

THE LATE DR. S. S. BRATTAIN  
and  
The National Youth Administration and North Carolina

1941





**THE LATE DR. E. S. GRATIAEN.**  
*Col. Surgeon, North Western and North Central Provinces.*

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*Born July, 20, 1845.*

*Died Sept., 20, 1899.*

*From a Photograph by Mr. A. W. Andree.*



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# THE CEYLON REVIEW

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## Here and There.

### The Doom of the Sword.



THE sword has hitherto been regarded  
as inseparable from the military  
officer; it has also been from time  
immemorial the weapon both of  
offence and defence as well as  
the emblem of the officer's dignity.

But though "the arbitrament of the sword"  
will probably continue to be a synonym for  
war, it seems that the officer's sword is  
doomed to take rank as but a mere  
ornamental appendage, to be discarded when  
its wearer proceeds on active service. Such,  
at least, is the judgment pronounced by  
Lieut.-Colonel C. H. Powell in an interesting  
article, entitled "The Invisibility of the  
Soldier," which appears in the December  
number of *Blackwood*. The sword neces-  
sarily renders the officer conspicuous, and  
therefore, helps to make him an object for  
the enemy's marksmen; and, although this  
is certainly not generally known to the civil-  
ian reader, an infantry officer never draws  
his sword save when his men are called  
upon to fix bayonets before assaulting a  
position or defending entrenchments before  
the onslaught of an enemy. The sword is,  
moreover (continues Colonel Powell), a  
decided encumbrance to an officer's free  
movement when manœuvring on hilly ground  
such as is found on the frontiers of India.  
As a matter of convenience, he generally  
takes it out of his Sam Browne belt and uses  
it as a walking-stick, and a very inferior one  
it makes at best. The sword is practically  
useless as a weapon of offence compared to  
the revolver, as the infantry officer is a poor  
swordsman, and knows very little of the art

### CONTENTS.

Frontispiece.—The Photograph of the  
late Dr. E. S. Gratian.

Here and There.

The Khedive.

Cyril Silvester.

The Prince on Gambling.

Short Story.

For Christmastide Parties.

Interesting to All.

In Memoriam.

Are Indian Jugglers Humbugs.

A Christmas Story.

"Mrs. Boer at Home."

Good Stories.

Toilet Hints & Aids to Beauty.

Our Local Sporting and Athletic Record:  
Cricket.

Our Calendar for November.



beyond what he works up for the annual inspection parade. The carbine, on the other hand, although heavier, is a handy article, and gives the officer a useful weapon of offence should he ever find himself in a tight corner and have to defend himself.

### The Folks at Home.

TOMMY, before battle, can be sentimental, although he does not always receive much encouragement from his harder-hearted comrades. Walking softly through the camp one night on the eve of battle a correspondent overheard a sentimental Seaforth Highlander say to a comrade, "Ah, Tam, how many thousands there are at home across the sea thinking o' us the night!" "Right, Sandy," replied his chum; "and how many millions there are who don't care a brass farthing. Go to sleep, you fool!" And silence fell upon that corner of the camp.

### "A Maist Uncommon Experience."

GENERAL GATACRE'S brush with the enemy at Stormbrink brings to mind the way in which he stands his face like flint against the issuance of the "drink" except water and "minerals" to the soldiers under his command in the Sudan. "This is a maist uncommon experience," wailed a Highland piper, "and yet can blaw wael eneuch still. Lord, mon! I hae been in places, e'en in England among the Sassenach, where I could get fou nigh after nigh, if I had liked, without its costing me a bawbee. But ne'er a drop here."

### Oom Paul's Old Coat.

HERE is a new and characteristic story of President Kruger. In the days when Johannesburg was a mining camp the tale goes, Oom Paul on one occasion was riding through in a very ordinary suit of clothes. He unsaddled by a wagon belonging to a German, who, not recognising him began to hold forth on the reforms he would make if he were ruler of the State. Suddenly Mr. Kruger took off his coat, and holding it towards the German, who was a little man, said, "Friend, put it on." "But," replied the latter, "it is too big." "Just so," said the President with a grim smile, "I'm Paul Kruger, and it is not too big for me."

### General Wauchope and the Tinker.

AN AMUSING STORY is told of General Wauchope shortly before he started for the last Soudan campaign. Walking along a country road near Niddrie, he met an old tinker whom he had known almost all his life. The tinker accosted General Wauchope: "Eh, laird," he said, "I hear ye're gaun aff tae the wars ance mair. Whan wull ye e'er get yer fill o' fechtin'?" The officer smiled, but made no reply. The tinker went on: "U'm thinkin' that'll be never, laird! I'm jist the same mysel', sir; I can ne'er get ma fill—but it's no fechtin', it's whusky." Needless to say the General took the hint.

### Red-Headed Wauchope.

WHEN, thirty-four years ago, General Wauchope joined the Black Watch at Stirling the innate smartness and recklessness of disposition of the red-poll'd ensign at once endeared him to a grim old Crimean drill-sergeant, who forthwith charged himself with his training. Concerning the latest accession to the commissioned strength of the 42nd, the man of stripes was wont to say: "That red-headed Wauchope chap wull either gang tae the de'il, or he'll dee Commander-in-Chief."

### A Timely Maxim.

STONEWALL JACKSON, one of the heroes of the American Civil War, believed in keeping his plans secret even from the Officers. On one occasion, it is related, General Jackson greatly annoyed some of his subordinate commanders because they had believed that he intended to do just the opposite of what he actually did. When Jackson was informed of the irritation of his generals, he merely smiled, and said, "If I can deceive my own friends I can make certain of deceiving the enemy." Nothing shook his faith in Frederick the Great's maxim, which he was fond of quoting: "If I thought my coat knew my plans I would take it off and burn it."

### The Tsar's Practical Lesson.

IN an illustrated life story of "The Most Powerful Young Man in Europe" in the "Young Man," some stories are told of Nicholas II. At the beginning of his reign



he put himself on the side of common sense in the Army by setting the officers a practical example which they are not likely to forget. A young lieutenant had offended his colleagues by riding in a tramcar in St. Petersburg, and was requested to resign. The story reached the ears of the Tsar, who at once took his seat in a tram and road down to the barracks. "Gentlemen," said the Emperor, "I hear that to ride in a tram is considered beneath the dignity of an officer in your regiment. I am your colonel, and I have just been riding in a tram. Do you wish me to send in my papers?" This little speech settled the matter.

#### Cabby and Bishop.

A GRAND WEDDING was being solemnised at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, London. On each side of the strip of carpet that extended from the church door to the kerb was a crowd of people watching the guests arrive. In the wake of a procession of equipages of the most aristocratic and well-appointed character came a four-wheeled cab, dingy and disreputable beyond belief. "Here! here!" shouted the policeman in charge, "you can't stop here! We're waiting for the Bishop of—." The cabman, says a correspondent of the "Liverpool Post," regarded the officer with a triumphant leer, as he climbed down from his seat and threw a ragged blanket over his skeleton steed. "It's all right, guv'nor," he said, "I've got the old buffer inside!"

#### Children's Sayings.

CHILDREN'S sayings are always amusing. Here are a few collected by a Chicago paper:—"Oh, look, mamma," said little Nellie, in an audible whisper, as a baldheaded man with a full beard entered the room, "there's a man whose hair has all growed down through his face." "Now, boys," said the Sunday school teacher, addressing the juvenile class, "who can tell me why St. Peter is always standing at the golden gates?" "Mebby he's layin' fer the fellers what robbed him to pay Paul," answered one small urchin. Little Clara, upon being censured by her mother for some small mischief she had been engaged in, say thinking it over for some time, and finally exclaimed, "Oh, how I do wish I had a little brother!" "Why do you wish that,

Clara?" queried her mother. "'Cos," was the reply, "this thing of being blamed for everything I do makes me tired."

#### 1,000 to 1 Against.

It is a small crumb of comfort to a man about to fight for his country to know that in battle not more than one in every 1,000 projectiles of all descriptions and weight take effect. Competent authorities state that on the average it takes a ton of shot to kill one man. For instance, it has been estimated that in the Crimean War the British and French troops fired between them the enormous amount of 45,000,000 projectiles, resulting in the death of only 51,000 Russians, while on their side the Czar's adherents killed some 46,000 of the allies with an expenditure of over 50,000,000 projectiles, this representing a death for every 1,087 shots fired. The American Civil War returns, which were got out with very great care, showed that the loss to both the Federals and Confederates was about 7 per cent. Of the forces engaged, to bring about which involved the expenditure of nearly 22 cwt. of ammunition per man.

#### Bombardment.

AT the siege of Metz during the Franco-German War, the Prussians fired no fewer than 197,000 projectiles upon the ill-fated town; but strange to say, less than 400 people were killed by them. Then at Trouville, two people only were killed after some 27,000 odd shells had been discharged. At Sedan, however, the aim of both the Germans and French showed a marked improvement, for after 24,000 projectiles had been fired nearly 9,000 French and Prussians were killed. For the Spanish-American War the returns showed a tremendous amount of shot and shell fired for very meagre results. Of course, in this case, although the mortality was not great, the damage to earthworks, fortifications, and Government buildings generally was enormous. Again, when the American Marines landed at Santiago, during a fusillade upon the enemy lasting two nights, the machine-guns and rifles alone accounted for the consumption of over 25,000 rounds of ammunition. Sixty-eight dead Spaniards were found as a result of this enormous expenditure of ammunition.

"WHAT can equal the warmth of a true woman's love?" asked the dearest girl. "Her temper," replied the savage old bachelor.



## The Khedive.

### A CHARACTER SKETCH.

**M**R. COURTLAND PENFIELD, late United States Consul-General at Cairo, has contributed to "The Muusey" an interesting article descriptive of the personality of the young Khedive of Egypt, with an account of his training and accomplishments, his amusements, his ambitions, and his life at his four palaces. Prince Abbas is described as a master of English, and, indeed, an accomplished linguist. During the course of an "audience day" we are told that it frequently happens that he discusses questions of State with the British and American diplomatic agents in excellent English, and with the representatives of France and Germany in faultless French, or in the choicest language of the Austrian Court; while later he conducts affairs with the Sultan's representatives in Turkish, not to speak of the day by presiding at a Council of Ministers, whose discussions are conducted in Arabic. The Khedive is described as a strict disciplinarian and a practical agriculturist, who has imported American farming machinery to illustrate the advantage of coming with modern appliances. Abbas is also a total abstainer from wine and spirits, in accordance with the injunctions of the Koran, and, though in a land where nearly everybody smokes cigarettes from morning until night, is equally rigid in abstaining from tobacco. The Khedive's consort, described by those who know her as "an attractive Circassian," resides with their three princesses in strict Mohammedan seclusion during the winter at the palace at Koubbeh, which is likewise the home of the Khedive's mother, who is not more than forty years of age, and is said to be exceedingly beautiful and accomplished." Mr. Penfield adds the following particulars of Abbas II. :—

A devout believer in the religion of the Koran, the Khedive has never taken advantage of the provision that allows the possession of four wives. He is a monogamist, as was his father, and it is largely owing to the example thus set that polygamy is now little practised by the more progressive Egyptians.

Hardly a man in public life has more than one wife; yet twenty years ago no well-to-do Egyptian household was considered complete without its full quota.

The Khedive has no harem in the European sense. Each of his palaces has its harem "division," but the term means simply that portion set apart for the Khedivah, the Khedivah mère, and their enormous entourage. Attendants are young Turkish women, coming chiefly from Georgia and Circassia, and are attired in picturesque garb of semi-European character. Although spoken of as "slaves," many of them have merely nominal duties, and in Europe might almost be regarded as ladies in waiting at court.

It was a woman of this class whom the Khedive took for his wife four years ago. The published accounts of the wedding may have shocked Western readers, in their ignorance of life in the East. It was strictly in accordance with Mohammedan custom, however, and the marriage was popular with Egyptians.

### How Kitchener Swallowed the Bullet.

A new book on the Soudan campaign, issued by Chapman and Hall, contains a very interesting story of Lord Kitchener. His recent fruitless pursuit of the Khalifa calls to mind an equally unsuccessful attempt to catch the evasive Osman Digna, near Suakin, several years ago, and of the whimsical wound (there is hardly another adjective for it) which he suffered on the latter occasion. Colonel Kitchener, as he then was, was struck by a bullet. The shot broke his jaw, and then went down his throat without doing further damage; but it fairly puzzled the doctors to find it, as Colonel Kitchener did not know till some time afterwards that he had swallowed it.

### See It ?

At a dance in the country a gilded youth from town was complaining that there was nobody fit to dance with. "Shall I introduce you to that young lady over there?" asked his hostess; "she is the daughter of the Countess of Ayr." Delighted, the young man assented, and after waltzing with the fair scion of a noble house, ventured to ask after her mother, the Countess of Ayr. "My father, you mean," said the girl. "No, no, no," said the bewildered youth, "I was asking after your mother, the Countess of Ayr." "Yes," was the reply, "but that's my father." Utterly at a loss, the young man rushed off in search of his hostess, and said the girl she had made him dance with was "quite mad, told him the Countess of Ayr was her father." "So he is answered the lady of the house; "let me introduce you to him, Mr. So-and-so, Mr. Smith, the country surveyor!"



## Cyril Silvester.

A TALE OF CEYLON SCHOOL LIFE

by

The Author of the *Mudaliyar's Daughter*.

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### PART 2.

#### CHAPTER THE THIRD.

##### *The Poojah.*

ON Friday, the last day of the examination, the boys were told by Mr. Newcome that they might, if they chose, remain for the Prize-giving. This function, which was to be held a fortnight after, was the first of the kind after the new Principal's arrival and had given promise of unprecedented success.

Just about this time also the *Poojah*, a great national annual procession of gorgeously caparisoned elephants, richly apparelled chiefs, maskers, dancers and tom-tom beaters had begun to promenade the town. The *Poojah* season was the most delightful part of the year to the Georgians, and in itself was a sufficient inducement to any boy to give up willingly a week of his holidays and spend it in school with his fellows. But to Cyril and his class-mates it was all the more delightful. They had no class to attend and consequently no lessons to prepare. So they knew they would be scot-free the whole day. Every boy therefore consented more readily than Mr. Newcome had expected to remain in school till the Prize-giving was over.

To be in school without work, free the whole day, in the company of one's class-fellows who are equally free, and with the near prospect of going home, is far more pleasant to a school-boy than to be actually spending his holidays at home.

When Cyril and his class-mates therefore left the examination room on Friday evening, with a sense of "something attempted something done," and the prospect of a fortnight's holiday at school during the most enjoyable season of the year prelude the longer period of holiday at home, they all felt as if the happiest moment of their lives had arrived. The past reposed behind them like a fruitful garden, the present was happiness unalloyed, and the future, as far as human eye could penetrate, opened before them with golden expectations. All those cares and troubles that worry the heads of school-boys in the shape of pentameters and hexameters, angles and triangles, in the exuberance of their delight they thought they would forever bury on the other side the Jordan of examination.

"I shall no more open my Cicero," exclaimed one as he ran, happy as a lark, up the steps leading to his room.

"Neither will I any more touch my Geometry," said his companion as he dashed that book on the table.

