



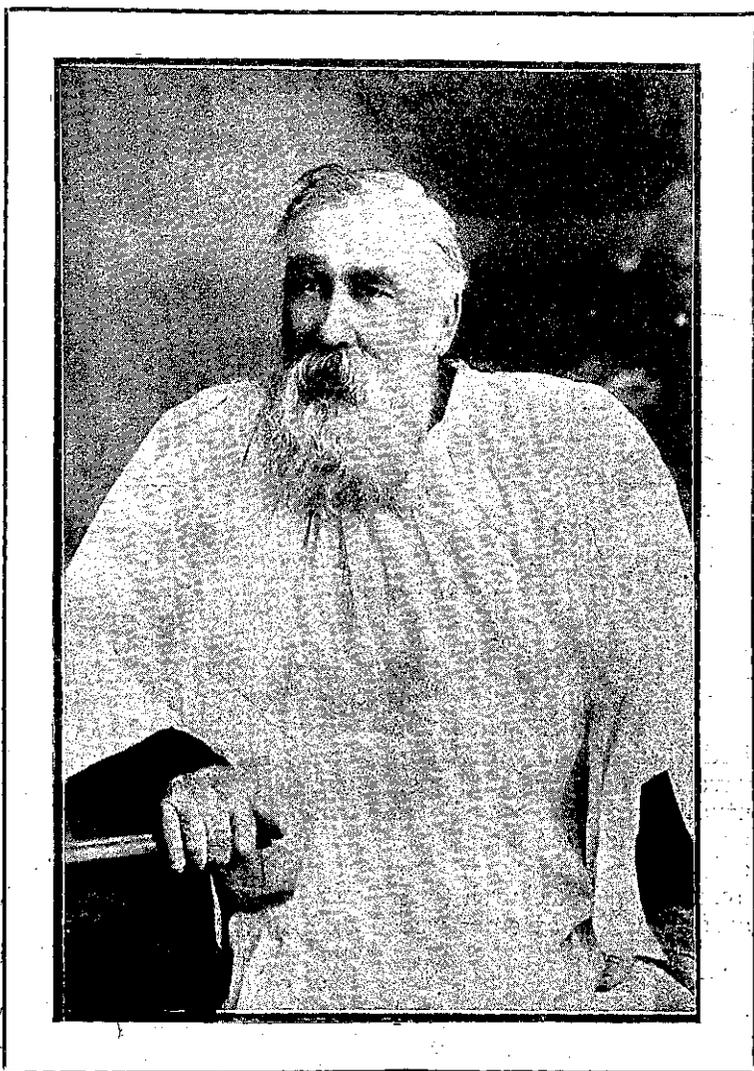
Jonas, Photo.

A Kahikatea Swamp.

In the Public Eye.

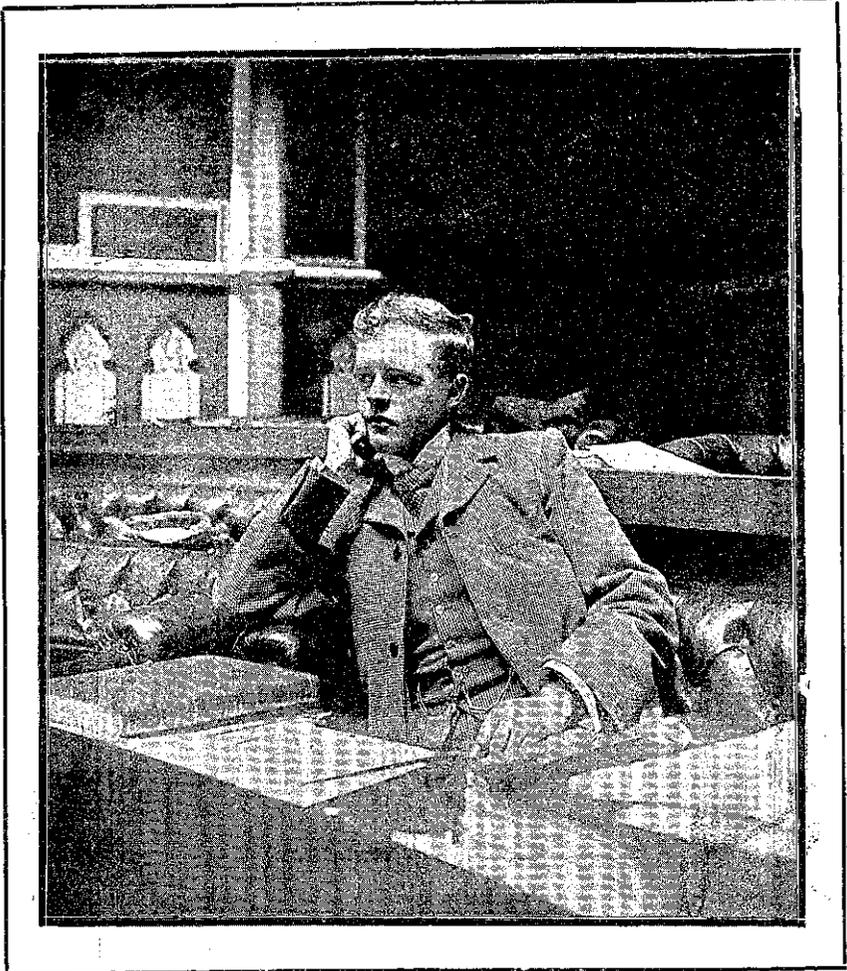
The death of the Rev. Shirley W. Baker, which took place at Lifuka, Haapai, has removed one whose life work at Tonga will be long remembered. He was sent there as a Wesleyan missionary, having taken orders to fulfil the dying wish of

his mother. But although he showed good results of his labour in this capacity for some twenty years, it was very evident from the excellent work he did afterwards as Premier of Tonga and adviser of King George, that his talents and ambitions lay rather in that direction.



Sarony Studio, photo.

Rev. Dr. Shirley W. Baker.



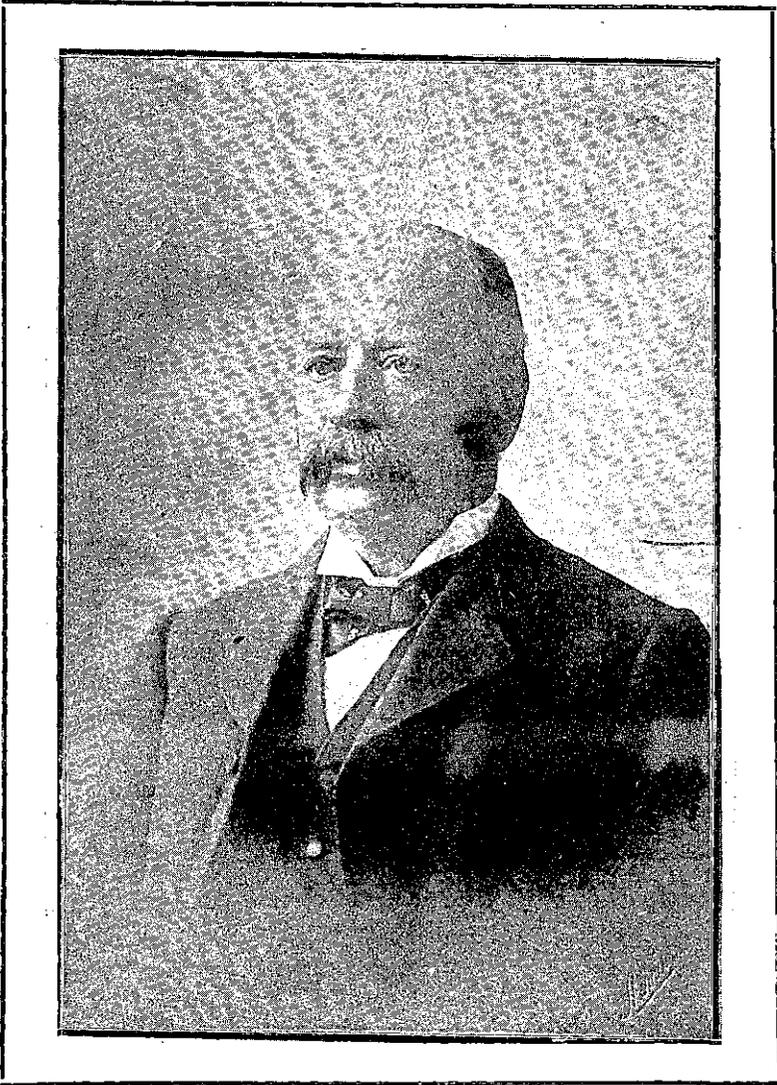
J. Muir, copyright.

Mr. H. D. Bedford, M.H.R.

He raised the people from the state of serfdom in which they were, to that of landowners, each native being given land enough to keep himself and family; he organized a constitution for them, supplied them with law and police-courts, educated and civilised them to a surprising extent, gave them public buildings, and eventually got Tonga acknowledged as an independent kingdom. It was only when he sought to establish an independent church that trouble arose, and an attempt was made to assassinate him, which resulted in his son and daughter being wounded. After Sir John Thurston was sent to Tonga to remove Mr. Baker in 1890, he resided in Auckland for some years, and only re-

cently returned to take up his residence in the island in which he died. He held the Order of the Red Eagle, Class Third, Chevalier, which the late Kaiser Wilhelm I., of Germany, conferred on him with a case of surgical instruments for services rendered to the officers and marines of the German Royal Navy and mercantile service."

Mr. H. D. Bedford, the senior Dun-
Mr. H. D. BEDFORD, edin M.H.R., is the
M.H.R. youngest man who
 has ever sat in a New Zealand
 Parliament. He is just twenty-five
 years of age, and appears to be on
 the threshold of a remarkable car-
 reer. His school-days finished when

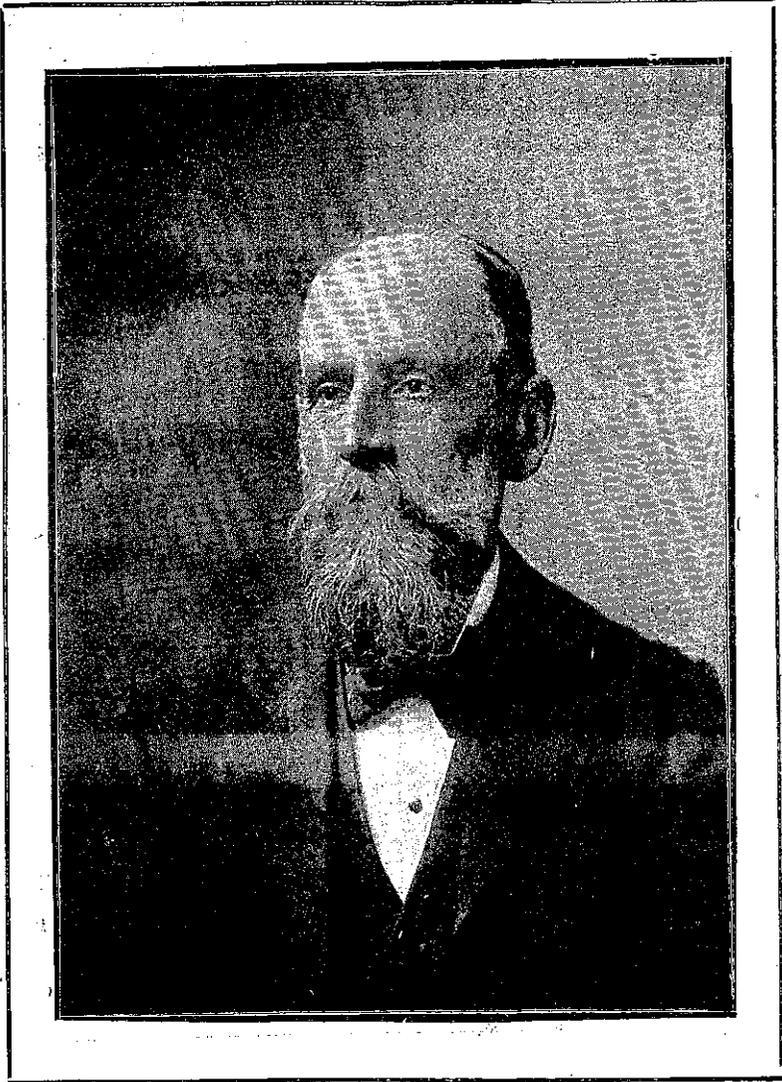


Morris, photo.

Dr. William Brown.

he had passed the sixth standard of a state school. Nor for three years did he add to his stock of book learning. At the end of that time an interview with the boy's old schoolmaster resulted in his going up for Matriculation, which he passed on ten months' study, a remarkable feat for a boy who had left school for over three years and had to take three subjects which he had never tackled before. About this time, Mr. Bedford (senior), left Dunedin to reside in Auckland. Here the son attended the University, and kept his first year's term in the

Art course. The young man had then some idea of going into the Church. Business again brought his father to Dunedin, and at that town the lad passed his first section of the Art course, securing at the same time a senior scholarship for Political Economy. The following year saw him through his course, and in the same year he contested a by-election at Caversham (a suburb of Dunedin) and lost his £20 deposit. He then decided to contest the general elections, fifteen months off. He was almost unknown; but in those fifteen months he did won-



Morris, photo.

Mr. G. M. Thomson, F.L.S.

ders, and was returned for Dunedin with the enormous number of 10,079 votes at his back. This constitutes a record for the Australasian Colonies, perhaps for the British Empire.

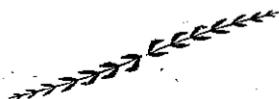
His views on the "Liquor Question" are very strong. He is in favour of "No-License," and thinks that the abolition of licensed houses would double the prosperity of New Zealand. He has at various times contributed to the newspapers some able articles on political questions of the day, and has in other ways kept himself well before the eyes of his constituents.

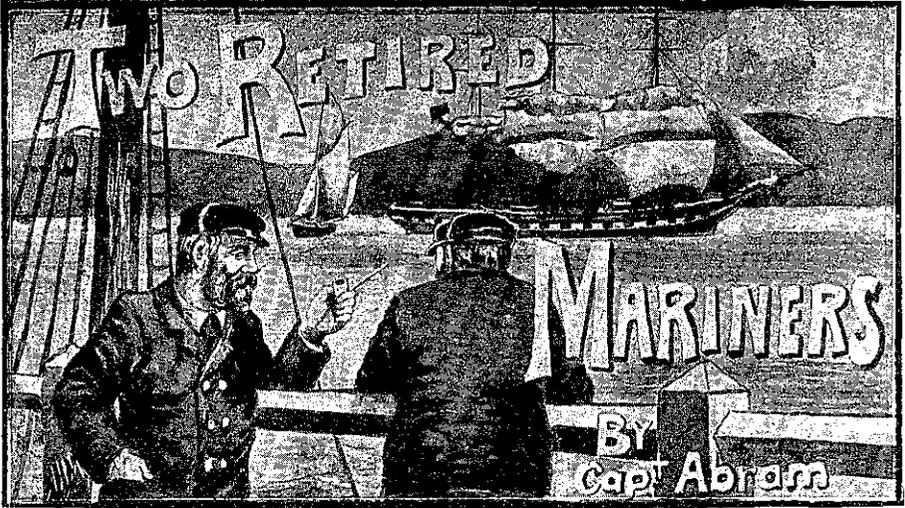
Dr. William Brown, one of the oldest and most respected gentlemen practising in Dunedin, has sold his practice to Dr. Church, of Naseby, and has decided to remove to Rotorua, in the North Island, for the benefit of the health of Mrs. Brown. Dr. Brown takes with him the love and esteem of all classes. As a public-spirited man, he has managed, in spite of his large amount of professional work, to devote a great deal of time to public affairs; as member and chairman of the Education Board, chairman

of the High School Board of Governors, Deputy Chairman of the Drainage Board, and other similar positions, requiring much sacrifice of valuable time and hard-earned leisure. Few men have ever more truly earned the many kind speeches and beautiful presents which Dr. Brown received before his departure. Among the latter, were a complete Doctor's turnout—a pair of horses, buggy, and set of harness, a handsome illuminated address—speaking in the highest terms of the Doctor's conduct during a thirty years' residence in Dunedin, his uniform unselfishness and sympathetic interest in the welfare of his fellows; his efforts in the cause of education, etc. These presents were given on behalf of the whole community, more than 600 persons subscribing. The High School boys gave him a handsome silver cigar-case, and the High School girls and staff presented him and Mrs. Brown with a pair of pictures. The nurses of the Hospital gave a beautiful stand-lamp, and his brother medicos gave an album containing photos of the members of the medical profession in and round Dunedin, and also a comfortable phaeton for the joint use of himself and his wife. These substantial gifts, many and valuable as they were, are only slight indications of the general feelings of regard and esteem which follow the Doctor to his new home.

