

hit. Evidently he was fretting to out and make a runaway of it—supposing that he could.

Henleigh watching, all his soul in his eyes, marvelled that the rider could hold him; there must be the strength of steel in the fingers inside those double wraps. The Duke was out of the running—unless by some miracle all the rest fell down.

Still there was the water-jump. It came in the last leg of the figure eight. Until it was safely negotiated the event was uncertain.

The hedge and ditch came beyond it about midway the rise of the course. But whatever took the water-jump should have no trouble at this other obstacle, unless it had a rider bent on throwing the race. With these riders that was more than impossible.

Out of the flagged course Pelton smiled superiorly at the thought. He was sure of winning. He had never ridden in better form, nor backed a better horse than Greylock was showing himself. True, he had had to make the pace; it was a bit hotter than strict prudence counselled, but Greylock had plenty left. He held Missette safe—she was tiring rapidly. If Gaygold should challenge in the run home, Greylock would be ready for him.

Pelton took no account of Glimmer; the black horse had appeared to him from the first an impertinence. But when he came to take the water-jump, Missette had fallen back, beaten. In place of her there loomed a big black bulk, that rose and leaped and landed—a good yard in front of Greylock.

There was no cheering—the moment was too tense. Half-stunned, almost breathless, myriad eyes saw the lumbering black bulk, the splendid lusc racer, now himself black with sweat, take stride for stride, running like a team stretching, straining, devouring distance with the sweep and speed of flame; saw them come at last to the forbidding hedge, rise at it together, and thrust themselves across. For one heart-breaking half-second the vision of them blurred and wavered. Something had struck the topmost branches—was it one or both?

"Greylock! He's down—down and out!" came in a groaning chant. But almost instantly the groan changed to a cheer; for there was Greylock up and running—behind Glimmer, to be sure, but with a mile to catch him in. He would do it—never fear; he must. With their hearts, their strength, his partisans entreated him to come on and win for them. As though answering them he came—his stride lengthening, quickening, until again he ran in front.

"Pelton! Pelton! Greylock! Greylock! Greylock!" the crowd roared, manly bass underlined by woman's treble shrilling. Margaret was sobbing softly. "The poor black horse! If he wins they will hate him," she said low to Henleigh.

Henleigh shuddered again. "Pray that he loses. You don't know—you can't"—he said brokenly.

Then he stopped short. All about there was stunned silence. Greylock, in the stretch, rising to the next last hurdle, had dropped never to rise again—his game heart literally broken in that supreme effort. Glimmer, running like a whirlwind, came on and on, went over the bars, under the finish-line, three lengths clear of Gaygold, with the Duke distanced, and Missette a bad last.

Henleigh saw the rider's face as the pair swept the finish-line, and shut his eyes, and clenched his teeth on a groan. In spite of the brown stain, the disfiguring disguise, he knew Sanchez for Patricia, a rider skilled and fearless, with almost erie power over horses—Patricia who had dared thus to work out her salvation. Her exploit thrilled him, in spite of what it had cost him.

He turned and looked at Margaret. "After all, need he renounce her? He had a man's fews and sinews, a man's chance. He felt as though he could move the world if she would but wait for him to do it.

Jangling cries drew his gaze again to the course. Glimmer was coming back to the scales, a mad horse. Leaping, plunging, buck-jumping, savaging whatever came in his way, at last he reared, fell backward, and rolled on his rider, whose hands even in death still clutched the reins.

It was Henleigh who made to lift her, thrusting aside Calder, a white-faced and shaking Calder, abject in terror.

"Be careful for God's sake," he whispered hoarsely to Henleigh. "You—you'll want things kept quiet, same as me."

Henleigh asked no explanation—there

was no need. As he wrenched loose the slim fingers he got a hard, tingling shock. Glimmer had scrambled up, and stood panting and dull-eyed, but snorting with rage and fear.

The stewards came hurrying to them. Calder shrank nervously from them, and said with chattering teeth: "Make it how you please, gentlemen; only—don't give me the purse. It's blood-money. I—I can't touch it. I feel enough like a murderer as it is."

They stared at him, and might have protested but for what they read in Henleigh's eyes.

Henleigh's lips said only: "Help us away, please—as quickly as possible. Mr Calder is too upset to know just what he is saying. I am acting with him because he is—a friend of the family."

"I begged and begged her not to do it; but you know how set in her ways she was," Calder said dully to Henleigh, a few hours later. Patricia's secret was safe—they had managed, somehow, to take away the telltale battery unseen of other eyes. "She tried it on two or three times—riding in the dark, up-country, with me timing her," Calder went on. "It was her own notion. Glimmer ran like a house afire. He's always had the speed and action; trouble was getting it out of him. She gave him all along. Then at the last she got rattled, and couldn't stop—it must 'a' been that way—and the full strength set him wild."

"Whatever she did she has paid the price. God give her rest!" Henleigh said. "You know how it was? About the fortune, I mean?" Calder nodded, then burst out: "Damn the fortune! You won't believe it, but now I've lost her, I'd freely give all of it, supposing I had it, to have her back just for a year."

"She won it—whether fairly or unfairly does not matter," Henleigh said. "She gave her life for it so she might give it to you. The law makes it mine, but she shall not be wholly thwarted. You shall have her share of it upon your promise to leave the country and stay away as long as you live."

"Calder stared at Henleigh incredulously. "You don't mean that—you can't. Why, I'd never dare to claim a cent."

