

ed a prima donna who could act so long as she could sing.

It was the beginning of her glory as a singer and her ruin as a woman. The herdswoman songstress became the rage. The opera house was packed on her "nights," and the suite of rooms she occupied in the Hotel Prinzess Luitpold was a perfect bower of flowers. There was always a crowd on the pavement to see her go in and out of her hotel, and her photograph was in most of the shop windows and kiosks.

Soon she began to appear in surprising diamonds on the stage, and elsewhere, her taste not being of the best, and to be seen every off night dining and supping at the best known (and most expensive) restaurants. By this time her head, which at the best of times had nothing in it, was completely turned. She did not know the boundary line, and being too stupid to learn she soon overstepped it. Lady Dorothy drove to her hotel and gave her some salutary advice; she

villa at six o'clock in the morning, and the other half know who gave you that big diamond necklace you are so proud of, and that both halves are talking of your conduct at the *Opéra de l'Opera*? You will be chased from the town. Do you not know the Grand Duke's code? Immorality, if you like, but noise—no. And you have combined the two."

"I told her my opinion of her," exclaimed Irma, whose slow brain had not got beyond Candocce's allusions to Lady Dorothy. "What has she to do with me now that I am a great artist?"

"Whether you are a great artist or not," remarked Candocce, "Milady Dorothy is a great lady. If you were not as stupid as a vegetable marrow you would know that there is a difference; my soul, yes!"

"I shall do as I like!" said Irma sulkily. "I have my New York and my London engagements in my pockets, and your milady may go and spin."

"Well, and did you bring her to

Viljoen on the War.

When General Ben Viljoen stepped on the platform at the Queen's Hall in London he was greeted with a hearty cheer of welcome. Before half a dozen sentences had passed from his lips he had gained the sympathy of his audience.

Well-set and stalwart, with features that spoke of his French ancestry, Botha's second in command wore a semi-military tunic that buttoned up close to his neck.

A carefully groomed moustache and imperial added to his martial appearance, while a humorous twinkle in his eye irresistibly suggested the Hibernian.

General Viljoen was outspoken, but far too human to be offensive. If he gave free utterance to his views on the fault of British generals, he was equally frank in dealing with the shortcomings of his own side. His English was good, and his accent not unpleasant.

General Viljoen's first engagement was Elandsbaagte, and he described with a touch of humour how he escaped the cruel weapons of the Boers.

For the British infantry he had the highest praise, though he thought they were over-disciplined, with the result that when their officers fell they too often became helpless.

The Boer forces had not discipline enough. The weaker brethren were prone to indulge in precipitate retreat. "And then," said the Boer soldier, grimly, "we found the sjambok a great help."

General Viljoen referred repeatedly to "newspaper generals." They were to be found, he said, on both sides.

It was not their fault that they were advertised, but in spite of themselves legends grew up around them.

"You in London," he said, "were often told that De Wet was surrounded, that his escape was impossible, and this by men who knew no more about his position than you did."

"Then, when it was found that he was a hundred miles away, the officer who had failed to catch him was bound to make a report that would satisfy you."

"We had some bad generals at the beginning of the war," said Viljoen, at another point, "men who were better suited to be parsons, or clowns, at London music halls. But we soon packed them off to take charge of herds of cattle or women's laagers. I don't know," he added, ironically, "whether you did the same thing with yours."

The general testified to the Boer respect for Buller. "If we had had a voice in regard to the grant to Lord Roberts we would have given half of it," said he, "to General Buller."

Lord Kitchener he eulogised highly. "We on our side respect him as a very fine soldier and a man of his word. I am sure if he returns to South Africa at any time there will be no Englishman who will be better received."

Viljoen took part in the siege of Ladysmith. The abandonment of Spion Kop, he declared, amazed the Boers.

After it had been taken one Boer general retired so precipitately that he left his ammunition wagons to their fate. "Whatever induced you to abandon the key to our position I never could make out."

When Viljoen and his men captured the 47 gun at Helvetia they were highly elated to find that it had been christened "Lady Roberts," and bore the name of her ladyship on its breech.