Mr. G. M. Thomson, F.L.S., the
 Hon. Secretary for
 the Dunedin Ses-
 sion of the forthcoming meeting of
 the "Australasian Association for
 the Advancement of Science," to be
 held in Dunedin, January 6th and

13th, 1904, is a native of Calcutta. He is of Scotch extraction, and was educated at the High School, Edinburgh, the Edinburgh Institution and the University. He has been in this Colony since 1868, and was on the staff of the Dunedin High School from 1871 to 1902. He is now established in Dunedin as an analyst and scientific specialist. Mr. Thomson has done a great deal for the advancement of science in this country, and besides writing two complete educational works, "Ferns and Fern Allies of New Zealand" (Wise, Caffin and Co.), and "An Introductory Text Book of Botany" (N.Z. Govt. Press), he has contributed more than fifty papers on Botany. Geographical distribution of Crustacea, etc., to (1) Transactions and Proceedings of the N.Z. Institute; (2) The Linnean Society, London; (3) The Royal Society, of Edinburgh; (4) Royal Society of Tasmania, etc. Has been twice President, for many years Hon. Secretary, and is now Vice-President of the Otago Institute. He was one of the founders, and for eleven years Hon. Superintendent and Secretary, of the Dunedin Technical School; besides taking part in many public works designed for the general improvement and elevation of his fellow-citizens. As a teacher, Mr. Thomson was always happy in securing the esteem and affection of his pupils, the greater number of whom fully appreciated his skillful teaching and genial manner. He is a man much loved by his immediate circle of friends and intimates, and respected by all. And the forthcoming Science Session owes much to his steady and indefatigable work on its behalf, which has been truly a labour of love.





CHAPTER II.



HE skippers were very jubilant on leaving the Court. It afforded them great satisfaction to think that they had "bested the country yokels," as they expressed it.

They were turning towards an hotel in search of refreshment, when Gray uttered a startling cry.

"What on earth is the matter with the horse?" he exclaimed.

"Well, well!" muttered James instinctively, as they turned towards the animal. "More trouble!"

To their dismay, they found it on the ground with its neck stretched out nearly as long as its body.

During the time they had been defending their case in Court, a heavy rain-squall had come on, and the new rope that had been used for mooring the buggy had shrunk. The two anchors and the kedge would not give way, and the rope contracted to such an alarming extent, that it stretched the poor horse's neck to a terrible length.

They carefully examined the horse, and found that life was extinct.

"What are we to do now?" inquired Gray.

"Oh, sell it," replied James, who was apt at emergencies, "and get a tow-cart to take the buggy and us home."

The crowd of spectators were waiting patiently to see what the skippers would do next.

"An' what may yer be agoin' to do with the horse, sir?" asked one of the country yokels.

"Sell him," replied James curtly.

"How much?"

"Anything we can get."

"All right, Captain," said the countryman. "I'll give yer five bob."

"You can have him," answered James promptly.

"Arness included, sir?"

"No, you swab! The harness will certainly not go with the horse."

The skippers then carefully unrigged the dead horse, which was taken away by the yokel.

A tug, in the way of a heavy cart, was engaged to tow them home. The anchors were stowed in the buggy and the kedge rope was used as the tow line. The man in charge of the tow-cart was severely cautioned not to get too much way on. He looked at the mariners signifi-

cantly, as much as to say that he knew what he was about, and needed no instructions from them.

Without further delay the bogy was made fast to the tow-cart, and a start was made for Breakham, where the captains resided.

All went well until they came to a hill. As they were going down it rapidly, the skippers thought that the tow-cart had too much way on.

"Ahoy, there!" roared James to the man. "Now, you swab! Be careful how you go down. We want no more accidents!"

The driver took no notice whatever. In fact he went faster.

"That galoot's going too fast!" said James savagely. "Get the port anchor ready, Gray." Then he bawled out again to the tow-man: "Go a little slower, you country bumpkin!"

The man did not deign to hear.

"Let go the port anchor," ordered James.

Down went the anchor.

"Give her twenty fathoms!" cried Captain James.

The anchor began to check the two vehicles, and the driver, not noticing the cause, used his whip vigorously.

"Now, you fat-headed lubber, stop using that whip!" bellowed James.

Suddenly the anchor took a firm grip in some soft ground, and brought up the bogy and cart, all standing:

The tow-man, not even yet noticing the anchor, got down from his cart to investigate, but could find nothing amiss with it. There was his horse straining every nerve, but failing to move an inch. Then he went back to inspect the captains' bogy.

"What's that there lump o' iron with the rope?" he demanded.

"That's to prevent you going down the hill too fast, you swab!" replied James wrathfully.

The countryman looked daggers at him. "I'm not a-goin' to drag that thing all the way to yer 'ouse," he muttered.

James got off the bogy. "Now, give me none of your slack, but do as you are told."

"I shall do as I like," retorted the yokel. "What do I care for a pair of old fools of sea captains!"

This was a trifle too much for Captain James. He made a desperate spring, and flattened the man on the ground. Then he sang out to Gray for a piece of rope. Together they made the fellow's hands and feet fast, and dumped him into his cart.

"This is a case of mutiny!" said James. "We'll keep that lubber in irons until we get home."

They hove the anchor up, James took charge of the tow-cart, Gray remained in the bogy.

On arrival at Gray's house, they cast the man adrift. They told him to clear out with his cart, and to be more civil the next time he had a tow.

"Catch me towing any more sea captains about!" muttered the wretched man, stiff with his recent experience of being lashed up. His exit was a hurried one.

After partaking of refreshment, James left for his home.

The following morning they bought a quiet horse, from an undertaker whose business was falling off, and it was sent to Gray's house.

Neither of the skippers knew anything about Breakham. They had selected it haphazard as a nice quiet spot to end their days in peace.

As they were lunching at an hotel, they conversed on various subjects.

"Did you ever think of getting married?" queried Gray.

"No, I never did, Gray," replied his companion. "What should I want to get married for?"

"To have a home. I think it'd be much more pleasant to have a home of your own than living as we're doing. There's no one to care about either you or I, except for what they can get out of us."

James gazed steadily at his friend for several minutes before he spoke.

"Gray," he said solemnly, "I'm

stubborn animal simply gazed at him indifferently.

"Come on, you brute!" sang out the skipper savagely, still with no result.

"She won't move, madam," said the skipper, disgusted at his unsuccessful attempt.

"I can't think whatever is the matter with her," she replied sweetly. "She stopped here about five minutes ago."

It suddenly dawned on Gray that he might have a better chance if he got on board the buggy.

"Will you allow me to get aboard, madam?" he asked politely.

"Oh, certainly, if you think you can make her start," she answered, as she made room beside her.

Gray instantly jumped in, and grasped the reins.

"What's the name of the horse, madam?"

"Bess."

"Now, Bess, my dear," said the skipper in soft tones. "Get up! Or you'll get the whip!"

These words acted like magic, the mare made a sudden bolt forward, and nearly capsized the noble captain out of the buggy. He hauled on to the reins manfully, remarking meanwhile: "If we'd an anchor aboard, madam, we could stop this animal quick."

She beamed sweetly on the brave mariner, but wondered what he meant by wanting an anchor on board. Without warning, Bess again stopped dead, probably not appreciating her new driver.

"Eh? What's up now, Bessy? Come, move on quickly!"

Bess did as she was bid, and in a few minutes they were near a nice homestead, which the lady said was her home.

"Now, sir," she said, "may I ask to whom I'm indebted for this kindness?"

"My name," the proud skipper replied, "is Captain Gray, madam. Don't mention anything about what I've done, I pray you, for it really amounts to very little."

"Oh, Captain Gray, I think you have done a great deal to get me home safe. The boy will look after Bess. Come into the house, and I'll introduce you to my aunt."

"Pardon me," he said timidly. "I do not know your name."

"Oh dear, oh dear," she laughed gaily. "I never told you, did I? My name is Miss Boyd."

In the drawing-room he was introduced to Mrs. Newton, the lady's aunt. Miss Boyd described the trouble she had had with stubborn Bess, and how the gallant Captain Gray had rescued her from—"Goodness knows what."

"How do you do, Captain Gray," said the aunt with a gracious bow. "I am very, very grateful for the timely assistance you rendered my niece."

"Don't mention it, madam," interposed the skipper quickly.

Miss Boyd was a pleasant-faced lady, with sparkling dark blue eyes that bespoke mirth and sweet temper. She was about forty years of age.

Gray did not require much pressing to be induced to stay and dine with them.

"Make yourself at home, Captain," said Miss Boyd pleasantly.

He certainly did so, and enjoyed himself thoroughly. As his hostess shook hands with him on parting, she said that she hoped he had not found the evening dull.

"Dull? Good Lord, no! It's been out and out the pleasantest I've ever spent in my life," he replied emphatically.

"I'm so pleased to hear that, and trust that we shall see more of you."

"Thank you," responded the delighted skipper. "It certainly won't be my fault if you don't."

"I do so enjoy hearing your stories about the sea, Captain," remarked Miss Boyd, as she followed him into the hall.

Gray knew very little about ladies, but he thought it only polite to ask her to go for a drive with him on the morrow. But there was



He was introduced to the lady's aunt.

a curious mixture of confusion and tenderness in his manner of asking.

"I should—er—like to know if you could—er—come for a drive with me in my buggy—then I can spin you some more yarns, Miss Boyd—that is if you will trust yourself with me?"

"Oh, that will be delightful!" exclaimed Miss Boyd, laughing. "I would trust myself anywhere with you, Captain."

The unexpected warmth of the

reply made the simple skipper tingle all over.

"Will you come to-morrow, then?" he asked hastily, fearful that she might refuse if she had time to consider.

"I shall be delighted," was the quiet reply.

Gray extended his hand to bid her good-night. He grasped hers in his clumsy one as tenderly as if he were catching hold of a paradise bird, and—was afraid of crumpling its fine

feathers. He raised her soft palm to his lips. He had been reading a book on Love-making, and therefore knew that this was the correct thing to do. But unfortunately his study had only taken him as far as the chapter wherein this preliminary measure was recommended. So he had unwillingly to wait before venturing further, for he felt that it would be the safer course to read up the subject thoroughly, lest he should commit himself at the outset, and spoil his chance for ever. Though his heart had lain love-dormant for many years, he recognized that it was certainly so no longer. He was undoubtedly badly smitten.

Never in the course of his whole life had he experienced such exhilarating spirits as after he had bidden his lady-fair good-night. What then would have been his state of mind had he known that she was thinking of him! It was perhaps as well that he did not. The overwhelming shock might have been too much for him. As it was, he could hardly contain the peculiar sensations that possessed him. He was thoroughly enjoying his newborn happiness, when he suddenly thought of James.

"Wonder what he'll say," he soliloquised. "No doubt he'll think that I've made an awful fool of myself. He can say what he likes about an old barnacle and all the rest of it, but if I can get Miss Boyd to sign on as Chief Officer, I'm going to do so. It's true I'm nearly sixty years of age, but I feel like a young man yet. Jupiter! whenever I see kids playing marbles, I feel as if I'd like to join 'em! That, I'll swear, is no old feeling!"

He dreamt that night that he was a young man again, and he saw fascinating visions of the lovely Miss Boyd.

That same evening Miss Boyd asked her aunt's opinion of their new acquaintance. Mrs. Newton believed she would like him very much when she knew him better.

"Oh, aunt! I'm so pleased that

you like him. I think he is such a dear old man," replied the niece.

"Are you not a little too enthusiastic, my dear?" remarked the aunt meditatively.

"I don't think so, aunt," was the quick reply. "I'm sure he is a nice man."

Captain Gray woke up with the lark next morning. He walked round to his stable and carefully examined the horse. Its name was Dick. "My dear Dick," he said, "you must behave yourself to-day, for we shall have a valuable freight on board in the shape of a lady that I greatly admire. So none of your tricks, old boy—that is if you have any!"

At the breakfast table he was exceptionally pleasant to the maid that waited on him. She noticed it and told him so.

"Yes," he replied, "and no wonder. I've good cause to be."

The morning hours seemed exasperatingly long to the impatient lover, but two o'clock came at last, and he boarded his buggy and drove to Miss Boyd's house. He had taken the precaution to put two anchors and cables on board the vehicle.

Miss Boyd was ready when he arrived at the house. She jumped into the buggy with the skipper's assistance. He had alighted to shake hands with her and Mrs. Newton who came to the door to see them start.

"You will take great care of her, won't you, Captain Gray?" said the aunt.

"As long as I live," answered Gray fervently.

"I don't know about that," said Mrs. Newton quickly. "But I trust you will this afternoon."

"What are these crooked pieces of iron in the buggy for, Captain?" exclaimed Miss Boyd, looking at the extraordinary gear.

"They're anchors, madam," answered Gray. "They'll be useful to check the horse and bring him up standing if he attempts to run away. I'm not going to run any

foolish risks with you aboard, believe me !”

Both ladies laughed merrily.

The drive was to extend to Derham, some twelve miles from Breakham. They intended to visit the picturesque public gardens there.

“Isn't it a beautiful day?” remarked Miss Boyd.

“Yes,” answered the skipper in some confusion. His thoughts were somewhat mixed, but it was excusable, for was he not holding the highly responsible position of being in charge of the steering-gear of a craft which contained a priceless freight !

“Do you like driving, Captain?” asked his fair companion.

“Yes, Miss Boyd ; especially when I have such a charming Chief Officer as you on board, and the horse doesn't bolt.”

“Oh, Captain ! Do you think the horse will bolt ?”

“I don't think so,” said the skipper reassuringly. “But if he should, you'll have to cock-bill one of the anchors.”

“Do what, Captain ?”

“Get the port anchor—the left one—ready to let go.”

“Oh dear !” murmured the distressed Miss Boyd. “I am afraid I should never make a captain's wife.” Then she blushed as the significance of her inadvertent words dawned on her.

“I sincerely hope you will make a captain's wife,” said Gray, picking up the words with cheerful alacrity.

“Oh, Captain ! Whatever must you think of me for saying such a thing ?”

“All the world !” burst out the admiring skipper.