Henleigh smiled. "I do mean it. It's less than I owe you," he said. "Though the wager was atevens, and I save my stake because the race was not run true, you lose something more."

"You mean—Patricia," Calder said, turning away with a dry sob.

Lord Knollys and His Sister.

ONEROUS DUTIES OF THEIR MAJESTIES' SECRETARIES.

It is sometimes said that the day of the private secretary is over—that rapid communication, typewriters, telephones, and other modern institutions have rendered him generally unnecessary. It is certainly true that the supply of young gentlemen seeking such appointments largely exceeds the demand for them, and that the selected candidate no longer finds his place a sinecure.

In former years any person of influence was always able to secure for his son an enviable post which involved little work and for which moderate intelligence and pleasant manners were the only necessary qualifications. To-day, however, with the exception of the Cabinet Ministers and the Viceroys of India and Ireland, very few men appoint scions of aristocracy as their secretaries, preferring an amanuensis who will not hesitate to act as a handy man with regard to any work which may present itself and whose dignity will not be ruffled if he is not invited to dinner.

The office of private secretary to the King is one which, while involving a very large amount of hard work, is fraught with continuity and a dignity wholly its own. As regards the present tenant of this uniquely responsible position, it is no flattery to say that no person in Great Britain, however gifted and however well trained, could hope to undertake his task with a tithe of the success which now attaches to it.

FEW HOLIDAYS.

For nearly 40 years, with rare, brief and seldom complete holidays, Lord Knollys has discharged the most delicate and difficult functions without once incurring

the shade of a shadow of reproach for anything he has said or done, or for the way in which he has said or done it. This enviable record is the more remarkable inasmuch as in 1870 the then Mr. Francis Knollys was selected for his post less from any experience he was able to adduce than because he was the son of Sir William Knollys, a highly distinguished general officer, and Comptroller to the Prince of Wales.

The fact is that Lord Knollys combines in his own personality every attribute which should attach both to an important official and to a cultured English gentleman. It is curious to note how often an Englishman whose character and demeanour are wholly admirable in private life seems to lack all sympathetic qualities when called upon to exercise public influence and even to assume some of the forbidding characteristics of a so-called "Jack-in-Office." On the other hand, there are to be found thoroughly painstaking, loyal and extremely able officials who are never able to bring into play their best qualities when they find themselves at home or within ordinary social circumstances.

ALWAYS ACCESSIBLE.

Lord Knollys' accessibility (the sure mark of a high-class official and a high-bred gentleman), his geniality, his desire to help wherever help is possible and to make any refusal as easy to be accepted as possible, his quick perception and power of quiet decision, combined with an almost infinite capacity for work, have rendered him not only an absolutely invaluable servant to his august master, but also a tried official in whom implicit public confidence rests. It is probable that during the last forty years no social or political matter of any sort of importance has been outside the knowledge of Lord Knollys, while no day elapses without his advice being sought and his goodwill invoked on every sort of subject.

It is no small praise under such conditions to be able to say that on no occasion whatever has Lord Knollys' discretion been in the slightest measure impugned, or even the soundness of his counsel at all called in question. He never for one moment conveys to anyone the idea that locked in his mind are secrets the slightest inkling of which might wreak incalculable mischief. On the contrary, his frankness, sympathy, and winning manner would lead, the casual observer to suppose that the topic of conversation or friendly discussion on hand was the sole object of interest for him.

The biography of a man who for three-quarters of three score years and ten has been in close touch with every movement in Europe, and has personally known almost every distinguished man in England, who has always enjoyed first-hand knowledge of every matter of first-rate importance, will some day prove a most fascinating story, and will exhibit its subject as one of the wisest as well as the kindest celebrities of his day.

Co-existent with Lord Knollys' services towards the King has been the work of his sister, the Hon. Charlotte Knollys as Woman of the Bed-chamber and confidential secretary to Queen Alexandra.

ARDUOUS AND CONTINUOUS.

Although Miss Knollys' work has not been complicated by the political questions with which her brother has had to familiarise himself, it has been no whit less arduous, and, if possible, even more continuous. With the exception of a fortnight's compulsory rest, taken at the Princess Royal's house at Brighton, it is true that Miss Knollys for some years has been in daily waiting from 9 a.m. until midnight. So determined is she, in spite of advancing years, to maintain her services at their supreme level that days often pass without her emerging from the palace, that her amusements and visits to personal friends are strictly curtailed, and that, in a word, her entire life is—and for thirty-five years has been—consecrated to the service of her august mistress.

It is needless to say that this strenuous life has won the intense gratitude and complete confidence of the Queen, who, however, frequently but vainly urges the devoted lady to spare herself in some degree.

Miss Knollys is, equally with her brother, endowed with the supremely necessary gift of perfect tact and with the kindness which affords her infinite pleasure to use her influence on behalf of the many suitors for some mark of her royal mistress' favour, although there

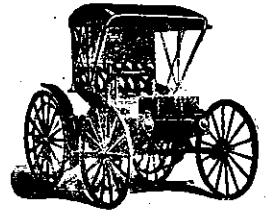
are occasions when she feels herself bound to suggest some check to that boundless generosity which the Queen would always like to exercise.

The records of the English Court will some day show in a very clear light not only the faithful services which Lord Knollys and Miss Knollys have rendered to King Edward and Queen Alexandra, but also the debt of gratitude which the British public owes them for a vast amount of work gladly and judiciously performed for the public good.—"London Express."

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