

ly, and his heart leaped as he saw the welcoming look in her eyes.

"I have a confession to make," he said, after they had talked for a few minutes.

"Yes, and what is it?" she asked.

"It is—it is," he said, stammering. She gave him a quick look and it was as though the clear wonder of her eyes pierced his heart. "It is that I love you," he said, though that had been the best thing he had intended to say.

"Oh, hush!" she exclaimed, very pale.

"You must listen to me now I have said it," he told her quietly. "I did not mean to say it—not yet—it is not fair—there are certain things you must understand first."

"What things?" she asked, curiously.

"First of all, just this," he answered, "that you must no longer waste your voice here. It was formed to be the world's delight—not to waste on seaside audiences."

"But—" she began.

"No," he interrupted, "listen to me. Not only that, but to you it will bring wealth and fame. But for that I would have dared to ask you to be my wife, now it is against my will and resolution that I tell you I love you. I felt it would not be fair for me to ask you while you are unknown. I shall perhaps come to you in a year's time when the world will be at your feet—and then," he said bitterly, "it may be nothing to you that you have one worshipper the more."

"Oh," she murmured, apparently quite bewildered, and then she pointed to some one approaching along the sand. "Just look," she muttered.

"That is Coronao, the opera director," Harry told her. "I have asked him to come here to hear you sing, and I have told him your voice should be worth £50 a night at the least."

Coronao, the greatest impresario of the day, and Harry's friend of the night before, came up.

"This," said Harry, turning to him, "is the lady I spoke to you about."

"Oh, Lord!" said Coronao, and sat upon the sand.

"What's the matter now?" asked Harry, indignantly.

"Nothing," said Coronao, feebly. Then he looked at the young lady.

"And this," he asked, "is the out-of-work clerk I was to find employment for?"

"Yes," said the girl, and this time Coronao did not sit on the sand, but fairly rolled on it.

"He must have gone mad," said the girl, apprehensively.

"Perhaps it's the sun," suggested Harry, almost equally alarmed.

Coronao controlled his feelings and sat up.

"My dear Vaughan," he said, "let me present you to Miss Hillyer, in my opinion the greatest living singer. Miss Hillyer, may I present you to Harry Vaughan, of the British Diplomatic Service, nephew and heir to the Earl of Ullborough, and owner in his own right of—which county is it you own, Vaughan? I always forget."

"Shut up," growled Harry, and Coronao rolled on the sand again.

Miss Hillyer was showing signs of departing, and Harry thought it was a jolly good idea.

"Come along," he said, "let's leave that idiot to laugh himself silly there." Presently he remarked: "You never told me you were Miss Hillyer."

"And you," she retorted, "never told me you were all those things."

"Anyhow," he argued, "I never said I was an out of work clerk."

"And I never said I was a seaside singer," returned Miss Hillyer.

"But you said you were down here professionally, and there's nowhere else to sing," Harry reminded her.

"I was singing at the Duke of Mercia's, where the Prince and Princess have been staying," said Miss Hillyer meekly; "but you told me you had got into trouble, and had been sent home."

"I was on the staff of the British Embassy at Berlin," returned Harry; "but one day I said something rude about the Emperor's telegram so they packed me off home again."

"It seems to me," began Miss Hillyer.

"It seems to me—" said Harry.

"That we have both made pretty considerable sillies of ourselves," concluded Miss Hillyer.

"—that there is no earthly reason now," concluded Harry, "why I should not put to you that question I thought it fairer to suppress before. Dear one, it was hard not to tell you how I loved you—but now that I dare speak, will you listen?"

And though she blushed and would not then, yet sometime later she must have, for it was the same year that the wedding of Harry Vaughan and Mary Hillyer was celebrated; and the lady whom the concert hall has given to the ranks of the peerage has taken her place there like one to the manner born. Now it is only for her husband, or his friends, or in the cause of charity that her silver voice is heard, but sometimes she will sing very softly to Harry that old air which first brought them together, when she thought he was an out-of-work clerk, and he thought she was a seaside singer.

Volcanoes and Earthquakes.

According to a theory of Lord Kelvin (as summarised by a writer in "Knowledge") volcanoes and earthquakes are produced by the settling down of denser solid material, and the squeezing outwards of the lighter still molten rock. Volcanoes may be expected to continue so long as there was any molten rock in the interior. And, even after all the molten rock has been squeezed out in the forms of volcanoes, and has formed solid lava, there would still be a shrinkage of the hot, solid interior, which would leave cavities beneath the cool surface of the earth. Earthquakes would then occur on an increasing scale of magnitude, as volcanoes decreased. This would go on until the very central region was cooled—till the whole earth became solid. All this, of course, would depend upon there being no violent collision of the earth with another globe, when "the elements would melt with fervent heat." According to Lord Kelvin's theory, there can be earthquakes without lava, only subsidence. The crust of the earth is cool and hard, with an interior increasing in temperature. Slow though it be, there is an escape of heat. The interior must be shrinking more than the crust. The hard outer crust would gradually be dragged inward and vast cavities would be made. The solid earth being undermined in some places seemed to be an explanation of earthquakes. However, after an earthquake on a large scale there would be a lowering of level, or an absolute engulfing, as was the case with the small island off the north-west coast of Sumatra. Great sinkings of the earth are noticed after these terrible phenomena, and, by the violent action, while some part subsided, another part was lifted up. After the Indian earthquake of 1897 there were very decided changes of level, some parts rising up, and others sinking down. In a recent earthquake in Japan half a valley was thrown down 20 feet.

Professor John B. Watson discusses whether it is probable that mice have a sixth sense. He took a rat and placed it in a covered box, from the centre of which a maze led to food and freedom. The rat was allowed to traverse the maze until he had learned the way out. Then his eyes and olfactory nerves were deadened, also his feet, so that he could not experience the sensation of touch, and finally his whole head was covered with collodion. Yet after all this the rat was able to traverse the maze apparently almost as well as ever. This, said Professor Watson, seemed to point to the fact that rats had a sixth sense, which might be called a sense of direction. As to the possibility of the existence of such a sense in man, psychologists (mind experts) differ. Some say that experiments have been made which show that there is in man a sense of direction, while others hold to an opposite view.

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