He was so deeply engaged in pleasant meditation that for once in his career he neglected his duty, and was quite oblivious of the fact that he was at the helm. The horse, discovering that he was not being steered, quietly walked over to the side of the road and began to nibble at some choice young willow branches in the hedge.

“Just look at the horse, Captain !” exclaimed the lady, glancing up.

“Never mind the horse,” remarked Gray carelessly. “Let's go on with the other matter we were talking about. I have not heard your Christian name yet, Miss Boyd.”

“Rose,” was the quiet response.

“Ah ! What a nice, flowery name,” murmured the amorous captain, at which the lady blushed vividly.

“Captain,” she said abruptly, “I think we ought to be going on to Derham.”

“All right, Rose—er—I mean Miss—er—oh, bother it ! I may as well call you Rose, eh ?”

“Oh, Captain,” she replied diffidently. “I'm afraid it's too soon to call me by my Christian name.”

“Not a bit,” responded the love-stricken skipper gallantly.

He whipped up Dick, and they proceeded at a smart trot to Derham, where the horse was stabled, and the happy mariner and his companion proceeded on foot to the gardens.

Gray's heart was thumping at an express engine rate. A new experience for him. He had passed the principal part of his life on the deep, certainly, but he had always maintained that there was yet some sort of a blissful reward to live for—and he was satisfied it was coming now. Now and then, it is true, he experienced a slight shock when he thought of his affectionate friend James. Would he growl ? Yes, that he would ! But Gray invariably dismissed these thoughts as swiftly as they came.

Miss Boyd thought the Captain very quiet, and inquired the reason.

He immediately turned to starboard.

“Would you really like to know of what I was thinking, Rose—er—Miss ?”

“Yes, Captain,” she replied bewitchingly.

“I will be straightforward,” he said to himself ; then aloud : “Now,

Rose—er—Miss, I don't know much about the way people fix up these affairs, but I intend going in for a house, although I know my friend James will not hear of it."

Miss Boyd wondered why her companion was so confidential.

"What are you going to do with a house?" she asked.

"Going to put you in it, my dear, if all goes well," was the unexpected reply.

Miss Boyd blushed and changed the subject. Gray had not said a word to her about being his wife, although there was no mistaking his broad hints.

After seeing the gardens, the couple drove back in style.

"Did you enjoy the trip?" in-

quired the skipper, as they approached Mrs. Newton's house.

"Oh, very much, Captain."

"Won't you call me Gerizam, my dear?" urged Gray.

"In a little time I may," she replied blushing.

Gray left her in a happy mood and drove home in the best of spirits. He was overjoyed at the extraordinary slice of luck a horse's stubbornness had brought him.

"What a fine lady, Miss Boyd is, to be sure," he muttered to himself.

"Now, in spite of James's many cautions, if I don't make a mess of the courting business, I'll ask her to be my wife, as sure as fate, for she's the finest woman I've ever met, bar none."



. . MOONSTRUCK. . .

"All yellow and blond and bare!
With her shining eye-balls lit,
But why does she stare and sit?
I—dizzy and dazed and blind,
Half-mazed in her trailing hair,
Think—why does she crouch up there,
A mask with a light behind?"

"With a grin on her faded face,
Like a painted bawd she leers,
And gibbers and jibes and jeers
At me, as I writhe in vain,
And tear at the flimsy lace,
The web of a goblin trace
That she swathes about my brain!"

"I catch through her skirts a-whirl
The flash of a gleaming limb,
As she leans on the mountain rim,
Her pale cheek pressed to the sky;
The starred skies eddy and swirl,
As I clutch at the white faced girl
That drifts like a vapour by."

"She holds, as she sits aloof,
Me chained in her golden ring,
Like a dazed and helpless thing;
And casts from her glist'ning shoal
The net of her woven wool
Spread over the great sky roof,
And meshes and coils my soul."

"I know that her foils are set,
By the goblin grin she wears!
She's baited her golden snares
With a glittering opal bowl—
'Drink, and forget! forget!'
But I strain at the strong white net
With its strands about my soul."

"And her eye-beams flash and leap—
They are quick—they are living things!
And each to my forehead clings,
Till the drawn veins burst and bleed;
In my brain they have entered deep
To foster and crawl and creep,
And burrow and gorge and feed!"

She came through the opening stars,
And gazed on his face upturned
Till her pale eye blazed and burned
And shone with an evil glow:
She passed through the clasing stars—
A soul in her strong white bars,
And a mindless hulk below.

LOLA RIDGE.



Jonas, photo.

A typical Bush Creek.



Jonas, photo,

A Lake on the Sand Hills, West Coast.



WE had camped for a week near the mouth of the Opiki at Xmas time and had enjoyed a fair amount of sport. Although the fish were not taking very well owing to the mouth of the river being closed, occasional visits to the Orari,

Rangitata, and Temuka rivers rendered our stay very enjoyable. It was a beautifully warm season for one thing, and it was very pleasant after a swim, when we were tired of fishing, to bask in the sun on the tussocky wall that marked the ruins of the old Pa, where the local section of the Ngapuhi tribe got such a fright long ago as they watched the canoes of that terrible old warrior, Te Rauparaha, off the coast. A pleasant spot, and a sunny, to wile away a summer's day, pipe in mouth, and not a care in the world except that of putting one's fishing-tackle together for the evening's sport, or deciding whose turn it was to boil the billy.

It was on the morning before New Year that my companions, having accepted an invitation to spend the day at Peel Forest, drove away leaving me to my own devices, as I felt too lazy to undertake the long drive. Accordingly, having put to-

gether some lunch, and taking a fly-rod with me, I unmoored the punt and paddled away up the long reaches of the river for the Maori Hole, determining to start fishing at the first ripple.

Having carefully fastened the punt to a flax-bush and donned my waders, I commenced operations, and within the first half-hour had landed half-a-dozen nice trout. The day was indeed a "taking" one. A light southerly breeze just rippled the water up stream, and enabled one to cast to a nicety without disturbing the fish. Each succeeding ripple landed its complement, so that I was soon fain to leave my "take" under cover of a friendly flax-bush, as the basket waxed somewhat too heavy for comfort.

Continuing my sport, I was lazily annoyed to notice some cattle dotted over the river-bed higher up, where the crossings would certainly not be improved by their presence. As I approached gradually nearer, taking a fish here and there, my annoyance was not decreased by observing that one of these animals was a savage-looking bull. Now, the domestic bull, although a very noble and useful animal under certain circumstances, and one whose courage cannot be doubted, does not possess highly chivalric qualities, and is not exactly the kind of animal

one prefers having an altercation with on a lonely river-bed, where fences are not, and where the shelter afforded by a tussock or flax-bush is apt on emergency to be regarded with a certain amount of profane scorn. I knew from the demeanour of my bovine friend that he was out for a holiday and meant to have a high time. "A happy New Year," he seemed to say as he alternately pawed the shingle and tore up the tussocks with his horns, as though with the derisive intent of standing on his head; while his little eyes glanced wickedly from side to side, and his tail was either cocked in the air or vindictively lashing his sides as he bellowed menacingly. He was only fifty yards off now, and I knew he would charge almost immediately. What was I to do? Running was out of the question. Encumbered as I was with my waders and fishing boots, I should not be able to get five yards away; and although the river was deep just below me, that was useless, as with waders on one swims like a stone. Fixing him with the human eye, in the manner of some well-known hunters in the story-books, I had already discovered, had no softening powers on the colonial bull. However, the animal settled the matter for me; for, with a final bellow, he charged straight at me, whilst I, by the merest instinct, leapt to one side behind a flax-bush barely in time to elude him. The impetus of the animal carried him some yards onward, but he soon turned and made at me once more.

Just at this moment there was a rattle of iron-shod hoofs on the shingle, the crack of a stock-whip that sounded like a pistol-shot, and then a regular fusillade of cracks like a roaring volley of musketry, as a girl on horseback, wielding a full-sized stock-whip galloped up and belaboured the bull unmercifully. Eyes, nose, ears, head, neck, sides, and legs—each received its ringing volley of blows as the rider's horse wheeled and wheeled again, while the animal, staggering

and half-blinded with the hurricane of strokes, fairly turned tail and ran, followed by the gallant horse woman. In a few seconds the fair equestrienne returned, her face somewhat flushed with her exertions.

"You have had a bit of a fright," she remarked, as she coiled up her stock-whip and fastened it to the saddle.

"Yes," I said, with as much composure as I could manage, "and but for your kind and timely assistance, I should have fared very badly, I'm afraid."

"Well, yes, I suppose you would," she replied frankly. "It is old Lewison's bull, and he is a wicked brute—I mean the bull, of course," she added mischievously. "It's a shame such an animal should be at large. It was only the other week that I was caught in a similar predicament. Luckily Jack was with me, and I was soon out of danger."

"Happy Jack!" was my sotto voce remark.

"Now, however, I never come down without a stock-whip—I learned to use one on the run—so that I am not much afraid of wild cattle, and can go on with my fishing in peace."

"So you are a fisherman as well as a —"

"As well as a stockman, you would say," she answered merrily. "Oh, yes! Jack and I often come down here for a few hours with the rod. In fact, that is why we are here this morning. Jack follows me about like a dog, so that I have no fear of the cattle, and can cross the river as often as I like without getting wet."

"Beatified and joyous Jack!" I murmured half-unconsciously, but added hastily, as I saw her looking at me somewhat curiously, "I beg your pardon, I must have been thinking aloud. I thought you—you—in fact, it seemed to me that—er—er—"

"He's a good old horse, aren't you, Jack?" she said, apparently not noticing my embarrassment, but stroking the animal on the neck:



My companions drove away, leaving me to my own devices.

and then, as the cause of my confusion dawned upon her, she laughed. "Why, you didn't suppose that I meant —"

"Oh, no, no, of course not," I mendaciously interrupted, "but I was going to say—hem—how nice it must be to have such a useful and convenient horse. But you don't fish with a stock-whip, do you?" I asked, doubtingly, as I could not see that she had any other fishing impedimenta about her except her fishing bag.

"Well, that would be rather fine tackle, wouldn't it?" she said. "No, when I saw the pickle you were in, I felt a bit heroic. It is not often a woman can feel heroic, is it? And it is seldom she has the chance of saving a man—so I dropped my rod and other apparatus and hurried to your assistance. If you wouldn't mind going for them, they are just beside that patch of broom at the edge of the river."

On my return with her rod and landing-net, my fair companion commenced casting in a very scientific and business-like manner, and I stood watching her for a few moments before re-commencing operations on my own account. Not "divinely tall," but "most divinely fair," she was, indeed, a picture to please the gods, and linger in the memory for many and many a day. Apparently about eighteen or nineteen years of age, she had all the grace of girlhood with just a suggestion of the riper charms of womanhood. Her eyes were of the deep-blue of the midnight sky when clouds are not. One tress of her hair had escaped from beneath her sailor hat, and rippled over her forehead like sunlight on the moving waters; and her graceful figure swayed lithesomely as she made cast after cast up the stream.

"Aren't you going to throw in?" she enquired; but my answer was checked by the musical whirr of her reel, evidencing that a fish had been struck. A big fish, too, and she managed it splendidly, alternately winding in or letting it run as oc-

casione demanded, until pretty well tired out, the fish was within netting distance. Every attempt to net it, however, failed, for on the approach of the landing-net, the trout—a five or six-pounder it appeared to be—shot like an arrow up or down or across stream, and the winding in process had to be renewed.

"It seems rather large for the net, shall I gaff it for you?" I asked hesitatingly; for one always fears bungling the landing of another's fish, and on the present occasion, I was particularly anxious to avoid showing any signs of awkward unskillfulness. Luckily, however, I succeeded without trouble in bringing the fish safe to land, and when afterwards weighed it turned out to be even heavier than we had anticipated. My Lady Nameless seemed quite proud of her exploit, as indeed she might well be, for it is rarely so large a fish falls to the lot of the fly-fisherman, especially in the day-time.

"It is your turn now," she said merrily, her eyes sparkling with satisfaction.

"Yes," I replied, "I shall have a try at the head of the ripple, and you can fish up to me, only don't shame me by catching too many."

I fished away for about an hour, but there seemed to be a fatality about my efforts. Not a fish did I touch in the whole time. My fly got caught in the flax-bushes or broom behind me at least a dozen times; I got snagged in the river galore, and had more than once to go in over my waders to release my tackle; and to crown all, an extra vicious cast, with the assistance of a diabolical gorse-bush, broke the tip of my rod. It was lamentable. Here was this day of all days in the year when I particularly wished to shine, and I couldn't raise even a single fish! My thoughts, moreover, would not confine themselves to the gentle art. At every cast a pair of roguish, laughing eyes gleamed at me from the waters, and the ripples reflected the sheen of a wind-blown

gress. Such a day for fishing, too, it was. Balmy and warm; the sky a cloudless blue; just a sufficiently gentle breeze to carry the cast along and allow the fly to drop like a feather on the water; the fish in myriads; and yet not a touch of any kind. I sat down in profane disgust to execute repairs, when a merry voice exclaimed:

"Well! what luck have you had?"

"None whatever," I replied mournfully; "unless bad luck can be counted in, and I've had a very good innings at that. I hope you have been more successful."

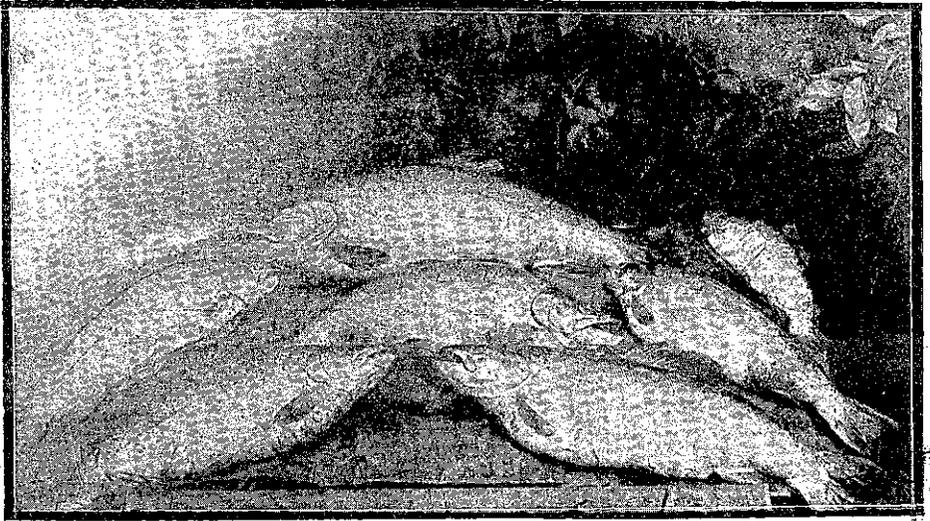
"Oh, yes, but nothing to boast

"Oh! by a 'goddess,' but indeed language —"

"Oh, bother!" she interrupted irreverently. "But some tea would be delightfully refreshing, wouldn't it?"

"Undoubtedly; particularly in the absence of ambrosia, which, unfortunately, is not procurable here."

On our return to the punt a fire was soon lighted, the billy boiled, and such delicious tea as only a billy can produce, was duly brewed and partaken of. With the added joy of a cigarette, in which I was graciously permitted to indulge, the lunch, to my mind, was "one to



Taken from the Opití River, largest fish 14½ lbs

of. I picked up seven or eight as I came along. But hadn't we better have some lunch? I've some sandwiches in my bag, and I feel most unromantically hungry."

