

drowsy that the Prince had to pinch himself in order to keep awake.

Further on he reached a river, and a splendid bridge invited him to cross. But when he had advanced two-thirds of the way it left off abruptly; it was a bridge of good intentions which had not been finished. The Prince managed to throw his portmanteau on to the further shore, then a run and a long jump landed him beside it, and he pursued his way without further adventure.

The castle presented a curious appearance. It was built with good intentions at the start. The front was handsome and massive; but granite stones were succeeded by bricks, bricks by wood, and wood by pasteboard, so that a large part of the edifice was unhabitable.

The Prince advanced and gave a loud rattle. To his surprise the door was opened by a lovely Princess. He knew that she was a Princess because of her golden crown.

"Allow me to introduce myself," he said. "I am the Prince Tee-to-tum, though really I am travelling incognito," and he bowed low.

"How do you do, Prince? Won't you please sit inside? I am the Princess Forget-me-not. There is no one in but my father. We gave all our retinue a holiday with the best intentions and they haven't returned yet. However, dinner won't be ready for an hour. Meanwhile, I daresay you will like a wash and brush up after your journey."

So the Prince retired to a robing room and donned his brand-new slashed doublet and hose. Then he guessed from the trampling of feet and the neighing of chargers that the retinue had returned. He was right in his conjecture, and presently the boom of a cannon announced that dinner was ready.

The Princess introduced the Prince to the King, who graciously welcomed him by saying, "We are right glad to see thee. We hope that thou art going strong. Also, Prince, we pledge thee in this beaker of sparkling wine."

And the Princess murmured softly, "Have you seen the Shah?"

So the Prince could not feel but quite at home.

Towards the end of dinner it chanced that a wasp settled on the bald pate of the Prime Minister, who sat next to the Prince. The King was quick to observe it, and whispered, "Don't move Prince!" Then he struck at the insect with the carving knife. His aim, however, was not quite accurate, for, instead of slaying the wasp, he sliced off the Prime Minister's head.

"Alas!" cried the King, "how singularly unfortunate! Yet our intention was good. We must get up a subscription for the family of the late lamented; pass round his hat."

The Prince stayed at the castle for a fortnight, and every hour he stayed he fell deeper and deeper in love with the Princess, and she with him. One day he pressed her hand and said, "My heart beats pit-a-pat alone for thee; say, peerless Princess, will thou marry me?"

The Princess blushed, and said "Yes," with a lumpy sigh. She added, "While wild winds blow, and rapid rivers run, I'll love thee, my beloved Tee-to-tum." Then she said: "Alas, Prince, my father will never sanction our union, for he has promised me to the Emperor of Timbuc-too."

"Our duty is clear, then," said the Prince, "we must elope."

The Princess clapped her hands: "How romantic!" she cried.

"Can you rely on any of your minions?" asked the Prince anxiously.

The Princess considered. "Jones, the coachman, and Tomkinson, the footman, are devoted to me. So if you, dearest Love, will order the carriage, I, meanwhile, will get ready."

The Prince thereupon bade the trusty Jones and Tomkinson harness the fleetest snails in the Royal stables to the sea-shell coach. Then the Princess appeared looking lovelier than ever. The lovers got into the coach, the coachman and footman mounted to the box, and off they went luttily.

They had not gone far when the Princess looked back; "Alas!" she cried, "we are pursued!"

"Jones," ordered the Prince, "drive your fastest; a pension for life to you and Tomkinson if we outstrip you snail-man."

On they went, the coach swaying fearfully; the Princess clung to him and he to the vehicle, until they reached the poppy grounds. Here, as ill-luck would have it, one of the snails was overpowered with desire to slumber, and retired

into its shell. Coachman and footman vainly tried to rouse it.

Meanwhile, an irate parent was drawing perilously near; "We hereby command and empower ye to yield yourselves unto our clemency!" he shouted.

But Tee-to-tum was undismayed, he boldly rose to the occasion. "Courage," he cried to his half-fainting companion: then leaping from the coach, "Give me your hand," he said. "And you, Jones, unharness the snail that is awake! Mount dearest Forget-me-not, and I will run by your side. Papa is so stout that we ought to be able to out-distance him easily."

