

though he did not know enough of the language to grasp its import.

"What's the fellow mean, Diego?" he asked of a junior clerk who happened to be near. "Ben viene, si viene solo!" repeated Diego. "Thou comest well, if thou comest alone! The senior would do well to heed the warning. Felipe is a dangerous man!"

"I shall go to San Tomas to-morrow," returned Dick, "if a hundred Felipe's bar the road. Who and what is the fellow?"

"Until to-day he was an overseer in the packing-room of the San Tomas branch," said Diego. "His home is on the hills this side San Tomas, where, in his spare time, he may always be found with his dogs. Felipe has many dogs—ferce, fighting dogs. He breeds, and sells them. Now the senior understands! He will not go to San Tomas!"

"Won't he?" was the instant rejoinder. "You don't know Dick Dorling. Not a word of this to your master, Diego. It would only upset him and do no good."

At nine o'clock on the following morning Dick, with his precious burden strapped securely to the frame of his bicycle, left the office of Dorling and Co.

"Bah!" ejaculated Diego as he watched him depart, "these Englishmen are fools!"

Before leaving San Lucar, Dick had a purchase or two to make. There was nothing uncommon in the demand for a stout dog-whip, but when Dick invested in a pound of pepper, and insisted on having the stuff poured loose into his coat pockets, the worthy tradesman unconsciously echoed Diego's sentiment.

For the first sixteen miles or so Dick found little to grumble about with regard to the road. It was passable, he told himself, if scarcely perfect.

Leaving the stately Gaudalquiver on the left, Dick found himself confronted by the frowning heights of the Sierra Nevada range.

Late in the afternoon the boy, weary and perspiring, dismounted for the twentieth time and proceeded to push his machine through the loose sand and shifting stones.

"Phew!" he muttered to himself. "The pater knew what he was talking about when he described this beastly road. Anyhow, there can't be much more of it. Unless I've lost my way I should be able to see San Tomas from the top of this hill."

A few minutes later Dick had reached the summit. Far below he could distinctly make out the little village of San Tomas.

"At last!" ejaculated Dick, with a sigh of satisfaction. "Just as the pater described it! The road, a vast improvement on what I've traversed, winds slowly down to the village. No steep bits; just a gradual descent. By Jove, I've a good mind to take matters easy and coast—Hullo!" he suddenly broke off, "I was forgetting you, my friend."

A hundred yards or so further on the road curved slightly to the left, and round this curve, only for a moment, appeared the well-remembered features of the rascally Felipe.

Dick's next action was a strange one. Taking his knife he cut a slit in the bottom of each of the pepper-laden pockets of his coat.

Then, with the whip in his teeth, and checking the flow of pepper with his disengaged hand, Dick Dorling tore down the hill at an ever-increasing pace.

III.

"At him, Jose! Rend him, good Ramond!"

Encouraged by the cries of their villainous master, half a dozen dogs of as many different breeds, sprang at the intrepid rider.

At the same moment Dick released his pockets, and instantly a cloud of pepper mingled with the flying dust of the road.

Before Dick could use his whip the foremost dog had seized him by the coat.

The animal didn't hold on very long, however. With a howl of anguish and a mouth full of pepper he rolled in the road, upsetting another savage brute in so doing.

Then down, right and left, hissed the heavy lash, and, to the unbounded astonishment of the ruffianly Spaniard, who knew nothing of the pepper, the whole pack drew off, apparently, as Dick subsequently put it, "to think the matter over."

In a moment, they were off again in pursuit, followed at a wonderful pace by their furious owner.

Dick Dorling, leaning over his handle bars, strained every nerve to keep the advantage he had gained. His pepper was now exhausted, and if his speed failed him he could hardly hope to beat off another attack with the whip alone.

Kidding as he had never ridden before, Dick still realised that over the uneven ground his pursuers were beating him.

His strength was giving out, his head swam, and he rocked in the saddle as he vaguely remembered he had once done before—at the finish of that ten miles' race at school.

Once more the pack was close on his back wheel—he had seen one hungry set of fangs under his arm—when suddenly Dick Dorling shot bolt upright in his saddle as a tremendous bellow seemed to shake the very hills.

Not thirty yards in front a magnificent black bull—he was one of four to be slain in the arena at Seville on the morrow—was lowering his massive head for the charge.

