

great bulk of people must have a critic for a painting, a statue, or a poem.'

'But you wouldn't permit me to vouch for you.'

'Certainly not, and I don't regret it. If these persons knew who I am they would nauseate me with their flattery. Don't worry yourself about it, Mac. We are getting such people at home. After all they are better than our own aristocracy was when they drove you Americans out of the British empire. Your American aristocrats are at least harmless.'

'Before I leave I shall tell my guests who you are.'

'I prefer that you should not, but if you do don't do so till the last moment of their stay here. By the bye, how comes it that your cousin, Miss DeWitt, treats me with so much more consideration than the rest?'

'She comes of a family that was prominent in America when there were few such in the land. Any one of these persons whom I have brought out here could have bought any one of her ancestors many times over. They were rich for those days, but not for now. Their claim to their position was their refinement. Such claims nowadays are based on the possession of wealth. My cousin had doubtless detected in you, beneath your sombrero and woollen shirt something akin to herself. But even if she has not done so she would scorn to remain under your roof without treating you with ordinary politeness.'

'Have you given her my incog?'

'I have not.'

A canter over Mr. Coleman's domain was arranged, and it was necessary that he should conduct them. The young men and women paired off, riding in couples. Miss DeWitt, seeing Mr. Coleman riding alone, spurred her horse beside him with the apparent pretence of asking him questions about the country. The act was noticed by the others.

'I wonder,' said a lady in a low tone to her companion, 'how Miss DeWitt, who is so refined, can demean herself by associating with that Irishman.'

'Pat isn't bad,' replied the other. 'He's a bit rough, but you wouldn't expect a ranchman to be a silk stocking.'

'I'm told that a number of younger sons of British gentlemen are engaged in ranching.'

Miss De Vine, who was riding near and heard this dialogue, informed the speakers that she was of Irish extraction and there was a great difference between the classes in Ireland. The gentry there did not usually come to America. Her grandfather had emigrated, but that was because he had lost his estates and could not maintain the position his family had occupied for many centuries.

Some of the party who were observing Miss DeWitt and Patrick Coleman were puzzled, noticing that when in her company he seemed to lose much of his brusqueness. Indeed, occasionally his bearing toward her would be that of a gentleman, though somewhat antiquated. One of the men declared that if he did not know better he might suppose him to be an Irish gentleman of the old school.

Before the party finished the rounds of the ranch and drew up at the ranch house, Miss DeWitt had received a great deal of information as to the methods pertaining to sheep-raising, especially the precautions necessary to preserve the sheep from the blizzards. On reaching the porch before which the party dismounted Mr. Coleman threw himself from his horse and handed Miss DeWitt down from hers in a manner that was noticed by the rest of the party. He seemed to have been born for such purpose.

From that time during the visit of the New Yorkers at the Coleman ranch, Miss DeWitt received and accepted marked attention from the ranchman, and with the women of the party lost caste considerably by doing so.

The party remained together for two weeks, during which those who wished to hunt hunted, those who wished to fish fished, and those who preferred to do nothing lounged. During all this time Patrick Coleman and Miss DeWitt saw more and more of each other, and the ladies, despairing of the latter's disposition to de-

grade herself by accepting the attention of so ordinary a person as the rancher, left her to her own sweet will. As the fortnight drew to an end it began to look as though the two were going to make a match.

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On the day of the departure all the guests had entered the coach except Miss De Vine, who was about to do so. Coleman stood with his sombrero in his hand, while MacKnight stood beside him.

'I think,' said the latter to the party, 'that I owe it to you to tell you that you have been the guests of two instead of one. My friend here is Patrick Coleman, the son of an Irish peer, the Earl of Eringough. He desired to see something of our best American society and proposed that I should bring out a party of my friends. He desires me to thank you for the honor you have done him.'

At the mention of the name Eringough, Miss De Vine, red as a pony, turned and sprang into the coach. MacKnight climbed to a seat beside the driver, and as the coach disappeared from view a white handkerchief waved from an outside seat by Miss DeWitt repaid the ranchman for the refusal of the others to admit him to the charmed circle.

All this happened many years ago. In due time the Earl of Eringough died, and his son, the ranchman, inherited the title. Lady Eringough, *née* DeWitt, is now an Irish peeress.

The members of the party who visited the Coleman ranch have never forgiven themselves for their blunder. Miss De Vine has made several trips abroad with a view to catching a titled husband, and has at last succeeded in marrying a marquis.

Te Horo

Very great regret is felt throughout the Te Horo district at the projected departure of Miss Prendeville, assistant at the Te Horo school for a number of years. Miss Prendeville is held in the highest esteem by parents and children alike, and will be much missed from Te Horo.

On Sunday morning, after Mass at Te Horo, Rev. Father Meln, on behalf of the Catholics of Te Horo, presented Miss Nellie Glacken with a silver crucifix and set, and a prayer-book. He spoke of the good Miss Glacken had done both as a Sunday school teacher and organist. Mr. Geo. Glacken returned thanks for his sister.

Advantage was taken of the Hauere Rifle Club's annual social at Te Horo, to make a presentation to Mr. Geo. Glacken, who has filled the position of secretary to the club with great credit for some years past, and has also been the champion shot of the club on more than one occasion. President G. P. Catley, who made the presentation, said that it was only fit that they should make this slight recognition of Mr. Glacken's most valuable services to the club, on the eve of his departure from that part of the district. Mr. Glacken had been a most efficient and courteous secretary, moreover he was the champion shot of the club, a most consistent shot, and a zealous member in every way. He asked Mr. Glacken's acceptance of a very handsome and valuable dressing-case, suitably inscribed, as a memento of his connection with the club. Mr. Glacken made a fitting speech in reply.

SYMPATHY.

If there is one person who deserves sympathy it is surely he who suffers from chronic colds. A sudden change in the weather or going out into the night air from a heated room, is quite enough to bring on the trouble. Usually the tendency to catch cold is due to a generally run-down condition, and the treatment should take the form of a tonic like BAXTER'S LUNG PRESERVER. It is pleasant to take, gives sure results, and is quite harmless; for children and adults you cannot find a better cough or cold remedy. 1/10 a bottle from all chemists and stores, or by post direct.

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