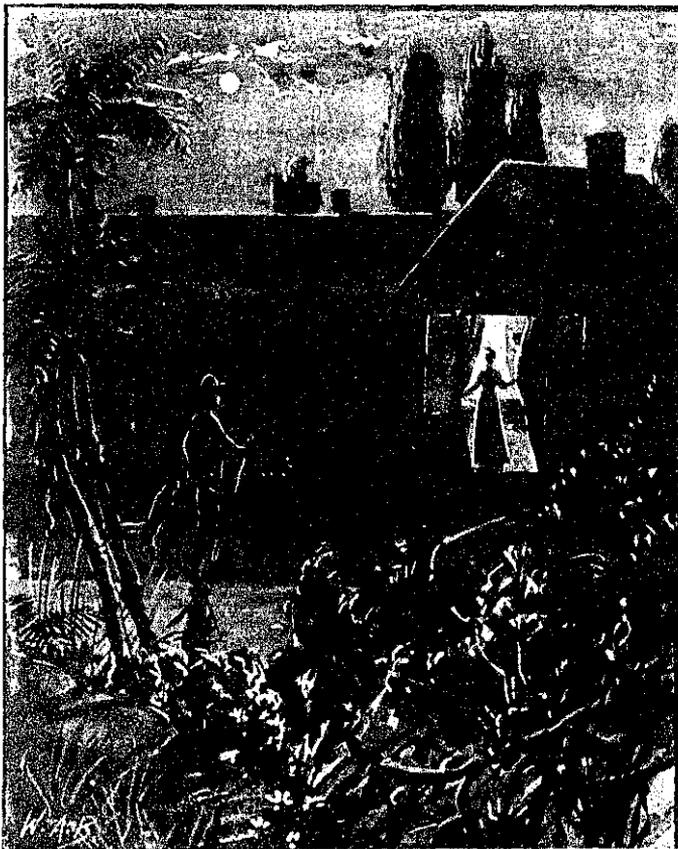


Hammond, a beauty of the golden-haired, blue-eyed type, who looks deserving of the good character given her by Nell. She wears a creamy-coloured gown with a spray of pink roses near her white throat.

Tinkle, tinkle, goes the bell which has started so many thousand miles away, and Mr. Malcom's excited voice inquires, "All ready?" Nelly is past doing anything,

becoming more astonished looking than ever as he restlessly runs his fingers through it. His wife, like his daughter, is speechless with the excitement of the moment. Excepting the small boy, whose horizon is at present bounded by his toys, Harry Malcolm is the coolest of the family. He is a tall fellow, with an alert and active figure, and a good honest, though plain, face. He is



IN PLACE OF AN ENGLISH WINTER MORNING WE FIND A NEW ZEALAND SUMMER NIGHT.

but gazes, with hands tightly clasped together, at the opposite wall, so her husband answers the signal, and they both breathlessly watch as one side of the room appears to melt away, and a scene with moving figures occupies its place.

They see a massively-furnished dining-room, with dinner laid under the bright electric light, and a blazing fire. Mr. Malcolm is striding about the room, his hair

the first to break the silence, and relieve the tension with his hearty:

"Well, Nell, old girl, you *are* looking fit; and Alan, too. Going strong, old man?"

He then pats his mother affectionately on the shoulder, telling her to cheer up, that there is nothing to cry about.

"But, Hal, after not seeing Nell for over four years, now she is here, and I can't kiss her!"