

emptre. And watched with deep interest the fall of the dice.

All of which grew out of the fact that Bobbs had nothing in particular to do. This happened at one of his temporary but enforced vacations, following a periodical quarrel with the management of "Bannister's Weekly."

His habit of obeying the dictates of his own sweet will rather than those of Bassett "Bannister's" editor, had again strained the latter's patience past the snapping-point.

Serenely assured, however, that the weekly could not exist for long without his services, that but a fortnight or so would elapse ere he would be again, perceptible, gathered into the fold, the ex-staff photographer looked about for mischief for his idle hands to do; and, the choice finally settling between Berlin and Monte Carlo, the simple expedient of tossing a coin had decided the matter.

And yet, this day Bobbs was inclined to think that chance had turned against him, played him a scurvy trick. Herr Neddlen's sinister personality shadowed his mood.

As he debouched from the Linden, the young man quickened his pace. A consultation of his watch had apprised him that he was in danger of being late. Hastily he crossed the park, and with hardly a glance at the Column of Victory—ordinarily he admired it beyond all things German—hastened through to the southern embankment of the Spree.

The sun was bright, the air mild—a day calculated to tempt humanity to the open places. Man, woman, and child, all loyal Berlin with nothing better to do was out in force, lining the embankments to watch something of a novelty in the way of a triumphal progress of the emperor—the kaiser, whose every outing is a triumphal progress, whose every saunter furnishes an excuse for a pageant.

Berlin, indeed, is sated with pomp and ceremony, callous to the circumstance of royalty; it is even becoming accustomed to its emperor. After a certain stage the unexpected ceases to be surprising.

But this was something different. It isn't every day that you see a torpedo boat, however small, between the banks of the Spree; and an admiral's uniform is something of a novelty to an inland town.

Bobbs found himself on the outskirts of a sadate and steady-going crowd, far removed from a view of the river; he had need to use his elbows and his feet—the one gained him a way through the throng equally with the other—before, in time, he gained the front rank.

A line of troops, gay in the uniform of the Fourth Foot Guards, punctuated the verge of the embankment at intervals of twenty paces or so, and held back the sightseers. With them cooperated the municipal, uniformed police.

Mr. Bobbs made little doubt that the crowd was sprinkled with secret police as thick as pinus in a pudding, and kept wary eyes alert for them. At the same time he hitched his camera-case around to the front, furtively adjusting the focus. And waited, craning his neck for the first view of the spectacle, no more than his neighbours, to all appearances, a meek and lawful person.

III.

Presently distant cheering heralded the appearance of the kaiser in his new role. A flutter of anticipation swayed the throng. Individuals pressed forward, eager for a better view. The police and the guards warned them back. Bobbs was carried to and fro, but jealously kept his place in the front rank.

It is taboo to snap the kaiser without official permission; Bobbs had transgressed twice before—in other lands. Now he proposed to violate the law on German soil.

The opportunity came swiftly and in unexpected shape. The prow of the undergrown warship poked from beneath the Luther Bridge, and the boat raced upstream, with a clear channel. Upon its bridge, where all might see and be properly impressed, Wilhelm posed in all the glittering glory of a brand-new admiral's livery, fairly bristling dignity, gold lace, and mustaches.

"He is magnificent," murmured Mr. Bobbs, watching and appreciative, "but he is not war." The American's forefinger trembled upon the button.

Huzzas shook the firmament—huzzas dutifully rendered in full chorus. They may even have shaken the earth and

the waters upon the earth. At all events, the Spree misbehaved. A peaceful stream and orderly, it developed a ripple. Not much of a ripple, but sufficient to distract so frail a craft as the emperor's.

A torpedo-boat is built for speed and little else. Its sides are of steel barely an eighth of an inch in thickness. It is responsive to the least of seas. And this was no exception to the rule. Like a thoroughbred racer startled by a sudden noise, it struck that ripple and shied. Alas for majesty! The lurch was fatal.

An imperial foot shot wildly out from under the kaiser. His gloved hands clutched madly the circumambient atmosphere. His sword maliciously inserted itself between his legs, and—precipitately the War Lord sat down. The pateater of the Meissel First smote the deck with himself right heartily.

And Bobbs pressed the button.

The incident was over in a twinkling; in a thought the kaiser, scrambling, had regained his feet and was grasping feebly at his dignity.

Bobbs shifted the camera case to a position over one hip, contriving to look very innocent indeed. With full control of himself, he suppressed his inward mirth; unlike his neighbours, he had no need to turn his back or hang his head to hide the straggling grin. To smile under such circumstances is a grave offence—nothing short of lese-majesty; and Berlin is fearfully aware of this. It took no chances with the secret police that were literally in its midst.

