

HER UNCLE.

Continued from page 52.

"I'll be back soon," he said, with a grin. "I'm just going to tell folks how you're getting on."

He was as good as his word, and Mr. Gale, peeping from the window, raged helplessly as little knots of neighbours stood smiling up at the house. Unable to endure it any longer, he returned to bed resolving to wait until night came and then drop from the window and run home in a blanket.

The smell of dinner was almost painful, but he made no sign. Mr. Wragg, in high good humour, smoked a pipe after his meal and then went out again. The house was silent except for the occasional movements of the girl below. Soon there was a sudden tap at his door.

"Well!" said Mr. Gale. The door opened, and hardly able to believe his eyes, he saw his clothes thrown into the room. Hunger was forgotten and he hastily dressed himself.

The smile vanished as he thought of the people in the streets, and in a reflective fashion he made his way slowly downstairs. The bright face of Miss Miller appeared at the parlour door.

"Better?" she smiled. Mr. Gale reddened, and drawing himself up stiffly, made no reply.

"That's polite," said the girl indignantly. "After giving you your clothes, too. What do you think my uncle will say to me? He was going to keep you here until Friday."

Mr. Gale muttered an apology. "I've made a fool of myself," he added.

Miss Miller nodded cheerfully. "Are you hungry?" she inquired.

The other drew himself up again. "Because there is some nice cold beef left," said the girl, glancing into the room.

Mr. Gale started, and, hardly able to believe in his good fortune, followed her inside. In a very short time the cold beef was a thing of the past, and the young man, toying with his beer-glass, sat listening to a lecture on his behaviour, couched in the severest terms his hostess could devise.

"You'll be the laughing-stock of the place," she concluded.

"I shall go away," he said gloomily.

"I shouldn't do that," said the girl, with a judicial air. "Live it down."

"I shall go away," repeated Mr. Gale decidedly. "I shall ship for a deep-sea voyage."

Miss Miller sighed. "It's too bad," she said slowly. "Perhaps you wouldn't look so foolish if—"

"If what?" inquired the other after a long pause.

"If—" said Miss Miller, looking down, "if—"

Mr. Gale started and trembled violently as a wild idea, born of her blushes, occurred to him.

"If—" he said, in quivering tones, "if—"

"Go on," said the girl, softly. "Why, I got as far as that; and you are a man."

Mr. Gale's voice became almost inaudible. "If we got married, do you mean?" he said at last.

"Married!" exclaimed Miss Miller, starting back a full two inches. "Good gracious! The man is mad after all."

The bitter and loudly expressed opinion of Mr. Wragg, when he returned an hour later, was that they were both mad.

English Linguistic Abilities.

We are so often assured that as regards the study of living languages England is a long way behind the Continent, that it is pleasing to receive a foreign compliment on this score. M. le Chatelet, the distinguished French scientist and inventor, has told an interviewer that, at the International Chemical Congress recently held in London, he was greatly impressed with the linguistic abilities of his British conferees. "The President of the Congress," he says, "Sir William Ramsay, welcomed the delegates eloquently in English, French, German, and Italian, and Sir Hugh Bell, who presided over the labours of the Metallurgical Section, can discourse with equal facility in English, German, and French. On the other hand, few of the French delegates could speak any language but their own."

Copyright Story.

Faithful are the Wounds of a Friend

By H. A. BRYDEN, author of "An Exiled Scot."

THE elephant—it was a wounded and enraged bull—huge, towering, reddish coloured, with the sand with which it had besprinkled itself—stood for an instant thirty yards away, sombre as Fate, its little eyes charged with a squint, inexpressibly wicked and menacing. Then, with vast ears outspread, and a shrill trumpet that shook the hot air, it rushed down upon Charlie Northam, who stood like a rock to receive it. Charlie, as all his friends knew, had plenty of nerve, but his gun carrier had bolted, and he had but one cartridge left in his '577 Express. Still, with that bullet he hoped to turn the monster's charge, or even by a lucky chance to kill it. At ten paces he fired his last shot, aiming for the brute's brain. The head shot with the African elephant is, however, always a chancy one, and in this case the bullet glanced off idly from the thick rounded head and went whistling into thin air.

In the next instant Northam was cut down like a thistle, and the great bull had passed over his body. Recovering in another twenty paces from the impetus of his charge, the huge pachyderm, bleeding from two wounds, and inconceivably exasperated, slewed round amid a little dust storm of sand, and came on again. In another few seconds he would have reached the prostrate man, pounded him into a jelly, and probably torn him limb from limb. But he was just too late. Northam's hunting comrade, John D'Acree, having

finished his own business with another elephant, had, scenting trouble, run for the spot whence proceeded that fierce menacing trumpet of Northam's charging foe. Standing partly concealed by a bush, he took the big brute, as it came past him, between the eye and the ear, and the slender .303 bullet piercing its brain, the centenarian bull—for from his tusks and bulk he must have ranged the Central African forest well over a hundred years—sank as quietly as a tired kitten into eternal sleep. As he fell, his unflexed trunk, still half curled for the charge, rested on Charlie Northam's shoulder. It was a close thing indeed!

That night the two friends sat by the camp fire, or rather John D'Acree sat, while Charlie Northam lay flat on his back, a mass of bruises and with a very stiff shoulder. He had had a marvellous escape, and was lucky enough to get off so lightly.

"By Jove, old chap," he said, as he twisted his head round, with a twinge of pain, and looked into his friend's steady, good-humoured, grey eyes. "You did me a rare turn to-day. I thought it was all over, the bull had got me completely; and when I came to myself I swear I thought I was waking—or the ghost of me—in the other world. I owe you a lot, and I shall never forget it."

"That's all right, Charlie," returned D'Acree, with a smile on his fresh, handsome face, "you'd have done the same

