

"I'm done for," Dalton whispered hoarsely. "I seem to be completely smashed up. Listen closely, you two. I have not finished that yarn yet. I am KAHL NEILSON!"

A cry of surprise and horror broke from the man who was supporting the injured passenger.

"Kahl Neilson? But you told us he had passed away!"

"True, Kahl Neilson did pass away—but in name only. Robert Dalton took the place. I am the man who found the cursed gold. That tremendous force which draws human beings back to the scene of a crime, forced me here once more to gaze upon the mountains where my murdered mate is lying. I killed him for gold, but I did not get it. My life has been a terror to me since. Conscience-stricken I have wandered over the face of the globe seeking to bury my memory; but it's no good. Evil deeds will find us out. Not all the gold in the world would have taken me back to the reef again. It is there, though. Gold everywhere. Ned Hanlon has guarded the secret for fifteen years now, and the Ruahines have kept the secret well."

A spasm of pain passed over the speaker's features. He paused and struggled for breath.

"I am dying, friends, and I am terrified to go with this blot on my soul. I cannot face my Maker now that He has called me. Can you not say something to help me?"

The awful entreaty of the dying man's voice would have touched a heart of stone. The old coach driver was not a religious man, but kneeling down on the sudden roadside, he offered up a simple petition for the man who was soon to meet the Judge.

"Thank you, friend," whispered Neilson. "That gives me some hope at any rate. Now, before I die, I will give you the secret of the reef, and may it prove a blessing to you, and not a curse, as it did to me. You will find a plan of the route—in."

The wounded head fell back. Kahl Neilson—homicide, wanderer, conscience-stricken—had passed the portal. The two men remained for some moments gazing fixedly on the human wreck at their feet.

"I say, mate," the driver said softly, "we are the only two who know who

and what he was. He has taken the secret of the reef's hiding place with him, and perhaps it is better so. He was 'Robert Dalton.' What do you say?"

The other extended his hand, and they clasped in a fervent grip across the body of him who had been called to the last tribunal.

"Right. He was nothing else but a traveller named Robert Dalton. Let the Ruahines still keep the secret they have carried so long."

### Calling a Man a Liar.

The other day a resident in Louisville, Kentucky, expressed his opinion to another man that he was a dirty liar, and was promptly knocked down. He commenced an action for assault, but lost the case. The judge declared from the Bench that to call another man a liar was to deliver him a blow, and honourably discharged the defendant. It is justifiable defence in many of the American States to claim that the man you have assaulted has first called you a liar. A bill containing such a provision was introduced in the Texas Legislature some years ago, and has not yet been repealed. The Senator who introduced the bill declared that he based it on a law which makes the offensive use of the word a misdemeanour punishable by a £5 fine. Calling a man a liar is not only an offence against the law in Virginia; it is a crime. There is a law on the Statute Books of that State, which reads as follows:—"If any person shall, in the presence or hearing of another, curse or abuse such person or use any violently abusive language to such person concerning himself or any of his female relatives in circumstances reasonably calculated to provoke a breach of the peace, he shall be deemed guilty of misdemeanour, and on conviction shall be fined not less than 5/, nor more than £6." To call a man a liar in Georgia is slander, for which one may be punished by a fine of £200, or imprisonment for a year, or both. The defendant has the right, however, to prove his charge and go clear. On the criminal side of the courts the law holds, as it does in Kentucky, that the lie constitutes the first blow and justifies

violent response. In Arkansas the use of the epithet is a misdemeanour punishable by a fine. In Mississippi it is not specifically mentioned in the laws, but all insulting words are made civilly actionable. In South Carolina it is not a crime, but may be used as a basis of civil action for defamation of character. In North Carolina the user of the epithet and the man to whom it is applied are held equally guilty in cases of assault and battery. But every State is careful to warn the public that "all words which, from their usual construction and common acceptance are construed as insults and tend to violence and breach of the peace shall be actionable."

prince will only be charged for the exact number of places he occupies. Another regulation is that when a prince expresses a wish to travel in a particular compartment of an ordinary express the compartment must be placed at his disposal, and even where no wish is expressed, the stationmaster is to offer the prince a compartment to himself. When princely specials are running, locomotives with steam up are to be kept in readiness at all the chief stations along the line of travel, and the Royal waiting rooms are to be kept ready. Whether the train stops at them or not. The prince's special, of course, takes precedence of all other trains, no matter at what cost in the way of delay to the latter.

### Royal Privileges in Germany.

The Prussian railway administration, which spreads almost over the entire German empire, has just issued regulations granting new privileges to Royalty in travelling. For the future the princes are to have special trains at specially cheap rates, and while the ordinary traveller must pay for at least 12 places when he orders a special train, the

"What a strangely interesting face your friend, the poet, has," gurgled the maiden of forty. "It seems to possess all the elements of happiness and sorrow each struggling for supremacy."  
"Yes, he looks to me like a man who was married and didn't know it," growled the Cynical Bachelor.



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# From "Hoops to Hobbles"



## THE EVOLUTION OF FIFTY YEARS

As one looks back upon the days of '61, various and interesting reminiscences are brought to mind. For instance compare the seemingly weird styles of head-dress, gowns; the crude means of conveyance, the mode of living, and many other things characteristic of that period, with present-day methods and modes, and the modern achievements appear almost miraculous.

This fact is illustrated in the accompanying picture which reveals two of the fair sex as they wore then and as they are to-day—the wonderful evolution of fifty years. The **Bon Ton** and the **Royal Worcester Corsets** have likewise been a part of this magical evolution, and have proved an all-important factor in giving **Milady** health, grace, and beauty. These world-famous Corsets are stocked in an immense variety of styles and prices by **Smith and Caughy, Limited**. Ladies are cordially invited to inspect without being asked to purchase.

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