

begun with the funeral of a relative, culminated in a visit as prolonged as it was satisfying from the chief mourner. King Solomon did not exploit his Temple more thoroughly for the discomfiture of the Queen of Sheba than did Bat his gardens for the Chief Mourner. The latter, a "mountain man from back in the country," paced heavily round after Mr Whoolley, his hands folded on the apex of his back under the voluminous skirts of his blue frieze coat, a stick hanging from them like a tail. The deep silence of his native hills was on him; he suffered his emotions without expression until the tour of the kitchen garden was made, its climax—fortunately stage managed by Bat—being "a bed of greens." There is that in such a bed that, in such a nature, touches an even more vibrating chord than potatoes.

"And cabbages!" said the mountain man, almost in a whisper.

The Queen of Sheba herself was not a more gratifying audience. Mr Whoolley seems to have observed the parallelism of the cases, and assuming that the visitor, in spite of the funeral, had no more spirit left in him, the couple adjourned to a convenient public house and were no more seen.

On the whole, I think I may say that I give Bat satisfaction. He is generous in judging rather by intention than achievement, and he sees the advantages of fostering a disposition to weed. Only once has he been tried too high, and that was when I planted out a bed with what he calls "pushch-bue," a most pestilent weed whose English equivalent is, I fancy, charlock. To me he passed over the error in a very handsome manner, but I heard him the same afternoon say to the subordinate who was making good my misdoing:

"Is it that one! Sure he's no more good than a feather!"

Another act of folly of mine, however, carried with it more serious consequences. I was so far left to myself as to give permission to a Sunday School excursion of unknown dimensions to disport itself in my domains. Dates were discussed, and times arranged, and then a sponge of kindly oblivion wiped the affair from my mind. It was a couple of months afterwards—I was inspecting my wall fruit in the kitchen garden at eleven o'clock in the morning, and being eaten by midges in a way that foretold immediate rain, when there was a sound of thunderous driving on the avenue. Just then the rain began to fall, and almost at the same moment there arrived to me a rushing messenger from the house, saying "there were ladies in the drawing-room."

I am a lone man, and there is no one to share with me the brunt of such a moment. I hurried in, and was confronted as I neared the hall door by four huge yellow brakes, full of children, and roofed with umbrellas. Two, already empty, were emulously pressing towards the yard, one, taking a short cut across a strip of lawn, and two more were disgorging their burdens at large. I went into the drawing-room and found it lined with ladies in black. It was explained to me that on account of the rain the party, which comprised the Patrons, Teachers, and Pupils of four Sunday Schools, had "taken the liberty of coming to the house for shelter." Even as they spoke a strange murmuring sound

rose from beneath my feet—the hum as of an angry hive. The house, like many old country houses in Ireland, stands upon a basement storey, and I realised that its cavernous recesses were being utilised as a receptacle for the amalgamated Sunday Schools.

I cannot clearly recall the varied events of that day of nightmare. I remember finding, at one juncture, one of my subordinates stemming the rush of Sunday Schools up the back stairs with the kitchen table and an old driving whip. At another, my honoured presence was requested in a cave-like place once a laundry, wherein a shocking meal was being partaken of. I noticed a teacher with a "cut" of cold salmon, wrapped in newspaper. She ate it with her fingers, quaffing raspberry vinegar the while. Kettles, capacious as the boiler of a man-of-war, steamed on the ancient fireplace; the air reeked of damp children and buns. Later on it cleared, and I led a company of female patrons forth to see the garden. Already the sward of the tennis lawn looked like Epsom Heath on the day after the Derby, and an animated game of Hide and Seek was in progress among my young rhododendrons. I averted my eyes. In the flower garden the usual amusement of leaping the bells had taken place, with the usual results of chasm-like footprints in the centre of each. The first endurable incident of the day was the discovery that Bat had locked the kitchen garden gate, and that my strollings with the patronesses were performance ended. But even as I was expressing my regrets (coupled, mentally, with a resolve to raise Mr Whoolley's wages) there arose from within the walls cries of the most poignant, accompanied by roars comparable only to those of a wounded tiger. On the top of the wall, just above us, there shot into view the face of a boy, a face scarlet with exertion, vociferous in lamentation. Quickly following it there appeared down the length of the wall other faces, equally agitated, while from within came a sound as of the heavy beating of carpets. Other sounds came also. Sounds of indignation too explicit to be printable. I blushed for the patronesses. None the less I endorsed every word of it as I realised that my best peach trees were being used as ladders by the Amalgamated Sunday Schools.

I think that was about the last act in the tragedy. Not long after, in a yellow glow of late, repentant sunlight, the four brakes drove—with further cuttings of grassy corners—up to the hall door. The Sunday Schools were condensed into them, each child receiving an orange as it took its seat, and thin cheers arose in my honour. Simultaneously the brakes snowed forth orange peel upon the gravel; the procession swept out of sight, still chattering, still snowing orange peel.

For reasons darkly and inextricably mixed up with the Sunday School excursion, dinner that night was served at 9 o'clock, and as I was aware that every servant in the house was in a separate and towering passion, I refrained from inquiry.

Yet, even through the indigestion following on this belated repast, I was upheld by the remembrance of Bat's face, as he glared at me through the bars of the kitchen garden gate, and said:

"Thanks be to God, I'm after breaking six sticks on their backs!"

"Old Moore."