But Bobbs remained merely gravely concerned, to judge from his expression. In truth, he was concerned, but with quite another matter; for in the midst of the confusion a clear whisper had come to his ear.

"Monsieur, do not turn your head!" He did not.

"It is I," pursued the whisper—"Felicie (Grisard) of Heydteum's. Our good turn deserves another." The whisper became hurried. "You were observed—by Herr Neddlen. Do not move. I will take the camera and hide it under my cape."

Fingers fumbled with the latch of the case. "So?" said the woman softly. The clasp clicked again. And—"An revoir!" Bobbs heard, with an instant later, the woman's voice, apparently addressing the crowd behind him: "Messieurs—if you please—let me pass."

For a space the young man remained motionless. But already he had espied Neddlen, loitering furtively at no great distance; and as the throng drifted away in various directions, Bobbs boldly stepped forth and passed directly beneath the spy's nose; and, so doing, deliberately hitched the camera case forward.

He turned south, and stride away briskly, with a purposeful, business-like air—all the while, of course, entirely conscious that he was being followed.

Soon he received expect of confirmation on this conviction. A hand, daintily gloved in flaring yellow kid, tapped him imperatively on the shoulder; and a voice, as oily and bland as a voice can be that habitually caricatures German gutturals, saluted him: "Mein Herr!"

"Hallo!" returned Bobbs, with surprised interest. He stopped and whirled smartly on his heel, to face Neddlen, whom he favoured with a brisk look of inquiry.

The secret agent's eyelids drooped cunningly. He bowed distantly with mechanical precision of movement, and smiled the counterpart of that evil grimace which Bobbs had disliked at sight.

"Pardon," said the German. "You are doubtless a stranger in Berlin, sir, unacquainted with the municipal regulations—eh?"

"How do you mean?" "You are surely unaware that it is forbidden to take photographs of his majesty the emperor without express permission?"

"To the contrary," returned Bobbs steadily, "I know it very well. But what is that to you, may I ask?"

"Simply that, in that case, it is my duty to inform you that you are under arrest."

"The devil it is!" expostulated Bobbs vigorously. "And on what charge?" Herr Neddlen shrugged his shoulders and assumed a tolerant expression. If Bobbs chose not to understand, why blither!

The American, however, was bent on bickering. He insisted; he demanded an explanation of what he denounced as an outrage; he threatened Herr

We take pleasure in publishing the following interesting letter from Mr. James Sumers, who also very kindly sends his photograph:



"Indigestion and liver complaint troubled me greatly, and the money I spent on various medicines was only wasted, as they did me no good. A friend asked me why I did not take

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

I thought that if I did the result would be the same as with the other medicines; but, to my great surprise, after taking a few doses I felt really better, and I continued until I had taken, in all, seven or eight bottles. I was then able

to digest my food, and it made me feel like a new man. I now always have with me a supply of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—JAMES SUMERS, North Terrace, Adelaide, S. A.

Of course you cannot enjoy good health if your stomach gives out. You must have an appetite, must digest your food, and must keep your liver active. Muscular strength, nervous strength, desire to be active, and a feeling of general good health may be yours by keeping your liver active and your blood pure. Ayer's Sarsaparilla strengthens the stomach and aids digestion.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla will do all this for you, but you must insist upon getting "AYER'S," for it is stronger, contains more valuable ingredients, and cures more quickly than any other kind.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

Ayer's Pills keep the liver in a healthy condition.

This Adv. Is Worth

£2-0-0

to You.

"Svea" Cream Separator

Complete Stock of Repairs Carried in Each State

No Better Separator Ever Made...

Cut it out, and post it to us with your order for a 44 gallon "Svea" Separator and your cheque for £2.

We will ship the Separator, and send you back a receipt for £4; also 4 pns for £3-15-0 each, due respectively in 4, 8, 12 and 16 months from date of shipment of the Separator. These pns you are to execute and return to us promptly, thus completing settlement for the Separator.

By this means you secure for £17 a first-class Separator (always sold for £19), and get remarkably easy terms besides.

We place the Separator on board trucks or steamer free of charge at any of the below mentioned cities, and send an expert to start it for you free of cost.

We are prepared to supply other sizes of Separators on similar terms. Write us for full particulars and names and addresses of satisfied buyers.

Each Separator is fully warranted, and in such a manner as to insure you the prompt return of your money and pns if the Separator does not do good work.

We reserve the right to decline any order.

International Harvester Company of America
(Incorporated)

Grisbane, Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Launceston and Christchurch.

Agents throughout New Zealand.
No. 4.

PETER F. HEERING'S CHERRY BRANDY

COPENHAGEN.

The Favourite Liqueur.

SWIFT & COMPANY, 82 O'Connell St., Sydney, General Agents.