

He disappeared into the little house, and came back with a string of doughnut-shaped corks, the floats used for eelcages, and which many a Hardy-pork boy uses for a life-preserver while learning to swim.

"Goin' to tie these corks on to ye, Bub," he remarked from the door.

"Hello! Got one? Hang on! I'll help ye! No—let go of him! Let—go! Let—well! He's over!"

from the fish-catch! Why do you let the little cloth sail down in front, and for what reason did the hairs wear off the little place on the back of your head?"

But Matthew engaged in bringing the sloop up to her mooring place, was too busy to explain.

As soon as they were tied up, he gathered Chuen's small clothes into a still damp bundle.

"Good day," returned Matthew gravely. "An' say, Mr. Strafford, you tell his pa not to harp him. He's a plucky young one, that kid—hid in the boat in the night, an' didn't come out till I was fishin'. Fell overboard an' never whimpered. Look out, Bub, you've dropped your dunnage."

But the boy, unheeding, had stepped into the automobile, and it was the dignified Mr. Strafford who painfully stooping, gathered up the armful of wet clothes. Then he, too, took his seat, and with a wave of the boy's hand, the machine was off toward the big house.

But Matthew had not trudged a dozen steps in the opposite direction when a shout halted him. The motor-car had stopped and was waiting, and Mr. Strafford, again on the ground, was hurrying after the fisherman as fast as his bulk and dignity would permit. "His Royal Highness presents his compliments," he began.

Matthew interrupted: "Didn't I tell you I didn't want no more of His Royal Highness's compliments?"

Mr. Strafford looked bewildered. "But, sir, he has taken quite a fancy to you—quite, sir." Then he added, as if to mollify the fisherman: "I think there will be no more legal measures, Mr. Blake. We could never sanction them, since the boy says you saved him from drowning."

"What?" exclaimed Matthew. "I didn't suppose a Prince would care what happened to a Chinese cook's young one. Your Prince is more of a man than I thought."

Mr. Strafford was evidently puzzled. "Cook's young one!" he exclaimed. "Our cook is French—he is unmarried. Is it possible that you did not know?" he nodded toward the automobile—"the Prince?"

"Prince? I thought your Prince was English! The boy? He said his name was Chuen Hock!"

"He is the Prince. He is to be educated in America, in charge of the Legation of his country at Washington; and I am his English tutor and immediate guardian. We took this seashore for his health this summer. He is not Chinese, although an Asiatic, Mr. Blake, and he will one day rule over a country that is larger than your New England. His fuller name is Prince Lator Chuen Hock—Chalamagocorn."

"Cracky!" exclaimed Matthew. "Is that all?"

"No, sir, not all, but all we generally use. And as I was saying, sir, His Royal Highness—"

"Go ahead!" resigned Matthew.

"His Royal Highness presents his compliments and wishes to know why your suspenders behind are attached with strings instead of buttons?"

"You tell 'em," returned Matthew. "Got the buttons busted and I used a bit of marline. You're welcome, sir. I knew something was on his mind. An' you tell His Royal—you tell Bub that I'll have that gate open again inside of fifteen minutes."

Chloroformed Plants.

Professor Johannsen, of Copenhagen, has been chloroforming plants, and with marvellous results. He discovered that plants treated with anaesthetics were stimulated into extraordinary growth. His method is this: Lilies of the valley, azaleas, lilacs, and other dormant plants are placed in an air-tight box; to the lid of which is affixed a small vessel filled

At a Russian Monastery.

Tramping to the Holy Land, the way the Russian pilgrims go, writes "S. G." in "Country Life." I came lately to New Athos, the most wonderful monastery of the Russian world. New Athos, or Novy Afon as the Russians call it, is an establishment resembling what the "best" of English monasteries must have been prior to 1836. It is in itself, by example, a defence of all monasteries, a place to which students should journey if they wish to understand all the possibilities for good in institutions once condemned as essentially evil. There once more armies of workmen are employed every day, and building never ceases. No one seeking work is ever refused, not even the criminal or the passportless tramp. There all covers receive the monks' hospitality of bed and board, and worn out pilgrims are furnished with clothes and money to take them home, or to take them farther on their journey. The monks own vast estates, where they grow their own corn and cultivate the vine and the olive. They have orange and lemon woods. They grind the corn in their mills and make their own bread; they press the grape, and the monastery tables tell how generous is the supply of wine.

SUFFERED AGONY WITH ITCHING

And Burning. Sores Like Boils All Over Body. Parts of Flesh Raw. Could Scarcely Bear Clothes On. Nearly Worn Out When He Tried Cuticura Remedies and Was Cured.

"About four years ago I broke out with sores on my arms like boils. After two months they were all over my body, some coming, and some going away. In about six months the boils quit, but my arms, neck and body broke out with an itching, burning rash. It would burn and itch, and come out in pimples like grains of wheat. I was in a terrible condition; I could not sleep or rest. Parts of my flesh were raw, and I could scarcely bear my clothes on. I could not lie in bed in any position and rest. In about a year the sores extended down to my feet. Then I suffered agony with the burning, itching sores. I could hardly walk and for a long time I could not put on socks."