The Prince's courage infused new hope into the terrified Princess; "Hold my smelling salts to the snail's nose, it will help to keep it awake," she said with admirable presence of mind.

"A capital idea!" cried the Prince. Again they urged their wild career, and soon lost sight of their pursuer. They neared the river and the unfinished bridge. "Can you swim?" asked Tee-to-tum anxiously.

"There is no occasion," replied the Princess, "if we turn to the right we shall come to a ferry."

Oh, how joyful they were when they found themselves on the other side of the river! You may be sure that the Prince lost no time in getting a special license and leading his bride to the Altar.

After the ceremony was over who should appear but the organ-grinder, grinding out on his barrel-organ a wedding march. "Now, I call that a coincidence," remarked the Prince as he felt in his pocket for a nimble sixpence. The bride drew his attention to the flags floating half-mast high. He asked who was dead.

"His Majesty, the Emperor of Timbuc-too."

"Well," remarked the Prince, "it is an ill wind that blows no one any good! Papa-in-law will now be reconciled!"

And so, indeed, he was.

"Long live Tee-to-tum and Forget-me-not!" shouted the populace; "Hip-hip-hurrah!"

Take Care.

KITTY:

This insect dressed in black and yellow. May be a very harmless fellow; Also, he may have stings to spare, So we, I think, had best take care!

PUPPY:

I quite agree with you, Miss Kitten— Twice shy is he who's once been bitten! I have been stung, and I'm aware How much it hurts. Yes, let's take care!

KITTY:

We will! Although I'd like to pat him, I'll check my longing to be at him; And you, I'm sure, will come with me When I retreat with dignity!

BOTH TOGETHER:

Good-bye, you thing in black and yellow! Lest you with pain should make us bellow! We will not play with you—so there! (It's always safest to take care!)

—Felix Leigh.

A certain worthy Bishop was fond of a quiet smoke, and he did not think that the habit was out of keeping with his high office. The archdeacon of the diocese, however, thought differently, and did not hesitate to proclaim his opinion. On one occasion the Archdeacon was the guest of the bishop, and preached at the cathedral evening service. Having returned to the episcopal palace, he was gazing from the library window, when he detected the Bishop walking in the garden below, and smoking a cigar, as he thought, in safe privacy. "Ah, Bishop," said the Archdeacon, as he opened the window, "So I have caught you burning incense to the devil." "Perhaps you have," retorted the Bishop, "but I didn't know he was so near."

"Johnny, you must comb your hair before you come to school." "I ain't got no comb." "Borrow your father's." "I ain't got no comb, neither." "Doesn't he comb his hair?" "He ain't got no hair."

Stories of a Convict Prison.

The history of gloomy Dartmoor Gaol has just been written by its present Governor, Mr. Basil Thomson, one of the most humane and enlightened criminologists of the day, and well-known in the literary world as the author of those sparkling books, "South Sea Yarns" and "Divisions of a Prime Minister." He tells many stories, some tragic, some pathetic, some humorous, of the dreadful house of correction in which society sees fit to immerse those who have fallen by the way in life's progress. One of the saddest spots in modern Dartmoor is the burial ground. The first burial of a convict in the churchyard was on May 31, 1851, and thereafter a portion of the ground on the south side of the churchyard was set aside for convicts. Until the year 1902 their graves were not marked unless their relations chose to put up a headstone, and in only one case was this done. Since 1902, however, small granite headstones have been erected by the Prison Commissioners, bearing the initials of the convict buried there and the date. The solitary tombstone erected by the friends of the dead is suggestive enough, bearing, as it does, the simple initials, "A.L.M." and the words, "Jusus, mercy."

Convicts may hate their fellow-men from a burning sense of injustice or from other motives, but they are almost always kind to animals. Mr. Basil Thomson says he cannot recall in his experience as a prison official a single instance of cruelty. The care of animals on a farm seems to bring with it a sense of responsibility and self-respect quite out of proportion with the effect that such duties have on free men. The convict will devote himself heart and soul to the nursing and grooming of an animal for the show ring, and will swell with pride when he learns that his charge has carried off the first prize. Much of the success of the present flock of sheep at Dartmoor is due to the care with which an old shepherd has nursed them through four years of penal servitude. As the day approached for one of his occasional absences from prison he would say to the warden regretfully, "I hope, sir, that they will look after this ewe till I come back I shall not be long away." This did not mean that he preferred prison to freedom, but that, owing to his foibles, he was speaking of the probability of the case.

