

I want her to, except cross over those mean old lines."

"Yes, Harry; and I will do more than she wants me to. But now I have made a muddle of it! She can't stay here any longer—unless—unless—" He stared with unseeing eyes at the floor.

"Well, why not? He's got the million now and can take care of her. What if he is what he is? Many a good woman is married to a worse man. Isn't that so, young fellow?"

"What are you saying?" questioned the child wonderingly.

"I was saying that I am a stuffed clown, and now fortune has sat down on me and made me squeak. No, I won't squeak, my boy! I'll shut my mouth and keep it shut like a gentleman. How do I know she loves me, anyway? Fortune doesn't love me, and they say she's a woman."

"I love you!" exclaimed the child, crowding nearer to the artist, his clown hugged tight to his moist cheek.

"I'm glad to hear it, Harry; and I want you to get well and grow up to be a man and protect that little sister of yours."

"I won't let anybody hurt Ally," said the child soberly.

"Good! I wish I could say as much. But I must make my exit now, and let some other actor play his part. Exit Rodman Rogert, penniless artist; enter Unknown, millionaire. Unknown has a hawk face and a hawk disposition. Curtain!" He arose.

"Well, Harry. I am expecting my lawyer, so I will leave you with your clown. If you should see your sister soon, tell her there was once a man named Rodman Rogert who loved her with a love that the winged seraphs of heaven—Hello, Mr. Ney! Well, well, sir, I've killed the golden goose, haven't I?"

The door had opened and the butler ushered in a pleasant-faced, gray-haired man.

The lawyer seized the young artist's hand and shook it warmly.

"How are you, sir? And how's the little chap?" He snapped his fingers at the child, then turned to Rogert.

"Young man, young man, it seems you cannot offend fortune. She loves you the better for your disregard. Why, why, you've lost a million and gained nine millions! Sit down, sit down! What's this—only one chair? Then I'll take it myself!"

The lawyer was seated, but continued to talk excitedly.

"This man, Henry Morgan, was ten times a millionaire, and he put out that first million to test his man. It seems he wanted to learn if you had a conscience and were deserving the bulk of his fortune. Had you stood by the terms of his will you would have proved yourself to be a cold-blooded scoundrel; but, you generous young rascal, you didn't do it. You broke those terms at the first opportunity—to help a crippled man—and you've been breaking them all along for this little chap's sake. But we have found you out, sir—we have found you out!"

The artist's hands were clenched, as if he were about to strike a fierce blow. "Nine millions! Not! I won't torture another family as I have tortured this one! I won't! I say, I won't!"

"My dear young man, there are no such conditions attached to these millions." They are yours to do as you choose with; and I knew you would choose generously."

"Would you object, sir, to showing me the papers? I wish to see them myself."

"Quite right—quite right! They are down at my office. At least, an authentic copy of them. Come, you shall have them."

The lawyer rose, and the artist turned to the child.

"Harry, there are just forty-seven squeaks in that clown, and if you squeak them all out to-day you won't have any squeaks left for to-morrow."

As the two men went from the room the child looked after them with wide, wondering eyes, then cautiously began to squeeze the clown.

Suddenly he saw his sister's face looking at him from the alcove. He had never before seen those quivering lines about the sweet mouth, and when she came over and smuggled him into her arms he took her face in his hands and gazed at it for a long while.

"Don't cry! Please don't!—I won't let anybody hurt you. I promised Mr. Rogert I wouldn't."

"No one will hurt me now, Harry," the girl answered softly. "No one—not even myself!"

END.

Forty Knots Over the Ocean.

There is a curious contrast between the way in which developments in fighting and merchant shipping are received by the average man. Every new battleship or cruiser design is regularly heralded as the "last word," beyond which the wit of man can no further go. Even eminent naval officers and architects declared that the Nile, built in 1898, marked the climax of battleship development, while the advent of the Drake in 1901 was very widely held to write "finis" to the armoured cruiser. Yet we have advanced from the 12,000 tons of the Nile to 18,000 in the Dreadnought, and from the 14,100 of the Drake to 17,250 in the Infelixible; and, considering the energy with which improvements are being sought both at home and abroad, he would be a rash man who would say that the highest possible point in size and power has been reached even in these leviathans.

With merchant ships and passenger liners the case is different, though why it should be no one can tell. Successive Atlantic record-breakers have never inspired this belief. They are recognised, as all creations of science should be, merely as steps in a progress of which no man can see the end—to which, may be, there is no end—and the twenty-five knots of the Mauretania and Lusitania is no more regarded as the *me plus ultra* of Transatlantic speed than the Nulli Secundus of aerial navigation.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

What for many years must remain the goal of marine architects was laid down more than twenty years ago by one of the most prominent ship-designers of the day. Sir William Pearce has just designed the Umbria and Etruria, which shattered all previous records by crossing the Atlantic at an average speed of nineteen knots, and in an address delivered shortly after to one of the learned societies of Glasgow he declared that he was ready, then and there, to produce a vessel which should accomplish the voyage at a speed of forty knots. If this could be done, it would reduce the Lusitania's time by 50 per cent.

