

supported by his lips. Then she recovered herself, and Baudelot led her to a seat. She made him sit down beside her and said:

"Listen, you must go. Listen, they are harnessing the horses to take you to Nantes. Listen, in two hours you will be dead. Fly, then! If you wish, I will go with you. Then they will say you fled out of love, not from fear. Listen, if you will not escape alone, or with me, I will throw myself under the wheels of the carriage, and you will pass over my broken body!"

She said this in a low tone, without looking at him, and almost smiling, as though speaking of another ball.

Baudelot did not listen, but he looked at her with a joy in his heart such as he had never before felt.

"How I love her!" he said to himself. He answered: "You know very well that is impossible, Eleanor. Oh, yes; if I was free, you should have no husband but me, but I do not belong either to myself or to you. So good-bye, beautiful angel, and if you love me give me back the wild flower I sent you from my prison. Give it back, Eleanor. The little flower has been on your breast, it will help me to die."

At that moment Eleanor looked like death. There was a solemn silence. The music had stopped, and daylight was filling the room.

Suddenly there was a great noise of horses and riders. It seemed to come from Nantes, and all the women moved spontaneously to protect Baudelot with their bodies, but his own soldiers appeared to deliver him. They were in the garden; they forced their way into the house, crying:

"Baudelot! Baudelot!"

They were astonished enough to find their young leader, not loaded with iron, but surrounded by handsomely dressed ladies, and himself adorned as they had never beheld him.

Baudelot's first question was: "Gentlemen, did you enter the pigeon-house?"

"Yes," was the answer. "That's where we began, captain. Neither you nor the pigeons will find it again. The pigeon-house is torn down."

"Then," said Baudelot, drawing his sword, "I am released from my word. Thanks, my brave fellows!"

Then he took off his hat. "Madame," he said, very gently, "receive the humble gratitude of the captive."

He asked for a carriage. "One is already harnessed, Captain," said one of his soldiers. "The owner of the house tells us it was to take you to Nantes."

Just then Baudelot noticed Hamelin bound with the fetters he himself had worn.

"Service for service, Captain," he said; "only, instead of untying your cords, allow me to cut them. No one shall wear them again."

Then, as he saw Eleanor recovering herself, he continued:

"Captain Hamelin, this period of civil war and spilled blood is too sad for betrothals. One can't tell whether there will be prisoners to watch in the morning or enemies to receive in the evening. Postpone your marriage, I beg of you. See, your fiancée herself wishes you to do so. My noble young lady, allow the poor Chouan to escort you back to your home at Mailly, will you not?"

And soon all the young Chouans galloped away, rejoicing to have delivered their captain, and glorious in the rising sun. Poor fellows, they had so little time left, most of them, for the sunshine!

There are men who seem immortal whatever they do. Baudelot de Dairval was not killed, although he did not leave the Vendée for an hour. When his country was less inundated with blood he married Eleanor de Mailly, and Captain Hamelin witnessed the wedding contract.

After Dinner Gossip.

A Ghoorka's Obedience.

The following remarkable anecdote of a Ghoorka is told in the "Scotsman" by a correspondent, to whom it was related by the surgeon of the regiment, who was present on the occasion:—In days before the Mutiny the commandants of irregular regiments had great authority over their men, and one of them, whose regiment was a Ghoorka regiment, stationed in the hills, used often to take them out with him when he went tiger-shooting. On one occasion he, his officers, and a visitor were out tiger-shooting on elephants, accompanied, as usual, by a number of the men on foot. They raised a tiger, which rushed away down a steep ravine where the elephants could not follow, and they had to go up to its head in order to cross it. One of the men, however, followed the tiger on foot down the ravine and up the opposite side, and when he reached the top levelled his rifle to fire. The visitor saw this, and said to the commandant, "There's that man going to fire." The commandant shouted across the ravine, "Recover arms," which the man immediately did, and stood like a statue for about half an hour. The elephants, having rounded the head of the ravine, came up to him. "What were you going to fire at?" said the commandant. "The tiger, sir." "Where is it?" "There," said the man, pointing to a bush about twenty yards off. The officer was greatly put out at finding that he had exposed his man to such imminent risk for such a long time, so he got down from his elephant, and stood beside him to share the danger. "Where is it?" said he to the man. "There," said the man, pointing to the same bush. The officer looked into the bush for a long time, but could not see it; so at last he said to the man, "You fire." The man fired, and shot the tiger dead.

"Forgers Limited."

The incorporation of a forger who has just been serving a sentence of seven years into a syndicate, with a capital of two millions sterling, reads like a colossal joke. yet the "New York Herald" has recently devoted more than two columns to the scheme, printing the notice to the public in full, and accompanying it with a portrait of the forger in question, whose stock is divided into £1,000,000 seven per cent. cumulative preferred stock, and £1,000,000 of common stock. The subscription list is now open in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. It is curious that only a short time ago the American Bankers' Association intended to place the forger on a salary of £100 a month, in order to get him to refrain from practising his profession. This statement, however, has been denied on behalf of the Bankers' Association, which obviously cannot lend itself to the perpetration of a huge joke, even if private individuals can.

Telephones for Boreas.

"I was introduced to a new sort of telephone yesterday," said a solicitor of a nameless city the other day. "Though the joke is on me, it is too good to keep. I went to see a busy man, and, being very much interested in my business, I talked rather at length and perhaps consumed a little too much time. The telephone on Mr Busyman's desk rang, and he picked up the receiver.

"In a minute," he said: "I will be right up there. I am busy with a gentleman now, but we are about through."

"I started to hurry my last words so as not to detain him, but I forgot myself and talked longer than I had intended to. Again the telephone bell rang.