Cyril with the same light-heartedness began his holiday by writing a long letter home. He told his parents that the examination was now over; but that Mr. Newcome whom they had all begun to respect so much, had asked them to remain for the Prize-giving, and he would not therefore come home till that was over. He also told them that he had done well in all his papers, that the *Poojah* had now commenced and that they were therefore expecting a very pleasant time at school. He reminded them that Laurie and Harry would be coming to spend a part of their holidays with him, and informed Daisy for her especial edification that he was bringing home a green parrot, and concluded with love to his father, mother and Daisy and all the rest at Palm Grove.

This was not the only letter, nor the first either, that the boys had written home during that week. Already Her Majesty's post had conveyed several letters to country homes in different parts of the Island, telling the wonder-stricken recipients of these missives how their gallant son or noble brother had fared at the examination. Some of these had with innocent humour described graphically the fate of Obadiah Joshua and the strange malady that had seized him. Not satisfied with writing home, they were also anxious to tell them personally the adventures of that week, and astonish them with their scholarship.

None of these feelings were shared by our friend Obadiah Joshua, who was very miserable, and did not look anxious to himself in the school. He spent his time in lamentation. The school however was not aware of his lamentation was in every boy's heart.

Wednesday was the last and best day of the *Poojah*. Every night our young friends at St. George's had been out in the streets, following the procession with the crowd. During the day they amused themselves reading novels, or moping in their beds to make up for the hours robbed from the night, or by making long excursions into different parts of the surrounding country.

On Wednesday evening, one hour after dinner, Cyril and Harry Silva, in their night caps and each with a big club in his hand (called by courtesy a walking-stick) came in search of Maclean to his room. Maclean seated with his back to the light was trying to finish a story by Ballantyne which he had borrowed that morning from the Library.

"Aren't you coming to the *Poojah* to-night, Laurie?" asked Cyril entering the room.

"No, Cyril; excuse me. I would rather like to finish these two chapters."

"Rubbish!" cried Harry Silva, quietly seating himself on Maclean's bed, and overthrowing some books that were carelessly put on it. "You can finish your chapters to-morrow. There is no fear of a lecture for not knowing them!"

Cyril in the meanwhile leaning against an arm of the chair in which Maclean was seated reading,



and peering into the book over the latter's head, appealed entreatingly, "Oh do come, Laurie, like a good boy. This is our last night, you know; and when shall we again have such rare fun?"

"If you are so very anxious, Cyril, I shall come," said Maclean rising, and putting into its place in the fob the watch given him by Mrs. Silvester, that was on the table. "But we shall however not be out very long," he added.

"We shall be out till morning," said Harry Silva himself rising. "Haven't we already decided on that head, Cyril?"

"It was Nebuchadnezzar that was fond of being in the dew and rain like that. But I shall be back, say, by ten the latest," said Maclean pulling out his watch. It was now 8:30.

"We can decide the time for returning after we have gone," said Cyril.

When the three boys stepped out of the room, they found the outside world flooded with moonlight. A gentle shower of rain, sufficient only to convey a sense of delightful coolness to the atmosphere, had just fallen on the earth, producing a sort of transitory glimmer on the dripping trees, and much enhancing the beauty of the scene. It was full-moon night, and as Maclean looked around nature, sublimely reposing under the moon-beams, a calm, mysterious peace took possession of his soul. He was thinking of the night of Gethsemane when the Saviour of the world, ready to fulfil His Mission upon earth, was meekly pacing the moon-lit sward of His garden among the shadows of the sycamores and olive trees.

"I fancy it is a night like this that Christ was praying in the garden of Gethsemane," Maclean murmured to himself, as he thought.

"You are in a poetic mood to-day, Laurie!" Cyril answered.

The three boys were now passing the window through which they could see the faces of their less favoured school-fellows who were at preparation with long, unhappy faces. They had been given leave on their own choice to be out the previous night. And they were now at work, fretting about their imprisonment and envying the freedom of these three more favoured school-fellows. As Laurie beheld their faces and saw in them the expression of regret and disappointment, he was moved with pity for them and cast behind a long, lingering look.

When they emerged from under the palm trees of the quiet, shadowy St. George's premises and stood on the open public street of the town, the contrast was very great. Above them was a clear sky, lit up with a full moon, and one pale solitary star like a silver argosy majestically sailing in its blue depths towards an unknown destiny, inspiring into one's mind a thought of futurity. Around them continuous masses of humanity were surging like the waves of a troubled sea, villages and hamlets, far and near, had opened their several outlets, and were disgorging into the town thousands of simple-minded rustics, all bent on one object—joining in the great national procession. The three Georgians

put in their lot with the rest, and began to push their way onwards. Cyril and Harry Silva were in a light, jolly frame of mind, and were amusing themselves with the oddities and eccentricities of the men pressing around them. There were in the crowd timid Kandyan maidens and buxom Lowland lasses, displaying in their garb all the colours of the solar spectrum; grey-bearded *patres-familias* of a bygone age, simple in their manners, rustic in their bearing, yet withal kind-hearted in their nature, zealously guarding their daughters from behind; infants and sucklings on the breasts of their mothers, happily unaffected by the frivolous talk of the Georgians, screaming aloud as they were hustled by the thronging crowd.

Schoolboys when away from home in the company of other school-fellows, strange to say, forget very often that they have in their homes loving mothers and affectionate sisters. Cyril Silvester and Harry Silva had at that moment forgotten this important fact, and were now thoughtlessly making fun of other people's mothers and sisters, not to speak of their aged fathers.

But Maclean was silent and thoughtful. He was in a serious frame of mind and did not notice the talk of his companions. One great thought had possessed him. At last he gave utterance to it, and abruptly addressing his two light-hearted school-fellows said, "Do you recollect what Xerxes did when he saw the whole country covered with his army?"

"I suppose he made up his mind to molest some peaceful king!" answered Harry Silva thoughtlessly.

"No," said Maclean, "he burst into tears, recollecting that a hundred years hence not one of them would be alive. I wonder," he added, "how many of this crowd would be alive to join in the *Poojah* next year."

"Not surely some of those old fellows in their dotage!" replied Harry Silva, pointing to a company of aged hinds coming behind who, in their simplicity were wondering very much what the three young Georgians could so much admire in them.

"But what guarantee have you that the young will not die?" asked Maclean.

"Surely you are too moody and philosophic to-day," remarked Cyril cheering his companion, "It is the book you were reading that has upset you."

As Cyril uttered those words, the three boys came in sight of the blazing lights of a well-illuminated sherbet-shop, from whose window they could see displayed tempting sweets representing the best efforts of Bombay confectioners, delicious to the taste as Ambrosia, and drinks sweet as Nectar. A sherbet-shop is always a great temptation to schoolboys; but during the *Poojah* season it would tempt anybody.

Cyril told his companions to wait a minute for him, and elbowing his way through the crowd, startling while so doing two timid Kandyan maidens he went straight to the interior of the shop and filling both his pockets with the sweetest of the sweets, came back to his fellows



who were waiting for him. It took but a few minutes for the sweets to disappear between them, when his pockets were empty of the sweets he pulled out three cigars, also bought at the shop, and addressing Maclean said, "Can you guess what I hold in my hand?"

Maclean of course could not guess; nor could Harry Silva.

Cyril then retired a little aside, and striking a match to light his cigar and handing a second to Harry Silva, said puffing, "Will you also try a weed, Laurie; it is very light and can do no harm."

"No, thank you," answered Maclean somewhat coldly. "I can do without one."

But the other two were smoking. What is more, they were trying to out-Herod the most fashionable swaggerer of the street by putting one hand into their trousers-pocket and with the second and third fingers of the other holding the cigar in the most approved style then in vogue among the aforementioned class of very genteel persons, while their necks were also allowed to lean slightly to the right. As they thus strutted along the street, each one of them thought that he looked every inch a gentleman to the rest of the world. But the simple fact of the matter was that in their affected manner they looked ridiculous in the eyes of Maclean and every other sensible person.

They did not however smoke very long. For Dumbara cigars, especially as they had had no chance of smoking for some time, were not now so very pleasant, and therefore after a few whiffs they threw away the smouldering stumps on the pavement and resumed their natural gait so much more agreeable to them.

The smoking had however done one thing. Combined with the sweets they had eaten it produced in the two a feeling of thirst. When therefore they next came in sight of a sherbet-shop Harry Silva suggested to go in and slake their thirst.

The internal organisation of a school-boy's stomach is sometimes a puzzle to men who have forgotten the time they were themselves school-boys. In the very presence of huge cones of *muttai*, pyramids of *muscat* and other unintelligibly named sweets of Bombay confectionery the appetites of our three youngsters were again sharpened. Not satisfied therefore with simply slaking their thirst they ordered a table of sweets to be spread. As they sat round their spirits also rose. Even Maclean's poetic day-dreams vanished, and to the intense delight of the other two talked quite gaily.

"This reminds me," said Cyril filling his mouth with a handful of *muttai*, "of the coffee houses one reads of in Addison—the *Grecian*, the *Cocoa-tree*, the *Kil-cat* and the like, whither people of lazy temperaments resorted to discuss politics, literature and other silly stuff!"

"We shall make this our coffee house in future and call it the *Elephant* in memory of our visit here to-day." The speaker was Maclean.

"And," suggested Harry Silva, "frequently visit it to discuss politics."

"The old fellow besides is very obliging and his *muttai* remarkably good," said Cyril taking another mouthful of the sweets.

"It beats the sweets you once received by post," put in Harry Silva somewhat mischievously.

Cyril turned suddenly serious. The recollection of the sweets by post reminded him of his days of innocence. "My father would not have liked to see me smoke to-day, Harry," he abruptly said.

"No; he would have been awfully grieved," remarked Maclean seizing opportunity by the forelock. "Well then I'll promise you, Laurie, I'll never again smoke." It was not simply the recollection of Daisy's sweets that inspired Cyril into this sudden resolution. He had not smoked now for some-time, and the heated atmosphere of the close sherbet-shop made him feel seedy.

"I hope, Cyril, you will stick to your word," said Maclean shaking him by the hand.

After all the sweets had disappeared they ordered three glasses of iced sherbet. Having done ample justice to these also they sent for a fourth glass. "This," said Cyril, "is the cup of friendship and good-will. We'll in this forget the past." So saying he drank of it and passed it on to the other two. It seemed as if coming events had cast a shadow on them.

The *Poojah* was in the meanwhile in full swing. Outside, the town was full of loud noises. The three Georgians met the procession as they stepped out, and kept following at a slow pace behind three gorgeously caparisoned elephants.

But after some time even they got tired of this. So Maclean induced the other two to visit some other part of the town where the air was more pure. Having thus staid for about half-an-hour in the least crowded quarters of the town, they were about to turn back, when they noticed the procession taking the direction in which they were going. The three boys thereupon agreed to post themselves on the pavement at an angle formed by two cross streets, and from that coign of vantage watch the whole scene as it passed on before them and then return to St. George's. So they took up a position together, and with their united efforts were just able not to be pushed aside by that ever-increasing sea of humanity that was now threatening to engulf them. They thus viewed about half of that long procession. Thirty elephants had already gone past them, with their attendant maskers, tom-tom beaters, dancers and gorgeously apparelled chiefs. And there was an equal number to follow. But suddenly there was a tremor in that mighty crowd. It was followed by a panic. Then a tremendous rush of men, pressing, dashing, crushing one against the other. The three Georgians no longer able to retain their footing fell prostrate on the ground and were lost in that vast crowd.

One of the tuskers had seized his keeper.

The tumult gradually subsided. Maclean first regained his footing and discovering the other



two still on the ground helped them to their feet. Their first thought on being thus enlarged was to run away from danger. "This will never do," exclaimed one of them looking scared, "we'll go back to school"—nor were the other two unwilling to follow his advice. But it was no easy task to disentangle themselves from that enormous crowd. Detached groups of excited men, women and children were madly running in every direction, impeding their progress. Through this awful confusion did the three boys try to push their way, they had not gone a couple of yards when again there was a rush more terrific than before, the three boys were torn one from the other and were thrown headlong in the most dangerous parts of the street.

The tusker had now killed his keeper and was furiously trumpeting.

The stampede that followed was worse than the first. Everybody turned to fly, tramping recklessly over the fallen. The crowd was more ungovernable than the raving, infuriated brute. Men, women and children were scattered everywhere like timid sheep scared by the wolf. The air was full of confusion and noise of wailing women, screaming children and howling men. Above them all rose by fits the horrid yells of the bellowing monster.

It took several minutes before the miscreant beast could be brought under control. When this was done and the panic ceased, the damage done was found to be considerable. Several people appeared with their faces bleeding. Some had their shins and joints dislocated. Others were mangled. Some again had been robbed of their purses, shell combs, and many a woman had lost that night the loss of valuable jewellery.

Cyril and Harry Silva, when everything was quiet, shook the dust from their coats and stood still to survey what bruises they had sustained. One of them felt a burning sensation on his thigh. The outer skin had evidently been bruised by the heel of a shoe that had trodden on it. The other felt an aching pain in his leg, and the blood was slowly oozing out of the wound. But on the whole neither of them had received worse injury than might not be remedied by a free application of Friar's Balsam. Then they looked for their other comrade in misfortune. But he was not to be found, and they had not seen where he had fallen. They searched around them, looked in every nook and corner, made inquiries of twenty men that chanced to meet them; but yet no intelligence of Maclean was forthcoming. Then they found an excited group of men in the outer verandah of an eating-house, whispering and moving uneasily about as if there were something of grave consequence there.

In the centre of the group stood a constable whose red cap they could discern by the aid of a flickering light that was dimly burning in the interior. Cyril elbowed his way through the men, whom more than once pushed him aside thoughtlessly as an intruder that was not wanted. He had however in him the spirit of a Georgian that had now fought many a battle and gained many a victory

among his own equals, and his dormant courage awoke. He firmly pushed through the crowd and, creating an opening, gained the very centre of the group. And what did he see there? He stared breathless for a moment on what met his eyes—then exclaimed, "Oh, Laurie, here he is. What could be the matter with him!" A silence followed. The prostrate form that lay before him froze the flow of any further speech.

The other Georgian had in the meanwhile appeared on the scene. He, too, gazed in silence and with ugly forebodings on the unconscious form of Laurie Maclean. Yes; it was he, their comrade in misfortune, now stretched upon a bed, his beautiful pale face moist with perspiration, and white as a sheet. The fair curls of his head were all tainted red, and the pillow on which it was resting was covered with pools of curdling blood.

Cyril gazed a while in silence. Then seizing the unconscious boy by the hand, and pressing it in his, he exclaimed with a depth of feeling that touched the most obdurate heart there, "Oh Laurie, dear Laurie, speak; surely you are not dead!"

"No, child," answered an old woman who had just come back with a cup of cold water, "he will be all right soon."

"Then send for the doctor," said Cyril impatiently and turning to his companion, "run up quick to the school, Harry, and inform Mr. Newcome and bring Dr. Gracie. I'll watch here till then."

While Harry ran on his errand with all possible speed, Cyril set to the loving task of tending his unfortunate school-fellow.

At the gate of St. George's Harry Silva met Mr. Ratnaik who was himself returning from the *Poojah* somewhat ruffled in his exterior.

"Why this scare, Silva. I hope you were not much hurt. Where are the other fellows?"

"Oh, Sir, Maclean is seriously injured. He is lying unconscious there, and I have come to inform Mr. Newcome."

"What! Has anything very serious happened to him?"

"It looks serious. He is covered all over with blood and does not talk. Silvester is by him, taking care of him."

