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Records made by Cicero and Pliny tell
of the Romans using ink made of the liq-
nor of cuttlefish.

When the cuttlefish is attacked it dis-
charges a fluid into the water, which
renders all round it opaque.

THE DINNER PARTY.

"Will you good people excuse me just
one half-hour? I have two letters to write
which have been on my mind all day."

It was just after dinner at Rivercourt
that Lord Haverham addressed the above
remark to his half-dozen guests.

His lordship was a man of forty, slight-
ly bald, with a puffy, red face.

He evaded meeting Judge Millbank's
eyes as he made his request. All the even-
ing the judge had been trying to get a
word alone with him, but for some reason
of his own Haverham had avoided this.

Millbank, however, was not a man to be
easily put off.

He now addressed his host directly.

"Certainly," he said, speaking for the
rest of the company—the local clergyman
and doctor and their wives—as well as
for himself; "but I want five minutes'
private chat with you to-night, Haverham,
if you don't mind."

"Oh? Oh er—certainly—with the
greatest pleasure," replied his lordship
hurriedly. "I shan't be long. I could
write my notes here, but it will be more
convenient in my study. I've had a little
room fitted up as a study, you know. It
is quiet and remote. It used to be called
the Blue Room."

Kitty who was awaiting her opportunity
to slip away, gave such a jump that all
eyes were turned upon her.

She passed it off pretending she had
seen a mouse, and the incident ended in
laughter, during which Lord Haverham
withdrew.

The judge remained for a few minutes,
and then, excusing himself, went out in-
to the garden to smoke a cigar.

As soon as he was out of sight of the
lighted window, however, he threw away
his cigar, and re-entered the house by
another way.

Unseen, he went at once to the Blue
Room, and entered without announcing
himself.

Lord Haverham, who was seated at a
writing-table, rose quickly and uttered an
indignant protest, which the other waved
aside almost contemptuously.

Angry words were exchanged, and very
soon the two men were engaged in a heat-
ed argument.

The cause of the quarrel was obscure,
but it was something which aroused the
deepest passions of both.

In the midst of it Lord Haverham, who
had drunk freely at dinner, lost his temper
completely. Goaded by some contemptu-
ous insult, he rushed at Millbank. The
latter, who, in spite of his fifty-five years,
was still a powerful and vigorous man,
seized his aggressor by the throat, and
flung him savagely to the floor.

Lord Haverham spun round as he fell,
and struck his forehead on the edge of the
marble kerb round the fireplace; then he
reel over, and lay on his back quite still.

Horrified, Millbank sprang forward, and
knelt down by the prostrate figure. He
made a rapid examination, and then slowly
he rose to his feet.

His face was an ashen grey, and in his
eyes, usually so calm and self-reliant,
there was a look of indescribable horror
and fear.

In the drawing-room the doctor and the
vicar were discussing local politics. Their
wives were talking scandal in low voices,
while Kitty stood at the open window,
and looked out with unseeing eyes into
the moonlit garden.

Dick! Where was he? What would he
think of her? Oh, what could she do?

She was just making up her mind to
risk everything and go down to the boat-
house and try to meet her lover there,
when a tall, commanding figure emerged
from the shadow and came slowly towards
the window.

It was the judge.

He entered the room in an easy, lei-

surely manner, and with a smile on his
lips.

His face was a little paler than usual,
but otherwise there was nothing in his
demeanour to indicate that he had pass-
ed through a tragic and terrible experi-
ence.

"Haverham not back yet?" he said,
glancing round the room.

"No; he is writing a somewhat lengthy
letter," said the vicar dryly.

"It must be a love-letter," suggested
the doctor's wife, glancing slyly at Kitty.

The tittering laugh caused by this re-
mark was suddenly silenced by an ex-
traordinary hubbub which arose in an-
other part of the house.

There was the sound of slamming doors,
startled cries, and hurrying feet.

Judge Millbank moved quickly towards
the door, but before he could reach it
it was flung open, and a scared, white-
faced footman appeared.

"Quick, sir; doctor, quick!" he gasped
the master!

"Your master? what of him?" de-
manded the judge sternly.

"Dead, sir! Murdered!"

"Murdered? Lord Haverham murdered?
Impossible!"

"It's true, sir," panted the servant.
"Cruelly murdered. But we've got the
man."

"Oh?"

The judge gave an involuntary start of
surprise, which he was unable to check.

"Yes, sir. Caught him almost red-handed,
just as he was getting away. He is an
Australian soldier."

THE PRISONER IN THE DOCK.

The court was crowded and very still.

The last stage of a most mysterious and
sensational murder trial had been reached.

The victim was a well-known nobleman,
and the accused a young man, Richard
Foster, of whom little was known except
that he had served with distinction in the
Australian forces throughout the war.

The motive of the crime was robbery;
that was tolerably clear. Foster had brok-
en into Rivercourt, and then, on being
interrupted by the master of the house,
he had not hesitated to commit murder
rather than be captured.

So far, there was no mystery, but there
was one point about the case which puz-
zled the lawyers and piqued the curiosity
of the public.

The prisoner had made no fight for his
life.

Judge Millbank, who was trying the
case, was, as usual, cold, calm, unimpas-
sioned, judicious.

Whatever his secret thoughts may have
been, his outward demeanour was in every
way correct.

And, indeed, he had but little pity
for the man in the dock.

