

'I shall—ask her to be my wife,' said Warrington with a rush, 'as soon as I dare call—which I haven't done since we've been back—more than a week.'

'But, Warrington,' said Vicary, puzzled, 'she's not such a Tartar.'

'She the best girl in the world,' said Warrington, V.O.; 'and the only thing in it I'm afraid to face.'

'Why, what would she do?' said Vicary.

'Do!' said Warrington, with both hands at his moustache. 'Do! Why, she'll drop her eyelashes, or she'll curl the corners of her mouth or she'll glance at me over her shoulder, with her chin up, and then—'

'And then?' said Vicary, twinkling.

'Then I shall sweat like a coolie, and stand gaping like a stuck pig,' said Warrington, savagely; 'and my knees will go flabby and my face twitchy, as you elegantly put it. Good-by.'

'Eh?'

'I'm going there now. I mean to go there now.'

'Yes,' said Vicary; 'and directly you're outside you'll stand for a quarter of an hour, and then cut off home and spend the evening practicing profanity in solitude.'

Warrington stood in front of his junior, and dared not contradict.

'Unless—' said Vicary, and stopped and grinned.

'Unless,' said Warrington, with painful eagerness.

'Unless,' said Vicary, coolly, knocking his pipe out in the grate, 'unless I come with you.'

Warrington drew a long breath.

'Thanks,' he said shortly, and watched Vicary putting on his coat and hat, and pulled his moustache violently.

As they left the room he slipped his hand through Vicary's arm.

'Three doors down the square,' said Vicary to the cabman through the trap.

'Tell him to drive once round first,' said Warrington, pulling a glove off and then beginning to put it on again. 'I've got something to say to you—'

'It'll keep,' said Vicary. 'Out you get.'

'No—I say—half a minute, Vicary! Is my tie straight? I ought to have my collar. Hang it—all right, I'm coming. Wait for us, cabby—we shan't be five minutes. Vicary, don't ring, I—I don't think I'll call to-day, after all it's a bit late, don't you think? You have rung? Dash it! I—I—let me ask.' The door was opened.

'Is Mr. Rivers in? No? Oh, thank you. It doesn't matter. I'll call again. Good—'

Vicary caught him as he turned and held him fast.

'Is Miss Rivers in?' he asked.

'Yes sir,' said the man, who knew him well.

'Say Lieutenant Beverley Warrington wishes to see her for a few moments on most important—come here, you old idiot—on most important business.'

Inside the house Warrington mopped his face and rehearsed speeches in a low monotone until the man reappeared.

'Will you walk upstairs, sir, please?'

'Walk up,' said Vicary, sternly, and marched him out of the room.

'Right half face! Quick march! Go on you conquering hero, and good luck attend you.'

Warrington did not answer, but breathed stentorously and fingered the balustrade.

'Up you go!' said Vicary.

'There's no retreat. She's waiting for you.'

'I—I wish you could come, too,' said Warrington in a loud, hoarse whisper.

Vicary grinned, shaking with internal laughter. Warrington glared at him, groaned, and went slowly upstairs, where the man stood patiently waiting to announce him.

Vicary heard him say breathlessly, 'Wait a minute!' but the man preferred not to hear him, and opened the door with a most portentous 'Lieutenant Beverly Warrington.'

Vicary waited in the library. He smoked one cigarette, and another, and another. He tried to read, but he gave it up. He tried to laugh at the scene in which he had just taken part, but gave that up too. After all, he was in no laughing mood where Warrington's happiness was concerned.

And at last when the hands of the clock showed three-quarters of an hour gone, Warrington's voice from upstairs called hoarsely, 'Vicary!'

He paused a moment, breathless. Then another voice, far clearer and sweeter, but with just a faint tremor in it, repeated, 'Vicary!'

And then he flew upstairs as fast as his wound allowed him.—Exchange.

Profit is never without honour, even in its own country.

Talk as men shoot; make everything that you say hit the mark, and don't waste your ammunition.

MR. P. LUNDON, Phoenix Chambers, Wanganui, is still busy putting people on the soil. He has also hotels in town and country For Sale and To Lease Write to him.—*.*

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People We Hear About.

Sir Edward Braddon, Premier of Tasmania, is brother of Miss Braddon, the well-known novelist.

The Rev. John S. Chidwick, who was chaplain of the Maine at the time of its destruction in Havana Harbour, has been appointed by the Secretary of the Navy to be chaplain of the Washington Navy Yard.

Miss Adele Chevalier, the pretty sister of Mr. Albert Chevalier, both of whom are Catholics, is, like her brother, musical and artistic. She is known as the composer of some charming songs, one of which, 'My dream is of thee,' is very popular.