When Mr. Ratnaik and Harry Silva knocked at the Principal's door with ill-tidings of Maclean, Mr. Newcome was in bed. He came out in his dressing gown armed with a candle and ascertaining the nature of the disturbance at the *Poojah* and as much of Maclean's own condition as he could glean, quickly changed and ran down in the direction indicated by Harry Silva, accompanied by them both.

Cyril was in the meanwhile lovingly watching the patient, who was still unconscious, and trying to stanch the blood with his pocket-handkerchief. When Mr. Newcome arrived he was seated on the bed where Maclean was lying, zealously busy in his labour of love.

Mr. Newcome made a hasty survey of the nature of the injuries and quickly dispatched his assistant to bring Dr. Gracie. The doctor on arriving recommended the boy to be at once removed to the hospital. So Mr. Newcome put him into a



carriage, and sent him ahead with the doctor and the two boys, while he himself and Mr. Ratnaïke followed behind on foot. When the latter arrived, they found the doctor had already dressed the wounds. The case was discovered to be serious. Maclean had fallen on a sharp stone and sustained severe injuries to the head. But they were not the only injuries. There were fractures besides.

Dr Gracie told the matron on leaving that very great care must be taken of the patient, and that he must be allowed perfect quiet.

Mr. Newcome sent the other two boys to bed, having taken them to the Bungalow and given them some hot tea. He himself then came back to the hospital, and kneeling by the bed-side of the unconscious charge, commended him in the presence of Mr. Ratnaïke and the matron to the tender mercy of God.

## PART 2.

### CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

#### *The Sick Room.*

CYRIL and Harry Silva slept soundly till the second bell for school woke them. When they were up their first feeling was one of intense misery, in addition to the unhappiness that generally attends people who rise late in the day. When all the genial influences of morn are lost, the recollection of the previous night's accident cast a gloom over their minds. Their bodies too were now aching. But the anxiety for Maclean's safety that each boy felt was more especially the ground of their uneasiness.

When Cyril had roused himself up, and was seated on his bed, preparatory to leaving the room, Harry Silva entered and startled him with the question, "Have you heard anything of the state of Maclean. Cyril?"

"No. Have you?" asked Cyril.

"No. I have come to inquire. Shall we go up together and find out from the matron?"

So the two boys went up together. They met the matron coming out of the hospital room where Maclean had been removed the previous night. They were going to speak to her; but before they had said anything she overtook them, and exclaimed in a subdued voice, "how very ill you both look!" Cyril and Harry Silva took no notice of her fears concerning themselves. "How is Maclean this morning!" they both inquired. The good lady put her hand to her mouth, and imposed silence. Then without answering their question, took them both to her own room, and making them sit on two chairs, herself sat opposite to them, and with a grave face began, "poor boy! He is very ill, and Dr. Gracie doubts his ever recovering."

An altogether new idea flashed at once into their souls. It had never before seriously entered the mind of either of them that a young healthy

child full of life and spirits and innocent fun could die. But now to be solemnly told by the matron that the doctor despaired of the life of Laurie Maclean, one of their own associates, a boy with whom they had so often shared their joys and sorrows, was quite a startling and novel idea to them. It made them both for the time being thoughtful and serious.

The matron continued,—“he was delirious during several hours of the night, and in the delirium spoke of you. His waking thoughts were also about you. On gaining consciousness he inquired whether you were safe; on what part of the road you had fallen; and how you had managed to escape unhurt.”

“Would we be allowed to see him?” Cyril inquired.

“I fear not for the present. Dr. Gracie has not been here yet this morning, and he was very particular that the boy should be allowed perfect rest and not be disturbed on any account.”

“Will you then inquire from the doctor when he comes if he would let us see him?”

Cyril and Harry Silva were not the only boys who were solicitous of news of Maclean. At morning prayers that day the principal publicly announced from the platform the nature of the accident to Maclean, and asked their prayers on his behalf. He said that the case was considered very serious, and that it was difficult yet to say whether he would rally round or succumb to the effects of the injuries, and he himself concluded prayers with a petition offered for his suffering pupil. The news cast a gloom over the school, many of the boys had prevailed of the accident. But the effect produced was vastly different. Until then the boys had solemnly announced it to their parents, were not really aware how much they owed Maclean, how much they owed him. As soon as they were free from class, several groups of boys were seen loitering about the hospital-room and the matron's quarters.

Cyril and Harry Silva waited for the doctor at 10 o'clock; and on his coming out of the hospital inquired from him whether they could be allowed to see the patient. Dr. Gracie was a genuinely kind-hearted man. He told the boys that it would be dangerous to disturb the patient, and added, “would you not therefore rather forego for his sake the pleasure of seeing him just at present?” They were both willing for Laurie's sake not to disturb him, and contented themselves to live in the hope of being allowed to see him some day.

The reports about Maclean were at first favourable. His fresh and vigorous youth seemed to overcome the strain caused by the fall and the injuries and the exhaustion from loss of blood; and there was room for hope. Dr. Gracie visited him twice every day and did all he could for the patient. The matron too was unremitting in her attendance and nursed him very tenderly, Mr. Newcome saw him every evening, and very often in the mornings as well, and held prayers in the sick-room, sometimes in the hearing of the



patient, sometimes without his knowledge. As for Mrs. Newcome, whose visits to the hospital during times of sickness many a Georgian remembers in afterlife with grateful affection, she was constant in her devotion; when it was possible to speak to the patient without exciting him, she conversed with him on heavenly things, and was pleased to find the calm resignation of the boy, and the depth of his simple, child-like faith in his heavenly Father.

Preparations for the prize-day were in the meanwhile progressing outside. Maclean could occasionally hear from his room the rehearsal of a glee the boys were practising for the prize-giving, and he listened to it cheerfully. It did his heart good, in the lonely confinement of the sick-chamber, to hear the merry voices of his school fellows singing so lustily outside.

On Wednesday, just one week after the accident at the *poajah*, the boys were given a half holiday to busy themselves in completing the decorations for the morrow, which was to be their prize-day. On that day Cyril's spirits sank particularly low within him. He was filled with bitter memories of the past. He was carried in thought back to similar occasions of years gone by, when his now-prostrate comrade—prostrate perhaps never again to rise from his bed of suffering, and share their future joys and sorrows—was hale and hearty, and foremost in everything that made their self-imposed labours of love for the prestige of the school light and cheerful. He sighed to think how many years Maclean was among them full of buoyant spirits, the soul of every body about with sweating brow on Saturdays to gather ferns or pick wild flowers in the jungle, whose very dingles seemed to echo the clear, plain, plaintive voice he shouted to them; and how late at night, putting up floral emblems of the St. George's coat-of-arms on the walls, encouraging those similarly engaged with yarns that made the tedious hours glide merrily away, and protesting by his own example against the absence of *esprit de corps* in those who, with hands flung deep into their trousers pockets, considered it the best thing to be seen lounging about with uppish, aristocratic airs of their own importance while the rest were hard at work. But now he, the purest and the best of them, was a poor invalid; while they, the less deserving, were in the free and full enjoyment of their youth and strength. Cyril could not understand the justice of such a decree; and although he knew it not he was complaining against the merciful Providence of a just and merciful God. He forgot at that moment that His ways are not man's ways, and that he can, and truly does, overrule the most adverse circumstances to subvert the ultimate good of those that love him, even when they do not understand the "why" and the "wherefore." Cyril was bitter with himself and everybody else: bitter with himself for the irreconcilable fate of his school fellow, and with everybody else because they would not permit him to talk to Maclean and tell

him how much he had suffered for him. So, while the rest of the boys were beginning to run about, full of mirth and glee, like birds suddenly let out of their cages, Cyril was on his bed alone and in a fretting mood. He was not long in that state when he became suddenly aware of the words of a well-known hymn, wafted in the air, as it was carelessly hummed by a thoughtless school boy who was strolling past his room.

*"God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform."*

"Yes," thought Cyril, "his ways are really mysterious," and repeating to himself over again the words of the hymn, sprang out of bed and carelessly walked down-stairs. There he met Dr. Gracie. He was returning from Maclean's room. "It was you I was looking for," the doctor accosted him. "Maclean was speaking to me about you, and he wished to be allowed to see you. It can now do him no real harm to talk to you provided you say nothing that would in any way excite him. You can, if you like, take your friend also with you.

"Thank you, Doctor, shall we see him immediately?"

"Yes, on the understanding that you won't excite him. Any little excitement will be dangerous."

This was what Cyril wanted above all things at that moment. He yearned to see Maclean and tell him how much he had longed to see him, how much he had thought about him. So he excitedly ran in search of Harry Silva, and the two boys went up together into the sick-room. They found the matron at the entrance. "Take very great care that you don't excite him," she also said in a low whisper. "Oh, no, we shall be very particular," said Cyril, timidly knocking at the door that was lying ajar. "Come in," answered a faint, yet withal clear voice from within. It was the well-known voice of their friend though feeble now through weakness. The two boys entered noiselessly, treading with caution what seemed to them at that moment to be holy, sacred ground. The room in which Maclean had lingered and suffered was by reason of their long separation hallowed in their imagination. Full of awe and on tiptoe they entered the room as if they were going into the presence of a superior being.

Maclean was lying on a sofa by the window, gazing abstractedly on the flitting clouds above him. When he heard the tread of the school-fellows' feet he turned his eyes in their direction. The two boys, with that same feeling of awe, knelt by the sofa and looked thoughtfully on the pallid face of the sick boy. What a change that week of suffering had wrought on that face! It was still bright and cheerful; but there was nevertheless something mysterious about it all that made them both feel a vague, undefined horror. Cyril uneasily mumbled something. Maclean, who noticed his embarrassment, came to the rescue and said:

"You never know how much I have longed to see you, dear fellows."



"And so have we longed to see you," said Cyril, "but what a shame Dr. Gracie would not let us."

"The matron has told me all about your efforts to see me," Maclean answered, throwing one feeble arm round Cyril's neck, and with the other pressing Harry Silva's hand. "But I am now a prisoner in Dr. Gracie's hand. He is, however, a merciful jailor."

In that state they talked long and freely and turned the conversation to various topics—the adventure of the *Poojah* night, the 'Elephant' Club, their "Coffee house," the prize-giving, etc. When they were about to leave Maclean spoke about the holidays. The other two had purposely avoided alluding to that subject lest the recollection of it might make the sick boy sad. But Maclean talked about it quite gaily. "So you would be going home on Saturday," he said. "I hope you will both enjoy yourselves well at Piyagama, and tell the good folk there why I shall not be with you this time. Before you come back you will probably hear good news of the examination."

Cyril told him that the people at Palm Grove had already heard from him of the accident on the *Poojah* night, and that his mother had written to him by the last mail inquiring how Maclean progressed, "and now I am so happy, Laurie," he added, "to be able to tell them that I have been allowed to see you and have found out for myself that you are progressing so splendidly."

Again the next day Cyril visited the sick boy. The prize-giving, which as everybody had expected was an unqualified success, was now over; and the numerous visitors that had come to grace the occasion were pouring out of the gaily-decorated hall. While the other Georgians were hanging about the doors and windows to admire the ladies or congratulate the prize-winners, Cyril hurried past through them all and sought the sick-chamber. Maclean was waiting expectantly to hear news of the function. Cyril talked to him about it quite freely and eagerly, telling the sick boy how this one went for his prize, how the other trod on the corns of an unsuspecting young lady, and how they both blushed, who the speakers were with full comments on each, what the report dealt about, how the singing had been received, etc., forgetting all the while that his talk might weary Maclean. "Even old Joshua came to grace the occasion," he added, "and didn't the fellows 'utulate' his arrival. But every one missed you very much, old fellow. You will, however, figure conspicuously next year when you go to receive your university certificate, and a score of prizes to boot."

Maclean listened to all this in silence, and when he had ceased to talk he calmly said, "but what if I die before next year!"

"Oh no, you cannot, you must not die," Cyril said. "You are getting on so splendidly."

Presently the dinner bell of St. George's chimed. "Hallo, that's the sweetest music in a

Georgian's ear," Cyril shouted, and prepared to hurry down. But Maclean asked him to stay a little longer. "Surely you are not so very hungry as all that," he said; "I'll tell the matron to have your dinner taken to your room, and you can talk on a little longer."

The evening shadows were now beginning to fall over the everlasting hills, and the crows, after the days foraging, were, preparatory to their retiring for the night, clamorously wheeling in circles round the top of a tall jak tree close to the sick boy's window, playfully chiding with one another in the air. Among them one crow in particular who appeared less happy than his fellows attracted Maclean's attention. "Do you remember that queer chap with the piece of tin attached to his leg?" he said, pointing to the sickly looking old crow, from whose glossy coat several dark feathers had been plucked off.

"Isn't it funny!" Cyril exclaimed. "That's our friend, the one we caught tripping in the dining hall the other day. I wonder what it has to tell his fellows of his strange experience among a gang of rowdy Georgians!"

"But they don't admit him into their society," Maclean explained. "These crows must be having among them some such law like Cleisthenes' ostracism. I have been watching him every evening, trying to get into their company, but they peck him out. I wish, Cyril, we hadn't labelled him."

"Poor fellow, what a pity! But we cannot now undo the mischief. I cannot trust him—self again into our hands."

Cyril was with Maclean until it was quite late, and when they parted both were both happy. Cyril indeed thought that he would be his old self again in a few days.

Again the next day Cyril visited him twice. On the second occasion he sat long and late, talking about the holidays and various other things. As Cyril was to start for home on the morrow, they were both inclined to drag the conversation on to a late hour. And when at last Cyril unwillingly rose to bid him good-bye, he lovingly stooped over the head of his sick companion, and with the feelings of a brother, imprinted an affectionate kiss on his forehead, and with moistened eyes bade him one deep, passionate *au revoir*.

(To be continued.)

### Sir Redvers Buller.

In spite of the amount of work Sir Redvers Buller expects to crowd into the next few months, he intends to find time for a little play, judging by the number of books he carried with him when he left England for the Cape. Not only has he a stock of old favourites, but five pounds' worth of the latest books published.

To print the General Orders, Sir Redvers has taken with him a typewriter in place of the clumsy old hand-press of days gone by.



## The Prince on Gambling.

IN the life of archbishop Benson, there is an interesting letter from the Prince of Wales. It refers to the Prince's "horror of gambling":

My dear Archbishop.—Your kind letter of the 10th inst. has touched me very much—as I know the kind feelings which prompted you to write to me on a subject which we have discussed together and which you are aware has caused me deep pain and annoyance.

A recent trial which no one peqlores more than I do—and which I was powerless to prevent—gave occasion for the Press to make most bitter and unjust attacks upon me—knowing that I was defenceless, and I am not sure that politics were not mixed up in it! The whole matter has now died out, and I think therefore it would be inopportune for me in any public manner to allude again to the painful subject which brought such a torrent of abuse upon me, not only by the Press, but by the Church and especially the Nonconformists.

They have a perfect right, I am well aware, in a free country like our own, to express their opinions. I do not consider that they have a right to jump at conclusions regarding myself without knowing the facts.

I have a horror of gambling, and should always do my utmost to discourage others who have an inclination for it, as I consider that gambling, like intemperance, is one of the greatest curses which the country could be afflicted with.

Horse-racing may produce gambling or it may not, but I have always looked upon it as a manly sport which is popular with Englishmen of all classes—and there is no reason why it should be looked upon as a gambling transaction. Alas! those who gamble will gamble at anything. I have written quite openly to you, my dear Archbishop, whom I have had the advantage of knowing for so many years.