"The fellow, though innocent of this
crime, is evidently a bad lot, or why is
he afraid to clear himself? He is certainly
a fortune-hunter and a rascal. A long
term of imprisonment is the best thing
for him and for society."

She stroked his rugged hand coaxingly,
as she looked up eagerly into his grave
face.

"What is the secret, Kitty?" he said
quietly.

The girl bent her head, and hid her
blushing face against the old man's coat.
"I'm in love daddy," she whispered,
"and he loves me. And oh! daddy, he is
so—so splendid."

"Who is it?"

The gentleness of his voice deceived
her, and she looked up.

"I know you will like him, daddy. I
met him at that concert to Australian
soldiers, you know. He is an Australian,
and a soldier, of course. But he will be
demobilised soon. His name is Dick Fos-
ter. He has been all through the war,
and he is a hero daddy, a real hero."

"Yes, dear, they are all heroes. God
bless them! But my little girl cannot
marry a man just because he is a hero. Is
he a private soldier?"

"Yes, daddy."

"And poor?"

"He hasn't very much money at pre-
sent, but he is going to work hard. I
know he will get on."

The old judge nodded.

"I see. Well, dear, now listen to me,"
he said quietly. "Ten years ago I took
you into my house and made you my
daughter. Since then I have done every-
thing I could to make you happy. Have
I ever refused you anything?"

"No, daddy dear, never."

"All you have, all you are, you owe to
me," went on the man. "I am only telling
you this because I want you to understand
I begrudge you nothing of what I have
done for you. I intend to do still more.
But you must be guided by me. This thing
of which you have spoken is all nonsense.
You must dismiss it from your mind."

"But I—I love him, daddy!" exclaimed
Kitty, beginning to cry.

"That will pass," said the judge calmly.

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NOBLE'S,
DEE STREET.

"It is nothing. A girl's foolish fancy. The
real things in life are wealth and power
and position. It has taken me a lifetime
to get them, but to you they will come
while you are yet young."

"Daddy!" began the girl; but the
judge rose, and when he spoke his voice,
for the first time, had a note of sternness
in it.

"Enough! Child, you have tired me, and
hurt me just a little. There, there is noth-
ing more to be said, I will see this young
man, and get rid of him. You must not
see him again. To-night at Rivercourt
Lord Haverham will ask you to be his
wife. You will accept him. It is a splen-
did match for you. Why, child, if it had
not been for me you might have been a
little shopgirl now, or a domestic servant.
There, run away, I want to be quiet for
a while."

He moved away slowly across the lawn,
and the girl did not follow him.

She remained for several moments
crouching by the side of the chair where
he had left her, a look of indescribable
dismay on her fair young face.

Never before had she been thwarted in
any of her desires; never before had she
received an unkind word from the man
who had been more than a father to her.

Suddenly she rose and ran swiftly into
the house.

She made her way to her own room,
and, darting to a writing-table, she seized
pen and paper and began to write at fur-
ious speed.

This is what she wrote—

"My own dear, darling Dick.— Some-
thing dreadful has happened. Daddy
wants me to marry that horrid Lord Haver-
ham, and he says I must never see you
again. But I will—I will! We are din-
ing at Rivercourt to-night. After dinner
I will slip away, and go to the Blue
Room. It is a room they never use.
I will leave the window open. If you
come by the river and land near the boat-
house, it is the corner window at that
end of the house. Don't fail me, dear,
dear, Dick. Be there by eight. It may
be half-past before I can get away, but
wait. I will come. Nothing shall stop
me. I must see you again.—Your broken-
hearted
Kitty."

With feverish haste she sealed up the
letter and then gave it to a servant who
could trust, with urgent instructions to
deliver it at once.

After that she flung herself down, and
sobbed as though her heart would break.
(Continued on Page 12.)

PORT SAID.

Sand and wind and whirling dust, rickety
docks and piers,
Cheap bazaars with gaudy goods unchang-
ing through the years,
Heat-rimmed skies and heat-scorched
moons, desert green and gray
Hem in the city of old Port Said, that
stands by the waterway.

Native dhows from along the coast, with
heavy crimson sails,
Bound for Aden and a hundred ports up
shallow-water trails,
Saunter up the brown canal with idly
squatting crews
Turbaned in white and blue and red, with
gorgeous Persian shoes.

Trading schooners from seven seas slip
through to Eastern ports,
Rusty red from their keels to the mon-
soon-battered thwarts.
Troopships out to India, brigantines for
green Ceylon
Pass from sapphire sea to brown between
the dusk and dawn.

Here the crossroads of the world, where
West gives way to East,
Where pleasure and time both meet and
time is but the least,
Where dawn is but a lightning flash
and dusk an hour or two
And the crimson dhows go sailing down
a sea of changing blue.

—Gordon Malherbe Hillman, in the
"Saturday Post."

THE FULLNESS OF LIFE.

"These men want neither praise nor
patronage for the services they have ren-
dered, but only that to which they are
entitled and which is due to every man—
viz., opportunities to realize the fullness
of life."

Brigadier General
G. S. RICHARDSON,
C.B., C.M.G., C.B.E., etc.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Let us work for a better, happier world
to arise from this fluid mass. Yet us move
forward with courage and in faith, and let
us not fall back into the hopeless ennui,
the sterile and blasting bitterness of the
past.—General Smuts.