

remarks made by the villagers she became terrified. Sabina was just then about to start for England, so she got her to take the boy away, first telling her her secret. Two other children had been born to the Bandini, but both had died, and now Sabina said her sister kept writing, begging her to find the boy, as she would have no peace till he was restored.

"I am sure there is a curse on her, and all the villagers say she has the evil eye, and no wonder, the Saints won't forgive a black deed like that, and she has not had another child," added Sabina.

Count Bandini, a tall, dark military-looking man, went up to Antonio, and putting his hand on his shoulder said:

"This will be a miracle—a joy unspeakable—I am convinced of the truth of this woman's statements, but we will like to look at the proofs together. If only your mother had lived to see this day how proud she would have been of you. Sir Arthur has told me of your plucky attempt to make a name for yourself. How glad I shall be to share our illustrious one with you."

Antonio grasped the hand that was offered to him, and with the old joyous look coming back to his face exclaimed:

"How splendid, thank you, sir; I do hope I am somebody after all. It does not seem I'm up to making much of a name for myself, but perhaps I can carry one on all right. When can I go home?" he turned impulsively to Sir Arthur.

"Ah, you scamp, I know what you are thinking of, or rather who! But you need not go as far as Hayford, though Lady Ferrars is longing to see you. The Garstains are in Town, and Sybil is behaving quite shockingly. She positively won't enjoy herself—perhaps you can do something with her. I'm not so sure Garstain will be so keen now on giving you that thrashing, though I quite agree you deserve it!"

Mr. Graham here interrupted the conversation.

"Excuse me, but a little business ought to be got through first. I have received letters from Antocoli, and amongst others the confession of this woman's sister. Kindly look at it and tell me if this is her handwriting." Sabina was positive on this point. "Then I have, from the notary certificate of death of the child of Count Guilio Antonio Bandini, which name he declares ought to be changed to Antonio Torsi. Also the written word of many of the villagers, which this zealous man has collected, all pointing out the remarkable refinement of the boy and his unlikeness to his parents. Also the scandal caused by this, an only child being sent away from his home. It would appear," he added, looking over his spectacles, "that these good people live in such fear of a vendetta that no one dared speak until their personal safety was assured. This is all I can collect of proofs. Perhaps the Count is satisfied, forgive my mentioning it, but I can't but be struck by the likeness between you."

"Quite so, I realised that even myself—so my boy, filio mio, let us quickly begin to learn to know each other. How about going to see this Lord Garstain? It seems we must come to some understanding in that quarter! Eh? But first let me speak to this good woman," talking quickly in Italian he told Sabina, both she and her sister should be freely pardoned, and that if she had trouble of any kind to come to him.

With a new feeling of assurance Antonio later presented himself at Lord Garstain's.

"I've come for my thrashing, sir," his eyes sparkled merrily. "But I've found a name and plenty of money, so perhaps you won't hit so very hard! Anyway I must thank you for starting me off on the quest."

"Well, well, you are still a young scoundrel, I'm sure of that, and certainly a thief, for you have quite stolen my Sybil from me. I can do nothing with her, you'd better try. I suppose there's a sunset somewhere about London too, eh? You had better be off and look for it."

No second bidding was needed.

But little was noticed of the sunset. The two young people had too much to talk about of the troublous times they had both been through, of the glorious future opening before them—as they strolled about the park.

"Surely one could write a story about it," Sybil said.

"Yes," laughingly replied Antonio, "and I could do the illustrations!"

Not a single infectious disease is known in Greenland.

EXCITING AND AMUSING ADVENTURES IN THE TRANSPORT OF HUGE BEASTS.

IT was some 40 years ago that the first rhinoceros was brought to Europe by my traveller Cassanova (writes Carl Hagenbeck in "Beasts and Men"). I went to Trieste to take it over. I remember this rhinoceros well, for he came near to doing me a nasty injury. He was quite a young animal and stood only about 32 inches at the shoulder, but, nevertheless, he blossomed out one day into a veritable athlete, a fact which I remember the more because he challenged me to a match, in which, no doubt, I should have come off second best had I not thought discretion the better part of valour.

On the journey from Trieste to Vienna I travelled in the same compartment with the young rhinoceros, for thinking him to be my especial treasure I wished to take charge of him personally. I was dozing comfortably in a corner, when I was suddenly awakened by a pull, and saw that the young rhinoceros had the tail of my coat in his mouth and was cheerfully sucking away at it. The animal appeared to find the flavour pleasant, but the operation not being precisely beneficial to my garment, I endeavoured with all due politeness to free the coat from the young herbivore's jaws. The brute, however, was not disposed to submit to this privation; he flew suddenly into a terrific rage, gave a shrill cry of anger, and assaulted me with fury. I fully admit that I was not over anxious for a duel with the little monster, and, indeed, I found the situation far from pleasant.

With quite remarkable agility I leaped over boxes and sacks to escape from the formidable onset, and in so doing I upset a sack weighing about 150 pounds, which rolled into the rhinoceros's stall; and the animal, probably mistaking the harmless sack for his enemy, hurled it into the air as though it had been an indiarubber ball. Not wishing to give our African guest any opportunity of playing "catch-ball" with me, after the manner of his game with the sack, I hastily changed my quarters and completed the journey in safety. Later, when I was taking the young rhinoceros to London, I had further proof of his violent disposition. Being annoyed by the movements of his cage while it was being taken ashore, he charged the wall and split the thick planks as though they had been no stronger than the wood of a cigar box. I then, however, covered the entire cage in a cloth, which put the animal in darkness and thus quieted him, and he eventually arrived safely at his destination.