"Right away," answered the man; then turning to me he continued: "I have an appointment on the floor above that will require me to leave myself for a few minutes." He left

his desk and disappeared through a door.

"I was anxious to say a few words more, so I waited. Several times I thought I heard some one approach the door through which he had gone, but ten minutes passed without his returning. I walked up and down the floor, and in my journeying noticed a button at the end of his desk where his hand had rested, and through a meddlesome spirit touched it. I was surprised to hear his telephone bell ring.

"I made an examination, found that the telephone was connected with nothing but that button and realised that he had rung it just to get rid of me.

"I concluded to wait no longer, and sneaked out as quickly as possible."

When a Man is Forty-Five.

HIS PROSPECTS AT THAT AGE ARE NOT PARTICULARLY ROSY.

When a man attains the age of 45, what is he to do? To those who have already passed this age and occupy good positions which they expect to do until they die or retire, the question may seem unnecessary, but to the majority it is one of vital importance. The idea has been put forward that the industrious man should have secured an independent position at that period of his life, but it is a significant fact that more than 70 per cent. of the men who are not born with silver spoons in their mouths, so as to be able to dispense with work for all time, fail to do so. The truth of the matter is that a man has to work as hard for his living at 45 as at 25.

The majority of employers prefer young employees for one reason, because of the present demand for old-age pensions. Suppose they take on a man at 45, they cannot expect more than 20 years' work out of him at the most, and will then be asked to pension him off for the remainder of his days. They can get another 25 years out of the young man of 20, therefore, although the man of 45 is the more experienced he is handicapped in competition with more youthful applicants for this very reason.

In every department of labour it is the same, and more especially in agriculture. On arriving at the age in question many men go into the country to earn a living, only to find that there are even fewer openings there than in the towns. Farming attracts many, but nearly all the available farming lands are taken up—indeed, land that a man can make a living on is entirely out of the reach of the poor man.

New Service Dress.

The general issue of the much-talked-of service uniform will soon begin in England, as it is to be issued, in the first instance, to the units returning from South Africa.

A few specimens are at present being worn by men of the Royal Garrison Regiment, and these have not called forth quite the amount of unadmitted praise that was expected. Still, "Tommy" is not displeased at the change if it will bring him relief from the tortures entailed by wearing his present rig in even warm weather. The issue of the new clothing will also relieve him of the necessity of buying a good deal of under-clothing, etc., which will, with the new clothing, become a free issue.

The 1st Royal Sussex Regiment will be the proud wearers of what will be probably the only distinction worn with the new uniform. The regimental colours bear a united red and white rose, with the white rousillon plume, and in keeping with this the battalion will be allowed to wear a white plume in their felt service hats.

The official intention originally was to abolish the smart white "shell" jackets of the Guards and Highland

era. This decision, however, has been reconsidered, and the regiments will retain these garments—a decision that will doubtless give great pleasure to those affected.

The cap to replace the useless "field cap" has been a source of endless trouble to the clothing authorities, and numberless inventions have been tried in vain. An adaptation of the tam o' shanter pattern, as worn by the Guards, has at length been decided on. It will be provided with a broad peak and a khaki cover, both detachable, and these will be worn together or separately, according to parade.

The Wrong Lady.

A singular incident is reported by the "Weisbaden Morgen Zeitung" as having recently taken place in the town of Sendlingen, where a widower, who was to have been re-married last week, was suddenly informed by the village vicar at the last moment that the ceremony would have to be postponed. As all preparations had been made, this was inconvenient, but as the vicar explained, there was no help for it. In putting up the banns, he had published, by mistake, the name of the bridegroom's future mother-in-law, instead of that of the bride-elect.

Japan's Democratic Emperor.

There is no barbaric splendour about the court of Japan, nor does the Emperor insist on fantastic forms of homage. He is just a plain individual. His guests he receives standing, and he enters freely into conversation with all. There is scarcely a subject that does not interest him, or one on which he is not well informed. A delightful host, it is his custom to surround himself with clever men—men who are the shining lights of their professions. Engineers, artists, musicians, writers, soldiers, scientists—every class of persons who have won distinction is welcome at the royal table, for it is one of the characteristics of His Majesty that in the distribution of his favours he is thoroughly impartial.

Electricity and the Emotions.

A girl, seven years of age, died recently from what is known as "shock and convulsions due to fright;" and (as "Science Siftings" remarks) the circumstances under which the paroxysm came on, and finally resulted in death, are remarkable, though not without precedent. In the afternoon of a dull, grey day, a storm broke forth in the vicinity in which the child lived, and the lightning came nearer and nearer, and the flashes more frequent and of greater intensity and vividness. In the meantime the child was seized with all the physical aspects of fear, which grew in proportion to the violence of the approaching storm, and at every succeeding flash her state of collapse increased. The climax was reached when a bolt of lightning struck a house a quarter of a mile away, and the child's life was extinguished at the same instant. The attending physician is of the opinion, based upon experimental proof of the most startling nature, that the ending of life in this particular case, and in others of like circumstances, was due primarily not to fear, but to a change in the cellular matter of the brain from the influence of the electric waves emitted, or given off by the lightning. He also points out that if invisible electric waves of great force produce the symptoms of extreme fear it is only logical to expect that waves of a different character may produce different emotions. As these waves can be produced and regulated by the wireless telegraph transmitter, it may be possible that we shall be able to produce love, hate, anger, enthusiasm, and other emotions, and to inspire the mind in various ways by a development of this instrument. The idea is a fascinating one, and its originator is now conducting some experiments to test this theory.

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