Thanking you again for your kind letter and trusting that you will benefit by your holiday.

Believe me, sincerely yours,

ALBERT EDWARD.

## Short Story.

### WORSE THAN MAJUBA.

#### AN OLD SOLDIER'S STORY.

FEAR, panic-stricken fear, was what I never really felt but once in a long spell of fighting for my country," said a grizzled veteran the other day during a talk on the chance of war with the Boers.

"At Majuba? No," he replied, in a tone full of contempt. "Although the Dutchies potted my comrade like rabbits, I never remember feeling funky, anyway. And if you could ask the boys who fought shoulder to shoulder with me at Delhi, or at Taku, or in Afghanistan, or Burmah, they'd tell you straight that Jemmy Naylor's face never blanched in the worst of the infernal holes we got into."

"Not on the battlefield; where, then?" we asked.

"Listen! We were at war with John Chinaman at the time. One black night me and my chum, Kelly, were told off to relieve the magazine guard in our Hong Kong cantonment. Such a hush was in the air that night that the very silence gave me a downright creepy feeling. Well, I'd not long mounted guard when I heard something moving away up on the smudge of rock that overhung the magazine to a height of fully thirty feet. To say that I was a bit nervous would be to put it a trifle mild. I was in a dreadful funk. I could not help thinking that something not natural was going to happen. Perhaps the way I had brooded over the quietness—it was positively like the grave—made these queer notions enter my head, but they were there, whether or no.

"A minute passed, and then there was a noise like the tramp of a battalion over grass—so it seemed to me, at any rate. It was quite regular at first, and then it changed to four distinct taps, repeated three times, just as if someone was signalling. Suddenly the tapping stopped, and a deep groan followed, and after that some weaker ones. What in the name of the powers can it be, thought I. It was plainly my duty to find out, so I quietly went to the end of the magazine and looked up to the top of the cliff, where it met the stars. And call me a coward if you will, but when I saw a horrible looking object with big burning eyes glaring straight at me, and just ready to make a spring, my blessed knees shook as if I'd got the ague, and I nearly dropped my rifle from sheer fright. In fact, I was never more sure of anything in my life than that thing up there was no other than the devil himself."

Here the old fellow looked scared enough to



make one believe that he was actually undergoing his hair-stirring experience.

"The devil!" we could not help exclaiming.

"Yes," he went on, doggedly; "just as you see him in pictures. And what did I do, after muttering a prayer for the salvation of my soul, but up with my rifle and let fly. An unearthly cry went up almost paralysing me with terror, and the thing fell with an awful crash right at my feet. Then, ashamed as I am to confess it, I ran for dear life. In my mad haste I tumbled over Kelly, who afterwards told me that I was just ramming home another charge with all my might.

"What's up, Jemmy?" gasped Kelly, for I'd about knocked the wind out of him.

"The devil's been up, up there," says I, pointing to the cliff brow; "and I've brought him down with the first shot."

"Murder!" says Kelly, and off he bolted.

"My chum had no sooner cleared off, worse scared than me, if he possibly could be, than up comes the sergeant of the guard with four men at the double. Judging by the uproar, indeed, the whole cantonment was aroused. They must have thought the Chinese had kidnapped some more of our sentries.

"Who fired that shot?" demanded the sergeant, a bit savagely.

"Me," says I.

"What for?" says he.

"I fired at the devil," says I, and truth I believed it.

"Where was he?" asked he, in a shaky kind of voice.

"Up in that corner," says I, "you can go and look for yourselves."

"Not they. A regiment wouldn't have shifted them.

"You're mad," thundered the sergeant. "Arrest him, guard."

"So they popped me into the guard room, and stripped me of my accoutrements. In vain I protested that if it wasn't the devil it was something very much like him, and inquired of the sergeant, "why didn't you look for it at the corner of the magazine?"

"Pshaw! man," was all he said, as he went off to report the matter to the Sergeant-Major.

"To him, I got to know next day, he said that I was raving about havin' shot the devil. Now, I was well known to the Sergeant-Major, and, indeed, to all my superiors as one of the smartest and most reliable men in my troop, and he immediately replied, "There's something in it beyond a doubt; I'll see what the Adjutant has to say."

"The Adjutant, they told me, asked pretty sharply if they'd looked in the corner, and on being informed they hadn't he burst into a big rage, and swore that the sergeant must be the madman instead of me. Well, what should they all do but come to the guard-room. I was ordered to get my rifle again and put on my belt. A lantern was fetched, and away we went to find his Satanic Majesty. The Adjutant flashed the

light on the ground, and then set up a regular shriek of a laugh. "Satan" was only a big wild goat, which I'd shot clean through the chest. The beggar had an enormous body, and horns curving right over on to his back.

"Chaffed? I should just think I was. There was nearly a vacancy in our troop several times that night.

"Our Colonel, who had me before him next morning, says to me, 'Private Naylor, they tell me you killed the devil last night.'

"I told him I certainly thought it was that personage.

"If it had been," says he, "you'd have rid the world of a very terrible enemy," and then they all burst out laughing. "But," the old gentleman went on, "so long as you are in the British Army, Private Naylor, and have a rifle, when on guard, don't hesitate to use it on any object you think suspicious."

"You scored that time. Naylor—eh?" we suggested.

### A Good Story

The Bishop of London told an amusing story the other day. A governess, by way of illustrating the Christian virtues to a young pupil, took a piece of bog-myrtle, and, squeezing it in her hands, observed that its odour only came out when the leaves had been crushed. Shortly afterwards her pupil misbehaved himself, and was asked to remember what the bog-myrtle taught him. "When you pinch a man," he replied sulkily, "when you pinch a man he smells."

### How to Cook a Husband.

In selecting your husband you should not be guided by the silvery appearance, as in buying mackerel, or by the golden tints, as if you wanted salmon. Be sure to select him yourself, as tastes differ. Don't go shopping for him, as the best are always brought to your door.

When bought, tie him in the saucepan with a strong cord called Comfort, as the kind called Duty is apt to be weak. Husbands sometimes fly out of the saucepan and become burnt and rusty on the edges, since, like lobsters and oysters, you have to cook them alive.

Make a clear, strong, steady fire out of Love, Neatness and Cheerfulness. Set him as near this as seems to agree with him. If he sputters and fizzes don't be anxious. Some husbands do this until they are quite done.

Add a little sugar in the form of Kisses, but no vinegar or pepper. A little spice improves husbands, but it must be used with judgment.

Don't stick any sharp instrument into him to see if he is becoming tender. Stir him gently, watching the while lest he should lie too close to the saucepan and so become tasteless.

You cannot fail to know when he is done. If thus treated you will find him very digestible, agreeing nicely with you and the children.



## For Christmastide Parties.

### SOME SIMPLE CHARADES.

**T**HE first and most important thing about a charade is—that it shall be funny. People like to laugh; especially at Christmas time they want to simply roar with merriment.

We will, therefore, select words for acting, that shall provoke some ridiculous situations. Moreover, they shall be easy of adaptation, requiring only the simplest properties to suggest the scenes. And we will act them without speaking, so that they can be done at once—this evening if you like—without any tiresome preparatory learning of parts.

Now let us imagine the evening of our Christmas party to be somewhat advanced. We have danced, we have sung, we have played games, and we have kissed (under the mistletoe of course), and now the eldest of us are feeling just a wee bit comfortably tired.

#### THE STAGE AND THE PLAYERS.

This is the stage for charades! We seat everybody on the actors—in one half of the room, reserving the other half with the door (our exit and entrance) for the performance. If it is a double door with folding doors, so as to more completely divide the stage from the auditorium, so much the better. But the doors must be left open, and no curtains used, as the preparation for each scene will cause much speculative amusement among the spectators.

Our first word shall be "Music." The syllables need not be spelt in the same way but they must sound identical, thus: "mu-sick," "mew-sick."

For the syllable "mew" we will put upon the stage a rout seat or row of chairs to represent a bed; a pillow and a rug for the covering will complete the illusion.

#### THE SLEEPER AWAKENED.

Now, one of us—a gentleman is best—puts a night-shirt over his clothes, takes a candle with him into the room, and gravely proceeds to bed. Has only just settled down for the night, and has begun to snore comfortably, when he is disturbed by the plaintive voice of a cat outside (one of us, of course, being the cat). He awakes, and, recognising the

sound, resolutely stops up his ears with the bed-clothes. The cries increase. He jumps up frantically, and going to a supposed window, throws imaginary articles, one after the other, out at the offending animal. All is quiet! With a smile of triumph he again retires to rest. No sooner does his head touch the pillow than the wretched cat-a-wauling recommences. He gets out of bed, and taking rug and pillow, goes resignedly to seek some more quiet part of the house. This completes the syllable "mew."

#### WHAT HO! SHE ROLLS.

For "sick" we arrange two rout seats or rows of chairs to represent the opposite seats on the deck of a boat. A miniature flag or handkerchief is erected on one of the seats, and at one end a small board is raised on a hassock for the gangway. Here one of us stands, in sailor cap and smoking a pipe, to hand the people in.

Soon the passengers arrive. They are enveloped in shawls, great coats, mufflers, etc., and they carry all the bags and paraphernalia incidental to a journey.

All on deck, the gangway is withdrawn, and the passengers wave a frantic good-bye to their friends on shore. For a while all goes well, though, by the motions of those on board, the vessel seems to roll a good deal. Soon, however, distinct signs of uneasiness are observed. Everyone seems to be in pain, and finally they are "sick." This concludes the second syllable.

For illustrating the entire word the whole company of performers may be pressed into service to play upon imaginary musical instruments, one of us acting as conductor, and all of us humming between closed lips some well-known tune.

#### CHARADE No. 2.

This completes the word "Music"—which word of course the audience will try to guess. For the next charade we will take "Ad-here," and act it as add-hear. First we arrange a small table at front of stage, with pen and ink. Accountant walks in, seats himself, and begins to add up long columns of figures. Then one after the other we infest him with long accounts, all to be added to his column. His hair gets wild, and he almost distracted, but he accomplishes it at last and walks off triumphant.

This finishes "add."

"Hear," we will manage in this way. A lady of the party sits in a chair at centre of stage, and seems to be very distressed about



something. We—her friends—go in and anxiously inquire what is the matter (that is, we act the question); but she shakes her head mournfully and points to her ears. We put our hands together trumpet-wise and appear to shout through them; but she still signifies her inability to hear. Then one of us, struck with a brilliant idea, goes off and returns with a very pompous-looking gentleman. The rest retire respectfully to a little distance to watch operations.

The pompous one ties a handkerchief carefully round the sufferer's head, makes curious marks upon the bandage with his fingers, gives the patient a draught (a little wine will do for this very nicely), and then, with many flourishes, removes the bandage. We immediately crowd round, and to our delight we find our friend can now hear.

#### THE PARTS—AND THE WHOLE.

Perhaps you think these illustrations of the various syllables rather elaborate. They are. That is part of the fun! It would never do to have them guessed too easily. The acting for each syllable and each word should form a complete little incident. It helps to confuse the spectator. For instance, by the acting of the syllable "hear," people would be led to think of something in connection with Doctor, or Hypnotist, and thus it is more difficult.

Now for the whole word "Ad-here"—it can be acted very funnily.

We will arrange a seat to face the audience, and put a few pots of ferns about as if the seat were in a park.

Then one of us (a gentleman) dons a white apron, and, taking a pot or can of some sort, and a black brush (to look as if he was using tar) he paints the seat all over and departs. Next a young lady saunters in with sunshade and book, and calmly sits down to read. After her one personates a dandy who wanders aimlessly by till he notices the pretty girl; when he retraces his steps and sits beside her. Then a tired old lady goes in and sits down. And lastly a coster—with hands in pockets, and whistling, strides jauntily in and seats himself (an old hat, a gaudy neckerchief, and coat turned inside out to show sleeve linings, will do for coster's "rig out"). The dandy commences to ogle the young lady, who looks very haughty in consequence. She is getting up to escape, when she discovers to her consternation that she cannot! At the same time the dandy finds it impossible to reach

the stick he has dropped. The coster—realising the situation—bursts into a loud laugh, at which the startled old lady tries in vain to get away. They can none of them get up; and, finally, they shuffle out carrying the seat with them. So finishes the word "Ad-here."

#### A HEAP OF SUGGESTIONS.

The space at my disposal is now so nearly exhausted, I can only briefly describe a few more words for charades.

##### 1. "Scarcity": Scare-city.

Scare: A lady, with night-dress over clothes, scared by noises of burglars.

City: Various people standing along a street kerb, with oranges, matches, etc., to sell; and various other people hurrying by with bags as if intention business.

Scarcity: Several people waiting in a row, each with an empty plate. One sandwich is brought in on a large dish to be divided amongst them.

##### 2. "Bracelets":—Brace-lets.

Brace: A distressed man walking about and waiting for the "news." A nurse enters with a baby (doll) on each arm.

Lets: A landlady interviewing several would-be tenants and showing them the room. One eventually takes it, brings luggage in, and settles down.

Bracelets: A man is knocking a lady's pockets. The man is hard to get away, and at last has to be deuffed.

##### 3. "Propose": "Pro"-pose.

Pro.: An actor who shows his antics that he is learning a part.

Pose: An artist drawing from a model.

Propose: A young man declaring the tender passion to his sweetheart.

##### 4. "Season":—Sea-sun.

Sea: A gentleman—with boots and socks off, trousers tucked up, and carrying a little spade and pail—paddling about.

Sun: People with sun-shades fearfully hot!

Season: A great bunch of holly, a Christmas pudding, or anything that bespeaks the "Season."

#### Australian Jokes.

"SURE yer hair is falling frightfully. You'll be bald soon if it kapes on."—"Faich, I'll be balder still if it don't kape on."

SOMEONE has said, "Show me all the dresses a woman has worn in the course of her life, and I will write you her biography."



## Interesting to All.

### The Military Strength of the Empire.

THE following tables, showing the immense military strength latent in the British Empire, are taken from the volume upon the British Army in the German series "Die Heere and Flottender Gegenwart," and shows the condition of things in 1809 during the great war:—

THEN.	
Infantry, Cavalry, & Regular Militia	285,398
Local Militia	198,534
Artillery and Pioneers	14,261
European Troops of the East India Company	4,051
Volunteers (Great Britain)	114,066
Volunteers (Ireland)	75,340
Marines	31,400
Tars	98,600

Actual war strength in 1809 ... 821,650  
That gives a total of 821,650 fighting men out of a population numbering in 1809 less than 15,000,000. The same percentage, by no means the extreme limit of the population, would give us 2,500,000

### OUR PRESENT WAR STRENGTH.

At the present moment the actual war strength of the Empire is greater than most persons imagine. It is approximately as follows:

Army at home and abroad	238,172
Reserves	78,798
Militia Reserves	29,000
Militia	99,000
Yeomanry	8,800
Volunteers	230,000
Imperial Native Army of India (excluding Native States)	150,000
European Volunteers in India and elsewhere	30,000
Imperial Service Troops	20,000
Canadian Militia	35,000
Canadian Militia Reserves	200,000
Cape Colony Volunteers, Mounted Rifles, etc.	7,400
New South Wales Forces	10,000
Victorian Forces	7,000
South Australian Forces	3,000
Forces of other Australian Colonies	3,000
New Zealand Forces	7,000
Other Colonies, etc.	12,000

Actual war strength of the Empire 1,168,170

### THE VOLUNTEERS

The enrolled strength of the Volunteers has been as follows since 1894:—

1895	231,704
1896	236,059
1897	231,796
1898	230,678

The latest returns show the following distribution of arms:—

Light Horse	206
Artillery	42,022
Engineers and Submarine Miners	12,492
Rifles	174,615
Medical Staff Corps	1,343

\* \* \*

### THE OFFICERS.

Officers who last year earned the Government grant	6,388
Officers who passed in tactics or Artillery	1,694

The number of officers and men who were present at the last inspection was 198,376.

