

evening held the child in his arms—her cheek pressed against the withered garden.

"Drive on, drive! ye son of a lame dog. Beat! spare not!" shouted Daood Khan, as the bullocks started. He ran ahead like the wind, and sent the first man he saw for the English doctor. "Al-lah! Allah!" he cried, as he raced on to bear the news to Rungamma. She was waiting at the door in the wall, and she knew before he told her—for her heart had not warmed her in vain.

When the doctor arrived Batesia was still unconscious, but before long she showed signs of recovery. The doctor hastily disappeared. "Don't alarm her now, give her this to drink. I think, Mudaliyar, I'll just take a stroll in your garden."

The air smelt sweet with tuberoses and gardenia. Dr. Filiben paced up and down, putting what he had heard together. Presently Soomasoondrum, with his turban all awry, came to him. The child was sleeping.

"You go to your bed," the kind doctor said cheerily, "and very likely I may call early in the morning."

But when he came again, and it was early, Batesia was in a fever. "She does not move," Rungamma said; "she does not move."

The fever was conquered, however, and the delirium that was with it; but the powerlessness remained.

"The result of fever and fright," Dr. Filiben explained; "we shall have to try a battery." And he was disappointed when he found this fail.

"We must cheer her up," he said to the unhappy parents, "raise her spirits and she'll raise herself. D'ye see that now?"

Mr Howard called one morning. He had tried the case, and had laughed at the woman's threats; and now he was shocked at the tragedy of the thing.

"May I see your little daughter?" he asked Soomasoondrum, as he stood talking to him at the garden door. Soomasoondrum was delighted at the idea, for Howatt Dore (as the natives called him) besides being courteous and well-spoken had an appearance of dazzling freshness. His close-cropped hair shone like gold, his pink and white complexion defied the Indian sun, the colour of his eyes was the clear blue of a baby's, and his red lips, hidden by no moustache, showed milk-white teeth when he smiled! And his clothes seemed to share in the general freshness. Everything about him was smart, and fitted his well set-up figure.

Little Batesia was lying on a bamboo cot, which had been placed for her on the flat roof of the house. She was astonished at the sight of the new visitor. She admired this big white Dore.

The doctor was very pleased at finding the young civilian there, and said so.

"Ye may do a grand thing here," he declared, "and leave me and my battery behind, for I have not a doubt of it that it is a case of nerves. If only she could be stirred to make an effort, The little darling!"

After this Howatt Dore paid almost daily visits to the child with all sorts of odds and ends in his pockets to amuse her. An extraordinary pen-wiper made by his little sister, his diamond fox pin and a note book in which he drew pictures. His friends declared he was scarcely safe in their rooms with his mania for collecting little things.

One afternoon Soomasoondrum carried Batesia down the grass walk to a little Tapa further on, where his choice grafted mangoes and Guindy plantains grew. Cinna Swami and the water-carrier were busy close by at the well. The sing-song and the creak and splash seemed to harmonise with the surroundings. But Batesia was silent. It was the first time she had been there since the dolls' Tomahar; she was perhaps thinking of that happy afternoon. Soomasoondrum assumed an air of unnatural liveliness. Batesia wondered sometimes over her father's noisy, strange manner. Poor man! his heart was breaking, and he played the fool badly.

It was a great relief to him when he saw Howatt Dore coming towards them. His terrier, "Bop," followed at his heels.

"How do you do, Mudaliyar?" he said, "I have brought my dog Bop to show her to little Barley Sugar. What a ripping place to bring her to! Don't you like being here, little one? Shall

I stay and read my Tapa before I go on for tennis?"

Batesia looked at him smiling; she liked being called Barley Sugar. Howatt Dore sat down. "Look here, Barley Sugar, I have taught Bop to sit up (sit up, Bop, and look amiable! There!) Well! although you and I are such friends you have not yet sat up once to please me. Try. I'll give you a lesson now!" as he spoke he put out his arm, "Come, catch hold with your little paws and see how high you can sit." Batesia put up her hands obediently, but a look of terror came into her face, and she let them drop. "I can not! I can not!" she said hopelessly, "because vile woman curling my bones."

"You silly little owl," Howatt Dore protested, in the tenderest way, "it is only that you are such a precious coward—if that vile woman cursed you till she was blue in the face she could not really hurt you. Now try again."

"I can not!" wept the little creature. Howatt Dore lent forward with his hands on his knees. "Well—she has frightened you, that is clear. What shall we do to the wicked old thing?"

Batesia paused a moment, then said softly, "Cinna Swami saying can not find now. That woman quick turning into ensnake—perhaps gone to wicked Rajah House."

"But, Barley Sugar," Howatt Dore remonstrated, "you know that is foolish talk."

The child continued, "Cinna Swami saying when she coming back plenty people cutting plenty stick."

"By love! to beat her with?"

"And Cinna Swami getting big hook."

"What! to swing her with?"

"Cinna Swami saying yes. I saying no. For why? I curlied child. I forgive."

"Quite right, quite right," Howatt Dore approved. "You are a dear good little person. But Daood Khan has got his eye upon the old Horror. He'll bring her to me. You don't mind my taking her in hand, do you?"

Batesia's eyes fell upon his hands as he spoke. "You may. Your hands are white and curlen," she replied, and they certainly were, with pink nails such as no Indian ever had.

"And now that is settled," Howatt Dore said cheerfully. "I am going to look at my letters. Here is a picture paper for you. Just come all the way from England."