"The very thing," I replied: and jestingly added, "but if a sinful mortal might presume to suggest that some tea is procurable from my punt down below, if a goddess will condescend to walk so far."

"Meaning me?" she enquired.

"By a 'sinful mortal?'" I murmured inquiringly.

"No, no, of course not. How provoking you are."

dream of, not to tell." It was now early afternoon, and the suggestion that we should paddle down stream and inspect the remains of the old Pa, or wend our way down to the mouth, and stroll along the beach, was voted an excellent one. What an afternoon it was! The breeze had died down and a dreamy hush prevailed. In the blue haze of the distance the peaks of the Hunters' Hills were winking in the drowsy heat. The banks of the river as they slipped lazily past were glowing with the golden glories of gorse and broom. Here and there willows

drooped trailingly in the rippling stream, whose waters, in the deeper parts, seemed blue as the sky above. We talked of everything; our favourite authors, Thackeray, Dickens, Tennyson, were all passed in review. Even Kipling received his mead of praise, and "Mandalay" was crooned over with affectionate regard. We traced the indistinct lines of the old Pa, rebuilt its palisades, and re-peopled its wharves with by-gone dusky warriors and dark-eyed Maori girls. We strolled along the shining beach and watched the "league-long rollers" breaking in foam upon the glittering sands. and in the hush of evening we reluctantly turned to paddle up the shining reaches of the river on our way towards home, half-saddened to think that after a day of Paradise, so unexpected, after such a daylight of dreaming so charmingly real, the evening had come, and the night of parting was near.

And yet no word of personal sentiment had been spoken where, amidst talk of things that are, and things that were, and golden silences more eloquent than words, all was a vista from the realms of romance. We did not even know each other's names. Almost unconsciously I had confided to her my hopes and aspirations; my hard struggle at the University in the face of difficulties; my harder struggle at the Bar, where now success seemed imminent, and the bright future to which I consequently looked forward. The grating of the boat on the shingle, as we arrived at our parting-point, interrupted these confidences, and disrelled the visions of romance as completely as a douche of cold water awakens a dreaming man. The prosaic world of fact was before us, and as deep emotion is often veiled in jesting and even frivolous remarks, so, in appearance at least, we returned to our footing of the morning.

"You must let me find your horse for you, and see you safe on your road," I said, as soon as we had landed.

"Oh! you can if you like," she said, "but there is really no occasion, as Jack comes at my call, and I shall be home before dark. Besides, what was it you said this morning? something about a goddess, wasn't it? Well, a goddess should be able to look after herself. But here is Jack, so it will be unnecessary to trouble you. Whom have I to thank for the very pleasant day I have spent?"

"My name is Lawton," I replied. "Some foolish people call me Frank."

"Why, you are not Frank Lawton of Auckland, are you?" she asked in surprise, and added mockingly, "the rising young barrister," as the papers say."

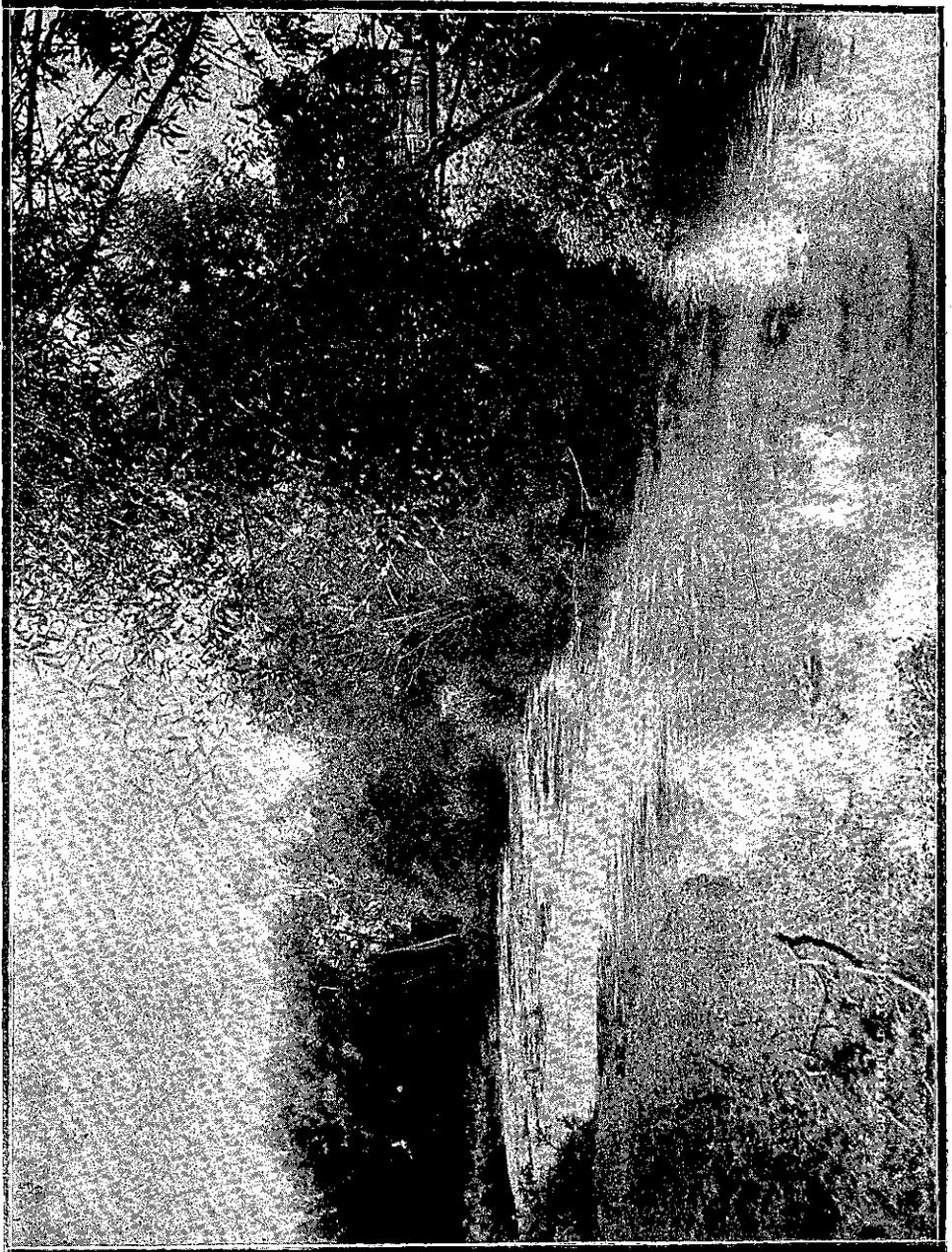
"I don't know about the latter part," I replied, "but Frank Lawton is the name by which I am known to a tolerably large circle of creditors, and Auckland is the address they write on the envelopes when they wish to communicate with me." This I said gravely, for I noticed that the mention of my name most unaccountably seemed to provoke my companion to mirth. I also added that I was here on a fishing expedition, and had some thoughts of calling on an Aunt of mine who lived somewhere in the district, but of whom I knew next to nothing, except that she was said to be tolerably young and sinfully rich.

At this information my companion became convulsed with laughter, and the more she tried to suppress her mirth, the wilder the paroxysms seemed to become.

"I am glad that the mention of my poor name has afforded you some amusement," I remarked somewhat stiffly.

"I am sure I hope you will forgive me," she managed to gasp through her laughter, "but oh! oh! the whole thing is so deliciously funny."

"So it seems," I said somewhat huffishly. "I am only too happy to give you any pleasure." But as mirth is contagious, I added, "This



A famous ripple, Waikī River.

is one of the happiest days I have ever spent. Is it too much to ask to whom I am indebted for it?"

"You want to know my name?" she asked, in what I thought was a somewhat tremulous voice. "Oh, well, if you must know, they call me Alice Lawton, and I am—oh! oh! oh!—I am your respected Aunt—'tolerably young' perhaps, but not necessarily 'sinfully rich,'" and with a final peal of laughter, she struck her horse with her rod and vanished into the twilight, leaving me staring after her blankly and aghast.

Aghast? The very bottom seemed to have dropped out of existence. That sweet girl my Aunt! Oh, horror! And to think of the day we had spent together; the confidences we had exchanged; the dreams in which we had indulged; the sweet converse; the gracious silences; the old Pa; the shining sea-sands, and the row up the glittering river!

And all this with my Aunt, only my Aunt—the thought was maddening. Could it be possible? And yet it must be true. My Aunt was my father's half-sister, but, as I understood, was many years younger than he. This was all I knew about the relationship, and I did not know whether she was maid, wife, or widow. But no! the thing was impossible. That girl with a face like a poet's dream, that vision of gracious girlhood, my Aunt! The very idea was monstrous!

* * * *

And it was absurd and impossible, too, for within a day or two I met

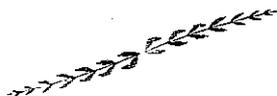
her in the main street of Temuka, accompanied by a lady older than herself, but much resembling her in appearance. Both ladies were evidently much amused, and my companion of the river pausing, said in a laughing voice:

"Your Aunt wishes to be formally introduced to you, Mr. Lawton, although such a ceremony should hardly be necessary with relations, should it?"

"Really Alice, you are too bad," said her companion, and turning to me, "I am sure we owe you an apology, Mr. Lawton, for this naughty girl's masquerading. I am your Aunt Alice, and am glad to see you. I hope you will be able to stay with us at Willow Bank for a few days before you leave. This mischievous girl is your cousin, and I am heartily ashamed of her."

"Yes," said Alice demurely, "I only made a slight mistake. Collateral relationships are so puzzling, you know, and people often say that mamma and I are more like two sisters than mother and daughter. But, oh, mamma! you ought to have seen his face when he discovered that he had been entertaining his long-lost Aunt!"

Needless to say, I spent more than "a few days" at Willow Bank Farm, and there were many more paddles down the river, visits to the old Pa, and strolls along the shining beach. "My Aunt" has not changed her name, but she is now, nevertheless, Mrs. Frank Lawton, of Auckland, and Willow Bank Farm, Temuka.



Adaptation to Environment in Plant Life.

BY "CHLORIS."



It has ever been an established law that the race or individual which the most readily adapted itself to new or changed conditions has been the most successful. To-day, especially, it is an age of progress: and those who will not suffer this process of adaptation, to suit themselves to the changes of the period in which they live, are continually left behind in the race for power, for money, and for all that the world holds as dearest. A striking example of this is seen in all native races. They thrive and multiply in their own conditions; but, when the white man brings his civilization to their land, their former environment has changed; and, unless they can bring themselves into touch with the new, the inevitable result is that they slowly diminish in numbers.

This law does not confine itself to man. It is constantly exemplified throughout the whole organic kingdom whether of plants or animals. So wonderful and varied are the adaptations met with as a consequence of this law, that a study of them alone opens up a new world to the inquirer, and he begins to comprehend in a faint measure the complexity of that master-mind which has been at work, and has produced all these wonders by the operation of a simple natural law.

Before we turn our attention to the more apparent features of this adaptation as seen in plant life, we must have some slight idea of the vital processes at work in a plant, and of the more ordinary functions it performs.

Deep down in the earth spread the

strong roots of mighty trees, branching and branching again until they end in small rootlets from which spring fine thread-like "root-hairs" that are, however, all-important to the maintenance of the vigour of those great trees, as well as of smaller shrubs or herbs. For it is these fine root-hairs that suck up nourishment from the ground with which to feed the parent plant. This nourishment is in the form of water in which mineral salts are dissolved. From the root-hairs the "sap" travels through the roots, and thence up the stem through a wonderful and complicated system of passages specially adapted to convey it upwards, until at last it reaches the leaves.

The green leaves of plants are spread out to catch the rays of light. The carbonic acid* present in the air passes into the cells of the leaf. There it is split up into its two constituent elements—carbon and oxygen—by the action of the green substance in these leaves, acting in the presence of the rays of light. The carbon is kept by the plant, while the oxygen is given out, again to the atmosphere. This constitutes the process of respiration, and it is seen to be the reverse of that which takes place in the respiration of animals. The contrary process—the taking in of oxygen and combining it with some of the carbon already in the plant to form carbonic acid, and the giving out of this carbonic acid—also takes place in a plant, but much more actively in the darkness, when the process of respiration has ceased.

Meanwhile the sap brought up to the leaves is losing by evaporation

* More correctly "carbon dioxide."

any excess of water it may contain. The water in the prepared sap is then combined chemically with the carbonic acid, and simple food compounds are thus obtained. These are gradually combined—by the addition of mineral salts and other substances—into more and more complex food materials, which are then distributed as needed to all parts of the plant.

Now let us examine the more ordinary conditions of the life of a plant, and see how it adapts itself to the changes with which it is continually meeting.

There is no country, or portion of a country where the climate is always the same. Periods of heat and cold, of damp and drought, will alternate to a greater or less extent, and the plant that is not prepared for all these changes must perish, while others that have adapted themselves, take their place, and thus triumph in the competition.

When a plant is subjected to these various conditions, we find various contrivances prepared to cope with them. All plants, for instance, have certain adaptations for guarding against excessive heat. In this case the danger likely to result is the loss of too much water by evaporation, and therefore the inability of the plant to perform the ordinary vital functions, and the consequent drying up of its tissues. Now, what would be the most natural suggestion to avoid loss of too much water by evaporation? Clearly one of several courses must be taken: (1) Evaporation itself must be rendered difficult; (2) The heat must be prevented from reaching the leaves; (3) The plant must lay up a sufficient store of water to outlast the increased demand upon its resources. And we find that, where the conditions demand it, one or more of these wise precautions are taken in order to cope with the danger.

1.—Evaporation rendered more difficult.

On the under-surface of the leaf of every plant we find minute pores or breathing spaces ("stomata"),

through which evaporation chiefly takes place. It is evident that if the cavity of these pores is diminished the evaporation through them must be diminished too. We find that this is actually the case. If the weather is hot and dry these pores close up; if the atmosphere is moist and cool, they open widely. A certain amount of evaporation, however, may take place from the surface cells of a leaf, though there are usually no pores present there. To guard against this we find that plants living in dry or exposed situations have in addition on their upper surface stout cell walls through which the moisture can with difficulty be drawn. And plants living in cool, shady forests or other damp situations, where no such danger arises, have on their upper surface thin cell walls through which evaporation readily takes place. Belonging to this class also we must include the cases where by diminishing the surface from which evaporation is possible the evaporation is greatly lessened. As a result of this we find that in hot, dry, or exposed situations the leaves of the trees are small and few in number, while they may even be altogether absent. Everyone is familiar, on the other hand, with the luxuriance of a damp forest, and the large and numerous leaves of its trees.

2.—The heat prevented from reaching the leaves.

The breathing pores may be placed in deep cavities or grooves where the fierce rays of a hot sun can penetrate only with difficulty. Or the leaves may be rolled up, the breathing pores being inside the roll. This is seen exemplified in many moorland plants such as the heaths and grasses. Moors, though very wet in season, are commonly subject to severe drought, against which provision must accordingly be made. The "Hair Moss" (*Polytrichum commune*) has leaves with wings. The breathing pores are in the centre of the leaf, but not on the wings. In wet or cloudy

weather the wings open wide, and the breathing pores are exposed. When the sun shines the wings fold over and protect the centre of the leaf. Again, who is not familiar with the position of the leaves of the gum trees (*Eucalyptus*) in the dry parts of Australia? They do not spread their leaves out flat to the light; but instead, have the edges of the leaves turned to the direction of the sun's rays. The surface of a leaf also may be studded with hairs, which protect the delicate cells they cover. A peculiar appearance is presented by some of the Mediterranean biennial plants, which one spring give rise to a cluster of leaves close to the earth, and the next spring to a stem, which bears both leaves and flowers. As the first-formed leaves must live through the hot, dry summer, they are thickly covered with felted grey hairs; but the second cluster of leaves lives during the wet period only, and therefore has no need of these hairs. The contrast between the green foliage of the second spring, and the felted leaves of the first is very striking.