\* \* \*

### "LOSSES" IN WAR.

It is instructive, as well as reassuring, to read, in connection with the casualty lists as they come to hand, how our forefathers fared in the battles of which we are all so proud. At Waterloo the allied forces lost 31 per cent., or nearly one man in three, of the forces engaged, and the French lost 36 per cent. At Blenheim, one of the bloodiest battles ever fought, the British and their allies lost 5,000 killed and 8,000 wounded out of a total force of 56,000 men; while the Gallo-Bavarians lost 12,000 killed and 14,000 wounded out of a force of 60,000 men. This latter works out at the terrible proportion of 43 in 100. At the battle of Borodino 15,000 Russians were killed out of a total of 125,000 men. This meant a mortality of 12 per cent. and if General Methuen had lost in the same proportion at Magersfontein he would have left 1,200 dead on the field. The French had 9,000 out of 120,000 killed in the same battle, while the wounded were: Russians, 35,000; French, 13,000.

### New Corsets.

A most extraordinary kind of stays is being worn in Paris—stays that reach down to the knees! They are made of indiarubber, and are supposed to be very useful in reducing the figures of women who live in dread of being, or rather of appearing, stout; but the discomfort of wearing them must be very great indeed, although preferable, perhaps, to having to undergo an operation for this complaint—for in Paris now people who are very stout are absolutely undergoing operations, and having the fat removed from their bodies by means of the knife. Can one imagine vanity going further than that?



## In Memoriam.

(See Frontispiece.)

Edward Stork Gratiaen, L. F. P. S. Glasgow  
Born July 26, 1845.  
Died September 29, 1899.

19 October, 1868, Assistant Colonial Surgeon,  
15 April, 1896, Acting Senior Medical Officer  
of Uva.

1 November, 1896, Colonial Surgeon North  
Western and Sabaragamuwa Provinces.

1 May, 1899, Colonial Surgeon Western  
Province.

8 February, 1892, Surgeon-Captain Ceylon  
Volunteers. 1 September, 1899, Surgeon-  
Major Ceylon Volunteers and officer Com-  
manding Beaver Company.

Educated at the Colombo Academy,  
Calcutta Medical College, and College of  
Physicians and Surgeons Glasgow.

The publication of the "Ceylon Review,"  
will not be regarded as vain if it only gives  
us opportunities for preserving recollections  
of deserving men who have lived in Ceylon,  
whose lives may serve for future instruction  
and imitation.

Past members of the "Review" con-  
tain memories of noteworthy individ-  
uals and in the present number we  
present to our readers particulars regarding  
a man who may be characterized as the  
worthy son of a worthy father.

The late Dr. Gratiaen, was the son of the  
late Mr. W. E. Gratiaen, who was much  
esteemed in public as well as in private life.  
His mother is still alive and well at an  
advanced age.

Mr. W. E. Gratiaen belonged to a genera-  
tion which if not quite passed is just passing  
away. He was one of a class of clerks who  
when commencing their official career were  
looked upon as a great improvement on an  
older class then in employment. The im-  
provement was due to opportunities newly  
afforded to young persons for obtaining a  
liberal education.

The Colombo Academy was established  
in 1836, and Mr. Gratiaen was a pupil of that  
institution from its commencement. On the  
completion of his education in that noted  
school he became a clerk and by dint of

persistence and in lustry as well as by his  
knowledge and intelligence, he gradually  
rose to higher appointments in the public  
offices. When he died he was the useful  
and trusted Head Clerk of the Customs  
Department, and his long and faithful  
services were deemed deserving of public  
appreciation and were made the subject of  
the following minute by His Excellency the  
Governor.

MINUTE BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR.

His Excellency The Governor desires that  
public expression may be given to the regret  
which the death of Mr. W. E. Gratiaen, of  
the Customs Department, Colombo, has  
caused him.

This old and faithful Public Servant,  
throughout an official career of more than  
forty eight years duration, maintained an  
unimpeachable integrity, and displayed a  
devotion to duty, which made him a bright  
example to others, and rendered his death a  
public misfortune.

By His Excellency's Command,  
Signed CECIL C. SMITH,

*Colonial Secretary.*

Colonial Secretary's Office,  
Colombo, December 11th, 1886.

The subject of our minute of the month was  
one who was esteemed and loved in all  
relations of life; by those who were in  
contact with him as fellow students in college,  
by colleagues associated with him in the  
performance of official duties, by professional  
brethren engaged in private practice, by  
comrades in Volunteer Camps. He was  
regarded by all as one who was truly a  
friend in need as well as in deed.

All who had the privilege and pleasure of  
being intimate with our departed friend  
mourned sincerely when the intimation was  
suddenly announced that Doctor Gratiaen  
was dead! It was truly a great shock to  
large numbers of persons in Colombo and  
Kandy where he was best known.

The funeral on the 30th September last  
was largely attended. His death was not  
generally known, but notwithstanding the  
short notice the burial was an imposing  
ceremony in which his brother officers and  
comrades in the Ceylon Volunteers took  
part. He was accorded a public Military  
funeral befitting his rank as Surgeon-Major.

Edward, ("Neddy," as he was familiarly  
and affectionately called) Gratiaen was ever  
mild and gentle in disposition. He always  
greeted a friend with a smile and hearty  
welcome peculiarly his own. He exercised



influence for good upon those with whom he came in contact both in public and in private. He was faithful to and cordial with friends and he was considerate with subordinates. He was a good surgeon and a skilful physician and was the friend as well as the medical adviser of those who sought professional assistance from him. He always endeavoured to realize the position of those who sought his aid, and acted in every way as he would wish to be done by. Many at his death felt that they would never have so good and kind a medical adviser as he was.

Dr. Gratiaen was highly conscientious. In fact it was often thought by his colleagues that he did more than was absolutely necessary and overworked himself. Being so constituted he was never satisfied unless he saw everything completed to his entire satisfaction. Sympathizing greatly with the sick and suffering, he was always over anxious about disease breaking out in an epidemic form which he would be unable to cope with, and this latterly preyed upon his mind and seriously undermined his health.

As a Surgeon of the Ceylon Volunteers he never missed a Camp of Exercise, and always took pleasure in attending to the sick in the Camp Hospital. He made frequent visits and often at a late hour of the night. Besides the Ceylon Volunteers he attended the regulars who came to Camp appointments with his kind and careful attention. He was a model of punctuality and of strict discipline and was therefore greatly admired by his Brother officers, combatant and non-combatant. He was quick in discovering attempts at malingering and feigning sickness on the part of any of the men, regulars or Volunteers, and gently rebuked them without exempting them from duty.

In Camp quarters he was not merely a jovial companion but he kept regular hours, being ready for any emergency night or day. He was very much missed at the last Camp, in the early part of September. He had been just promoted to be "Surgeon-Major and Officer Commanding the Bearer Co." in succession to his life-long friend Dr. Vanderstraaten, who retired at this time; but indisposition prevented him from going to the Camp.

Dr. Gratiaen served in many towns in the Island but he was best known in Kandy, where he was long Medical Officer of the Civil Hospital, and had a considerable private practice.

He did most useful work in Colombo in aiding the Sanitary Officer of the Municipality during the cholera epidemic in 1897, for which he received the thanks of the Municipal Council, and of H. E. the Governor—

Sir William Kynsey, his chief, had a very high opinion of him, remarking one day. "*I like Gratiaen, he is such a perfect 'gentleman.'*" Dr. Perry also, who knew Dr. Gratiaen in Kandy some years before, felt deeply grieved at the death of a friend and colleague. He has started a fund for the erection of a monument in the Kanatte Cemetery to perpetuate the memory of one of the most useful and esteemed officers of the Civil Medical Department.

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### The Lady Groom.

The lady Groom is the latest acquisition to the ranks of feminine employment. It is certainly very dull for a young lady to ride in the Park or elsewhere with only a groom in attendance riding behind her at a discreet distance; it must be far more agreeable for her to ride in company with a cheerful person of her own sex, where social position allows of her riding side by side. A London riding mistress has hit on this happy idea, and no doubt the profession of riding companion will soon find many followers both in town and country.

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### Baby's Visiting-cards.

There is a new fashion, hailing from the Continent, which is rather amusing. It has become the custom for young married women, when returning thanks for inquiries after the birth of their child to leave with their own visiting-card a tiny little visiting-card about an inch long and half an inch wide, with the name of the little infant engraved on it! If the return thanks are sent by post, then the little card is attached to the mother's card by a little piece of narrow ribbon—blue being used for a baby girl, and pink for a baby boy. The fashion is still quite new, but it is easy of imitation, and is pretty sure to become more or less general before long.

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ONE DRAWBACK.—Speaking of a well-known prima donna, a critic says—"She might be a more attractive singer if in the middle of the most affecting passage she did not look as though she were counting how much money there was in the house."

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"MR. HIGGS, can I get off this afternoon? My grandmother is dead." "Yes, you may go; but tell your grandmother that she will imperial your financial welfare if she dies any more this summer."



## Are Indian Jugglers Humbugs ?

### THE OPINION OF AN EXPERT.

HOW THE MANGO TRICK IS DONE.

ASK the average man for what India is most celebrated, and the chances are ten to one that he will ignore the glories of the Taj Mahal, the beneficence of British rule, even Mr. Kipling, and will unhesitatingly reply in one word, "Jugglers." Yes, India's jugglers have been the wonder of India, as well as of that greater India which lies outside its borders and within the British Isles. Their "Jadoo," or magic working, has resolved itself practically into three great tricks. Everybody has heard of them. They are the basket trick, the mango-tree trick and the rope trick; while there are a lot of little tricks which serve as interludes during the progress of the greater ones.

There is nothing so interesting to the average mortal after seeing a trick as knowing the way it is done, and when opportunity offered for me to learn about the way in which the Indians perform their great tricks, I jumped at the chance. It was Mr. Charles Bertram, the famous conjurer, who offered to initiate me into the mysteries which he had been studying during the six months' tour in that land of magic from which he had just returned, and to which by the time this article appears in print he will have gone back in order to make magic for the Indians themselves. Somehow or other, as he talked one could not help unconsciously thinking of the foremost figures of the Israelitish nation when they appeared before the King of Egypt, surrounded by his magicians, and whatever wonders in the way of magic these performed, the other two were able to "go them one better," as the Americans succinctly phrase it.

"I went to India to learn, said Mr. Bertram.

"And you stayed to teach," I intervened, for I had heard and read in the newspapers of the reception of this English entertainer among the necromancers of the East.

Did they not refuse to acknowledge him a "Jadoo Wallah," and declare unhesitatingly

he was a "Shaitan Wallah," an emissary of his Imperial Majesty of the regions down below instead of a human being like themselves, merely capable of mystifying other mortals?

"I certainly did teach one or two of them some of my tricks," smiled Mr. Bertram, in acquiescence, "for, although Indian jugglery has a great reputation in Europe, the Indian jugglers are very keen on getting European tricks. When they succeed, they ignore the other jugglers as beneath them, and regard them as much as magicians as we do the thimble-riggers on any of our racecourses. Indeed, I have no hesitation in saying that, after seeing the performances of 176 different conjurers, who were gathered together in various parts of the country by the different Rajahs before whom I performed during my last tour, there is not a single trick which the Indians perform that European conjurers cannot do as well, and even better."

"What about the great rope trick?" I asked; "that throwing up of a rope into the air, up which a boy or man clambers, and is seen no more until happily he arrives like another Jack and the beanstalk in some undiscovered country in the upper air?"

Mr. Bertram smiled at my incredulity, but answered in one word—'Moonshine!' There is no such trick. On my tour I asked for that trick, and not a single soul did I find who could do that who had ever seen it. I heard of men who had heard of others who had seen it, but I could get no direct evidence, and all that I could discover about it from the Indians themselves was voiced by one man, who said to me in his curious English, "All in imagination, all in traveller tales. I've been all over India looking for tricks; would I not have that if I could get it?"

"I shall try again to find some one who can do that trick for me, or the related one of throwing up a chain on which a goat, a dog, and some other animals, and finally a man climb; but until I have seen it with my own eyes I adhere to my opinion—'Moonshine.' There is a rope-trick which the Indian jugglers do, and that is very dexterous. It consists in taking a coil of rope several feet long, throwing it up in the air, and balancing it upon the open palm. The rope, however, has a wire running down the middle of it, so as to enable it to remain stiff for the three or four seconds during which it is balanced, and that is how that trick is done, although a great deal of delicacy



is involved in throwing the rope up with the exact amount of force to straighten out the coils, for anything a shade over or under would prevent the performance of the trick, which at its best is a juggling feat.

"As far as the other two great tricks are concerned, everybody knows in general terms what they are. In the basket trick a boy is put into the basket, a sword is passed through it in various directions, and the boy is seemingly killed, while later on he appears either from the basket or else is discovered some distance away, perhaps up a tree. The mango-tree trick consists in planting a seed, and showing the plant when it has grown a certain height, and later on when it has grown still more and has borne fruit. Now, there is nothing simpler than the way in which these tricks are done, as you will agree when I have explained them step by step.

"In the first place, it must be borne in mind that Indian conjurers travel in little groups of four or five, and each, as a rule does his own trick. This allows one man to prepare his apparatus without observation while another one is going through his performance, so that seemingly these people do their tricks without any previous preparation. They carry about with them a lot of old cloth, and blankets, which, as the uninitiated public does not know, are of the greatest service to them in getting rid of things which have served their purpose.

"In the mango-tree trick the performer first picks a piece of a mango tree about 6 in. high, with a tuft of three or four little leaves. This is pushed up inside the little rag doll, which is hollow in the middle, and which is always used by the Indian conjurer instead of the magic wand of the European. Then he gets a large piece of the tree, about 18 in. high, to which is attached by artificial means a little green mango, or, if out of the mango season, a green plum, which serves the purpose equally well. This branch he wraps tightly in a large piece of wet cloth, to be used at the proper time. He also provides himself with two mango seeds, one of which is perfectly normal, and the other as like it as possible in size. This latter he slits in the centre, and puts in a little wedge of wood to hold it open, while at the other side he affixes three or four little bits of string, and he pares down the end of both the branches so that they will fit into the slit in the prepared seed.

"Having made all his arrangements, the conjurer advances with four little bamboo sticks, tied round the top with a piece of string, after having handed them round for inspection. Round these he puts a piece of thin material, which hangs over the top and covers the front and two sides loosely, but not the back, thus forming a sort of tent, which is open behind. This tent is about 3 ft. high, and the thinness of the cloth allows the interior to be dimly seen through.

