound," is the answer; not "Three francs sixty a kilo." If you ask the vendor to give you 125 grammes, he will take you for a foreigner, and will bill it as "un quart." Eggs will be thirty sous a dozen: nothing is sold by tens. Potatoes you buy by the bushel (boisseau), which is not metric, and a barrique of wine holds 227 liters. You buy cloth by the meter, half meter, and quarter-meter, and the salesman would lift his eyebrows if you asked for 90 or 70 centimetres of ribbon.

The centime is too small, and everything therefore goes by five centimes, commonly known as a sou. The centime does not harmonize with the coins in use.

The millimeter for engineering purposes is very inconvenient. I speak from experience. The natural divisions of the inch into halves, quarters, and eighths do not give us over three decimals; and if into sixteenths (which is a better working size than the millimeter and not very much longer) four decimals, the last being in all cases a five. For very fine measurements the one-thousandth of an inch is in every way as satisfactory as the one-hundredth of a millimeter—I have found it more so—and all natural divisions down to thirty-seconds can be read in thousandths and halves or quarters of thousandths. We are, therefore, getting the benefits of both the natural and decimal divisions, and there seems to be no reason whatever for adopting a different standard unit which is as arbitrary as ours, when we, Anglo-Saxons, hold the controlling interest in the markets of the world.

When it comes to the laboratory, matters are very different, and I will agree that the inter-relations of the gramme, the cubic centimeter, and the centiliter are of the greatest utility. For analysis, the milligramme and the centiliter are vastly superior to the English measures; but the quantitative work done in the laboratory in no way influences the weights and measures of the works to which these laboratories are attached.

Let us have the metric system by all means for the laboratory work, but not for the vastly greater amount of work which does not require delicate instruments and intricate calculations. We cannot use a microscope on the stars or a telescope on bacteria, nor can we use a reading glass for either. A system which will suit both science and industry has not yet been devised."

"I wish the company would discharge that conductor. He's the most uncivil man I ever saw."

"That may be, but he can crowd more passengers into a car than any conductor on the pay roll."