

was as discreet as could be wished. Even too much so.

For when in one letter I proposed, she whirled me an answer—the inevitable answer: "See father."

I did. I requested an interview of the old man, who had never ceased his solicitude in my welfare. He evidently thought I wanted to talk about the money.

"To-morrow," said he, and I wrote Margaret another polite-enclosing note, begging her to be with me in spirit.

The old gentleman entered with the cheerfulness of one whose cares grew lighter, seated himself by me, and made ready to listen with complete attention. I saw no reason for beating about the bush, so I said:

"Mr. Carnsworth, I love your daughter, Margaret."

He looked at me blankly, and repented my words over and over to himself.

Then he clapped both hands to his forehead.

"My God!" he cried.

VII.

His emotion was genuine, and it was some seconds before he looked up and asked:

"But where have you ever seen my daughter, and how and what do you know of her?"

I explained the circumstances, omitting no detail—the little piccinny, the polite-enclosing notes, everything that I considered would aid my purpose.

"But, my dear young man," exclaimed the old gentleman, who had somewhat regained his composure, "the whole thing is so boy-and-girlish. You ~~was~~ even had a good look at each other. It's an affair of the sick-bed. Reconsider the thing. I'll forget this interview, if you wish; but, you should remember that it is a matter that requires reflection."

"Mr. Carnsworth," said I, rising to my elbow and speaking with all seriousness, "I'm a good thirty years old and have done some living during my life. I am not the man to mistake my feelings. And so I assure you, sir, that—though a week ago I should have pool-pooled such a thing, as impossible—from the moment I saw your daughter's face between the parted curtains over there, I loved her."

"But, young man, I know nothing of you—know nothing of your past life, nor of your family connections."

"Well, sir, of personal achievement I've little enough to offer, for I've been pretty much of a roofer and general adventurer. But I'm not so sure that rambling is much more to be decried than the dissipation which other youngsters fall into in lieu thereof. As regards my family, however, I can hold my head high, for I'm of the Greys of Cavilton, Kentucky."

The old gentleman sprang suddenly to his feet.

"Not kin to Kingston Grey, of Cavilton?"

"Somewhat," I answered. "I am pleased to assure you that that gentleman happens to be my father."

"Why, sir," exclaimed the old gentleman, "he and I hunted grey squirrels together, many years ago—it must be away back in the fifties!"

Then Mr. Carnsworth's enthusiasm fled as some thought flashed across his mind.

"And she loves you, you say?"

"I showed him one of her notes."

"Ask her," I said.

"Well, Grey," said he slowly and faintly, "since things have taken such a course, I see that the only way for me is to make a clean breast of the whole matter, and throw myself on your mercy."

"On my mercy?" I cried. "I shall thank you if you will explain matters. The whole thing seems incomprehensible to me. I don't understand."

"No, of course you don't, and the reason is that you have been made the victim of a scheme which has worked out to a nicety, very prettily managed and carried out."

"I am listening," I said as deliberately and calmly as a comprehension of the statement would permit.

"Well," said he, "only two days before your arrival here—not a week, as I told you—my dwelling took fire from some unknown cause and my daughter Margaret was so severely burned about the body that her life was absolutely despaired of. The only hope which Dr. Jahl, the specialist, could offer was to resort to grafting. You understand, supplying the flesh she had lost with that of another person.

"Our dependents were obdurate, refusing even the highest offers to undergo the operation. My son, Carl, finally offered himself, but I couldn't bear to have both my children in such a plight. So, finally, I hit on the scheme of sending Carl to Crisfield for someone. You happened to be the one to whom the lot fell. How things eventuated you already know."

"Yes, but the Ellistons—Jack Elliston, the feud—the first!" I cried. "What of them? These certainly demand explanation."

"Made up out of whole cloth," he replied uneasily. "You probably noticed Dr. Jahl as you first entered this room. He it was that, after leaving it, played up the false alarm of fire, set the chemicals ablaze for the effect and, from out the smoke, sent you under the effects of a narcotic. Without a doubt this statement will surprise you."

