she was very happy, and that he made a most excellent husband and father. "He never gets drunk, is always at work, and brings me home all his earnings, so that the children are well-clad and cared for, as you can see, whereas, if I had married a white, he quite likely would have spent his wages in drink, and knocked about and starved me and the children." I replied that she appeared to have made a wise choice and wished her and her little ones every happiness.

Subsequently, all along the coast of Queensland, at every port we touched, the tale was that the Chinese were getting the whole trade of the place into their hands, and that owing to their thrift, sobriety and assiduity. At Singapore and Hongkong the same story was repeated. In the rice-swamps by the great rivers the coolies were diligently toiling under burning skies. Going down into the saloon of the steamer that carried me to Canton or Macao, I forget which, I found it filled with Chinamen of evidently a very high caste, attired in sky-blue tunics and taking short whiffs from their opium-pipes. Tall and slight of figure, with smooth, hairless faces, save for their long mustaches, there was such an air of Confucian serenity and intellectuality about them that I felt somewhat uncomfortable in their presence, and did not regain my self-composure till I had rejoined my more commonplace compatriots on deck. In Japan, as in China, in all the mercantile houses, whether native or European, the compradores, the men who cash your circular notes, and figure out the exchanges, were Chinamen to a man. The universal testimony was that the Chinaman was a born merchant, ready to stake the largest sums to procure the smallest returns, hard in driving a bargain, but inflexible in carrying it out, whether it resulted for or against him.

It was impossible to withhold moral approbation of, if one could not accord intellectual assent to, their proud confidence in the superiority of their own civilization, the most ancient in existence and that by centuries anticipated the west in many of the highest inventions; and not to recognize that when at length the conservatism of China awakes from its sleep of ages, it is almost impossible to set limits to the role that she will play in the development of the world.

When I landed at San Francisco the air was full of the "yellow peril," the dirtiness and the vices of the Chinese; but at the same time everyone admitted that the best washermen, the best gardeners, the best servants, were all Chinamen, and that, but for them, many of the railways, if made at all, would have had indefinitely to be postponed. It is easy enough and common enough to adopt the vices of the Chinese. It is more difficult, and rarer, to imitate their virtues. The outcry is against their vices, the real objection to them is to their virtues.—The London New Age for March 17, 1904.

THE PUNISHMENT OF THE CAT.

"I regret it extremely," said Aunt Isobel, and she might well regret it, for she was in part responsible; she was the actual owner of the cat Isolde, who had done this terrible thing.

"And it is not the first time," said Aunt Herminia, severely. It is impossible to speak of these two good ladies without the auntly prefix; they had been congenital aunts; they were now both unmarried and both over 50, and auntliness was their portion forever. They lived together and had written treaties and agreements regulating their respective positions in the house, and the small things of life were of very serious importance to them.

"It is not the first time," Aunt Herminia repeated. "I find on referring to my diary that no further back than November 16 last year I also found the cat asleep on my bed in the afternoon. This kind of thing cannot possibly go on. I say nothing about the extreme laziness of sleeping in the day, whether the sleeper be a cat or any other animal."

Aunt Isobel looked slightly confused. She had herself once or twice been guilty of closing her eyes for a few minutes after luncheon and the more energetic Herminia had caught her at it.

"I am prepared," said Aunt Herminia, "to take it on the very lowest grounds and will merely say that if the cat wished to sleep there is a place provided for it. It is not as if it had no proper basket."

"No, indeed," said Aunt Isobel, weakly.

"Very well, then. You know the agreement between us. Either the cat will be punished with your consent or you will get rid of her."

"Yes, of course, she must be punished. I'll go down now and give her a good scolding."

"That will not do," said Aunt Herminia, sternly. "I am by no means certain that she has the delicate sensibilities that would make a scolding a punishment."

"I always think," said Aunt Isobel, "that she understands and feels every word I say, and you couldn't strike her or keep her without food."

"I should consider it quite unwomanly to strike anything in any case. It might be a kindness to her to keep her without food for a day, but with servants as criminally indulgent toward cats as ours are and with so many young birds in the garden it would be impossible without an irksome surveillance."

"Then you think a good scolding would do?" said Aunt Isobel. "You might even talk to her yourself." It was with agony that she wrenched out this concession.

"I think nothing of the kind. My mind is made up. The best way to repel undue familiarity is by a calculated snub. The cat has taken the liberty of sleeping on my bed, the very bed where I am expected to sleep to-night. Very well, then, for the whole of to-morrow that cat will be sent to Coventry. You understand? To Coventry. Neither of us will speak to it, stroke it, permit it to jump or take any notice of it whatever. It will not be allowed to enter the dining-room or the drawing-room. Then, perhaps, it may learn its place."

"But think of her feelings!" cried Aunt Isobel.

"That," said Aunt Herminia, sardonically, "is precisely what I am thinking about. And either you will join me loyally and exactly in this line of treatment or our agreement will be put in force and Isolde will go."

Aunt Isobel gave way at once and promised the most faithful collaboration. But in her diary that night she wrote: "Herminia is not cruel, of course, but I fear that she errs, if at all, on the side of severity." Only blind agony could have driven her to such abuse.

A gloom hung over the house next day. Both the sisters were doing their duty and keeping their word, and hated it.

Aunt Isobel was set firm; the chill of Herminia's ultimatum had done it. She passed her beloved Isolde in the garden and spoke no word and made no sign. Only her torn heart cried "Isolde!" and the cat could not hear it. Besides, the cat was pretty busy at the time on the chance of a mole coming out and quite ready to pounce. Aunt Isobel was wretched that evening; she had grown so accustomed to bestowing certain attentions on Isolde and it was impossible for her to believe that the cat did not miss them. "I only hope," she said at last, "that the servants have remembered to give Isolde her supper."

"Personally," said Aunt Herminia, "I can only hope, in the interests of the beast and knowing what indigestion is