

my connection with a couple of papers for which I had been working, and then found I could not get another berth. I tried all sorts of devices to get on another paper, but could only get a few special articles to write. I then learned something of what the feeling must be of a man who really wants work and cannot get it. At last the turn of the tide came. I was offered the editorship of the "Bathurst Times," and took it. Then came the deluge. A few days before leaving Sydney for Bathurst I was in Phalert's Hotel, when the proprietor came to me and said:

"You're just the man I wanted to see. I have a wire from A—in Brisbane, sending thirty pounds he wishes you to invest at the races for him to-day."

"Very well; I'll do my best," I said, and added: "My luck's in."

The money was handed over to me, and I went to Randwick. I am writing entirely from memory, but it was the day Lamond won the Metropolitan Stakes. An extraordinary thing happened. It has never occurred since; I don't suppose it ever will again. I lacked every winner in five races.

Timbrel, I believe, won the first race at a fair price; Sloth won a selling race. I backed them both. Then I backed Lamond, which won comfortably, and put a couple of pounds on Pearlshell at ten to one, which won the next race—the Oaks—although another horse, Volley, was the favourite. I re-

sipience on a horse—a forty to one chance.

With much trepidation the Scotchman handed out the sixpence, and, strange to say, the horse won. When the bookmaker handed out a sovereign and sixpence to Sandy the latter could not believe his own eyes.

"Do you mean to tell me I get all this for my sixpence?" he asked.

"You do," replied the bookmaker. "Ma conscience!" exclaimed Sandy. "Tell me how long has this thing been going on?"

LORD LONSDALE.

The Novice.

I was once initiating a debutante at a race meeting into the mysteries of betting, and concluded a lengthy explanation as follows:—

"So, you see, if the horse starts at fifteen to one, you get fifteen pounds; if at ten to one, ten pounds, and so on."

"Oh, yes, I understand perfectly," said the pretty novice. "But what do I get if the horse starts at one o'clock exactly?"

LORD ALVERSTONE.

Told in Court.

My fondness for athletics was once brought up as "evidence against" me by a man in the dock.

"I knows yer," said the prisoner, "and

"No," said the wretched one, "but it's my turn to sleep on that feather."

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.

A Mixed Bag.

One of the best stories I ever heard was about a fellow who was very fond of shooting. He said: "The first bird I ever shot was a squirrel, and the first



H. W. STEVENSON'S STORY.

"You soon get to know 'em by their shape."

time I hit him I missed him altogether, and the next time I hit him I hit him in the same place, and after that I took a stone and dropped him from the tree, and he fell into the water and was drowned. And that was the first bird I ever shot."

MELBOURNE INMAN.

The Movable Spot.

I came across something really unique in the way of rules in an hotel at Newara-Eliya, where I was once booked to play when touring in India. In the billiard room, immediately opposite the table, where everyone could see it, hung a card bearing the following announcement:—

- For first cut 100 rupees.
- Second cut 50 rupees.
- Third cut 20 rupees.
- Any subsequent cut 10 rupees.

Judging from the appearance of the cloth, I should think that table must have been a veritable gold-mine to its proprietor, if he collected all the fines. Evidently his motto was, "Cut and come again."

On another occasion, while staying at Wellington, New Zealand, I was invited to play at the Tarahua Club, Pahiatua. The table itself, I found, wasn't at all bad, but when I looked at it closely I noticed that the billiard spot was at least three inches too far to one side.

I had become fairly hardened to trying conditions by this time, but to attempt to play with the red ball inches out of its recognised position was more than I dared do.

"What's the matter with that spot? I asked. "It isn't right, is it?"

The man addressed squinted at the spot.

"Seems sorter crooked," he agreed, slowly; "but the fac' of the matter is that we change the position of that yere spot once a week. Otherwise it'd work a hole in the cloth!"

That beat me. I fled for the hotel and sought out the gentleman who had invited me to come there. He listened to my tale of woe, and then, asking me to wait for a moment, disappeared. I don't know whether they balloted or not, but the spot was moved into its right place, and the situation, so far as I am concerned, saved.

H. W. STEVENSON.

False Billiards.

One summer, on the west coast of Ireland, another man and I were overtaken by a storm, and had to go into a tavern for shelter. The rain fell steadily. We had three or four long hours before us. Time began to hang heavily on our hands.