In "M.A.P.," "Old Moore" has been giving some scraps of autobiography. This quaint old character led a very chequered career. He knocked round California among the cowboys, and saw life in its roughest form when a very young man. Subsequently he became an actor. Writing about himself at this time he says:—"Although this particular period of my life was eminently practical and material, my mind was never off the subject of second-sight, and whenever an opportunity arose for discussing it I never failed to avail myself of it. Among the, to me, most interesting persons I met in California were spiritualists, and students generally of the occult. This bore abundant fruit in the future. I always felt convinced that I possessed the gift of second-sight, and, as I have already intimated, this became demonstrably plain to me at a later period. Although it is not given to me to be always accurate in my divinations, I think I may lay claim, on the strength of my almanack, that I have amply demonstrated that I am possessed of the gift that I lay claim to. Well, a paternal summons put an end to my eventful career in California, and I returned to the Old Country, where I soon after conceived the idea of getting the billet of writing and publishing 'Old Moore's Almanack.' This duly became an accomplished thing, and since then has, of course, been considerably developed. At the present time it has a circulation of 1,250,000 copies. It may interest readers to know that many of my inspirations occur to me in the still hours of the night—that period during which the mind is peculiarly susceptible to occult influence. In this connection I may tell of a curious thing that happened to me about eighteen years ago. I awoke suddenly one morning, to hear a voice say distinctly, 'Hammond will win the Derby.' I looked about the room, but could see nobody. Later in the day I met a friend of mine who knew more about racing matters than I did, and told him what had occurred to me that morning. He pooh-poohed the idea, remarking, 'Why, my dear fellow, the list of entries is not published yet!' As a matter of fact it was about Christmas time. However, I adhered to my belief in the message I had received, and anxiously awaited developments. In due course the entries were issued to the public, and my friend, having run his finger down the list, triumphantly exclaimed, 'There you are, there is no such horse among them!' We then ran down the list of owners, and sure enough the name of Hammond was there, and his horse, St Gatien, was entered for the race. It was now my turn to be triumphant, and I declared emphatically that St Gatien would win the coming race. My friend turned from his sceptical mood to one of halting doubt, and eventually he was bound to confess, he said, that there 'might be something in it.' The consequence was, I backed my fancy for all I was worth, and induced as many of my friends to do likewise as I could. Many of them took the hint, and backed the horse

heavily, and thousands of pounds were at stake. Well, on the day of the race I went down to Epsom and got into conversation with a gipsy, who volunteered the information that a horse named Harvester would win. Strange to say the race resulted in a dead heat between these two horses—St Gatien and Harvester. It was whispered that St Gatien was really the winner. In my mind, however, this quite justified my confidence in the mysterious message of which I was the recipient. The result of the race was that the stakes were divided."

BLOOD POISONING. A BAD CASE. Cured by Vitadatio.

Dawes Patent, Sydney. 1, George-st., 13th Feb., 1900.

MR PALMER.

Dear Sir,—It is nearly three years ago since I had the first symptoms of a trouble which has since caused me terrible agony and inconvenience. On consulting a doctor he told me that I had a diseased toe, caused from blood poisoning. I went to the Sydney Hospital and there underwent an operation. The doctor removed part of the toenail, and told me that he thought I could never be really well as far as the foot was concerned, but that he had done all that could be done in the meantime. For a while the foot was better, but this improvement was only a temporary one. After about three months the sore broke out again and was worse than ever it had been. I could not get about, and did not have a boot on the foot for more than two years. At one time the lump was as large as an egg cup. Finding that the doctor's treatment had failed to cure me, I tried every ointment that I had heard of, but with the most unsatisfactory results. The pain was almost unbearable, and in agony, I decided to consult another doctor. He told me that an abscess had formed under the nail, and that the nail would have to be removed again. I had decided to have the second operation performed, when something prompted me to make inquiries about VITADATIO. These inquiries led me to give your medicine a trial, and the result is most satisfactory. Now my foot is perfectly healed, and I can do what I have not been able to do for nearly three years—wear a boot. Only yesterday I walked six miles, and never experienced any pain in my foot whatever. All my friends consider that my cure is wonderful, and as no one knows so well as myself what great benefit I have derived from VITADATIO, I feel that it is only right for me to let you know, so that others may be induced by my cure to take your remedy. I shall be delighted to give any particulars to anyone who may call at my house. I forgot to mention that the pain in the foot was so severe that a lump would sometimes come under the armpit. I have taken nine large bottles of the medicine. At first the foot became much worse, but gradually it improved, and I am certain that the VITADATIO has cured me from the trouble which has been the cause of such severe pain.

Wishing you every success,
Yours faithfully,
JANE SCHWEER.

For further particulars,
S. A. PALMER,
WAREHOUSE, WATERLOO QUAY,
WELLINGTON.
Or, 350, QUEEN-ST., AUCKLAND.
Correspondence invited. Write for Testimonials.
The price of Medicine is 5/6 and 8/6 per bottle.

OUR SUMMER SALE. NOW PROCEEDING!
GEORGE COURT, The Popular Draper,
Karangahape Road, NEWTON,



Wishes to draw your attention to a few Special Lines in our

| FANCY DEPARTMENT. | |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| Ladies' All Wool Hose | 9½d., worth 1s. 3d. |
| " Stainless Hose, 2 pairs for | 1s., " 1s. 6d. |
| " Umbrellas | 7d. } Special Value. |
| " Sequin Collarettes | 10d. } Former price 2s. 3d. |
| Special Line of Beaded Belts | 1s. 11d. " 2s. 9d. |
| Large Variety of Lace Collarettes | 10½d., 1s. 9d., 1s. 11d. up. |
| See our Blouses | 6d., Former price 1s. |
| | 6d., 1s., 1s. 6d., up. Worth Double. |
| | 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d. up. |

Remember—GEO. COURT—One Shop—One Address—One Price—which cannot be Beaten.

Our reputation for Keenest Prices throughout is proved by the great crowd of Customers purchasing daily.