The hippopotamus is an even more bulky animal than its relative the rhinoceros; but, nevertheless, one of my travellers on one occasion actually transported a specimen in an ordinary travelling trunk. The story no doubt sounds slightly improbable, and may perhaps remind the reader of the American commercial traveller who journeyed with his trunk full—so he asserted—of telegraph poles! Yet on this occasion I am not trying to presume upon the credulity of the public. The keeper whom I sent to Bordeaux to receive the animal transported it simply in a large travelling trunk, which he registered to Hamburg as luggage! The beast was a female hailing from the West Coast of Africa, and weighed, it is true, only 80 pounds.

The trunk with its unusual contents was delivered safely in Hamburg, and the hippopotamus is now to be seen in the Zoological Gardens at Hanover. It does not do to play with these great animals, for, like the rhinoceros, they are liable to violent fits of temper, and are then exceedingly dangerous. Indeed they are much less tractable than rhinoceros, and do not usually conceive that strong affection for their keepers which is so commonly observed in the case of the latter animals. The transportation of these creatures is often a most difficult, not to say dangerous, operation.

I once had an adventure with a female hippopotamus much resembling the little incident with the rhinoceros at the London docks. It occurred about 25 years ago. I had just purchased the hippopotamus in question in South Germany, and on the animal's arrival at Hamburg it was, of course, necessary to transfer it from the waggon to the stable which was to be its home. The usual method of procedure was first tried, but the lady, having not only a thick hide, but also a thick head, obstinately refused to come out. She merely approached the door, and snapped at the delicacies offered to her, then retired once more into the waggon. This sort

of thing continued for several hours, until at last I lost all patience with the brute and ordered two of my people, whilst I once more enticed her to the door with a handful of food, to belabour her from the rear. Seeing the food, the cow once again came to the door, but on being hit from behind, instead of coming right cut, she turned round in a fury and charged the barrier dividing her from her assailants with such force that this gave way and fell with a crash, bringing the two keepers beneath it.

The hippopotamus was about to follow up her advantage, when I sprang to the rescue and gave her a tremendous kick with my right foot. The result of this was to turn her attention to myself, and with a snort of rage she came at me with a rush. I ran—ran as I had never run before—and fled into the stable prepared for the hippopotamus, the infuriated beast following with wide-open jaws. Springing across the bath, I made my escape through the bars, which were very wide apart—but only just in time! Outside, I rushed round to the door of the stall and quickly closed it—the hippopotamus was secured!

I have always regretted that there was no photographer—or better—cinematographic camera on the spot to preserve the doubtless highly comical sight of my panic-stricken flight from the hippopotamus cow.

A Rabbit Yarn.

Some 20 or 30 years ago a certain lighthouse keeper, recently come to W— Lighthouse a few miles north of Yarmouth, on getting settled, thought it would be advantageous to him to turn a bit of the sand warren attached to the premises into a vegetable garden. Accordingly he set to work, and having delved it into the semblance of a garden patch, proceeded to plant it. For the first few days the young vegetables promised to flourish in their new quarters, and the "bunnies" on the adjacent warren had not got over their surprise and the fear of committing trespass. But one morning the lighthouse-keeper came to his garden to find that something in the nature of a blight had visited one corner during the night. Somewhat puzzled he re-planted the ground, but next night more of his tender vegetables vanished, and he was still further puzzled. He dug, manured, and planted again, but with like result. He asked the village folk, who smiled, and naturally suggested "rabbits!" The keeper watched, and found it was so. He complained to H—, the lord of the manor, and asked him to keep off the rabbits.

"If you wish to grow greenstuffs," said the lord of the manor, "fence your garden in yourself!"

This the keeper did not see his way to do, but set to work on a much harder if less expensive plan. He dug a trench two feet wide, and three feet in depth all round the garden, hoping that it would be a sufficient barrier against the marauding rodents. One morning after he had completed his trench he visited it, and to his great surprise found a large number of rabbits prisoners therein. They had got in but could not get out. I am informed there were over one hundred animals trapped. These he managed to kill and find a market for.

"All right!" said the lighthouse-keeper, "this'll do! it's better than a fence."

And he managed to dispose of 700 rabbits before the lord of the manor discovered his loss, and the cause of the cessation of complaints. H— was one day surveying his warren when he espied the keeper acting in a strange and excited manner, and came up to the edge of the trench. "Why man! What's this?" he gasped. "You're clearing my warren?"

"I'm content," replied the lighthouse-keeper, still knocking rabbits on the head, as he pushed a big box in front of him and stowing the rabbits in as he went on. "If you want to keep the rabbits, you'd better fence them in!"

And so H— did, for he immediately ordered some rolls of wire netting, burying three feet of it below the surface, and raising it several feet above, all round the garden!—From "Wild Life in a Norfolk Estuary," by Arthur H. Patterson.

In many districts of Italy and Spain the chestnut takes the place of oats, rye, and rice. Chestnut groves are abundant in all the mountain districts, and the season of chestnut gathering is the harvest festival of these countries.