The whole thing surged over me, and my wrath at the villainy of it all was for a moment overwhelming. I sprang up in bed, even enduring the pain of my healing wounds.

"I'll have the law on you for this!" I cried, with an indignation that his treatment of me was justified.

"I can't blame you," replied the old gentleman brokenly. "I did it—because I love my daughter. I consider that a sufficient reason."

Then came over me the realization of the true state of affairs.

"And I love her, too!" I cried. "Give her to me!"

"I'll do it," he answered. "Though I never intended that it should be included in the calculations."

A Philosopher's Forecast.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON TALKS ABOUT THE COMING DEFEAT OF WOMAN.

The new book of essays by Mr. Frederic Harrison, the distinguished leader of Positivists, contains several thought chapters of special interest to women. In "Realities and Ideals" (Macmillan) there are three essays on the "burning questions" of the rights, duties, and claims of women and another essay on "votes for women," a subject which Mr. Harrison regards as charged with tremendous consequences, political, social, and moral.

"There is," he says, "nothing that I know of but law and convention to hinder a fair percentage of women from becoming active members of Parliament and useful Ministers of the Crown, learned professors of Hebrew and anatomy, very fair priests, advocates, surgeons, nay, tailors, joiners, cab-drivers, or soldiers, if they gave their minds to it."

"The shouting which takes place when a woman passes a good examination, makes a clever speech, manages well an institution, climbs a mountain, or makes a perilous journey of discovery always struck me as very foolish and most inconsistent. I have so high an opinion of the brains and energy, the courage and resource of women that I should be indeed surprised if a fair percentage of women could not achieve all in these lines which is expected of the average man."

"My estimate of women's powers is so real and so great that, if all occupations were entirely open to women. I believe that a great many women would distinguish themselves in all but the highest range, and that, in a corrupted state of public opinion, a very large number of women would waste their lives in struggling after distinction. Would waste their lives, I say. For they would be striving, with pain and toil and the sacrifice of all true womanly joys, to obtain a lower prize for which they are not best fitted, in lieu of a loftier prize for which they are pre-eminently fit."

"Let us teach them that this specious agitation must ultimately degrade them, sterilise them, unsex them. The glory of woman is to be tender, loving, pure, inspiring in her home; it is to raise the moral tone of every household; to refine every man with whom as wife, daughter, sister, or friend she has intimate converse; to form the young, to stimulate society, to mitigate the harshness and cruelty and vulgarity of life everywhere."

Continuing the subject in his paper on the work of women, Mr. Harrison says:—

"Assume that the equalisation of function is logically carried out—that employment, professions, habits, are inter-

changeable at will between the sexes. Grant that our mothers, sisters, daughters are just as likely to be printers, tailors, merchants, lawyers, and doctors, clerks, accountants, public officials, as our fathers, brothers, or sons.

"What would be the result? Our mothers would be as little at home as our fathers; they would come home so much fatigued, and as much in want of mere rest; they would be far too much absorbed in professional life to listen to the small troubles of their children, and too much women of business to give way to sentiment."

"That pure and sacred acknowledgment by the stronger of the moral claims of the purer sex would disappear the day that men continually found women in desperate competition with them for material power."

"How strangely some women deceive themselves in fancying that they can win in the battle of life by their own strength, and yet not sacrifice the moral ascendancy which centuries of civilisation have secured to them."

"Blind and petty ambition! They cannot have it both ways. If only a certain proportion of women succeeded in claiming their right to fight it out with men on equal terms, to sacrifice family and all the duties of family, to sacrifice all that is woman's exclusive privilege in order to win by their own energy industrial and professional careers for themselves, the charm which it has cost chivalry, religion, and modern refinement a thousand years to build up would be snapped at once, and men in the mass would come to regard women as mere female competitors."