Mr. Grant Allen can boast of having English, Scottish, Irish and French blood in his veins. He was born in Kingston, Canada, fifty years ago, and one of his appointments, after a distinguished University career at Oxford, was that of principal of the then newly-established Government College at Spanish Town, Jamaica.

Mr. Rider Haggard, who is a farmer and J.P., as well as a novelist, lives at Ditchingham House, Norfolk. The house was formerly the property of Major Margitson, Mrs. Rider Haggard's father. Ditchingham House is rather plain without, but extremely tasteful within. Mr. Haggard farms the property himself, fiction on an average only occupying a few hours of the afternoon and evening.

Arthur Playfair, a leading light of the London stage, who married Miss Lena Ashwell a year or two ago, was educated first at the Oratory School at Edgbaston, under the late Cardinal Newman, and afterwards at Ascott College, near Birmingham. Having been formerly destined for the army, he spent a short time at the Oxford Military College before making his appearance behind the foot-lights.

The many readers of that excellent magazine *The Austral Light* will be interested to learn that the writer of the serials, *The Mysterious Secret*, and *On the Banks of the Swan River*, which have run through the pages of that publication, is a member of the Australian community of the Sisters of St. Joseph. This talented authoress, whose pen name is 'Una Roe,' intends to publish these two tales in book form, the proceeds to go for the benefit of her community.

Ada Rehan, who was born in Limerick, was, in the World Fairy days, adjudged worthy of a silver statue representing the lass o'Shannon banks as the most perfect type of American beauty. Miss Rehan has now a companion beauty. According to the *Union and Times*, of Buffalo, Mary O'Shea, a hard-working Irish girl, employed in the bindery of the *Lincoln State Journal*, has been adjudged by the commissioners of the Omaha exhibition the most beautiful woman in Nebraska.

The *Tuan Herald* of a recent date contained the following interesting paragraph:—We understand that the people of the electoral division of the Gort Union, where Lady Gregory resides, intend putting her name forward as a guardian for that division, and should she be elected it is not unlikely she will be chosen chair-woman of the union. Lady Gregory is an admirable woman of business. Lady Gregory is a well-known contributor to the magazines, her treatment of Irish subjects being distinguished by deep sympathy.

The most vigorous speaker among the Australian premiers is Mr. Kingston, and the most eloquent is Mr. Reid. Sir George Lurner is straightforward and earnest, but with no claims to oratory, while Sir Edward Braddon looks and talks like a British official. Sir John Forrest has a bluff heartiness which is very effective, but he has commanded West Australia for so long that he is somewhat impatient of interjection. Mr. Dickson, the new Queensland Prime Minister, seems to be entirely lacking in fire and fervour.

A Mass, which was most singular in its circumstances, was recently celebrated in the Church of the Jesuits, Gardiner street, Dublin. The celebrant, the Rev. William Kane, was ordained on the previous day. He had been a barrister and a leg 1 commissioner in South Africa. The assistant priests were his two brothers, the Rev. Robert and Patrick Kane, both Jesuits also, and the Mass was served by another brother named John. They are all relations of the late Sir Robert Kane, author of *The Industrial Resources of Ireland*, and of the distinguished Captain Kane, of the warship Calliope, who saved his ship by running her out to the open sea when half a dozen vessels of war and a dozen merchantmen were sunk in the harbour of Apia during a terrific tornado.

Six world's records were broken on American soil in amateur athletics during the past year. The figures altered were for throwing the 16-pound hammer, pole-vauling and running the high and low hurdles. Among the record-breakers is John Flanagan, of the New York Athletic Club, who upset the record tables for the weight twice in the season of 1898. He raised the figures for the 16-pound hammer from 150 feet 4 inches to 158 feet 4 inches. The first alteration took place at the Southern championships held in New Orleans. Here Flanagan cast the missile a distance of 153 feet 7 inches. Two weeks later, at New Jersey, the heretofore invincible Irishman met defeat at the hands of J. C. McCracken, of the University of Pennsylvania, who put the record to 153 feet 8 inches. The latter's triumph, however, was short lived. Flanagan, a fortnight later, at the spring sports of the New York Athletic Club, turned the tables on the student, and put the record where it stands to-day—at 158 feet 4 inches. He duplicated this performance at the autumn meeting of the New York Athletic Club, and would have put the record still higher had not the hammer got caught in the branches of a tree and hung suspended in the air. The muscular giant from Kilmallock, County Limerick, says that he believes that he has not reached his limit, and will try to put the record well above 160 feet before he quits the game.