3.—A store of moisture laid up in advance for time of need.

Many plants that grow in dry desert areas (such as cactuses) have dispensed with the use of leaves altogether, and have transferred that function to the thick fleshy stem in which great stores of moisture are laid by. Lest this very foresight, however, should be the cause of its ruin owing to the desire of the thirsty animals of the desert for this fresh store of moisture, the plant must guard against that danger also. It turns the leaves it has no longer any use for into sharp prickles that ward off the attacks of animals.

It must not be thought that these methods of guarding against intense heat are used always independently of one another. It is very usual to find several methods combined in order to produce the desired result.

In winter-time the activity of the root-hairs is diminished; and, where the cold is intense, ceases, or almost ceases. Little or no sap will then reach the leaves, and the plant cannot afford to lose by evaporation the water it already contains. In the case of intense cold also, it must guard against evaporation. It must also guard against the loss of too much of its heat. These objects may be effected in many ways, some of them similar to those that guard against excessive heat. The plant may clothe itself thickly with a covering of hairs, for the same reason that man puts on his warmest clothes in wintry weather. It may dispense with many of its leaves, or reduce them greatly in size, and thus reduce the evaporation also. It may crowd its leaves thickly together for purposes of warmth. And thus the characteristics of the vegetation of very cold countries, or of the sides of high mountains, where the cold is intense, are always the small, sparsely-scattered leaves, the dense tufts of closely-crowded leaves, the thick woolly leaves, or the entire absence of leaves. A fine example of the crowding together of a number of plants is seen in the "vegetable sheep" (*Raoulia haastia*) of the mountains of Canterbury. These plants are crowded together in colonies, and, being also densely covered with woolly hairs, from a distance they have the appearance of sheep lying down—whence the name. The "New Zealand Edelweiss" (*Helichrysum grandiceps*), found on the Alps, is so called from its white, woolly appearance, due to its being thickly encrusted with fine hairs. The "Whipcord Veronicas" (as *Veronica salicornioides*) are also so called because of the overlapping leaves, thickly crowded together on the stem, from which but the smallest portion projects.

Those plants that dispense altogether with leaves must transfer their functions to the stem. Such a stem must be ready to do not only its own work, but also that of the

leaves. What is its own work? It must give rigidity to the plant; it must serve as a medium for the conveyance of the sap upwards from the roots to the rest of the plant; and it must be prepared to do the work of assimilation (the combining of oxygen and carbon) that properly belongs to the leaves. Very different kinds of tissues are needed for each of these different functions; and not only must they be present in the stem, but they must also be so situated there as not to interfere with one another in the performance of those functions, and yet be in the best possible position to perform their own. The different ways in which this is effected are to be seen only by a study of the internal structure of such stems. The *Carmichaelia* of New Zealand furnish interesting examples of some of these different arrangements, as indeed do most of the leafless plants growing in very dry, or cold, or windy situations. The advantage gained by transferring to a stem the functions of the leaf is seen when we consider how much less surface is exposed on the stem for evaporation.

Many plants in countries where the cold of winter is very severe meet the difficulty by adopting the deciduous habit. The leaves fall off in the autumn, and while the snow is lying thick upon the ground the tree stands gaunt and naked with most of its vital activities suspended, until at the return of spring it puts forth again its tender green leaves. It is noticeable that in New Zealand we have an evergreen forest, due, of course, to the mild winters here. Even here, however, one or two examples of the deciduous habit are to be met with, as in the well-known *Fuchsia excorticata* (konini).

It is important to the maintenance of a plant that its seed should be scattered. If the seeds fall in numbers close together, overcrowding is the result, with fatal consequences to many of the resultant plants. The better the means of

dispersion of a plant, and the more widely it is scattered, the hardier it is. As we should expect, therefore, we find many adaptations to secure so advantageous a result.

Many seeds are so small and light that they are easily borne away by the wind; but where they are larger we may find adaptations to produce a like result. There may be vacant spaces between the cells of the fruit,* filled with air so as to increase its buoyancy. The same object may be effected by air-enclosing envelopes around it. Or portions of the outer coat may be expanded into wings so as to increase the bulk (but not the weight) of the fruit, and thus give the wind a purchase to bear it away. Examples of these "winged fruits" are seen in the Sycamore and Maple. Another means of keeping the fruits suspended in the air may be in the form of an umbrella, as in the common Dandelion; where, attached to each seed, is a stalk at the top of which is a tuft of silky hairs radiating outwards like the ribs of an umbrella. Or the fruits or seeds may have special hairy tails as in *Clematis flammula*.

Certain fruits are known as "sling" or "catapult" fruits from the way in which they eject their seeds. This result is often effected by the tissue around the seeds becoming very tense. The pressure at length becomes so great that the tissue is rent at certain places, with the instant result that, on the relief of the pressure, the seeds are expelled to a distance.

Other fruits develop sticky secretions or hook-like processes, that attach them to the backs of passing animals, which then carry them away.

Some of the most striking examples of adaptation to be met with in plant life are for the purpose of securing Cross-fertilization. We are apt, when looking at a

* The term "fruit" is here used in a wider sense than its popular one which includes only those fruits that are pleasant to the taste.

flower, to think that it is the brightly-coloured petals, and the green calyx leaves that are the important parts. It is to their presence, certainly, that the beauty of the flower is due. But still they are not essential to the flower, and it is only in the highest orders of plants that they are present at all. The essential parts of a flower, to which the duty of reproducing its kind is given, are the stamens and pistil; which are to be seen inside the circle of petals. The stamens, generally, have the form of a stalk, at the end of which are two little lobes, placed side by side, and filled with a yellow dust—the Pollen. The pistil consists of a hollow structure (the Ovary) which contains what will be the seeds; the top of the ovary is generally prolonged into a fine stalk, at the top of this again is the stigma which has different forms. Now, unless some of the yellow dust or pollen is placed upon the stigma the would-be-seeds (ovules) in the ovary will not be “fertilised,” and no “seeds” will be formed; consequently no new plants will arise in this way. The pollen, from its position, may fall on to the stigma of the same flower. Such a flower is then said to be “self-fertilised.” But the stigma may have pollen from another flower of the same kind deposited upon it. Such a flower is then said to be “cross-fertilised.” If the pollen of one flower is to be placed upon the stigma of another there must be some means of bringing this about. The agents in this case are the wind and insects. It has been ascertained that the offspring of flowers that have been cross-fertilised are, as a rule, more numerous and hardier than the offspring of those that have been self-fertilised. If cross-fertilisation then is advantageous, we would expect to find adaptations existing for the purpose of bringing this about. And such, too, is the case. We see bees and butterflies fitting from flower to flower, and we know that they are the unconscious agents in bring-

ing about cross-fertilisation. But they must first be attracted to the flower or cross-fertilisation (unless by the wind) will not take place. The beautiful forms and colours of flowers, their markings, the sweet nectar they secrete, are all so many adaptations to secure the visits of insects. So, too, are their sweet scents. Many flowers are in themselves so small and insignificant that they would be passed over unnoticed by the busy insects. To avoid this danger numbers of them group themselves together, the whole, perhaps, looking like one flower. We see examples of this in the composites—daisy, chrysanthemum, sunflower, etc. Sometimes, to make this composite flower still more conspicuous the outer “florets” (as each small flower is called) lose their reproductive organs (stamens and pistil), and only their petals and sepals are developed, but on a much larger scale than in the centre florets.

Some flowers are adapted so that their pollen is accessible to only one particular kind of insect, and inaccessible to others. The one (or ones) to which it is accessible is generally that most numerous in the neighbourhood.

Many flowers have become very highly specialised to ensure cross-fertilisation. Some of the best examples of this extreme specialisation are seen in the Orchids. In these flowers there is a special landing stage provided for the insect, a special mechanism by which the masses of pollen are fastened to the feet or back of the insects by means of a sticky disk. The masses of pollen in these flowers are at the end of a stalk. When the sticky substance dries up, the stalk bends forward, instead of standing upright in its position on the insect, and the pollen masses at its end are thrust by the insect against the stigma of the next orchid flower it visits. Sometimes special structures are rendered irritable. As a result of this irritability they make certain movements when touched, and these

movements bring about the desired result. Thus the orchid *Catasetum* by an irritable structure throws the pollen at the insect.

Special contrivances are found not only to effect cross-fertilisation, but also to make self-fertilisation impossible. In the Sage flower (*Salvia*) we may see an example of this. This flower belongs to the Order of the Labiatae, so called from their two-lipped appearance. The upper petals form a kind of helmet over the interior of the flower, while the lower ones form a lip upon which the insect alights. At one time the anthers, which mature first, are protruded beyond this helmet, so that the insect alighting on the lip cannot fail to be brushed with the pollen. If the insect then visits another flower in a more advanced state the pollen from its back is brushed on to the forked stigma which is in its turn protruding; for in the older flower the anthers are withdrawn from the path of the insect, and the stigma is placed there. In these flowers, also, a special mechanism ensures the deposition of the pollen upon the back of the insect. As stated above, the pollen is contained in two cases (anthers) at the end of a stalk—the whole forming the stamen. One of these anther cases (or lobes) is imperfect but irritable, and is so placed, as above explained, that it cannot fail to be touched by the insect. When this happens its irritability causes it to respond to the shock by springing up, and bringing the other and perfect lobe, laden with pollen, fairly on to the back of the insect.

The Monkey-flowers (*Mimulus*) have sensitive lips to the stigma. When the insect visits the flower these are wide open; but, when the pollen which the insect brings from another flower is deposited upon the lower of these lips, the two lips close. Pollen then falls from this same flower on the proboscis of the insect, but when the proboscis is withdrawn, there is no chance of this pollen effecting self-fertilisation because the lips of the stigma are

then tightly shut. Sometimes the two anther lobes, filled with pollen, are pressed tightly together, making it impossible for the pollen to fall out and be wasted. But when an insect brushes against the stamens the tension is relieved, and the lobes come apart, with the result that the pollen is sprinkled upon the insect.

The common *Arum Maculatum* is a good example of a contrivance that secures cross-fertilisation, while rendering self-fertilisation impossible. The flowers proper are here crowded together on a fleshy stalk, and the whole is enveloped in a showily-coloured spathe, often wrongly regarded as the flower itself. On the upper part of the fleshy stalk the flowers are rudimentary or undeveloped, below these are flowers that consist of stamens only, and are therefore male flowers. Still lower down are other flowers consisting of a pistil only, and therefore female. The female flowers become withered and therefore incapable of fertilisation before the male flowers on the same stalk are ripe. The flowers must therefore be cross-fertilised. This is effected by insects which crawl inside the sheathing spathe; and, having once got in, are imprisoned by the rudimentary flowers which point downwards. When the male flowers are ripe the pollen falls on the insects, the rudimentary flowers shrivel up, and the insects (generally flies) escape, and carry the pollen to another plant, whose female flowers are perhaps just ready for fertilisation.

Flowers that are fertilised by the wind have no need to be attractive; and as a rule they are small and insignificant, without nectar or sweet scent. They produce abundance of pollen also, to allow for the great quantity that must necessarily be wasted in this method of transmission.

A very common source of danger to plants arises from the attacks of herbivorous animals. To guard against this danger, the plant is

often provided with hairs, or prickles, or barbs, as in the Thistle. In some cases a poison is secreted, and in the Nettle there is a special stinging apparatus. The leaves of this plant are provided with club-shaped and brittle hairs. These have at their ends a small, swollen head. When the hair is touched the head is broken off obliquely so as to leave a sharp point, which enters the skin. Poison is secreted by cells at the base of the hair, and is forced into the wound, causing the irritability generally experienced.

Some very remarkable adaptations are met with for the purpose of entrapping insects, and securing them as food for the plant. Some of the commonest examples of these are found in the Pitcher plants (*Nepenthes*), the Sundews (*Drosera*), and Venus Fly Trap (*Dionaea Muscipula*). In this last the leaf has sensitive spines in its centre, on each side of the middle rib. The edges of the leaf are prolonged into teeth, and all over the upper surface of the leaf are glands. If the spines are touched the leaf shuts, the toothed edges interlock and the whole forms a hollow chamber. If an insect has caused this the leaf remains closed over the unfortunate prisoner for several days, and the glands pour out a dissolving juice upon it, which digests the substance of the insect, making it available to the plant as food. The leaves of the Sundew (*Drosera rotundifolia*) glisten as if covered with drops of dew (whence the name). They are covered with tentacles, at the end of each of which is a drop of sticky secretion. When an insect touches the leaf, it remains glued to it by this secretion, and the tentacles bend over it. The tentacles, also, have glands which pour out, in addition to the sticky secretion, a substance which aids in dissolving the food thus brought to it.

All these examples of adaptation are just a few of the many that are to be met with in every direction. They are in each case a direct response to the conditions that have

called them forth. If the plant made no such response it would be unable to cope with new conditions, and would perish, leaving no offspring.

What is the law that can explain so many and so varied adaptations? It is simply the natural law to which Darwin has given the name of Natural Selection. It says that the weak must be eliminated, and the strong survive. All plants (and animals) live in a state of perpetual struggle with their surroundings; and it must follow, therefore, that those best fitted to cope with them will survive; while the unfit will perish. All plants (and animals) vary to a greater or less extent. No two are exactly alike in every detail. A plant, therefore, that happens to possess some such useful variation in ever so slight a degree, will possess some advantage over its neighbour, and will survive, and therefore perpetuate its offspring; while those that do not happen to possess such a variation perish and leave no offspring. The offspring by the law of heredity, tend to possess the characters of their parents. Those of them, therefore, that happen to possess this useful variation will again survive, while the rest will again perish in the struggle. So the variation, if useful, will be accumulated in a given direction. In this way complex structures by slow, but no less sure, degrees have been built up. Gardeners with a knowledge of this law are able themselves to accumulate variations that occur in plants, by careful weeding out of those that do not possess such variations. In these cases man's selection replaces Natural Selection.

Thus it has been brought about that we see in the plant-world of to-day the wealth of colour, the loveliness of form, and diversity of shape that so enlarge man's sense of the beautiful; and, together with all other beautiful sights and sounds in this beautiful world, preserve his soul from becoming sordid and mean and unfit to meet its Maker.

Blockade-runners.



BETWEEN "lights out" and the morning,
 When the black forts frown o'er the sleeping town,
 And the gunners guard their guns—
 Where the searchlights flicker their warning,
 And the race of the ebb-tide runs,
 We ply our perilous calling
 To the lift of the seas, and the falling;
 To the humming boom
 Of the engine-room—
 Ten men and a thousand tons.

Ten men all fierce to be going—
 And all lights out as we turn about,
 And lay her head for the town.
 There's steam from her 'scape-pipe blowing,
 And smoke from her stack flung brown.
 We've rifles and guns under hatches
 (We call 'em machinery and matches),
 And the ship must race
 That would match our pace
 When we're legging the long leagues down.

