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[PAGES 9 to 16.]

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[PAGES 9 to 16.]

LIFE IN A CRACK REGIMENT. SERIAL STORY.

Up-to-date Novel of German Military Life, with a Powerful Love Interest. By Baron Schlicht. SERIAL RIGHTS SECURED BY THE "SUNDAY TIMES."



CHAPTER I.—BY COMMAND OF THE EMPEROR.

The "Yellow Butterflies," as Franz Ferdinand Leopold's infantry regiment was called in account of its yellow epaulettes, were celebrating its anniversary; the day when, more than forty years ago, it lost in a famous battle a third of its rank and file and more than half of its officers. The memory of the heroes of the battle could not be allowed to perish; the younger generation were continually reminded of them, and thus the celebration of the anniversary of the famous battle was accompanied by "remembrance of the fallen; for the encouragement of the living." The fallen, for what they had done, were given every year a magnificent wreath tied with a gigantic ribbon of the regiment's colors; the living, who had as yet done nothing, were given a splendid dinner with equally splendid wine; and when the enthusiasm aroused by the official speech of the colonel, under the influence of the champagne, had done its work, the officers all declared again and again that when the regiment went into battle they would know how to die as bravely as their comrades—and they really meant what they said.

together, and we must remain strictly the barrier that divides us from the middle class. Let us drink one more to this hope; that the Guards may ever remain what we now are—bearers of the oldest names, "first-class" men!

The conversation of his neighbor had been far too long for the Uhlan, who scarcely listened to what he was saying; nevertheless he echoed his words: "Let us drink." But just as he was about to raise his glass a universal shout arose; the colonel had risen and given the first cheer for the head of the army, and the second to the representative of his Majesty, who was there present.

After a short pause the latter rose to thank them for the honor they had done him, then he continued: "His Majesty has commanded me to express his extreme regret that he cannot be present to-day at the anniversary festival of the regiment; his Majesty has been pleased to command me to offer to the regiment that has always distinguished itself in war and peace his royal greeting, and to assure the regiment of his imperial favor and his imperial wishes. His Majesty is quite sure that in the future, as in the past, he may always depend upon the regiment, and he knows that each of you is ready now as ever to sacrifice his life for his country and his king, therefore His Majesty trusts that the spirit that has always distinguished this regiment—the spirit of good fellowship—shall be always fostered, and especially, here in these rooms."

The first Lieutenant motioned the officers to their places, and the colonel immediately began:

"Gentlemen, I have requested you to meet me in order to introduce to you my new comrade, Lieutenant Winkler. Allow me to introduce you, Lieutenant Winkler."

The "Golden Butterflies" surrounded the adjutant of the regiment, Count Wetbrow; his eyes were fixed upon the newcomer, who was very young and very good-looking, and who had occupied the rank he had been named adjutant, and all had heartily concurred in this promotion, deeming him the most worthy of the officers.

"But, count, do tell us; you must know something, who is this Winkler, then?"

"Anxiously they all looked at the count, who, after a moment's pause, he began to breathe.

"Gentlemen," he said at last, "I know the adjutant; he is a very good fellow, and a very good man; he is a manufacturer."

SMILE SEED.



"Do you believe that big ears are a sign of generosity?"

"Yes—generosity of Nature!"

"Fah, what is that?"

"Oh, merely an insult with its dress-suit on my son."

"Ah, my boy, I often long for the good old times," said old Bullion, plaintively.

"You are very strange," replied his friend. "You are rich now, but those old days when you were an over-worked, harrowed ploughboy on a farm. What had you then that you are rich now?"

"An appetite," said old Bullion, sadly.

"Why, Johnny, how much you look like your father," remarked a visitor to a four-year-old.

"Yes, m," answered Johnny, with an air of resignation; "that's what everybody says, but I can't help it."

"McIntosh boasts a good deal about his family, doesn't he?"

"Yes, I think he claims that the head of his family was the original McIntosh that he would have had him during that rainy season."

"Do you think women ought to have the right to propose?"

"No; women generally manage to get the fellow they want as it is, so why not let the men go on innocently thinking they're the ones who are to blame?"

"If Homer were alive now," said the poet, "do you think people would pay any attention to him?"

"They might," answered the man who is seriously absurd. "If Homer were still alive and hadn't been persuaded to shave, he would have had the most remarkable whiskers on record."

"John," said a loving wife, "I wish you would sing two or three lines of a song for me."

"What on earth do you want me to do that for?"

"That's something I want you to bring home, and I've forgotten what it is; but I think I'll remember it if you sing."

"The good-natured husband complied, and he sang two or three lines of a song for her."

"I remember now; it's a file I want."

"Joe," "I love you, I love you. Won't you be my wife?"

"Yes; you mustn't be in a hurry; I'll be right back."

"Joe," "I have seen her several times, but I love you just the same."

"I see it stated here that the Sultan wears an iron undergarment."

"I wish I had one like it; to send to my laundry, I'd like to get even with 'em once in a while."

Assum: "Have you seen anything of Jiggs lately?"

Dr. Swellman: "Yes, I just prescribed a trip to Europe for him."

Assum: "Indeed? He's getting wealthy, isn't he?"

Dr. Swellman: "Well, I remember when I used to prescribe for him simply a dose of sodium bromide for the same complaint."

Teacher: "Willie, what's the masculine of 'laundress'?"

Willie Wiseguy: "Oh, mannam!"

Chrono: "Has your husband gone to Europe?"

Oh, yes. He swears at it all the time now."

She: "Nell's just crazy over Shakerpeare."

He: "So he's her latest, is he? Where'd she meet him?"

Mrs. Newrich (in art store): "I'd take this picture, but some person has been scribbling on it."

Artist: "But, madam, there is the artist's signature."

Mrs. Newrich: "Well, he's got a nerve. Still, I guess you could scratch it out, couldn't you?"

The Sister: "Why don't you get possession of that girl? She is as pretty as a picture."

The Brother: "The frame is too expensive."

Zeast: "Do you believe a man can live on breakfast-food?"

Crimsonback: "Why, rather; My barber lives on shaving."

"Are you a married man?" asked the absent-minded attorney, who was cross-examined.

"No, sir," replied the witness; "I am a bachelor."

"Very well, sir," continued the lawyer. "Now, kindly tell the court how long you have been a bachelor, and what the circumstances were that induced you to become one."

"Now, dear," said Mr. Fokley, who had just been accepted, "when shall I speak to your father?"

"You needn't bother," replied the daughter. "Pa said he'd speak to you tomorrow if you didn't speak to me to-night."

Wilby: "There goes that beautiful Mrs. Kofure, with her wealth of subura hair. She wasn't always so rich, was she?"

Kash: "Oh, no. I knew her when she was red-headed."

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