The general described grimly how he ran up against the Royal Irish Regiment and captured the party after half their number had been killed and wounded.

"I again met the Royal Irish Regiment," continued Viljoen, with a shake of the head. "This time they ambushed me, and took me prisoner. The officers were very kind, and the Tommies treated us with great courtesy. But they didn't conceal their enjoyment at having got hold of me."

Viljoen had nothing but good to say of Tommy Atkins, though he admitted that T.A. never smiled when compelled to change clothes with a Boer.

Some of the captured officers were furious at having to give up their putties, and if in the process of exchanging an eye-glass was lost, and could not be found, the owner was wont to rise to great heights of denunciatory eloquence.

In the prisoners' camp at St. Helena, Viljoen was anything but happy. In 500 tents there was a service of song night and morning, and from each came a different tune.

Outside, the guards cried every quarter of an hour in the night. "All's well!" whether things were well or not. To add to the horrors a bugle sounded every half-hour, and Viljoen began to tremble for his reason.

Many of the Boers attempted to escape. One burgher took his departure in a box addressed to London, and labelled "Boer curios." The porters who transported it to the quay unwittingly stood the unhappy man on his head. He was caught on board ship.

Coming to the future of South Africa, General Viljoen declared it would be hypocrisy to suggest that the bitterness engendered by the war could be allayed in a moment. But with tolerance on both sides there was every reason why peace and good will should reign.

The Boers felt they had done their duty, and they were now anxious for peace in order that they might return to their ordinary pursuits. A little kindness shown towards them now in their hour of poverty would bear rich fruit in the future.

The general's lecture concluded amid loud applause, though the audience was not a very large one.

The Koh-i-Moor in the Queen's New Crown.

By the King's orders, the famous Koh-i-noor diamond, the finest gem in the crown of the late Queen Victoria, is to be set in the new crown that is being made for Queen Alexandra. Many incorrect statements have appeared regarding this world-famous jewel, chief among which is that it is the largest diamond in the world. This is a mistake. The Empress of Russia is believed to be the possessor of the largest, the one known as the Orloff diamond. The Florentine diamond, belonging to the Emperor of Austria, is also larger than the Koh-i-noor, which in reality only occupies the fifth position among big diamonds. The Orleans diamond and the Star of the South, the latter a product of Brazil, are generally acknowledged to come before the British stone.



"I have my New York and London engagements in my pockets, and your milady can go and spin."

was appalled by the way in which her remonstrances were received, and took counsel with Candocce.

"What is this I hear of you?" inquired the great composer, who was prone to take an admonitory attitude towards his proteges. "The things that you do, mademoiselle, are an outrage—they are not decent. But see! then, it is just like a mad cow to behave so. Milady Dorothy has been telling me how you stood on the table at the Kronprinz Cafe and sang songs that even the waiters blushed to hear, milady tells me."

"What business is it of milady's?" demanded Irma sulkily. "A starched-dried-up old maid that cannot enjoy life and would prevent anyone else from doing so."

"Ah, ingrate! And it is fine of you, per Bacche! to speak thus of old maids!" retorted Candocce, of whom no woman had ever got the better in vituperation. "Are you a married woman, or likely to be? What is this I hear of Graf von Huldstein and Baron Moses Silber? Do you not know that half the town saw you leave that Jewish brigand's

reason?" asked Lady Dorothy when Candocce called on her at her hotel the next afternoon. She was considerably disgusted with her protegee and with the failure of her own influence.

"Reason? Is there reason in her pumpkin head?" inquired the complimentary Candocce. "Ah, milady, you have done many good things, but this time you have done a bad one. You had better have left her to her cows. They were better company than rich Jews and fast young nobles."

Lady Dorothy, whose conscience said the same, looked uncomfortable.

"It is not my fault," she remarked at last. "One is apt to forget that a woman may have a great gift and a small soul."

Askington: "Why don't you get married, old fellow? Is it because you can't afford it?"

Borrowly (frankly): "No; it is because the girl's father can't afford it."

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