Dick had given up all for lost when, like a flash, the truth dawned on him. The bull came, not as an enemy, but as a friend in very need.

As the black mass swept past him Dick looked back over his shoulder to see a couple of his late assailants in the air, and to hear the howl of a third as the life was stamped out of him.

Dick heard something else, too. It was the last despairing yell of the would-be thief and murderer—for Felipe had gone to his account.

A few minutes later a weak, exhausted figure staggered into the office of Dorling and Co. at San Tomas.

"A narrow squeak, Mr Morgan," said Dick, as he reeled into the manager's chair, "but I did it. The month's wages are here."

On the following day there was some little astonishment at Seville when it was announced that after all only three bulls would enter the arena, the fourth having been purchased at a fabulous price by "a mad-brained Englishman at San Lucar!" Dick Dorling could tell you why!

A Good Riddance.

What! lost your temper, did you say?

Well, dear, I wouldn't mind it; It isn't such a dreadful loss— Pray do not try to find it.

'Twas not the gentlest, sweetest one, As all can well remember; We have endured its every whim From New Year till December.

It drove the dimples all away, And wrinkled up your forehead; And changed a pretty, smiling face To one—well, simply horrid.

It put to flight the cheery words, The laughter and the singing; And clouds upon a shining sky It would persist in bringing.

And it is gone! Then do, my dear, Make it your best endeavour To quickly find a better one, And lose it—never, never!

SYDNEY DAYRE.

A Tragedy in Eight Words

ROY GUN.
JOY FUN.
GUN BUST.
ROY DUST.

Johnny: I suppose papa didn't bother his papa much asking questions?

Mamma: Why do you think so, Johnny?

Johnny: Well, his papa couldn't have told him very much, anyhow.

Known as the "Boy Scouts."

That boy scouts and hunters are not confined to the pages of romance is shown by the careers of two Arizona boys, Dick and Alfred Buscha, fourteen and fifteen years of age respectively. These lads, who are brothers, have shown the nerve and fearlessness of old Indian hunters. They are crack shots, and have fought Redskins and tracked down and captured desperate outlaws.

The elder brother first distinguished himself, when only thirteen, by the capture of a notorious Mexican desperado. Meeting the ruffian in a lonely valley (where he was hiding from justice, having just previously committed a murder) Alfred called upon him to surrender.

The outlaw, seeing only a small boy, received the demand with amusement. But he ceased to laugh when the lad, observing that the Mexican was taking up his gun, opened fire, taking off a piece of the outlaw's ear, and sending two bullets through his hat. Such marksmanship was too much for the miscreant, who surrendered, and, with a pistol held at his head, was made to ride to the nearest settlement, and there handed over to justice, to the utter astonishment of all who saw the occurrence.

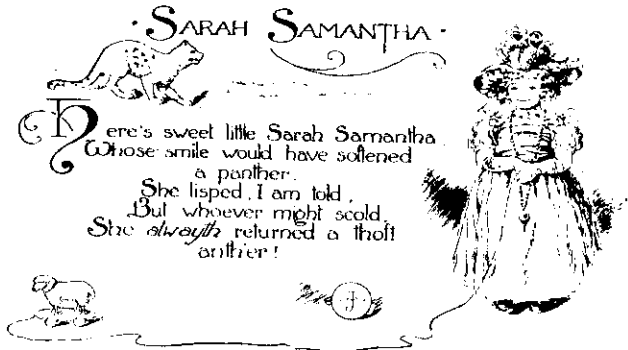
A few months later the younger brother performed a similar feat, riding down and capturing a ferocious cut-throat, who had robbed and murdered a miner.

With a body of police under the command of their father, the two lads took part in an exciting battle with a band of Apache Indians, who had commenced to raid the adjacent country. In this fight the lads greatly distinguished themselves, escaping unhurt, although there were several casualties on both sides. They are known as the "boy scouts," and Dick was personally complimented on his bravery by the late President McKinley.

"What does leap-year mean?" asked Dolly.

"Another day of school," answered Freddy, sadly.

SARAH SAMANTHA



Here's sweet little Sarah Samantha
Whose smile would have softened
a panther.
She lisped, I am told,
But whoever might scold
She *always* returned a thoft
anther!

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