"He was," says Mr. Thomson, "the only English shepherd I know whose sheep followed him in Oriental fashion, and sometimes when a lamb had broken away and refused to be driven by the dogs, I have seen him come down from the farm and bring it in by calling it by name. This old man, as far as one could see, possessed a full measure of Christian virtues. His only fault was the habit of breaking into houses when he got past the bounds of strict sobriety. His numerous friends and admirers felt at last that a supreme effort should be made to change his mode of life. His only surviving relation, a married sister living at Texas, was traced, and through the generosity of a benefactor all arrangements were made for sending him out to her; but an unexpected difficulty in the shape of the immigration laws of the United States caused delay, and while negotiations were in progress I regret to relate that he broke into a church and was re-arrested. No man could have been more pathetically anxious to lead a new life than he was on the day before his release, and the only consoling thought in the story is the joy that he and his prison sheep must have felt on being remitted."

Another pathetic case is that of a prisoner who asked specially to be located at the top floor of No. 5 prison, which is the most unpopular landing of all. When pressed for a reason, he said evasively that he preferred to have no one over his head, but when Mr. Thomson induced him to be confidential, he confessed that he was an old sailor, that reading made his headache, and that he liked to walk up and down his cell listening to the howl of the wind overhead, which made him think he was at sea again.

One of the most tragic stories is that of a man who, believing that his sentence was a judicial crime, spent his long term in passive resistance, voluntarily accepting solitary confinement and five extra years of penal servitude. He was a man of some education, who had been sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude for manslaughter. He had passionately asserted that the homicide was justifiable, and had sworn to the judge

that the sentence should not be carried out.

"From the first day he refused to work," says Mr. Thomson, "explaining quite respectfully that if he worked he would be abetting the judge in committing a judicial crime. He made a distinction between labour that was necessary and labour which was punitive. He would clean out his cell and help to carry the dinner trays; he would even march out to labour with his party; but neither persuasion nor punishment availed to make him do a hand's turn of work for the public, though he knew he was adding five years to his sentence by earning no marks for remission. In the end he was left alone, and he spent the long days in his cell, a tall, grey, silent man, with pathetic determination stamped upon his features. Thus he spent fifteen years a voluntary martyr to principle."

Tobacco Facts.

The so-called "nicotineless" tobacco, which, though a novelty, has already obtained much popularity in France, does in reality contain a small amount of the objectionable alkaloid. Most of the latter, however, has been removed from the manufactured article by washing the tobacco in water. Thus rendered comparatively harmless, it finds favour with smokers who are suffering from weak nerves or heart trouble.

In America a number of patents have been granted within recent years for methods by which tobacco may be made harmless. The process in one case consists in soaking the "fillers" of cigars in a fluid extract of pine needles, the nicotine having been previously carried off by exposing the vapour to alcohol vapour. In this way the cigars are not only rendered innocuous but acquire what many persons consider to be a most desirable aromatic fragrance.

A patented substitute for plug tobacco consists of saffras bark, gentian root, and prickly ash bark, with extract of liquorice for a "binder." It is recommended as harmless, and will satisfy the craving for the noxious "weed." Another idea in the same line is for cigars of eucalyptus leaves. The inventor (who, it is needless to say, is a woman) says that "unlike tobacco, they leave a clean and pleasant flavour in the mouth."

Cigarettes are flavoured with essences of various plants, such as vanilla, stramonium, coffee, and valerian, and occasionally a few tea leaves are mixed with the tobacco. These flavours appeal to individual fancy, especially with women who smoke.

Tobacco is adulterated to a considerable extent with the leaves of the cabbage, the turnip, the potato and the beet, which, after being steeped in solutions to deprive them of their natural flavour, are subjected to a bath of extract of tobacco stems. Cleverly manipulated, and treated with the flavouring "sauces," the recipes for which are secrets of the trade, such artificial tobacco seems to be acceptable enough as a commercial article.



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