"The juggler next gets a tin pot, like an ordinary corned-beef can. This is filled with earth, and is handed round for inspection. On the earth he pours water, so as to make it wet—in fact, a thick mud. As soon as the audience is satisfied that the pot contains nothing but this mud, he hands round the first seed for examination, and asks someone to push it into the wet earth. He then comes to the front of the tent, lifts up the cloth, puts the pot into the tent, and lets the cloth drop over it. Suddenly he appears to notice that the audience can see through the cloth, so he takes up a large piece of thick coloured cloth, in a fold of which is the large piece of the mango branch, and covers the thin cloth with it. Then he lifts both cloths together, and you see the pot still there and unchanged. He now procures a 'chatty,' or pot, of water, and sprinkles it with his hand into the tent to water the seed, and so hasten its growth.

"Here ends the first part of the trick, for the seed is supposed to take some time to germinate and grow. To pass the time the conjurer comes in front and begins doing some other tricks, for example, the cups and balls, or the diving duck, or the transformation of three seeds into a scorpion or small snake, all very elementary tricks, indeed, which I will tell you about later. Having done this trick, the conjurer goes behind the tent, taking his mystic rag doll, in which there is more than meets the eye, with him. Under cover of the tent, squatting on his haunches, he pulls out of the doll the first little sprig of mango with the three or four leaves on it, and inserts the prepared end of it into the slit in the mango seed. He then takes out the original seed from the pot, stuffing in the other one into its place. He next lifts up the curtain from the front, waters the pot again, and takes it out to show to the audience, which is astonished to see the original seed has grown up in so short a time. He even takes the old plant out of the pot and shows the bits of string



now covered with mud, which to the casual observer look like tendrils, or little roots growing from the seed. He now replants the seed, putting the pot back by way of the front of the tent, which he lifts up for the purpose, and takes the chatty of water from the front to the back of the tent, and pretends to water the plant from there. This opportunity he uses for taking out the big piece of plant from the cloth; after removing the small piece of mango, he sticks the big into the aperture in the seed, for which purpose you will remember I told you he had previously cut it to the right size. This branch he now puts into the pot, and the little piece which he has just shown he wraps up in the corner of the cloth from which the larger piece was taken.

"Although the tree could now be shown full grown to the audience, he does not discover it yet, but goes on with another small trick which may occupy as much time as ten minutes. At the end of that time he takes the chatty for the third time, as if to water the plant, again lifts up the front of the tent, this time to find, to his own apparent amazement, that the plant has grown, and on it there is actually a fruit.

"Here the second part of the trick may be said to be finished. The tree is now as big as it will grow, and the Indian takes it and shows it to the audience. Then he takes it round to the back of the tent, and puts it in on that side. Once more he pretends to water it, as if he thought it would grow more; but while he is doing this he really pulls up the plant, wraps it in the wet cloth again, and throws a piece of carpet or a blanket carelessly over it, and at a convenient moment an accomplice, or member of the four or five men working together, picks it up and gets it away while the attention of the audience is being held by some other trick. And that is the whole of the famous mango trick," concluded Mr. Bertram.

"Then the idea that you see the tree gradually growing——" I began.

"Is all humbug," said Mr. Bertram. "There is no difficulty in the matter. I myself do a modification of this trick, making a rose tree grow and bear a couple of dozen roses which I distribute among the audience, so that there is no question as to their reality. This trick amazed even the mango-tree trick workers, who have not been able to discover how it was done."

"How is it done?"

Very simply, indeed. Merely by long practice and sleight of hand. Conjuring, however, is only, in my opinion, a *raison d'être* for entertaining, and though it involves a certain amount of dexterity and a good deal of ability to make people believe things, yet it is not difficult in itself, and there is no reason why, with a certain degree of aptitude, and with sufficient practice, anyone should not be able to perform many of the illusions which startle an audience."

"And what about the basket trick? Is that as simple as the mango tree trick?" I asked.

"Quite," replied Mr. Bertram, "as I think you will acknowledge when I have explained it to you. The basket itself is peculiarly shaped, being much larger at the bottom than it is at the top. The lid is perhaps 30 in. by 18 in., and is oval, while the basket itself spreads out to 4 ft. 6 in. by 2 ft. 6 in. at the bottom. This is shown empty to the audience, and a man or boy, who invariably wears a turban and some striking article of clothing—for example, a scarlet-coloured jacket—is brought forward by the conjurer. He is then put into the basket and crouches down, doing everything to emphasize the fact that it is only just room for him, a fact insisted on later when put on the basket not being looked at closely."

"Now the conjurer takes a piece of thick cloth or blanket, 6 feet wide, and covers the basket entirely. The boy is, of course, in the basket now. The moment he gets in he has taken off his turban and any little article of clothing he can spare—for example, the bright-coloured jacket. Then he lies at the bottom of the basket and curls round it—eelwise. The performer now removes the cloth and drives a sword through the front of the basket, and then through the top to the bottom; but, of course, he takes good care to miss the boy, as he does when next he drives the weapon through the back, high up and diagonally to the front. Meantime, the boy wriggles round from one side to the other, the basket being held down by the other men in order to prevent it moving. The business with the sword is repeated several times so that it seems to go through every part of the basket.

"The cloth is now put over the basket again, and the conjurer, placing his hand under it, removes the lid, takes out the turban and the jacket, and throws them away. Then, as if enraged at some remark which



is made by one of his comrades, he jumps into the basket, but as the cloth covers it, it is impossible for any of the audience to see inside it, and the people believe that it is empty, while, of course, the boy remains curled up along one side. The conjurer now gets out of the basket, leaving the cloth over it, and puts the lid back under it. Suddenly he darts forward, taking with him the cloth from off the basket, which is now covered with the lid, and under cover of it picks up the jacket and turban from the ground where he has thrown them, and snatches in the air with the blanket as if catching the body, and goes back with much excitement and much jabbering to the basket, which he covers with the blanket, when suddenly something is seen moving under the cloth. Immediately the lid of the basket goes up. In another moment the boy, having replaced his turban and put on his jacket under cover of the cloth, which is snatched away, makes his smiling re-appearance.

“There is another way, however, of doing this trick, by which the boy is discovered out of the basket in some other part of the ground where the show takes place, but this requires a background in the shape of a wall or corner of a room for its proper carrying out. The boy is put down as before, with the boy in the basket, the sword passed through, with the result that he is seemingly killed, even blood is allowed to flow to add to the realism, while the youth’s screams are made either ventriloquially by the conjurer himself or by the boy in the basket. The bringing of the blood is a very simple matter, for the handle of the sword made is hollow, and contains some red liquid. On being pressed the liquid flows down a groove in the sword, and comes out near the point, so that it really appears as if the boy had been stabbed. Having got so far, the conjurer brings four poles, 4 ft. or 5 ft. high, which are stuck up in the ground around the basket. The audience is, of course, in front, but the conjurer has two or three confederates on each side at the back near the wall. As soon as the boy is put into the basket he takes off his brightly coloured jacket and cap, which are covered with a cloth, and are got hold of by one of the men.

“Presently the conjurers begin to quarrel among themselves, and an awful noise is made with tom-toms, which distracts the attention of the audience. The conjurer gets a great piece of cloth and puts it on the front pole, where it is held by one of the confederates.

Then he brings the other end of the cloth in front of the basket for an instant on its way to the third stick. During that moment the boy jumps out of the basket, runs along the back of the cloth, dodges between the legs of one of his confederates in the crowd, and under cover of the passing of the cloth to the fourth pole, taking with him the cloth in which are his cap and jacket, climbs a tree, if there is one handy, puts on his cap and coat and is ready for the conjurer to call attention to him at the given moment.”

“And that is all?”

“That is all.”

“The little tricks are equally simple, and any schoolboy might do them. The changing of the three beans into a scorpion or snake, is done merely with a box which has two compartments. In the upper one the beans are kept, while the lower contains the scorpion or the little snake. These compartments are separate and either can be opened at will. The conjurer puts the three beans into the hand of one of the audience and tells him to hold them. Then he makes him open his hand to show they are still there. The conjurer takes them out of the person’s hand to exhibit to the audience, and puts them back into the box. He asks the person to again hold his hand out; the conjurer then deftly opens the lower box and lets the snake or scorpion fall into the person’s hand. The man himself is naturally startled, and, jumping back believes the conjurer really changed the beans into the reptile.

“Another of these little tricks is the jumping rabbit. For this purpose the conjurer takes a shallow tin, about 3 in. deep and 7 in. across, which he shows empty; then fills with water, on which he sprinkles some red powder until the water becomes thick and opaque, so that anything in it cannot be seen. He then shows a little China rabbit, about an inch long, which he drops into the water, and draws a circle on the ground about 18 in. diameter, in the centre of which he places the tin. Then he takes the rabbit out of the water to show it is still there, and replaces it immediately. Outside the circle he drops a fetish in the shape of a monkey’s skull, or some other uncanny object, declaring ‘rabbit him go monkey, monkey him call rabbit.’ ‘Jadoo Wallah do make rabbit jump,’ and so on. Suddenly with a spring the rabbit jumps out of the tin and drops by the side of the fetish outside the ring.

“The whole of this trick consists in the conjurer putting into the tin a little spring



which is fastened together by means of some gummy material. This he inserts when he takes out the rabbit to show that it is in the water, and when he puts the rabbit back he is careful to put it on the spring. The water dissolves the gum, the spring acts, the rabbit is forced out of the tin, and that is the way that trick is done.

"Similarly, with regard to the little diving duck. The same kind of pot is used, filled with water, but filled so full that a good deal overflows and makes a mess on the ground. A little red stuff is sprinkled on the top, but the water is not made thick as in the previous case. A little china duck is placed on the surface, which at the word of command dives head foremost, and does not come up again to the surface until bidden. This again is mere child's play, for there is a little hole in the bottom of the pot through which a very fine hair runs. This hair is fastened by means of a blob of wax to the duck, and at the word of command the conjurer secretly pulls the string and makes the duck dive. The object of spilling the water on the ground is to disguise the fact that the pot leaks through the little hole through which the hair runs, and which of course, it is quite easy to cover up with a finger while the pot is being filled.

"Another favourite trick which they do is to take a basket about 18 inches in diameter and 4 inches high which is turned upside down and a stone put under it.

"Make ten rupees come,' the Indian will declare but on lifting up the basket there are no coins, but perhaps a little scorpion or a snake. This he picks up and throws into the bag which he always carries. After some more manipulation the basket is lifted again, and twenty little averdavats emerge from under it. This certainly looks startlin, enough, but the execution is mere child's play for it is perfectly easy in putting the basket down the first time to remove the stone and put the scorpion in its place; while the amount of fumbling which goes on to get in the little birds, which are all inclosed in a black bag, is such as never would be dreamed of by any man whose ambition it was to be able to appear before a European audience.

"The most startling trick which I ever saw was done by a man who was performing some of the little tricks while the mango tree was growing. He took a little ball of rough cotton, about the size of a walnut, and threw the ball to a woman who formed one of the

party of those who were assisting him. The jerb unravelled about two yards, and she broke the end of it and kept the ball. The conjurer placed the end which he held into his mouth, and by a deep breath the cotton flew into his mouth, and he appeared to chew it. Then he borrowed a penknife from me, and with a big blade made as though he would stab himself in the throat, the woman preventing him with some show of excitement; but presently turning her back the man seized the opportunity to plunge the knife into his stomach, and that he did very well. He then put his hand under the loose linen shirt he was wearing and began to draw out a piece of cotton.

"When he had drawn out nearly as much as the length of the piece which had been broken off, he lifted his shirt slightly and showed the end of the cotton apparently embedded in the skin. He then took the knife and moved it upward against the skin, as if he were pressing out the last bit of thread which was tinged with red as if with blood. This was really an admirably executed little trick, although by no means difficult. The sucking in of the cotton is skilful, but with a very little practice I was able to do the same thing better than anyone else, the only precaution taken being to prevent the end of the cotton from touching the back of the throat, as that it would bring on an attack of

"Of course the chewing of the cotton is merely a method of secreting it, and another piece of cotton of similar length is rolled up previously and put in its place with the end coloured with some paint. A little brown material is put over the skin with a scrap of cotton, perhaps a quarter of an inch attached to it, so that it really looks as though it were sticking up out of the skin, and the upward movement of the knife scrapes this off and it can easily be got away at a convenient time. This is hardly a trick for an English drawing-room.

"Another of their favourite tricks is to take a lot of powdered chalks, which are sprinkled into a chaty of water, and the conjurer drinks it. Then he asks what colour you would like him to bring. According to the word he blows on to a white plate the required tint. For this trick all the colours are merely wrapped up separately in a small quantity of skin like goldbeater's skin, and secreted under the lips. Of course, as soon as each little packet has been broken,



it is quite easy to swallow the skin if it cannot be got rid of in any other way, and conjurers, I may tell you, often swallow more things than they care to digest.

"I myself perform a modification to this trick, but in a much more intricate manner, and certainly no one has yet been able to discover how it is done. I take an ordinary decanter and glass, wash them in the sight of the audience, and fill the decanter with water. Then I pour port, sherry, absinthe, whisky and milk from it in turn at the desire of anyone in the audience. Then I wash glass and decanter again, and repeat the trick which I finish by producing champagne, the goodness of which I attest by drinking it myself."

"That goes more than one better than the Indian," I suggested.

"I am glad you think so," said Mr. Bertram, "for that is the opinion of the Indian jugglers themselves. As for the other little tricks that they do, they are all of them as simple as they can be, one of the most marvellous being the cutting of a turban into two pieces and renewing its length. Every school boy, however, knows how to cut a piece of string and apparently bring it back to its original condition, so that I need not trouble you with the details of this explanation, the principle is exactly the same, although I may add that, when I did the string trick to a party of native conjurers, they were completely astonished, and did not recognise it as another form of the turban trick, which, however, is far easier to do than the string."

"A word about snake-charming," I asked.

"All I can tell you," said Mr. Bertram, "is that one of the greatest authorities in India on animals, a gentleman who has a natural history Museum worthy of a nation, assured me that all the snake charmers use snakes from which the fangs have been taken, so that there is absolutely no danger in their manipulation."

With that our interview closed; but a few days after, meeting a friend who had been in India at the same time, he told me what Mr. Bertram had omitted, or was too modest to state—that the jugglers were so overcome with astonishment at his performances, that they frequently fell down on the ground before him and kissed his feet in token alike of admiration and acknowledgment of his superiority. *Strand Magazine.*

## A Christmas Story.

### THE WIT OF A WOMAN.

BEING A YARN OF THE NATAL BORDER.

BY ERNEST W. LOW.

JAMES MACDONALD, the telegraphist, sat at his desk in the post office at Lonestroom in a by no means enviable frame of mind. He was a fine, big specimen of his race, tall, big-boned, and fair, and he felt that he had been hardly done by. The lust of fight burned within him, and here he was stuck in a miserable little out-of-the-world place, tied to a wretched little shanty and a miserable instrument, while, for all he knew, his countrymen might be winning laurels for themselves in the fray for which his heart yearned. Just like his luck! and Christmas would probably pass with him in the same predicament. When he had left Maritzburg some months before he had thought himself fortunate in getting this job when so many of his pals were out of work. Now, he thought bitterly, those pals, full of enthusiasm, were joining the Natal Light Horse, and going to the front, while Kitty Blake, the prettiest and most teasing little witch in the whole colony, was probably amusing herself in Stoepdorp by flirting with every soldier she met.