"Can we doubt the result? Women, as physically the slighter and less capable of prolonged strain, must be beaten. Their very qualities of heart and brain, their tenderness, unselfishness, and refinement of organisation would be a hindrance to them in the fight; the harder, stronger, less affectionate sex, free as men are from the handicap of periodic nervous prostration, would reassert their old brutal reign of force."

"The barbarism of earlier times would return, and the personal ambition of a few unwomanly women would have plunged their sex again into the horrid slavery of a subject and despised order."

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

[The charge for inserting announcements of births, marriages, or deaths in the "Graphic" is 2/6 for the first 14 words, and 6d for every additional 7 words.]

BIRTH.

HALL.—On February 20th, 1909, at 70, Hill-st., Wellington, the wife of Henry Hall of a son.

ENGAGEMENTS.

No Notice of Engagements or Marriages can be Inserted unless Signed by Our Own Correspondent or by some responsible person, with Full Name and Address.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Johnson, eldest daughter of Mrs. Johnson, Guildford-terrace, Wellington, and the late Captain Johnson, to Mr. Fox, of Colombo. Miss Johnson has been in Melbourne for some years.

The engagement is announced of Miss Freda Martin, daughter of Mr. John Martin, "Punuaoponga," Martindorough, Wairarapa, to Mr. Horace Reid, of the N.Z. Government Pathological Laboratory.

The marriage of Miss Elsie McTavish, daughter of Mr. A. McTavish, Wellington, to Mr. Howard Richmond, of Auckland, took place at St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, Wellington, on Tuesday.

AWARDED SPECIAL SILVER MEDAL
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Table Decoration and all classes of Floral Arrangement undertaken.
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Flowers to suit all occasions at the shortest notice.
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MISS BACON
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Dose to announce a New Shipment of Jean Stecher's World-famous Vegetable Hair Colouring. The only Colouring that will produce every shade of the human hair, and never produce an unnatural one.
Send piece of hair and you can rely upon getting the exact shade. 10/6 postage, gd.
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MARIE CORELLI AS A HEALER.
Reginald Rupert Jarvis, the young man who fired five shots from a revolver in Miss Marie Corelli's garden at Stratford-on-Avon, was charged there with being on enclosed premises for an illegal purpose, says the London "Daily Express."
A pathetic letter which Miss Corelli had received from Jarvis' aunt was read. She declared that her nephew was mentally unsound a year ago, and she feared that he would now have to be placed under restraint. She appealed to Miss Corelli to lay these facts before the magistrates.
A solicitor who appeared for Jarvis said that he was weak mentally and a great reader of Miss Corelli's novels. He became possessed of the idea that the novelist had marvellous healing powers, and could cure him of his mental affliction.
Knowing that he would not be received at the front door, he went into the garden and fired the shots to attract attention.
His mother, who was in court, promised to take care of him and secure medical advice, and he was released. Miss Corelli was not in court.

Matrimonial Catechism.

What is marriage?
Marriage is an institution for the blind.
When a man thinks seriously of marriage?
He remains single.
Should a man marry a girl for her money?
No. But he should not let her be an old maid just because she's rich.
When a girl refers to a "sad courtship," what does she mean?
She means that the man got away.
Is an engagement as good as a marriage?
It's better.
In selecting a husband, why does a girl prefer a fat man?
Because a fat man finds it hard to stoop to anything low.
When asking papa, how should a young man act?
He should face papa manfully, and never give him a chance at his back.
When the Minister says, "Do you take this woman for better or for worse?" what does he mean?
The bridegroom's people construe it one way, and the bride's family interpret it another. It is very sad.
When a man says he can manage his wife, what does he mean?
He means he can make her do anything she wants to.
When a child is smart and good, to whose family is it due?
To its mother's.
When a child is bad and stupid, to whose family is it due?
We refuse to answer.
Is it possible for a married man to be a fool without knowing it?
Not if his wife is alive.

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