Then out with our slow screws sobbing,
 And cranks a-pound till the "search" wheels round,
 And the cruiser's bugles blow.
 (Ten hearts and a ship's heart throbbing)
 Then the rods go mad below,
 And the seas fly foaming asunder
 To the rush of the wild screws under.
 (Oh! the flash and moan
 Of a shell wide-thrown,
 And the reckless joy we know!)

Between the moon and the daylight
 Where the cruisers ride in their armoured pride,
 And the search-lights sweep and wheel
 Till the seas are lit by their grey light,
 We drive with our sweating steel;
 When the fire from the gun-ships flashes,
 And spray from our fast bows splashes—
 Where the bugles sound
 And the engines pound,
 And the speed-wave thrills our keel.

WILL LAWSON.



THE twenty-seventh Annual Exhibition of the above Society, was opened in the Choral Hall, Dunedin, on November 6th. The opening night, for which invitations are issued by the Council, and light refreshments provided by the Lady Members, is always regarded as a pleasant social function at which one meets everyone, with the too rare advantage of novel surroundings. This year proved no exception, the hall being so absolutely crowded with smart people, as to prevent anything but the most cursory glance at the pictures.

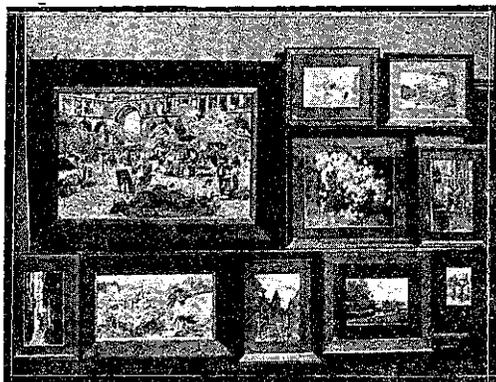
Subsequent visits, however, amply demonstrated the fact that this year's Exhibition was a most satisfactory one, the average standard of work being the highest yet attained in the rapid and steady progress of the last few years.

The difficulty of photographing water-colours when once they are framed and hung, is too well known to need explanation, but it is a matter for sincere regret that on this account no large illustrations of Mr. C. W. Worsley's fine works can accompany this article. The group of pictures reproduced on the heading of this article, together with those in the first two small illustra-

tions, are water-colours on the East Wall. Amongst these will be seen one of Mr. Worsley's best pictures, "The Market Place, Cordova, Spain," and a few words of description cannot fail to be interesting. Of this work it may be said, it is "a Gallery Picture" in the best sense of the word, full of educative possibilities to the student, and of unalloyed pleasure to the connoisseur, by reason of the fine drawing, good composition, clever lighting, and the colouring, rich yet most harmonious. The grey walls of the buildings surrounding the square, pierced with innumerable arches, present the restful background against which is seen the throng of picturesque figures, whose bright costumes combine with the rich tones of the mule's trappings, the wares of the vendors of fruit and pottery, to make a fine wealth of foreground, colour and life. The huge umbrella, basket-worked awnings, which shade the stalls, form a curious and most effective feature in the broad masses of shadow they cast: and the glimpse of cloudless sky and vanishing perspective of sunlit buildings seen through the great archway in the angle, give a fine realisation of distance.

Another charming thing of Mr.

Worsley's is "Frankfort-on-the-Maine." The fishing smacks, hauled in to the river bank, with the groups of humble folk busy loading the carts with fish, form a pleasant foreground in which dark, neutral tints prevail, a little boat beats slowly up, mid-stream on the grey



1 photo by Guy.

Water Colours on the East Wall,

river, and on the farther shore an admirable vista of grey buildings, is brightened by the faint red of the roofs, and dominated by the massive tower of the old Cathedral.

Amongst this group of watercolours also, is a rendering of an English village scene in Miss Every's "Cottages, Dorsetshire"; a tranquil evening effect of sea and shore in Mr. Starkey's "Evening"; some Venetian studies by Mr. J. F. Scott, of Dunedin, in which the colouring is remarkably pleasant, and a scene on the Wanganui River, in which Miss J. Wimperis shows a group of cherry plum trees, drifted over with a veil of white blossoms, seen against a background of wooded hills; native whares and a glimpse of the river in the foreground.

There is also a large picture by Mr. J. H. Young, of Sydney. This is an important and ambitious work, entitled "Sunrise, Darling Harbour." The rosy light of the rising sun penetrating the mists and gilding the upper atmosphere, while the low shores and the har-

bour itself remain cold and hazy. Another large picture by the same artist, which gains a fine and well-deserved prominence on the North Wall, may be mentioned here. "The Dying Day" is full of the palpitating warmth, the delicate glow of light and colour which suffuse and interpenetrate a wide landscape, in which meadow, stream and distant woodland, are alike bathed in the light of evening.

The beautiful seascapes and landscapes of Mr. Lister Lister, are among the popular favourites of the Exhibition. The President of the New South Wales Art Society, adds to the charm of his perfect technique, the essential and unerring instinct for a taking composition. His "Broughton Creek" is one of the loveliest things in the gallery. Most alluring are the green pastures through which the slow creek winds, margined on its further bank by great trees, whose cool, dark shadows reflected in the water, contrast with the lovely warm red of the ledges beneath, while the soft and vanishing perspective of the rural

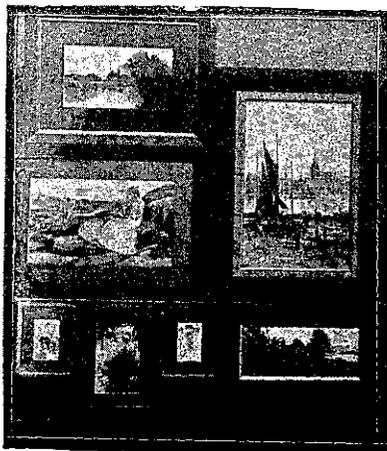


Photo by Guy.

Water Colours on the East Wall.

landscape is seen under the delicate tones of a warm grey sky.

A fine seascape in a broad style by the same artist—"The Coast, near Narrabeen," may be found in the centre of the bottom row of our fifth illustration. The portrait in



Photo by Guy.

A Devotee. By Datillo Rubbo, Sydney.

Pastels, which forms the centre of this group, is the work of Miss Fitchett, daughter of Dean Fitchett, Dunedin. This young lady's clever portraits, portrait studies, and miniatures, are quite a feature of the Exhibition. As a portrait, the example in our illustration is excellent; as a scheme of colour it is triumphant, the warm tones of the old-rose gown, deepening to terra cotta, successfully contrasting with

artist, who has several works in the Exhibition, are a great acquisition, and an admirable object-lesson in faultless perspective to Colonial students. Among the many admirable pictures shown by Mr. J. F. Scott, of Dunedin, who has recently returned from a course of study at Home and Abroad, that which has been chosen as illustrative of his work, is a remarkably well-drawn and lighted picture, in which the

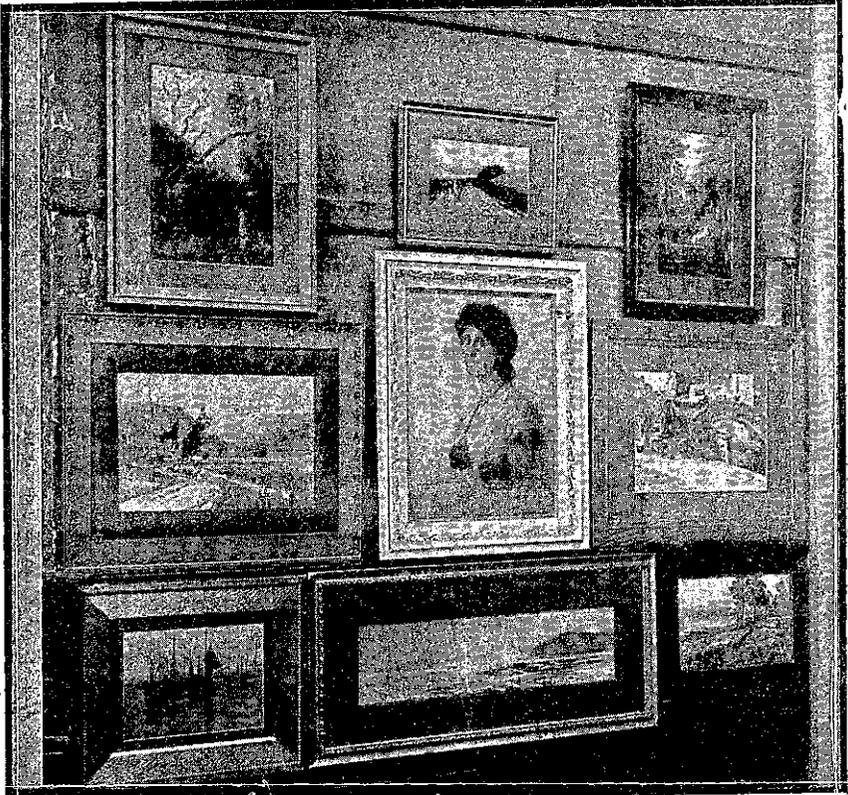


Photo by Guy. A Group of Water Colours and Pastels on the West Wall.

the ethereal blue of the background against which the dark-crowned head shows so delicately. Nor must mention be omitted of the many charming and refined pictures sent in by Mr. A. J. Hanson, an artist who has fathomed the whole possibilities of grey tones, and revels in the restful effects thus produced in even his brightest and cheeriest work. The Venetian pictures by Signor da Pozzo, a Roman

colouring is singularly harmonious, and the liquid effect of the water admirable.

One more only of the Water-colour exhibits, insists on being included in every and any article on this year's Exhibition of the Otago Art Society, namely, the splendid picture by Mr. P. W. Worsley, entitled "Milford Sound." Now, it is a daring thing for any man to send in as his principal work one more



Photo by Guy.

Early Evening, Venice. By J. F. Scott.



Photo by Guy. - Panel, Wild Roses. Wood Carving. By Miss Morris.

rendition of a spot already familiar as a household word, and already depicted surely in every aspect and from every available point of view. But Mr. Worsley justifies his choice triumphantly. It is a lovely picture, painted in a broad style and embodying an exquisite scheme of colour. The whole scale of tender neutral tint, from the crescendo of the calm, grey water in the foreground, to the diminuendo of the light veils of mist which cling about the mighty shoulders of the mountains, whose snow-crowned summits

child; on the delicate scheme of colour, so very French in tone; on the pleasant vista of shady trees through which the sunbeams filter; and on the admirable technique which renders the texture of the draperies. The picture has already been shown in the North, and reproduced in the press, and thus will be familiar to most people. Another example of this artist's work will be most acceptable.

The bold force of Mr. G. E. Butler's "After a Storm, Puketeraki," where the great waves hurl them-

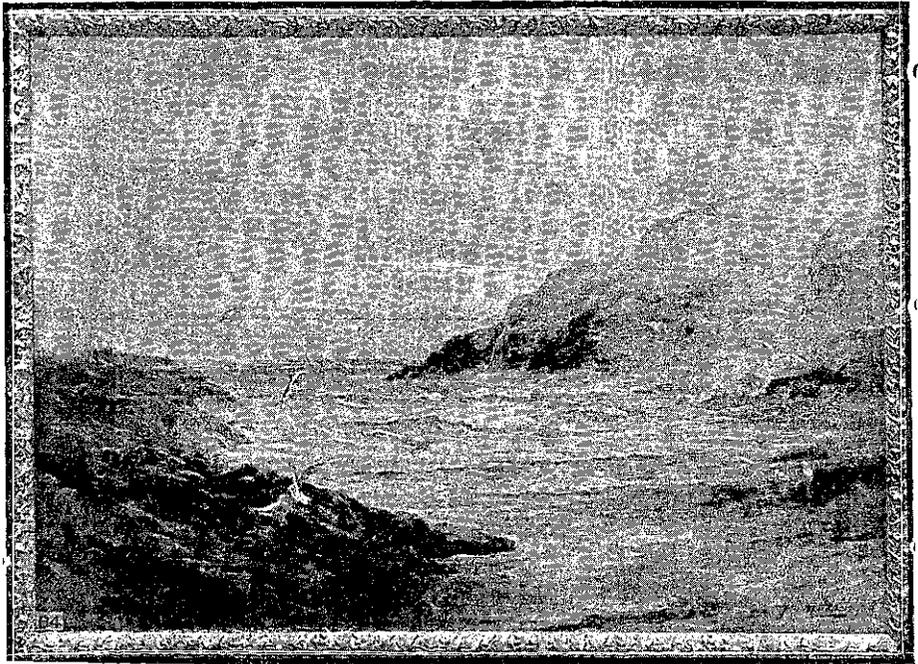


Photo by Guy.

Morning Mists. By J. M. Madden, Christchurch.

rise in white silent majesty to face the sky, is brought into a very poetry of colour by the clump of golden gorse which triumphs in the foreground. There is but one fault in this picture, and one feels that, if remedied before it again appears in public, it will be simply perfect.

Turning to the Oil-paintings, the eye is at once attracted to Mr. G. E. Butler's large picture, "Mother and Child," there to linger with unalloyed pleasure on the charming figures of the young mother and fair

selves in wild unrest upon a savage shore, speaks for itself. One cannot help regretting that the same artist's fine landscape, "After a Sou'-wester" is, in the very nature of its delicate atmospheric effects, incapable of being done justice to in a photograph. The absolute yet delicate realism of the wide flow of spent waves upon a sandy shore, the rain-storms sweeping the distant horizon, and the light breaking through the rent clouds and lighting up the sobbing unrest of

the waters, compose a very fine study.

Mr. J. M. Madden's "Morning Mists," is a picture whose force and feeling speak for themselves in the reproduction we give; though the rich tones of colour on the rocks, thrown up by the strong light breaking through the mists of morning and lighting up the heaving foam-fringed breakers of the foreground, cannot be done justice to.

beaten "devotee," absorbed in the congenial task of "lighting up," is capital. In "Outward Bound," Mr. A. J. Burgess (Sydney) has a clever bit of work, albeit the flow of the waves from the bow, is seen from a decidedly difficult angle—still the whole tone of the picture is good, and full of feeling.