He certainly had some reason for his ill-humour. He had practically nothing to do—except watch and wait, as it was highly probable that an attempt would be made by Boers to get possession of the wire, so as to stop communication with the south. Macdonald was on the watch to prevent that. Towards the Transvaal border the veldt was dead level for several miles, and, consequently, he could easily sweep the ground with his glasses. His orders were directly he saw any Boers to communicate with Stoepdorp, some seven miles distant, when the officer in command would immediately send troops to his aid.

He got up from his seat and went to the door of the shanty. Standing on the step all he could see was, to his right, the seemingly endless veldt; to the left, the view was shut in by a big hill, otherwise he might have been able to occupy himself by looking through his glasses at Stoepdorp. Then at least he would not have seemed so absolutely cut off from human companionship.

Turning back into the hut, he opened a rough cupboard, lifted down a bottle of whisky threeparts full, and took a long pull at it. Then setting it down on the table, and putting his loaded rifle close to hand, he sat down and once more resumed his watch.

The day dragged on; the heat grew more and more insupportable. The man on the chair sat and grumbled, and ever and again had recourse to



the whisky, in deep draughts of which he drank to a merry Christmas for Kitty. He knew from old experience that in that spirit he had a worse foe to contend against than a host of Boers, but a feeling of sullen recklessness had got possession of him, that Kitty Blake had forgotten him.

He took another long drink from the bottle, sighed, and then his head dropped on the table.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now, James Macdonald never made a greater mistake in his life when he came to the conclusion that Kitty Blake had forgotten him. One of these petite women, vacacious and coquettish as she was, Kitty Blake had a rare amount of determination, and at bottom of all her little ways a rare fund of commonsense and worldly wisdom. Her father had been a colour-sergeant, and had been killed in the last Boer war when she was a little toddling child; she had been brought up by the regiment (her mother had died in giving her birth), and was now half maid and half companion to the Colonel's wife, who had elected to stay with her husband instead of going south with the majority of the other ladies.

Although Kitty was much too healthy-minded and active a little body to be perplexed as a rule with vain forebodings, some how or other on that afternoon she could not help feeling worried and anxious. Earlier in the day news had been received to the effect that parties of armed Boers had been seen in the vicinity of the frontier, and she had gone to the telegraph office to inquire whether anything had come through from Lonestroom. No there had been nothing.

What could be the matter with Jamie, thought Kitty? She felt vaguely disquieted. Perhaps he was ill, or worrying about her.

Then an idea struck her. Why not go and see him? It would be a pleasant surprise, and if anything were wrong, why, she might be of some use. Yes, she would go. With Kitty, to resolve on a course of action was to carry it out. She put on a dress of brown serge, and, putting a small flask and a few biscuits in her pocket, started off. She gave a look round, and it then occurred to her that, after all, it might be best to be prepared for all contingencies. There was a Mauser pistol belonging to the Colonel lying on the table; the magazine was full and she picked it up and crammed it into her pocket, not without some damage to the material. She could use both a rifle and a revolver with fair precision; now she felt fully capable of dealing with anything or anyone.

Her walk was a lonely one. By making a detour and carefully dodging behind all the kopjes, she managed in her brown dress to escape observation from the town, and reached Lonestroom without a mishap.

When she arrived at the front of the shanty the loneliness of the place struck her forcibly; she shivered, and for a moment drew back in apprehension. Poor old Jamie! No wonder he got irritable and bad tempered cooped up in such a place. Then she went in. And there was James Macdonald lying over the table—senseless.

\* \* \* \* \*

Kitty was a woman of resource. It was evidently no use trying to bring him to, and worse than useless to stand there indulging in lamentation; she must try and save him from the penalty of his

folly. She must stay with him until he came round a bit.

The door of the office was open, and she went to close it; before doing so she stepped outside and looked into the distance. Then the blood seemed to stand still in her veins; for far away to the right, just showing above the horizon, she saw a body of mounted men! Could her eyes have deceived her. Macdonald's glasses were on the desk; although her fingers were trembling with excitement, she succeeded in adjusting them, and looked long and earnestly towards the frontier. No there was no doubt about it, six or seven miles away were a party of about twenty Boers coming on at a steady pace in the direction of the telegraph station!

She shut the door and returned into the room. What was to be done? Something must be done, or she and Macdonald would be taken prisoners and the wire seized. That would mean disgrace, and ruin to Jamie. How to warn town? If she had a horse by galloping hard she might arrive in time to bring help—but she had no horse.

She must wake Jamie. She shook him, she struck him with her little fists, she kissed him, she called him by name—all to no avail. He opened his eyes, looked stupidly at her without a gleam of recognition, and then quietly rolled off his chair and lay outstretched on the floor.

Kitty stepped to the window again in despair. The party were appreciably nearer; they could not be more than five or six miles away now. They were evidently tired, for they were coming on at a walk, but they might begin to gallop at any moment. Then it would only be a question of—Perhaps twenty; possibly half an

Suddenly a thought struck her. She actually laughed! Why had she not thought of this before? She would send a message.

Was little F. . . ? No, she had never touched . . . in her life. But she had learnt the Morse . . . thanks to her flirtatious tendencies. It is an admirable system, that of dots and dashes—you can work it with a knife handle on a dinner plate, with a handkerchief at the window, or even with your eyelids in a succession of winks. And Kitty had become quite proficient in it; she had found it so handy in communicating privily with her numerous admirers.

But she had never dreamed it was to serve her in such good stead as this.

She sat down to the instrument and sent along rapidly a succession of "A's"—the regular "call up." Then with fingers twitching with excitement, not without a hastily-corrected error or two, she clicked off a short message, explaining the urgency of the situation—the message, of course, apparently emanating from the unconscious Macdonald. Then she waited anxiously for the reply. There it was—the needle began to move.

"Dozen mounted men, under Lieutenant Bore-daile, just started. Fresh horses; should be with you in fifteen minutes."

She looked anxiously out of the window again. It would be a near thing. She had done all she could do—Jamie still slumbered on, breathing stertorously—she could do nothing more but sit down and wait.

So the weary minutes sped on. Five, ten, and no sign of those welcome troopers. The Boers could



not be more than a mile and a half away; she could see their faces and gestures quite plainly. And on the other side she strained her eyes in vain.

What was that?—yes, at last! Around the edge of the hill they came at hard gallop, the officer in front urging them on. They would be first on the ground after all—just in the very nick of time.

A wave of exultation surged through Kitty's frame. Then it was checked by a horrible thought.

If Macdonald were discovered there drunk it meant perhaps death. But if he were found wounded?—

As he lay on the floor his right arm was flung across the seat of the chair. His shirtsleeve was rolled up to the shoulder, and the arm was bare. She noticed even in that moment what a fine muscular limb it was. Then she pulled the table over to the other side of the room, and resting her elbow upon it took aim with the Mauser pistol, and deliberately sent a bullet through the fleshy part of his arm.

Then she seized his rifle, and, keeping well in the room, emptied the magazine into the advancing Boers, then fired a dozen more shots as quickly as she could load and fire. One or two were hit, and for a moment the rest were staggered by this hidden foe. Then they poured in an indiscriminate fusillade in the direction of the hut. She felt one bullet whiz by her cheek, and heard an exclamation from behind her. Macdonald, the blood streaming from the wound in his arm and from another in his shoulder, was standing behind her with a dazed, inquiring look on his face. There was not a moment to be lost; already the Boer fire was being answered by our men, and time to escape. She forced the chair, placed the rifle between the chair and the Mauser pistol into her pocket, and rushed to the window at the rear of the room. The Boers rushed in at the door. The Boers were in pursuit of the now flying Boers. They were in pursuit for a couple of hours. When they had they left half of their number to guard the station, and the remainder escorted back in triumph the wounded telegraphist who had stuck so gallantly to his post. And the name of James Macdonald was oft mentioned, and his health drunk in Stoepdorp that night.

James Macdonald's wounds were not serious, and he soon recovered from them, but what had happened on the day when he got them he knew not, and when Kitty told him he would have made it public had she not prevented him; but she said, "No; for then I shall have had all my work for nothing, you ungrateful fellow."

What she did do was to have a little private conversation with Mrs. Colonel, who spoke to the Colonel himself. He, on hearing that Macdonald had been a sergeant in the Volunteers, straightway got him appointed to the Natal Light Horse, with which famous corps he will probably get all the fighting he wants.

He went up to thank the Colonel, and Mrs. Colonel and Kitty were present. When he had finished, Kitty said she had a favour to ask.

"Well, what is it now?" said the Colonel.

Kitty, for once, was at a loss for words. She stammered and blushed and looked so charming that even the grim old Colonel was moved, and turned to his wife for an explanation.

The good lady explained. James would probably be going away shortly, and there was no knowing what might happen; so Kitty wanted the Colonel to give them permission to be married on Christmas Day, in fact.

The Colonel replied that they were foolish children, but he supposed he must say "Yes," whereupon, to that old warrior's intense surprise, Kitty called him an old dear, and threw her arms round his neck and kissed him before them all.

Said the Colonel when he had recovered:—

"Macdonald, you're a lucky chap. Mind you take care of that child."

"Don't you think it would be more to the point to tell me to look after him?" said Kitty.

The Colonel laughed; so did his wife. But James Macdonald was registering a vow to redeem the past. And as they went away his silence did not disturb Kitty. She understood.

## "Mrs. Boer at Home."

WHAT IS TAKING PLACE ON THE FARM,  
WHILE THE HUSBAND IS AT THE FRONT.

**B**OER wives, mothers, sisters and daughters, whose male relatives are fighting now, are passing through an unnecessarily anxious time. The war authorities at Pretoria apparently hold strictly selfish views upon the subject of casualty lists, deeming it impolitic to let those who are bereaved know that their men folk are dead. Owing to the influence the knowledge might have on others who are going to the front, the Boer War Office keeps its secrets inviolate, and does not issue news of losses on the field.

The elder generation of Boer women will probably be bearing the suspense in tight-lipped, listless silence, but the girls who have received the benefits of education will understand how cruel their position is, and fret in impotent wrath beneath the injustice inflicted upon them

BY THIS RETICENCE.

What kind of lives are these women leading now? In all likelihood pretty much what they led in ordinary times. Their farms are squat, two or three-roomed buildings, dumped down on the veldt far away from neighbours, in the centre of the acreage of land farmed by the proprietor. They are wretchedly uncomfortable habitations; for Boer women are not house-proud. They see no necessity for keeping their domiciles clean, and do not even make the beds regularly. The consequences are naturally disastrous and render a Boer farm by no means a desirable place of abode for any one accustomed to better things.

It is hardly perhaps entirely the fault of the Boer "vrouw" that she is so apathetic and lazy. Her chief charm in the eyes of her lord and master is her ponderosity. From her earliest youth a Boer



girl, who is often quite a pretty lass, hopes to attain an enormous obesity, for by doing so she is sure to win favour in the eyes of the other sex. If she should weigh fourteen stone she is a Venus—a "mooie vrouw," which, being interpreted, means a handsome woman.

It is to be opined that the tastes of the Boer male differ completely from that of the Boer woman. The Boer is not a bad looking fellow as rule: well knit, nicely set up, and of manly appearance. The Boer belle, like the Boer beau, is an ignorant individual for the most part; but there are exceptions. Formerly no Boer woman received more than an apology for an education, and a very lame one at that. Now, however, some of the youngsters are sent to the convent schools, and are modelled into very much improved editions of the original Boers.

Something of the gentle dignity of the sisters becomes engrafted in the rough nature of their pupils, who benefit so immensely by their convent-life that

#### THEY RETURN HOME.

quite civilised young ladies instead of the badly-mannered girls they were when they went to school. But the Boer woman is, mentally, a short-sighted creature; otherwise she would understand how it is that her sex dies so much sooner than the opposite sex. Her immense weight and her lethargy conspire to curtail the span of her life.

The Boer youth weds extremely young. His education is over and he is considered a man of business when he is sixteen. His bride does not come to him portionless, but usually with a dowry consisting of cows, goats and sheep, a span of oxen, and a quiet riding horse. To each child that is born a well-to-do Boer likes to assign certain farm stock as a "nest egg" for a future dowry or as a start in life.

The women and the boys who have not gone to fight will now be tending the farms, drinking coffee incessantly, and perhaps speculating vaguely upon the issues of the campaign. They are sanguine as to the result of the conflict, even to the annexation of England itself!

#### Mrs. Joubert, General.

Several times, when other matters have kept her husband from supervising Boer raids against the surrounding native tribes, Mrs. Joubert has stepped forward and managed the guerilla warfare. Although she has thus taken command some eight or nine times, she has never yet tasted defeat, and it is said knows exactly how to play upon the courage and pride of her troops and bring out their best points. The Basuto tribes, against whom she has led the Boers several times, know her as "the man in woman's clothes."

GREAT GOOD LUCK.—Jones: They say Smith's three daughters all got engaged to foreign noblemen while at the "shore," and that Smith is tickled to death about it.—Brown: Yes. He's just found out that they are all dry-goods clerks and self-supporting.

## Good Stories.

### "'Cause I Want To."

THE following tale of the reasons which induced Lord Charles Beresford to enter the Navy is taken from an American contemporary. It will be seen this young Beresford was not very articulate:

When Lord Charles Beresford was a boy of thirteen his father told him that he must make choice of a profession.

"What is it to be, my boy—the army, the navy, or the Church?"

"The navy, sir."

"And why the navy, boy?"

"'Cause I'd like to be an admiral, like Nelson."

"Pshaw! Like Nelson! Why Nelson?"

"'Cause I want to."

"But even if you were to join the navy, why do you think you will ever become an admiral, Charlie?"

"'Cause I mean to," was the blunt reply. He had his wish and the navy.

#### A M

The skipper of the vessel had as passenger an estimable and very courageous minister and two young men given to mischief. A storm came up and although the young men were frightened enough, their terror was nothing to that of the poor minister, who was indeed a pitiable object. "See here, sir," said the skipper at last, with kindly severity, "do you want me to think you're more afraid of going to heaven than those young men are of going to the other place?"

#### Limited Education.

A few days ago a man hurried into a luncheon-room in Liverpool, found an unoccupied place at one of the little tables, and called to the waiter: "Bring me a sandwich and a glass of milk!" The waiter quickly brought the desired food and drink. "My check, in a hurry!" the customer shouted. The waiter pulled forth pad and pencil and began laboriously to inscribe characters on the paper. Twice he seemed to finish the writing, then he would stop, look at the result, and tear up the bit of paper. At the third attempt the customer called again impatiently for the



bill. The waiter made a final effort and handed the man the check, on which was written: "One piece pie, one milk." "Here," said the young man, as he looked at the slip of paper, "I didn't order pie." "I know," replied the abashed waiter, "but pie and a sandwich cost just the same, an' I can't spell sandwich."

### Perplexing.

And old bed-ridden fisherman at a Scotch watering-place was frequently visited during his last illness by a kind-hearted clergyman, who wore one of those close-fitting clerical waistcoats which button behind. The clergyman saw the near approach of death one day in the old man's face, and asked if his mind was perfectly at ease. "Oo, ay, I'm a'richt," came the feeble reply "You are sure there is nothing troubling you? Do not be afraid to tell me. The old man seemed to hesitate, and at length, with a faint return of animation, said: "Weel, there's just ae thing that troubles me but I dinna like to speak o'." "Believe me, I am most anxious to comfort you," replied the clergyman; "tell me what it is that troubles and perplexes you." "Weel, sir, it's just like this," said the old man, eagerly, "I canna for the life o' me mak'oot hooe to get intae that weskit."