It is not surprising that Sir William Pearce's statement was received with a good deal of scepticism. Even in these days the realisation of such a feat seems sufficiently far off, and in 1885 twin-screws were only just coming into prominence, while the turbine, for marine purposes, at all events, was unknown. The difficulties to be overcome were, therefore, tremendous, and in order to combine the requisite horse-power with a capacity for paying its way as an ordinary cargo and passenger ship, it would, said Sir William, be necessary to give the vessel a length of 1,500 ft. and a beam of 150 ft.—just about twice the dimensions of the Lusitania. The cost of such a ship would have been fabulous.

THE TURBINE.

The progress of the last twenty years, and most of all the adoption of the turbine as a marine engine, enable us to look upon Sir William Pearce's boast with more credulity than was possible when he made it. If for the next thirty years we advance at the same proportionate rate as we have done for the last twenty, a 40-knot liner should be crossing the Atlantic in three days by 1940.

The evolution of marine architecture has been phenomenal. The last wooden liner was built in 1850, and the last iron liner in 1883. The last paddle-ship was the Scotia, of 1864; and the Etruria, of 1885, was the last single-screw ship. Now that the turbine has so completely vindicated itself, it cannot be many years before we come to the last of the reciprocating-engined ships, and with the unhampered development of the turbine, forty knots will be comparatively easily attainable.

There is at present no sea-going ship afloat which can do more than thirty-four knots an hour. The torpedo-boat destroyers, Viper and Cobra, the first turbine-engined war-ships ever built, each did well over thirty-six knots, but were both lost at sea, and since those disasters the Admiralty has been content with comparatively moderate speeds. There is now building, however, a destroyer which bids fair to break all records. The Swift, a vessel of 1,800 tons—four times the size of the average destroyer—now completing at the works of Messrs. Cammell, Laird, and Co., at Birkenhead, has a contract speed of thirty-six knots.

This alone is sufficiently remarkable for a vessel of her size, but it is an open secret that the builders and designers hope to get forty-two or forty-four knots out of her.

THE COST.

The displacement of the Swift is little more than a twentieth of the Lusitania's, but her engines will develop 30,000 horse-power as compared with the liner's 72,000, and she will cost as much as four or five ordinary destroyers. Of course, the Swift could not cross the

Atlantic at thirty-six knots, or anything like it, since her oil-carrying capacity is limited to 180 tons, but the naval architect, if left to himself, would have no difficulty whatever in producing a ship capable of doing it.

The trouble with such a ship would not lie with the naval architect, but with the civil engineer. Waters now traversed in perfect safety by the Lusitania and her sister would become perilous, all existing wharves and docks would be useless, and frequent docking is vital to a ship which is to maintain her speed.

Builds up Strength.

As a recuperative in all cases of lung, stomach or bowel weakness, or after any severe illness, Angier's Emulsion has no equal. Bland and pleasant, it promotes appetite, aids digestion and builds up strength. Angier's Emulsion is the ideal tonic and builder, because it is soothing and healing as well as strengthening.

Angier's Emulsion

(PETROLEUM WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES)

"AM GRADUALLY GAINING WEIGHT."

Leicester.

Dear Sirs,—I have been taking Angier's Emulsion on the advice of my doctor, and cannot help writing to tell you how much better I feel in every way. I am now on the second bottle, and am gradually gaining weight, my appetite is much better, and I have no indigestion. I have recommended it to many others, and they say how much better they are feeling since taking it. (Signed) E. GODDARD.

Free Sample Coupon.

Name _____

Address _____

AU 3

Fill in Coupon and send with 4d. for postage to the
ANGIER CHEMICAL CO., Ltd., 7 Barrack St., SYDNEY.



THE NATIONAL MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALASIA, Ltd.

HEAD OFFICE FOR NEW ZEALAND—
CUSTOMHOUSE QUAY, WELLINGTON.

FUNDS, nearly - - - - - £4,850,000
ANNUAL INCOME, nearly - - - - - £900,000

Rates Low. MONEY TO LEND ON FREEHOLD PROPERTY. AGENCIES THROUGHOUT THE COLONY.

SEND FOR PROSPECTUS.

Bonuses Large.

J. KEW HARTY,
DISTRICT MANAGER.
QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

ORTON STEVENS,
Manager for New Zealand.



FREE TO ALL CYCLISTS!

Send us your name and address and you will receive by return Mail, Free Post Paid, our BIG ART BOOK, the first ever published, which is of interest to every rider. This Book contains the best hand-picked **Photo Engravings**, including beautiful country scenes. It describes every detail of the manufacture of a high grade Bicycle with all the latest improvements. It shows you the difference between high-class work and cheap construction. You cannot afford to be without it.

WITH THE FREE ART BOOK you will receive the most liberal and marvellous of dealer's relations. We are able to send you a bicycle direct from our Coventry factory. Guaranteed ten years' packed and delivered free at your nearest port, for your inspection and approval. Now we can sell the highest grade British-made cycles direct from the factory at less than manufacturers' prices. Now we are able to let you ride the cycle Ten Days and give it every trial and test you wish before your purchase becomes binding. Now you can make large savings—**all are fully explained in our latest prospectus, which will be sent you free, post paid.** Whichever you are a cyclist or not, it will interest you. Write to-day, using sufficient postage.

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, Dept. 259 LIVERPOOL.