Two of the works sent in by Mr. A. Collingridge (Sydney), are of great interest from the fact that

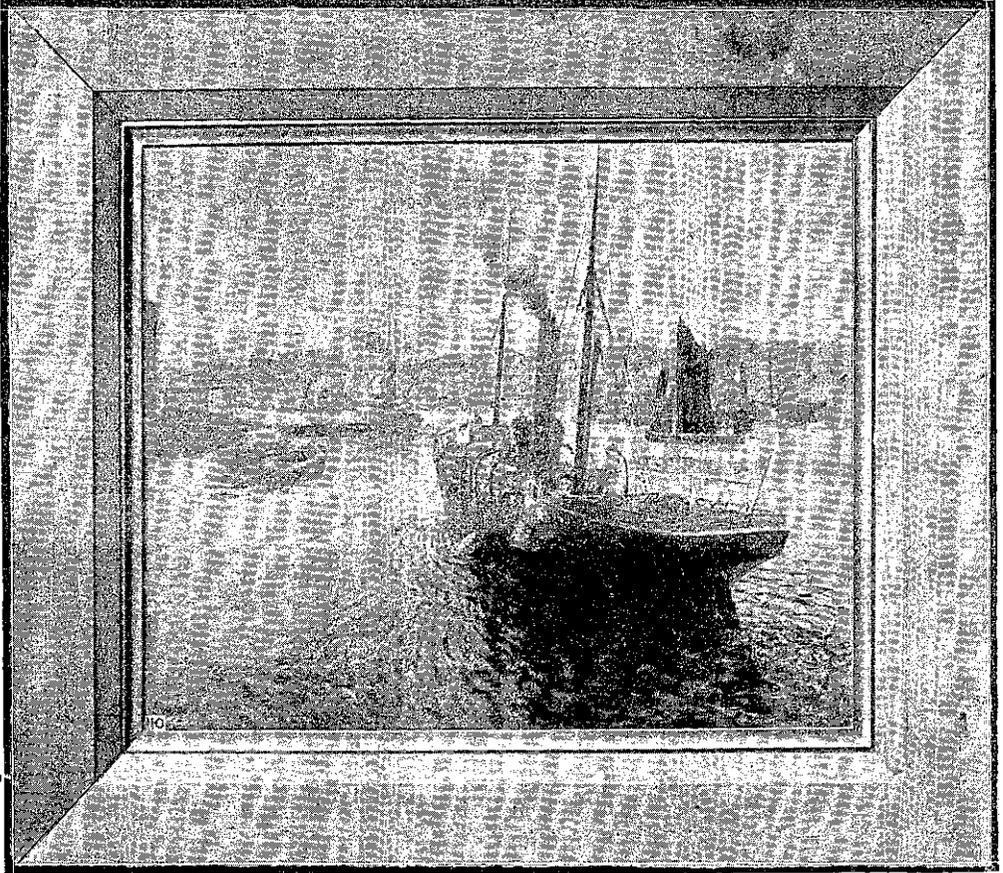


Photo by Guy.

Outward Bound. By A. J. Burgess, Sydney.

Mr. Madden, one need scarcely add, is a Christchurch artist.

"A Devotee," by Signor Datillo Rubbo, is one of the finest works in the Exhibition—and fairly beckons the beholder across the little gallery with its force and virile truth. Its realization of hale old age, and the genial fellowship extended to all other smokers by this weather-

they are excellent examples of the results that can be achieved by the use of Raffaelli's "solid oils." These are the only pictures in the gallery worked in this medium, and they amply demonstrate that in capable hands excellent results may be obtained, and quite a surprising amount of detail may be worked up. For instance, No. 70 is a quiet

landscape of somewhat conventional composition, in which cattle stand fetlock deep in the shallow, sedge-encircled pool of the foreground. No. 122 is, however, a much larger picture, in which a cheerful and most harmonious scheme of colour is worked out under the title of "The Banks of the Seine." The mellow tones of the old red-brick houses on the Bank slightly reflected in the still water, the figures of the foreground, and the little

amid its tawny sedges, and the soft vanishing point of the distant ranges, seen down the vista of the sunlit vale. "Waiwera River," however, is almost a rival in popular taste. It is so exquisite and delicate in tone as to form a composition on which tired eyes may rest and refresh the spirit; while the judgment forgets to register the "mere prettiness" on which sterner criticism might insist.

There is naturally very much

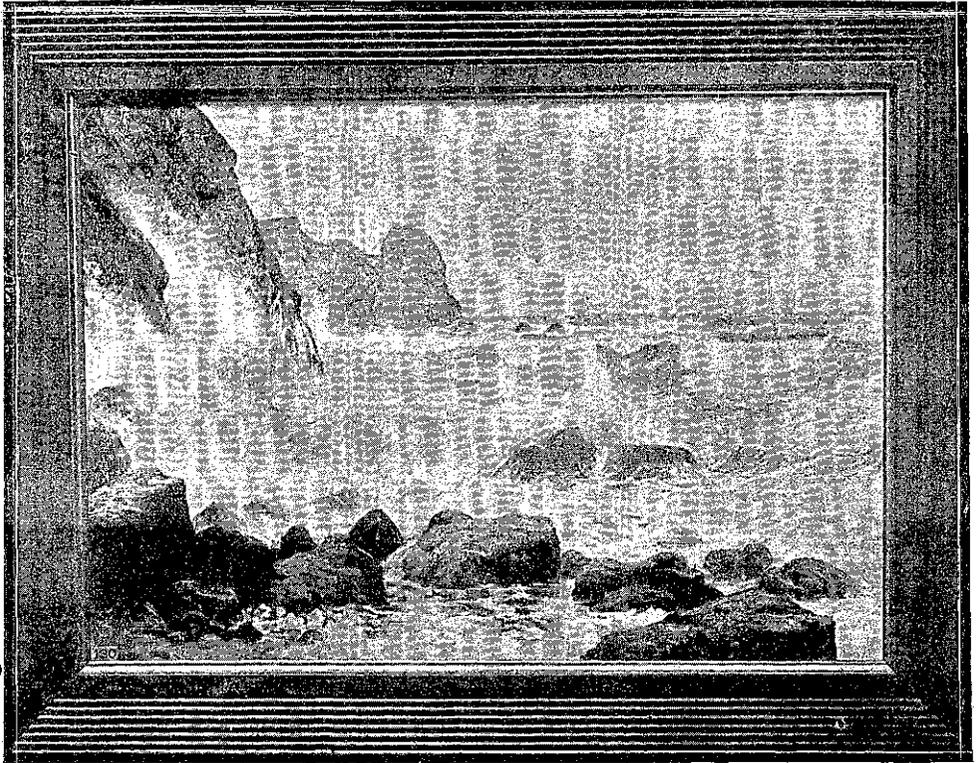


Photo by Guy.

After a Storm, Puketeraki. By G. Buffer.

flock of ducks, are all agreeable details which show that "impressionism" is not the only field of work for M. Raffaelli's solid oils.

Mr. Payton's works are both numerous and attractive: the best being perhaps "Ruapehu," in which the mighty bulk of the snow-crowned mountain in the middle distance is well balanced by the long bush of the foreground, reflected in the still water slumbering

highly praiseworthy work which it is utterly impossible to notice in an article which is merely designed to give some detailed—and let us hope, pleasant impressions of the more salient points of the gallery. Many artists and much work must therefore remain unnoticed, but as an example of honest work, clever drawing, and absolute freedom from any meretricious attempt to catch the eye, one cannot help noticing

the work of Miss Sale, daughter of Professor Sale, of Otago University. This young lady's work has such sterling merit that she only needs to correct her sense of colour, and add to her technique, to do justice to the talent she undoubtedly possesses.

Of the seventy-three works sent in by Sydney and Melbourne artists, the larger number were water-colours. Speaking generally, these works were of such exceeding merit, that had it not been for the number and excellence of the pictures contributed by Mr. C. W. Worsley,

Christchurch; and Mr. G. F. Butler, Dunedin, the whole show would have been dominated by them. As it was, however, New Zealand held her own admirably, "with something to the good."

Among the Art exhibits were some very fine examples of relief carving, of which the accompanying illustration, "Dog Roses" by Miss Morris, will give an idea of the beauty and delicacy. Russian Poker work, brass repousse and metal relief on leather were all most artistic.



Lines.

The air hangs and the mingled scent of flowers
Loiters around; the mid-day sun serene
Basks in the light of his own loveliness,
And sheds his glowing lustre o'er the scene.
Melody-laden hurry by the hours
With wingéd steps through a land sorrowless.

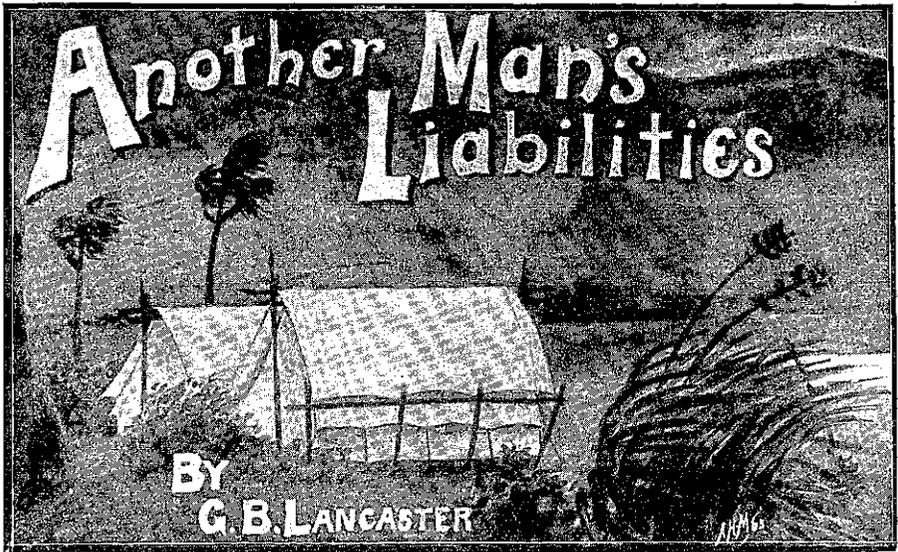
For in this world of dreamy sweet content
Ourselves do strike the one discordant note.
Our life a flower is that withereth
Upon a grief-parched plain. We still devote
Our lives to gain; for gain our breath is spent,
And fighting, struggling, we march on to Death.

Oh! could I feel that I were one with thee
That 'mid the foliage makest music sweet;
Then might I tread once more the gladsome road
Of happiness from which my weary feet
Too far have strayed, and in tranquility
Win to the shelter of my last abode.

* * * * *

Now in the West the hues ethereal bright
Which crowd around the dying Sun-God's bier,
Sink in each other's arms with rosy blush,
And blend their radiance ere they disappear.
Day becomes evening; evening sinks to night,
And darkness throws o'er all his sable hush.

WILFRED STEVENS.



“The strength of the wind is Thine, O Lord, and we are little and passing weak ;
 And if we quail when we hear Thy word flung by the blast from the sky-wrung peak,
 Remember, O Lord, our frailty ;
 We who have the lonely death to die.”



HERE were three men in the long ramp of shingle river-bed that turned sickly under the nearing night. The man with the theodolite was Cummil, Government surveyor, and the man at the end of the chain was Hales. Orde squatted by a blown cabbage-tree, fiddling with

the sextant, and cursing the bitter wind that drove sharp sand against his neck and ears. He was fresh imported from warm, sheltered office life, and sappy. Besides, his heart was not with this work which showed hard, and unlovely, and compelling, as is all strong work in the beginning.

Cummil knew this—and more, as a man must who serves Nature until he has won understanding from her. But at this hour he was soul-tired, and the very rattle and swish of the flax about the theodolite legs fretted him. For his was the part of all

men who handle the raw clay ; knead, shape, colour and bake it ; give it for a higher service, and take up the potter's wheel again.

Last night he had sent away Macmillan—who was as perfect an assistant as a Head may expect in this imperfect world—because the Government wanted him. And last night had he received instead Charlie Orde, whom the Government would also want when Cummil's virtue had gone into him. Orde said “Er-yers, yers,” to all Cummil's swift-run technical explanation, fingered his boyish moustache, and stumbled vaguely down the track that to the one man was so terribly familiar, and to the other so hopelessly new and not-to-be-understood.

Hales, chainman, and wise in the knowledge of his fellows, watched Orde in pointed contempt, and said something when Cummil shut up his theodolite, and called him

across the shingle-spit. Cummil grunted assent.

"He's here for me to make another Macmillan out of him, and it's no business of yours how he's liking it, Hales. You clear for the town-ship, now, and do a sprint back with that oatmeal, you forgot last night. What? Yes: leave the chain. Mr. Orde and I will finish up."

Hales lifted his right shoulder against the wind, and slouched campward with his head low. For there was patchy, leprous quicksand round the backwaters, foul with a green scum, and it was not wise to stumble on the scrubby mounds where the driftwood jabbed polished and sharp as bayonets. He took gear from the lee of a tent-fly in the manuka at the cliff-foot, battled to the top of the cutting behind, and saddled up, sweeping with a swift, keen eye-blink the wide, wild stretch far below.

There was night in the jaws of the lean gorge, and night drawing over the opposite cliffs that the distance made misty and low. For the river had ripped for itself a mile and an eighth from the tussock plain since its fierce desire had first called it to the sea. Beyond the second stream two inch-high figures made out along a sandy spit to a muddle of broom and flax-bush that lashed the air. Hales chuckled, climbing into the leather.

"Same old graft. Same old ignorance. Same old endin'. Cummil can do anythin', but he won't make the clean pertater out o' this waster. A daisy: that's what he is. A slap-up daisy."

Cummil translated this belief into his own vivid language when Orde achieved his fifth barefaced error over the chain-handling.

"An' I don't think much of the chap who broke you in. What sort of sums did he teach you, anyhow? Bring those things along. We're goin' back to camp. What? My lad, you'd better not say that again. I have to teach fools, but I'm blest if I'm going to fag for them too."

Orde followed through the cold, fitful dusk that clattered the tall cabbage trees, and moaned over the level waste of fading shingle and sand and water. His coat was not built for shoulder-work, and his feet were red-hot and chafed from the rough undergoing. Also, the roar of the river made him homesick for the roar of the town; and always the silent, desolate power of such places as will own no man's rule, lies heavy on the heart.

In the sand-embedded manuka under the cliffs the snarl of the wind was deadened, and Cummil sat on his heels feeding a flicker of fire before two tents that were faint in the shadows. Orde loosed his left arm from a clatter of picket pegs, and banged sextant and chain on the ground.

"What the deuce d'ye call this? Why isn't dinner ready? If you expect me to cook it—"

"I'll get left," said Cummil, calmly. "Exactly. I thought so myself. Hand over that frying-pan, will you?"

"Hales gone to bed?" demanded Orde in puerile sarcasm.

"Gone to Burnie for oatmeal. And the dripping-tin. Thanks."

This was a strange, horrible life to Orde, and he was dog-tired besides. But Cummil's creed taught that a man must go till he drops, and so it was that when they had fed, he bade the boy do things with a field-book and protractor, and lost patience utterly when Orde complained of sand in his eyes and an insufficiency of room in the tabulated out-settings.

"Didn't you take those off-sets yourself, you ass?"

"I decline to be called an ass," said Orde, his smooth face red.

"You haven't the option. Look here! We laid this off in triangles, and that corner block between the big streams, in trapezoids. Any school-kid could plot it out from this. Well; can't you see?"

"No," snapped Orde.

Cummil settled back against his tent upright, and smoked evenly.

"You'll stick to it till you find out, then. It's no good trying to monkey with me, Orde. I won't stand that kind of thing!"

Cummil had served a hard apprenticeship himself, and he knew how to make men. But "Cummil's cubs" allowed (strictly to each other) that they suffered pains in the making.

Orde smudged paper, tore it with the compass-legs, and muttered crossly to himself. Cummil worked out his own private log, and fretted over the gathering howl of the wind. Then Hales came back.

"Goin' ter blow," he said, tumbling letters and papers on Cummil's knees. "West nor-west, it is now. Comin' out o' the Gorge straight's a die. Be havin' the river down in a day or two, I s'pose."

"The devil! You suppose! Ah, well; if it comes, it comes. We'll see to-morrow. No life in the water yet, though. Somethin' for you, Orde."

Orde flung away brass disc and feather-head ruler, and snatched at the two lavender envelopes scrawled over in a girl's hand. He dropped flat by the fire flare, and straight-way forgot the grim open river beyond the manuka, and all its promise of days of bitter work. For the breathless, unstopped sentences held more of "dearest" and "beloved" than had come to Cummil in all his forty years.

"Orde!"

"Um-m," grunted Orde, flicking over a page.

"Come here!" To do Cummil justice he did not often use this tone.

