

"I do not pray to false gods. I was passing to the great Equees to make little subject well. That is why going to England."

"You should pray to God," Humphrey said, solemnly. "He can hear you anywhere, ever so far off, in Injah even! But, of course, the Queen can only hear you when you go twite close."

Batesia had her reason for going to England, "God putting great Equees on fromie to Batesia to look subjects"; and that sounded right enough to Humphrey.

Those were happy days for Batesia with the white sailor boy taking care of her. He had a tender heart, full of chivalry for the helpless little girl. Besides, he found she was an excellent listener, and she never "contradicted" him as his sister at home dared to do. Batesia admired all that he said and did, and when on Sunday he pulled off his hat devoutly and sang hymns, she thought that if he were not the Prince he was at all events very like an angel. She knew, however, that angels never wore trousers. The missionary's wife had plenty of their pictures, and they were dressed quite differently. The weather became very disagreeable, and there was a storm which upset everything—Soomasoondrum most of all—and it grew intensely cold. But one afternoon, when the sea was smoother, Lazarus carried Batesia up on deck to stay for a short time. Humphrey, with very pink cheeks, ran to welcome her. He said:

"What do you think? Your Howatt Dore is my uncle George! Isn't that funny? I remember him twite well. He shot with a gun. I looked at him. Aren't you glad you are coming to us? I am. You are to stay in the north lodge, the Taptain says he would like to live there. I wish you could wun about. But never mind! Adie will play with you. She is eight years old and bigger than me! She loves dolls, and perhaps you will have a tea-party."

Only a few hours later the captain went up to Lady Marylands. He looked very grave and said bluntly: "There is bad news. The Queen is dead."

"Dead!" repeated Lady Marylands, "oh! are you quite sure?"

He nodded, and gave her a paper that the pilot had brought, and passed on without speaking.

Soomasoondrum was on deck when he heard the news—his thoughts flew to his little one. Here was an end to all their hope. He staggered to a seat breathing heavily.

"The poor Riudo's took bad," a sailor told the steward as he hurried by; and the steward, full of sympathy, went to see to him. Everyone knew the reason of the Mudaliyar's journey.

Lady Marylands also thought of Batesia—little Batesia with her one idea. She went down and knocked at the

cabin door. Rungamma opened it softly. "The child has fever," she said, "talking, sleeping, talking." Then Lady Marylands drew her away and broke the news.

"Ail! Ail! Ail!" was all Rungamma could say, and Lady Marylands found it very difficult to go on speaking.

"You must not tell the little one yet," she said, "keep her down here, and the children can tell her when we are at Marylands, they will do it best." As she spoke she placed her hand affectionately upon Rungamma's shoulder, and after a little pause said: "There remains our gracious Princess. The new—new Queen."

But when the time came for going on shore Batesia was still feverish, and the doctor advised her staying the night at Southampton. He told the Mudaliyar of a little inn close to the station kept by some people he knew. "You will find them very obliging," he said, and so they were. Batesia was carried to a comfortable bedroom where a good fire was burning in a large old-fashioned grate. The warmth cheered her as she lay in the midst of blankets.

Lazarus went to fetch some coffee, and Rungamma began to unpack her curious bundles.

Presently a rosy-cheeked chambermaid hurried into the room. "Would you like some hot water?" she asked; "and is there anything I can do for you?" Then she caught sight of Batesia.

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed, "you are a picture! a regular little heastern princess! You have never been in England before, have you, dearie? And to think of your coming at such a time, with our good Queen lying dead."

Rungamma sprang up from her unpacking and signed silence. Her face was wild with emotion. It amazed the chambermaid.

"Heathen nations have odd manners," she thought, and she left the room, feeling hurt. At the door she met Soomasoondrum who had come cautiously upstairs rather breathless. He went in and sat down by the fire.

The Queen was dead.

The little one seemed to be asleep.

Rungamma stood by the bedside. A gilt clock ticked noisily on the chimney-piece, and Soomasoondrum began to doze.

Then all of a sudden Batesia opened her eyes.

"O my father! my mother!" she cried, "the great Equeen is calling."

As she spoke the sweet slip of a child jumped up in the bed. Her head was thrown back, her arms were outstretched, and she seemed about to fly. Soomasoondrum was only just in time to catch her.

George Howard had been away from Rajabram upon short leave. He was now finishing it off at Madras, where

he had come to meet a cousin who was to arrive that day from England. Whilst he ate his breakfast at the club, he read a letter which he had just received from Dr. Filiben. It was all about the poor little small wee child, and had evidently been written in a hurry.

"Dear Apollo,—My old friend Goodgame has been staying here, and I have told him about little Batesia. He says it is without doubt a pure case of hypnotism, the clearest he has ever met with, and he is a big man on the subject."

"Hypnotisation by the excitement of the sense of sight" (the old scarecrow's sudden and awful appearance).