"Landlord," said I, "do you happen to have a billiard-table?" "Sure," said the landlord. "Sure. Just step this way."

He proudly threw open the door of a dark, stuffy room. We saw an antiquated table with a patched cloth, and in the corner was a rack of crooked cues.

"Any balls?" said I.

"Sure," said the landlord, and he unlocked a closet and set on the table three white balls, and alike—there was no spot, you know.

"But, see here," I remonstrated. "how do you tell these balls apart?" "Oh, that's all right," said he. "You soon get to know 'em by their shape."

HEALTH WRECKED

BY DEBILITY.

Did Not Expect to Live.

Life Saved by Bile Beans.

"For three years I suffered terribly from debility, and became so bad that I hardly expected to live," says Mrs A. Fullerton, of Allen Street, Woolloomugga, South Brisbane, Q. "The trouble first commenced with an excess of bile, which got into the system. Very soon I became run-down and so weak that I was utterly helpless, my son, Andrew, having to assist me about. Bilious attacks became so bad it was impossible for me to keep my food down. Everything I would eat or drink would retch up. Indigestion attacked me, and the pains in the chest, back, and between the shoulders were dreadful. I became a real wreck of my former self, and gradually got worse and worse."

"During this time I tried all sorts of remedies and medicines, but nothing gave me any ease, and at last I gave up all hope. I could see no prospect of ever getting better. My son was very much alarmed at my condition, for he thought I should lose my life during one of the terrible fits of vomiting. It was after reading of some cures of Bile Beans that he purchased a supply, and I commenced taking them. When I had finished the first box I realised that I was ever so much better, for I was able to retain food, and began to pick up strength. I continued with Bile Beans, and as I did so the biliousness and indigestion left me, all pains were ended, and my energy returned. After a full course of Bile Beans I was completely cured, and made to feel that life was worth living. Now, at 85 years of age, I am hale and hearty and in splendid condition, which is all due to Bile Beans." Obtainable at all stores and chemists.

A MERCIFUL LAW.

Kentucky's new law for women workers is now in effect. It forbids all girls under twenty-one years of age from being employed in excess of 10 hours a day or 60 hours a week, other than those employed as domestics or nurses.



NAT GOULD'S STORY.

"'Pearshell!' I yelled."

came the scene to this day. They came dashing down the straight, the light blue and white of the flon. James White's colours showing up conspicuously on Volley, and Tom Hales riding easily.

"The favourite's won," I thought. But it was not all over. For once in a way—a very rare occurrence—Tom Hales seemed to be caught napping; probably he was a trifle over confident. At any rate Mic O'Brien came down on him with a swoop on Pearlshell, and before we knew where we were they were racing neck and neck.

"Pearshell!" I yelled. I remember that shout as well as if I uttered it as I write, for there is nothing like backing a winner, at a good price, to beat a hot favourite, to make the memory clear years afterwards. It was a finish, desperate close, between two consummate horsemen, and O'Brien got Pearlshell up and won.

And after that I backed the first and second of the fifth race. My pockets were crammed with money, and, needless to say, the proprietor of Phalert's was astounded when I doled out A's share.

Then I went home and found my wife upstairs with a lady friend packing up for Bathurst.

"Look here! How's this?" I said, as I emptied a heap of gold on the bed.

"Whose is it?" she asked.

"Ours. I've won it—backed every winner!"

What a day that was! I have often given it as an instance of how luck may change in a few hours. Next morning we went up the Blue Mountains to Bathurst.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON.

"Ma Conscience!"

This story of a Scotsman who went to a race meeting for the first time in his life is not without its humour. The old man's friends persuaded him to risk

many's the time I've given yer a hand when ye've been stepping it round the track like a greyhound. So let's down lightly, like a good cove as yer are."

CHARLES JARROTT.

"Half-time."

Two of my friends, white on a motor tour, put up at a country inn. When they inquired about accommodation, the landlord burst forth into a pean of praise. "Beautiful large feather bed. Plenty of room for the two of you, and big enough for three. This way, gentlemen."

The travellers went up to their room and inspected the famous feather bed, which did not look very inviting. However, there was no choice, so they turned in. At about two in the morning one gave the other a violent nudge and said:

"Get up; it's half-time." "Half time? What are you talking about? This isn't a Cup-tie."



MELBOURNE INMAN'S STORY.

"Cut and come again."