### From the Mouth of Babes.

One or two samples of children's answers are given in the "Reminiscences," published in the "Humanitarian," by a retired inspector of schools. We have all heard that to the inquiry, "What is the text that forbids a man marrying more wives than one?" came the answer, "No man can serve two masters." The inspector tells that on one occasion he asked for "any text, say one that would be a comfort to you lying on a bed of sickness?" Quick came the reply: "Rise, take up thy bed, and walk." Another time the question, "Who is your ghostly enemy?" called forth the saucy rejoinder, "Please, sir, the inspector."

### Men Has Got Feeling's.

We take the following little story from the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse's recently-published booklet, "What the Flowers Did." The bulbs had been given out for the window gardening, and now at last the day had come for the show and the prizes. But here was a girl without her flower. "Where is your flower, Louie?" said the Sister. Poor Louie's face was filled with sorrow. "Father was blind

drunk last night, Sister, and he frowed it at mother, and it went into the fire." Later came the mother. "It is a shime, Sister, a howling shime, for she'd a set such store by that there daffodil. I says to my man, I says, 'You might have flung yer boot at me,' I says, 'and not the little gal's flower.' And 'e says, 'Old yer jaw!' But I am thinking, Sister, he was kind of vexed with hisself. Men as got feelin's, I allus did say that; men 'as got feelin's if yer can only get at 'em—but they don't like to lot yer see 'em too often."

## TOILET HINTS & AIDS TO BEAUTY.

(Compiled by "Elaine.")

### A "GREASY" SKIN.

FOR those who have a "greasy" skin the following will be found a good cure:— First you must see your general health is good, if not improve it, eat green vegetables and fruit in some form at least twice a day.

Sometimes friction does wonders so try rubbing your face briskly with a rough towel, after washing not so hard however, or you may break the skin. Then apply an astringent once a day after washing, a little white wine will be found as good as any, and if found too strong may be diluted with good elder *flower water* in equal quantities. Don't forget when drying your face that it should always be rubbed in an upward direction, as this method helps to ward off wrinkles and smooths out the creases on either side of the nose that are apt to form as we advance in years.

If you want to look young and retain a pretty complexion, live as healthy a life as you possibly can. An unhealthy woman ages much sooner than her more vigorous sister, because there is less vitality to feed upon. Early hours, the daily bath, fresh air and exercise, are the most effective aids to maintaining a healthy condition of the body.

### TO IMPROVE THE ARMS.

If your arms are inclined to be coarse and hairy, try rubbing them briskly with a well-soaped loofah every day. Afterwards well rinse and dry, and then rub in a little hazeline and cucumber juice mixed in equal proportions. A month of this treatment often works wonders, but don't rub with the loofah sufficiently hard to break the skin.

### BLOODSHOT EYES.

After a busy day one's eyes are often painful and bloodshot. Boracic acid is an excellent



remedy. Dissolve half an ounce in half a pint of boiling water. Bottle and let cool. Then add to a little of the solution enough boiling water to make it lukewarm, and well bathe the eyes. Repeat several times a day. Remember that the eyes must be thoroughly dried after bathing, or you will do more harm than good.

#### RAIN AS A COMPLEXION BEAUTIFIER.

Warm rain freshens and cleaves the skin of the face wonderfully, rendering it soft and velvety. Put on a macintosh and old cap and go out without an umbrella for half an hour when there is a nice warm shower; but if the shower stops before you get in, provide yourself with a soft handkerchief with which to wipe your face dry, for if it is left to dry itself it will probably be rough and uncomfortable.

#### TO WHITEN THE HANDS.

Rub a little of the following mixture well in every night after washing: Equal parts glycerine, rosewater, and lemon-juice. If glycerine disagrees with your skin, use almond-oil instead.

#### TO STRENGTHEN WEAK EYES.

Bathe them every morning in a wineglassful of cold water to which about twenty drops of hazeline have been added. If the eyelids are red and inflamed rub a little hazeline cream well in every night after washing and thoroughly drying.

#### TO WHITEN THE NECK.

Spread a little of the following paste on a soft rag, tie round the neck before getting into bed, and leave till morning:

One ounce of honey, one teaspoonful of lemon-juice, six drops of oil of bitter almonds, and the well eaten whites of two eggs. Add enough fine oatmeal to make a soft paste. If your neck is very brown, you may need to apply several nights in succession. In the morning wash in lukewarm water and any good soap.

#### FOR STAINED HANDS.

If your hands are stained, wash them first in hot water without soap, then rub the stained parts first with lemon-juice and salt, and then with pumice stone. Rinse in clean hot water. Soap simply fixes the stain more firmly.

#### AN EXCELLENT COLD CREAM.

Put a teacupful of sweet cream—the thicker the better—into a lined saucepan, and stir over the fire till it boils. Allow it to cool, and re-heat. Do this three times, and after the third stir in, while hot, the strained juice of two lemons, two tablespoonfuls strained cucumber juice, one tablespoonful glycerine, and one tablespoonful honey. Stir till almost cold, then add a few drops of any nice scent. Stir again, and store in pots for use as required, sealing down any not needed at once. This cream, rubbed well into the face every night after washing, makes the skin like velvet.

#### TOILET GLYCERINE.

One of the most delightful preparations for toilet use is made as follows: Take a handful of fresh scented geranium leaves, put them into a jar holding about six ounces, and pour over them four ounces of pure glycerine. Set the jar away until the juice of the leaves is thoroughly extracted, say a month or two; then pour off the liquid and press the leaves thoroughly. The juice in the leaves seems to cut the glycerine like alcohol, besides adding to it a delightful perfume. With rose-water added to this in the proportion of one ounce of rose-water to two of glycerine, you have an excellent emollient for the hands, and, for people who are not troubled with superfluous hair, for the face.

#### A Laddie's Worth a Kiss.

When the now famous Gordon Highlanders were first recruited it was found to be exceedingly hard to lure men away from their farms and civil employment. It looked as if the regiment would not, after all, ever exist. Then the pretty Duchess of Gordon came forward and offered a kiss to every man who joined. She went round the fairs and markets, and few there were of the younger men who did not enlist. When she was chaffed about the matter, she replied: "Isn't a laddie worth a kiss?"

#### American

AT THE POLE.—"The clock I find it gained three hours the clock"

"WELL, chile, what you got impressed on yer ter-day by de t. Dat I need a thicker seat ter my pants."

"The Government is trying to find a certain ten-thousand-dollar greenback, the only one extant."—"Has it searched all the European tenors and violinists who have been in this country lately?"

A BRIEF DESCRIPTION.—Teacher: Can you tell me what a Roman triumph was?—Pupil: It was a sort of a Dewey day.

HIS GRIEVANCE.—Mamma: Why don't you like aunt Fanny?—Johnny: Oh! she's always telling you not to spoil me.

CORRECT.—Teacher: Willy, please give me a sentence in which the verbs "to set" and "to sit" are used correctly.—Willy (after a brief deliberation): The United States is a country on which the sun never sets, and on which no other country ever sits.

HIS ABSENTMINDEDNESS.—Mrs. Tellington: Poor Mr. Moonabout is very absent-minded, isn't he?—Mr. Tellington: Yes; his latest freak was to lose his pocket-book and then look for it among the "p's" in the dictionary.





## Our Local Sporting and Athletic Record.

### CRICKET.

**R**ETURN of Matches played in Colombo and elsewhere from 1st December to 31st December, inclusive:—

#### COLOMBO.

December 9th.—Colombo C. C. vs. The Highland Light Infantry. Played on the Barrack Square. Ended in a draw.

Total Scores.

H. L. I. (for 6 wks.)

Highest individual scores:—Highland Light Infantry, L. I. vs. C. C., T. E. Etlinger 101.

December 10th.—Sports Club vs. Malay C. C. Played at Barrack Square. Won by the Sports Club on the first innings.

Total Scores.

Sports Club 199 & 51 (for 1 wkt.)  
Malay C. C. 177.

Highest individual scores:—Sports Club, H. G. Hall 53, and V. H. Ha'y 23 (not out); Malay C. C., T. A. Akbar 46.

December 26th.—Kalutara Bucks C. C. vs. St. Sebastian C. C. Played at Kalutara. Won by Kalutara Bucks on the first innings.

Total Scores.

Kalutara Bucks C. C. 93 and 56.  
St. Sebastian C. C. 57.

Highest individual scores:—Kalutara Bucks C. C., R. D. James 36 and M. F. Juriansz 23; St. Sebastian C. C., J. Mortier 16.

#### UP-COUNTRY.

December 16th.—Gampola Athletic and Cricket Club vs. The Trinity College C. C. Played at Gampola. Won by the Gampola A. and C. C. by an innings and 49 runs.

Total Scores.

Gampola A. and C. C. 137.  
Trinity College C. C. 16 and 72.

Highest individual scores:—Gampola A. and C. C., G. P. Gaddum 28; Trinity College C. C., T. B. Bulankulam 5 and 13.

# CALENDAR

FOR

November, 1899.

- 1st.—Meeting of the Legislative Council. Chamber of Commerce: Tea Sales. Wedding: Galle Face Church, Rev. W. J. Hannan—Miss M. Clarke. Grand Oriental Hotel: Guest Night. Entries close for Dolosbage Tennis Tournament. Hockey on Barrack Square.
- 2nd.—Departure of Mr. G. W. Suhren, Mr. and Mrs. T. Cockeril, Mr. J. H. Starey and Mr. F. D. Mitchell. Death of Mrs. W. H. De Vos. Tee Vali Festival, Bank Holiday. Salvation Army Sale of fancy articles. Sale of horses Racquet Court.
- 3rd.—Wedding at St. Michaels, Polwatte, Mr. R. Freeman—Miss Edley. Annual Inter District Sports at Taldua. Salvation Army Sale of fancy articles. Colombo Kachcheri: Sale of Crown Land. Arrival and departure of the "Konig Albert."
- 4th.—Annual Inter District Sports at Taldua. Cricket: Colombo C. C. vs. St. Thomas' College; Sports Club vs. Nondescripts; Colts vs. Royal College. Galle Face Hotel: Guest Night. Fancy Bazaar, Milagiriya, Bambalapitiya. Meeting of the Kandyan Hill Company.
- 6th.—Public Hall: Complimentary Concert to Mr. E. E. Powell. D. A. C. C. General Meeting, Dimbula Hall. Private J. MacIntyre of the H. L. I. commit suicide, by cutting his throat with a razor.
- 7th.—Half-Yearly General Meeting of the New Colombo Ice Company. Colombo Kachcheri: Sale of Crown Land. Meeting of the Petroleum Storage Company. Ladies' Golf Club Entries for mixed foresomes closed.
- 8th.—Meeting of the Legislative Council. Chamber of Commerce: Tea Sales. Grand Oriental Hotel: Guest Night. Arrival of Miss K. Freeman, a Lady Journalist.
- 9th.—Prince of Wales' Birthday. Public and Bank Holiday. Volunteer Parade Racquet Court 7 a. m. Meeting of the Fishing Club at Nuwara Eliya. Hockey on Galle Face.
- 10th.—Meeting of the City Council. Wolfendahl Lecture Hall: Fancy Bazaar. St. Paul's Milagiriya: Confirmation Service. Dance at Darrawella Club, Colombo Kachcheri: Sale of Crown Land.
- 11th.—Special General Meeting Ceylon Turf Club. D. M. C. C. Annual Meeting at Darrawella. Cricket: Colombo C. C. vs. St. Thomas' College. Sports Club vs. Nondescripts; Colts vs. Royal College. Fancy Bazaar, Wolfendahl Lecture Hall. School of Agriculture: Meeting of the Paris Exhibition Committee. Opening of the Wellawatte Wesleyan Chapel. Galle Face Hotel: Guest Night. Sale of Race Course Enclosures.
- 12th.—Return of Mr. Alexander Philip. Arrival of Mrs. Bosanquet and Mr. and the Misses Bosanquet.



- 13th.—Association Foot Ball: "C" Coy. vs. "E." Coy. H.L.I. Polo on Havelock Race Course. Wedding St. Michael's Polwatte: Mr. G. F. Nell-Miss Winefred May Tringham.
- 14th.—Public Hall: Lecture by Nurse de Kantzow. Colombo Kachcheri: Sale of Crown Land. Death of Mr. George Moverley.
- 15th.—Grand Oriental Hotel: Guest Night. Public Hall: Lecture by Nurse de Kantzow. Chamber of Commerce: Tea Sales. D. M. C. C. Billiard Championship begins. Timber Depot: Slave Island, Sale of Ebony.
- 16th.—Special Meeting of the City Council. Council Chamber: Public Meeting re Transvaal War fund. Hockey on Galle Face.
- 17th.—Meeting of the Ambagamuwa Planters' Association. Cricket Nondescripts vs. Prince of Wales' College. Salvation Army Demonstration: Parsee Theatre. Colombo Kachcheri: Sale of Crown Land.
- 18th.—Kalutara North Government Girls' School, Prize Distribution. Cricket. Nondescripts vs. Prince of Wales' College; Colombo C. C. vs. Royal College; Gampola C. C. vs. D. A. C. C. Sale of Indian horses. Galle Face Hotel: Guest Night. Adjourned Meeting of the Ica Company. Stabbing affray in the Pettah, husband stabs his wife.
- 20th.—Colombo Garden Club: Entries close for Major-General's Prize for Mixed Doubles. Colombo Kachcheri: Sale of Lease of Land. Dance at Princes' Club.
- 21st.—Hockey on Galle Face. Sale of Crown Land, Colombo Kachcheri.
- 22nd.—Meeting of the Legislative Council. Chamber of Commerce: Tea Sales. Public Hall: Payne's Family, 9 p.m. Grand Oriental Hotel: Guest Night.
- 23rd.—Hockey on Galle Face. Payne's Family at the Public Hall. Association Football: Bloomfield A. & C. C. vs. "E." Coy. H. L. I.
- 24th.—Special General Meeting, Ceylon Chamber of Commerce. General Meeting Nondescripts C. C. Cricket; Combined Colleges & Sports Club. Colombo Kachcheri: Sale of Crown Land. General Meeting Knave-mire Estate Co. Ltd. Meeting of the Delgolla Estate Co., Kandy. Public Hall: Payne's Family.
- 25th.—Return of Sir West Ridgeway. General Meeting Kelani Valley Planters' Association. Cricket: Colombo Bar vs. Colombo C. C., Combined Colleges vs. Sports Club. Meeting of the Fernland Tea Company. General Meeting of the D. M. C. C. General Meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society (Ceylon Branch) Colombo Museum Library, 9 p.m. Entries Close for Colombo Golf Club, Major General's Prize. Galle Face Hotel: Guest Night.
- 27th.—Association Foot Ball, "C" Coy. vs. "H" Coy. H. L. I. Polo on Havelock Racecourse. Arrival of the Maldivian Ambassador.
- 28th.—Association Foot Ball "D" Coy. vs. "A" Coy. H. L. I. Colombo Kachcheri: Sale of Crown Land.
- 29th.—Meeting of the Legislative Council. Chamber of Commerce: Tea Sales. Grand Oriental Hotel: Guest Night. Polo on Havelock Racecourse. Galle Face Hotel: Guest Night.
- 30th.—St Andrew's Peak Hotel. Hatton, Meet *Card Press Co.* Banquet by the Bo.