"All this time I was trying everything I could hear of, and had the skill of three doctors. They said it was eczema. I got no benefit from all this. I was nearly worn out, and had given up in despair of ever being cured when I was advised by a friend to try Cuticura Remedies. I purchased Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Resolvent, and used exactly as directed. I used the Cuticura Remedies constantly for four months, and nothing else, and was perfectly cured. It is now a year, and I have not had the spot bit since. I am ready to praise the Cuticura Remedies at any time." (Signed) E. L. Cate, Exile, Ky., U. S. A., Nov. 10, 1910.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold throughout the world. Send to R. T. Jones & Co., Dept. 22-K, Sydney, N. S. W., for a free sample of Cuticura Ointment, Resolvent, with 32-p. book on skin and scalp affections.

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Joseph
Chase

"For what," demanded a small voice, "is the square blue part on the back of your trousers?"

Clinging like a desperate little monkey to the line, which he had hooked some big fish, Chuen Hock had gone over the side. After him like a flash, Matthew flung the string of corks; and the next instant, his coat and vest thrown off, he had plunged under the youngster.

It was not easy facing the sweep of those heavy waves, and Matthew's arms were not as strong as they had been once. After what seemed like long minutes, but was probably less than one, he grasped a fold of blue blouse, and the next instant clutched the string of corks. After that, getting back to the Emma J. was a comparatively sure task, though a slow one.

Chuen did not lose consciousness. In the water Matthew had discovered that the boy knew something about swimming; and the knowledge, while it was not sufficient to keep him up in such a sea, did prevent his struggling or filling his lungs with water.

"Well!" exclaimed Matthew. "You're a pretty fisherman, you are! Look like a drowned rat! Why did ye fall overboard?"

"I am sorry," returned the boy. "I think I had a big-fish catch. But it pulled the line away and I am now wet! Why did you wear a hat in the water?"

He was shivering in his dripping clothes.

"Lucky I got some old duds aboard!" grumbled Matthew. "Believe they were built for me. I guess they won't just fit you, but they'll keep ye warm. An' here's some liquor in a bottle, an' the galley stove's still hot. Good enough! Now off with them clothes, quick! An' take a swaller of this. It's bad stuff when ye don't need it, but I guess you need a little now."

It was nearly noon when the Emma J. reached the little wharf in front of Matthew Blake's cottage.

"I generally git in earlier'n this," said Matthew. "But what with runnin' a floatin' restaurant an' you tumblin' overboard, they's some excuse to-day for bein' late." He chuckled as he looked at the grave youngster crouched up in the stern. "I guess we'll git ashore, ez 'tis before ye outgrow them pants. All I hope is, ye ain't caught cold so ye'll be sick."

"I am now warm from the sup, thank you," returned Chuen. "When I was in the water I was cold from the wetness; but the bottle medicine was very good, thank you. Will you get much money

"I guess, Bub, you'll have to keep on them pants till ye git home. Yer shoes too shrank ter wear, so I'll tie the whole kit up, an' you can lug 'em along with ye. I won't hurt ye ter run across the fields barefoot for once, an' I guess you've been off so long your folks'll be so glad ter see you mebbe you won't git much of a lacon' after all."

The boy took the damp bundle and gravely followed Matthew from the wharf across the wooden plank to the shore. The tiny body was ridiculously lost in the folds of Matthew's great shirt and baggy trousers; but the short figure moved with so much dignity in spite of the tenderness of the bare feet, that Matthew's smile of amusement turned into a chuckle of admiration.

Toward them, along the shore road, dashed a patch of scarlet, blurred in a whirl of dust.

"Here comes the Prince's automobile," exclaimed Matthew, and shouted, waving his arms.

"Ther feller Strafford he's in it," he said. "I dunno whether it's aginst the rules of the house for the cook's young one to ride in His Highness's automobile, but if he'll take ye in it'll save you walkin' home. Hi, there! Hold hand!"

They reached the road just as the speeding car swerved to a stop. Mr. Strafford, his face less ruddy than usual, was instantly on his feet and out.



wonder and relief pictured on his features.

"I have been making the fish-catch with Matthew," explained the boy gravely. "He dropped his bundle of clothes and shoes where he stood, and put out a small hand. 'Good-by, Matthew. I will come another day and help you make another fish-catch. And I will not fall—fall over the board.'"

with chloroform. This, being heavier than air, settles down and mingles with the plants. At the end of forty-eight hours the specimens are taken out and grown in the ordinary manner. Nothing in the way of forcing or artificial heat is required. Labor, bloom within two weeks of being chloroformed, and lilies of the valley are hardly so long in coming to maturity.