Batesia became quite cheerful. She found a picture that she wanted to hear about. Soomasoondrum sitting on the ground explained. It was the Queen visiting the soldiers in Netley Hospital. Howatt Dore left the father and child happy together, and went rather late to his tennis. On his way home he met the collector, who said:—

"I've just sent you some papers, Howard; I hope you will be able to start early to-morrow. You'll see that it is important."

He had to go, of course, and he went to the doctor's bungalow after dinner to tell him. The doctor was furious. "I can't spare you," he said; "you are my assistant partner, and just as you are about to work miracles! I have been to the Mudaliyar's to-night, and found the poor little young child a world better."

Howard was pleased. "We talked about the whole affair and I bullied her. Thought it did her good, poor little kiddie."

"And so it did," agreed the doctor, "gets it off her nerves. These neurotic cases want a deal of tact, and a bright and beautiful ornament like yourself is the one to use it!"

Howard smoked in silence for a minute, and then asked: "You don't think there is anything radically wrong?"

"Ornoo!" the doctor replied hastily, in a soft deprecating Irish voice. "Ornoo! You'll see how she'll be getting over it with care. It is nothing but hysteria—so I think."

"Hysteria doesn't seem the right word, Filiben, for, don't you know, she has such a lot of self-control and all that sort of thing."

"But that word means much," the doctor explained, "and I declare I shall have a touch of it myself, if you are going against me like this. Faith! I'll write a medical certificate that you are unfit for duty!"

Howard laughed.

"Tell the little thing that I have ordered more pictures for her, and a box of soldiers from Madras."

Dr. Filiben watched Howard as he

left the compound. "And to think I'll have to fill the place of that young Apollo!" he murmured.

He did his best, however, when he paid his next visit. After making professional inquiries, he sat down by a lovely plum-bough bush and pulled a "Graphic" out of his bulgy pocket.

At that time every paper was filled with soldier pictures. And the doctor knew all about them! Each man had a thrilling history of his own, and to each was given a well-deserved reward.

The sick soldiers visited by Her Majesty recovered at once, and the Queen made gracious speeches to them all.

When the soldiers arrived, spick and span, from Madras, and the Queen in her bath chair was cut out of the picture and stuck upon cardboard with a prop, a great review took place.

The wounded soldiers lay on the ground until spoken to by their sovereign, after which they "got well" and took their places in the ranks. Then Dr. Filiben sang "The Soldiers of the Queen," and finished off with the national air. His voice was a touching tenor, which appealed to ears trained and untrained. Rungamma's soft eyes were fixed upon the child, who seemed strangely excited.

Cinna Swami stole after the doctor as he was leaving and presented him with a large white button-hole.

"Now, what are ye giving me this for?" he asked.

But Cinna Swami could only ejaculate "Al, bah!" and try to hide his mouth whilst the doctor worked the big stalks into his coat.

"Good ugly little man! his brown holland coat bumped up at the neck, and his trousers were all crumpled and baggy; but the beauty of a kind heart showed in his face. On his way home he met two young civilians.

"Hallo, Filiben!" they called out, "have you come from your wedding?"

"Ornoo," he replied, looking down at his white flowers; "not so bad as all that; but I have just been visiting a poor little wee sick child who is paying the costs of her father's law suit."

The next day many inquiries were made of the doctor about the little wee sick child. But with his happy, obtuse Irish nature he saw no jokes, good or bad, unless they were explained to him. He could only make them.

But Batesia did not thrive, she lost interest in everything; the soldiers even.

Rungamma told the doctor so, in her halting English.

"No very better, eating no, talking no, onake thinking, thinking plenty too much."

Soomasoondrum at the other end of the garden was weakly crying. The doctor became distracted.

"Now what in the world are ye about?" he said sharply; "do you want to depress the poor baby? And I'm thinking of a plan that will do her a deal more good than that! There is a friend of mine now in Madras. He is a grand doctor, he is! And what with travelling in a train, and looking here and looking there, why, a journey would do a cure in itself!"

The doctor's soft, breathless breaque, and his decorative way of putting things carried comfort to the father, and he agreed to the plan. But although partly reassured, he could not sleep that night. At last he crept into the child's room. A coconut oil lamp suddenly lit up the place for him to see Rungamma lying on the ground by the side of the cot, motionless in her tightly wrapped blanket. Batesia was lying high upon red pillows, and her lovely little face seemed to him too beautiful to be looked at. He squatted down and buried his head in his arms; then a fear came to him, and he listened nervously. Her breathing could be heard, but it was irregular, and a sudden sob made him hold enough to look at her. Although her eyes were shut she was not asleep, and below the long lashes he could see traces of tears.

"Thou art not asleep, little flower of the night," he said tenderly. "Dost thou dream? Tell thy father of what thou art thinking."

Batesia felt for his hand. "I am thinking, my father, of the great Equeen," she murmured.

"Ah!" cried Soomasoondrum, relieved, "and thou hast not forgotten Epranchie, her son?"

"It is of the great Equeen only that I think; and of her soldiers. She has looked at them and beheld, they are well! O little father! if she could look on me—I too should be well. But now, never—never"; then she sobbed outright.

"Shu! shu!" he said soothingly, "thou shalt be well by the full of the moon, my princess."

Batesia continued, still sobbing: "It was in the light of the moon that the evil woman cursed my bones. Now

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