"By excitement of the sense of hearing." (Curses seem to have been Cheeru's great speciality, the child dwelt upon the cursing of her bones.) "And also hypnotisation by the operator's personality" (which was everything it ought not to be). And the poor little small child had heard such fearful tales of the old woman's ghastly powers, that her tender young mind contributed to the success of the action. The wonder is that the child has not been killed by the strain, but now that the old witch is no more, I hope and trust it will all come right.

"In hot, very hot haste, yours,
"P. FILIBEN."

Howard put the letter in his pocket. "Good old Filiben," he thought, "he has a warm heart as well; what he writes is very curious. "Poor little Barley Sugar! I hope she is skipping about at Marylands by this time."

Then he drove down to the landing-place, and almost the first person he saw was Soomasoondrum Mudaliyar.

Soomasoondrum, grown old, with stooping shoulders and shuffling step. A woman with a shawl drawn over her face followed him. Lazarus, looking hideous in a black turban, was close by.

Howard went up to them. "What! back again so soon Mudali?" he said; "and how—"

Then he stopped, for he suddenly understood.

Soomasoondrum began to answer, but his voice was high and weak, and no words would come. Lazarus gesticulated from behind.

Little Barley Sugar!

Howard forgot his cousin, and walked with his head bent by the Mudaliyar's side. He asked no questions, but Lazarus came near and explained to him.

"Dying after Queen—first hearing news."

Howard made no answer; then he remembered something. "Cheeru died at that time"—he spoke as if to himself. Soomasoondrum looked at him in a dull, dazed way.

"She was killed by lightning," Howard added.

Soomasoondrum flung up his arms. "My enemy is dead," he cried in a harsh, exulting voice; "the child hath won her case, the Queen judging."

His eyes flashed. He straightened his back and walked on proudly. Rungamma followed with her face hidden.

—Anne, in the "Cornhill Magazine."

Ignorance Was Bliss.

Owing to a railway accident, the travelling menagerie had been scattered in all directions, and the animals were reported to be roaming round the country.

While the manager was waiting for the breakdown gang to clear the debris away, a man with a business look approached him and asked:

"Surr, do I get anything if I ketch the giraffe what got away last night?"

"No giraffe got away," was the reply.

"Well, I cotched austin' ower on my place that must have got away from somebody. My old woman sez as it be's a giraffe, but mebbe it's an elephant."

"Our elephants are all here; but one of the camels is gone."

"Mebbe it's a camel. I never seed no camel. He ain't got no wings on 'im."

"Does it look like a horse or cow?"

"No, surr. My sen Henry says it's a nosceros, but I be a leetle suspishus that it bain't."

"We have no rhinoceros; but it may be our sacred bull, from India."

"Does yer sacred bull growl like a dawg, an' show his teeth?"

"No. It must be one of our lions! You don't mean to say you have captured a lion?"

"Can't say, surr. But it do growl an' roar an' switch his tail. He didn't want fer cum along, but I tied a halter round his neck and made him. He's tied up to that tree over yonder, an' I think as 'ow you orter gimme a crowa for my trouble."

Some of the menagerie people went up the road with the man; and a quarter of a mile away, tied to a tree, and looking mightily disgusted, was the biggest lion of the whole collection.

"Dunno if it's an elephant, or a nosceros, or a giraffe," said the yokel, as he went up and began loosening the rope, "but 'ere he be, an' bein' as he killed my dawg, an' bein' as I had to drag him all the way, mebbe you'll give us a bit of silver for bringin' him back to you."

"Goodness!" gasped the manager, as he gave the man half a sovereign, "didn't you know this was a lion, and the fiercest one of the whole lot?"

"No; I didn't know what he was. I just got a rope an' made him cum along, an' when he roared I licked him with me stick. Much obliged, surr. Let me know if any other critter escapes, and I'll see if I can catch 'em!"

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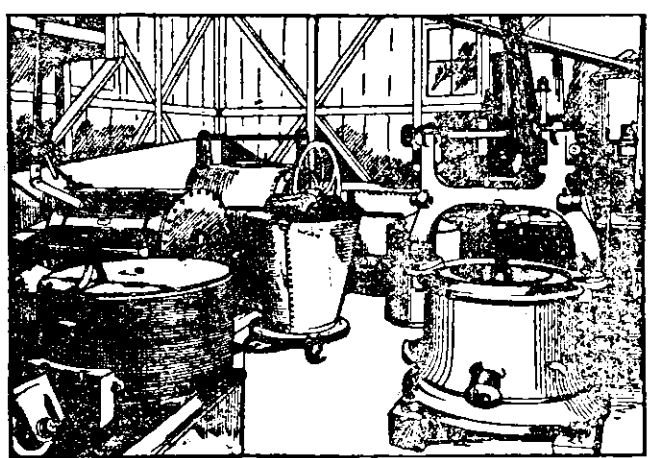
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