Orde looked up startled. Then he jammed the flimsy sheets into his pocket, arose from the crushed flax, and came round the fire circle. In the small ridge-pole tent on the heel of the cutting, Hales was obviously going to bed. Cummil's face as he sat on his camp-stool took all Orde's attention and kept it.

"This is a note from Salmon and

Graves, Auckland. Do you know anything about them?"

A muscle in Orde's throat twitched, and his voice had a drv gasp in it.

"Er--yers; I think so. Money-lenders, arn't they?"

"You should know. Look at this."

Cummil's eyes sharpened to needle-points as the boy took the blue paper, and read it unmoving. It explained politely that in consequence of the over-due interest on Cummil's bill, drawn in favour of Orde six months back, Messrs. Salmon and Graves would feel deep gratitude to Cummil if he could see his way to make immediate settlement of the same. It gave what were probably perfectly correct figures, and seemed to suggest that the bill totalled a round two hundred. Orde handed it back languidly.

"Somebody been making a bit free with our names, I take it. Looks awkward for you, Cummil. Those chaps are regular sharks."

Cummil's pulses were singing in his ears. He stood up, gripping the note.

"Have you the infernal cheek to tell me that you don't know anything of it?"

"Have you the infernal cheek to imagine that I do?" retorted Orde. He was tailor-made and delicate-handed, even at close of such days as this had been. Cummil's tweed clothes were baggy and faded, and his shoulders stooped. Hales watched the two from his tent and murmured:

"Italian greyhound an' Skye. But the Skye'll hev t'other worried d'reckly."

"That's no answer. Do you?"

"No."

"On your honour?"

Orde's lips were unsteady. He bit them, and denied afresh.

"I believe you're telling lies, you know. But it'll be easy enough to settle it. I'll wire Salmon and Graves to-morrow."

"Cummil! Don't—for Heaven's

sake. Wait till I get back. There's —there's a chap awfully like me in Auckland, and if it was he worked this thing, I—I might have some trouble to clear myself from here."

"I fancy you'll have some trouble in doing that, anyway. And you won't bunk first. I'll see to that."

"If you wait till the Melbourne Cup's run, I'll pay you to keep my name out of this. I've got a whole book on Tattersall's —"

"If you say another word, by the Lord Harry, I'll knock your head off! How dare —"

Orde pulled the crumpled letters from his pocket, and his voice had a new ring in it.

"These are from my wife. Now perhaps you'll understand why I ask this."

Cummil subsided on a candle-box. He did not disbelieve, for an honest man can always recognise the truth, though he may fail to detect lies.

"Your wife! How old are you?"

"I shall be twenty very shortly," said Orde with dignity. "But that's not your business. We have not told anyone of our marriage. I tell you so that you'll see you can't be brute enough to push this publicly."

"Can't I? I don't fancy it'd make any difference to me if you had ten wives."

Orde was white-lipped, and the breath came noisily from his narrow chest.

"I did put your name to that bill. It was easy enough. You're well-known up there, and you write such a vile, unformed hand. It costs so much money to keep two. I never thought it would make such a difference. And she's not very strong—they promised not to push till November, curse them!"

"I'll wire them tomorrow," said Cummil, distinctly. "And if you can't pay up, you'll go to quod if I have any say in it. What the deuce d'you suppose I care about your private affairs, you young cheat?"

"If you had any sense of chivalry, you'd think of what might happen to her if you lock me up," cried the boy desperately.

"If every man with a wife could burke his deservings there wouldn't be a bachelor in the country," said Cummil. "No; you'll pay for this —on the nail—my ingenuous youth. And you'll go and sleep in the instrument tent to-night, for I'm dashed if I'll have you in with me!"

The instrument tent was some five hundred yards down the river. Macmillan had often slept there in the hot weather.

Orde turned; his head well up, his long fingers holding his letters tight.

"I prefer to sleep in the other tent," he said grandly, and crashed into the dark scrub.

Hales pulled the blankets over his head as Cummil raked out the fire ashes, and dropped his own door-fly behind him. "An' I thought Lane was a hard man! My crikey; I wouldn't like Cummil's knife inter me! It'll be a feling's cell for Orde, right 'nuff—'nless he comes back an' murders Cummil in his bed."

Sleep took him with the shivers of expectation running still down his spine; and in the next tent Cummil snored heavily, while the wind from the ranges was loosed on the night.

To the blackness and the shrieking of the last and lowest hell, Cummil awoke with a jump. He jerked open the tent fly, and the sound that called him sobbed on, low and un-deadened by the bursting yell of the mad wind. Cummil knew it for the crisp, sucking crawl of water over dry sand.

He dived through the scrub where the flax ripped to shreds, and the manuka bent and cried. He came out, and the wind laid him flat with his head in a puddle where had been no puddles before. The live air sang with the whirl of sand, and out in the wide, noisy, dark waves slapped and washed, loud and more loud. Cummil crawled forward three paces; blind, deaf, his heart behind his teeth. He pitched shoulder first into a hollow where he had gathered fire-sticks at mid-day, and water bubbled under his neck to his ear.

Hales woke when the crash of branches stove in his tent, and he fell over Cummil outside. Cummil was unseen, but his voice stung with the force of it.

"Lug all you can up the cutting—this instant. The black tin box first. I'm going after Orde."

Barefoot, he doubled down the shingle with the wind. Three hundred yards—three-fifty, and the half-waking pools that Orde had walked were a river that washed to Cummil's knees even as he turned and fled from it.

From the tent he snatched boots and bridle, went up the cutting snake-wise and rasping, with the wind blowing through his pyjamas, and plucking his fingers loose on the broom-roots. In the muddle of gorse atop he over-ran the old hack, forced it under bit and rein, and cast command at the clatter of tin that meant Hales carryin' weight.

"Dump those things in the gorse, and get me a lantern. Dick'll chuck himself over if I take him down there in the dark."

It was surely a thousand years before Hales swung up a light that flashed over flattened tussock and cabbage-tree, and struck one long finger down to the gleam of water below. Cummil bore forward to the white face and staring eyes.

"Lower that light:" his voice cracked on Hales' ear. "Let me see the foothold. . . . what? Devil take you; what's wrong?"

"They can do anythin'," shouted Hales, bewildered. "Blest ef there ain't water up ter here a'ready."

Cummil trod on his heels.

"Give me a leg up; I'm stiff . . . and the lantern. Get back, Hales, before you're swept out. I'm going for Orde. He's cut off. Hales—if we don't show up, take word to the township at daybreak."

Hales climbed to the gorse and crouched there, shuddering. For the splash and the passing light were earnest of a man gone to help another man meet death.

"They'll go out ter sea ter-gether, an' I'll hev ter make test'-

mony. Jes' because he's not likin' ter lose the 'oof wi'out a whack for't. Mean, beggar. But this'll wipe it out clean s a plate."

In the clearing the waves took Cummil's loose boots. On the shingle beyond, Dick was swimming. All the world was a mad, crashing fury, and Cummil went half mad with it. Young blood will play with Eternity for pure devilment. The blood of the older man runs slower, and more chill. But the up-lifting sweep of the loosed Nor'-wester made Cummil drunk with the glory of one who rides on the night where the goblins of the rath are shouting.

Dick swam with long, powerful strokes. The lantern-light picked up the white speck of Orde's tent to leftward. Cummil made it by daring and craft. Then he grabbed at the boy huddled on the wasting shingle, and Orde twisted on one knee, striking upward at the chin.

"You put me here to drown. Oh, you brute! But you'll stay and drown, too. By Heaven, you will!"

"Don't be a fool;" Cummil explained in six words. He backed to the water, and Orde cried out and shivered.

"I can't. Oh, I can't. You wouldn't risk it. Let me ride, then, and I'll try."

Cummil dropped off.

"Get up," he said, and his tone would have stung another man. "Leave Dick's head alone. I'll guide him. And if you play the goat, we're done."

The current set from the spit. Cummil said "Thank God!" and fought landward with it. He knew every reach as he knew his own heart, and swam with firm hand on the rein. In the fourth minute Orde spoke, and his words whistled under the roar.

"A tree—coming down—oh, good Lord; it'll catch us! C my—" He beat Cummil off, wrenched the reins right and left, and Dick went down headlong as the torn tree rode above them, broad-armed as a forest.

Roots pressed Cummil down smothering to the boulders of the bottom where he came cheek to cheek with Death, and was afraid. Death rose with him to the surface again, and it was Orde with a white face that showed on the flood like spume. Cummil clutched at the body, swung it over the tree-trunk, and floated beside, his arm crooked in the branches. This was mechanical. Understanding came back, and he said: "Gad; it's cold!" Then he laughed. "Snow-water, of course, and I'll have cramp in two acts. Must get on that trunk——"

Weak moonshine dripped through the cloud-wrack. Cummil straddled the tree and swamped it. He cast loose, and Orde's face gleamed again where the branches lifted and cradled it.

Cummil's breath came sharp through his teeth.

"There's room for one only," he cried; and the wind chuckled in the wet leaves round his head.

Across the full sweep of the river deep called deep with gathering triumph, and the tree shivered, driving faster before the snarl of the low-flying scud.

"Perhaps he's dead," muttered Cummil, and slid his hand under the soaked pyjama-coat to the breast.

The heart-beats were strong and slow. Cummil sickened, and the devil tempted him. This is no man's business but Cummil's. In the end he writhed his numb hands in the branches, and looked at Orde with new eyes. For hereafter Orde had claim on him in that Cummil had given him life.

The night widened and whitened. Flashes of skeleton driftwood struck up from the higher islands, and harsher than the yell of any wind lifted the scream of the gulls above their drowned nests. The black-headed waves rode by in thunder to wreck the bridge of a hundred piles, and the glisten of shingle laughed with white teeth here and there through the empty waste.

Something soft brushed against Cummil's shoulder, and made port

in the reach of branches. It was a dead sheep, sodden and swollen. Cummil closed his eyes from it, and thought of Orde. The boy was light-built and under-developed. He had done already more evil than good. The tree with its wake of a coal-hulk must ground in some one twisting channel, and the chase Hales should lead from the township would nose Orde out of the branches whilst Cummil went out to sea and the gulls. His body was deadening by inches, but his brain was terribly clear.

"I've chosen already," he said. "I can't pull him off. My God! if I only could!"

In his boyhood Orde took the burden that Cummil had passed uncaring. The mystery that makes a man answer for the life of a woman had touched him, and the still face unfretted by the rip of the wind spoke louder to Cummil than ever Orde's lips could do.

"He robbed me," said Cummil voicelessly; "and he's robbing me again . . . if we do make land, I'll take payment—for all. A man must shoulder his own liabilities . . . how dare he bring a woman into it, and let her suffer . . . young brute! O God, ha' mercy! It's cold! It's cold!"

His hands had stiffened where they hooked in the roots. His head dropped on them sideways, and the unleashed joy of the waked river-bed dulled and passed on his ears. A half-mile the tree drifted, then baulked at a gorse-spit, and drove inshore on a backwash. Flax-tangle and kowhai snatched at it and held, and it rocked in the yellow-swelled flood till the dawn.

Orde roused when the sun beat hot through a hot-breathing wind. He drew up his knees stiffly, and clung to the kowhai, moving his eyes slowly. For the bite of Dick's shoe on his temple was making him deadly sick. Overhead the steep cliff raked like the stern of a liner. The rest of the world was unbound and savage; a spumy ocean made hazy with blowing sand.

Orde crawled up the trunk for the space of six heart-beats; stopped, giddy with pain, and saw Cummil. The nape of Cummil's neck was bare to the sun, and his face was down on the leaves. Orde knelt, and broke the twigs away from the rigid fingers.

It was perhaps four hours later that Cummil felt the hands that shook him, and heard Orde's voice.

"They're coming," it said. "They're coming with ropes. Cummil; they're coming to save us."

Cummil sat up.

"I died last night," he said slowly.

Orde's bloodshot eyes narrowed, and his breath came brokenly.

"You did—very near. If I hadn't yanked you out, there'd have been no one to claim that two hundred, Cummil."

Cummil stared; and the little figures dropping down the straight,

scrubby cliff, fifty yards off, lost interest.

Then he bowed his head on his knees, and rocked in helpless laughter.

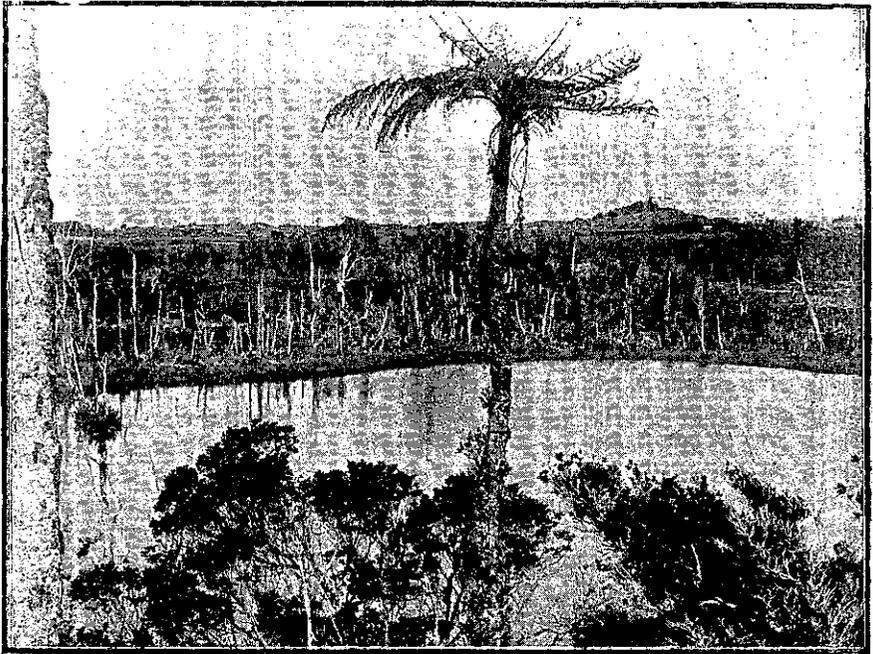
"And my life's worth more to me than that, isn't it? Orde, oh, Orde; I'm very grateful. Arn't you?"

"I have nothing to be grateful for," said Orde. "As yet."

"No; of course not," answered Cummil, and laughed again, so that Hales, presently receiving his master in the bight of a slung rope, comprehended that he was "clean dotty."

For Cummil, grabbing his shoulder, and stumbling on the tussock, said:

"When you die for a man, he becomes your property. Hales, whether he knows it or not, and you've got to look after the boundaries. But don't you ever do it, d'you hear? It's likely to prove expensive. Where's the brandy?"



B. Wells, photo.

Lake Rotokare, Ratapihipihī, Taranaki.

From Cape Town to Salisbury.

By H. B. D.

PART III.



TYPICAL story, which I heard from the Gwelo parson about Cecil Rhodes will not be out of place here. Mr. Rhodes, as a rule, kept somewhat aloof from the town, knowing only too well that he was looked upon by many as fair game to be unmercifully robbed—his generosity was so proverbial. But he welcomed the parson as an old friend.

"Mr. Rhodes, I want to bespeak your help for our library."

"What is it, Mr. Walker?"

"The Chartered Company have very generously offered to give us £100 for our library if we can raise as much by subscription. As we are only a small community of three hundred or so, our subscription hardly amounts to £40 this year, we are therefore only entitled to £40 from the Company."

"Oh, you want a subscription, I suppose."

"No, that's not it exactly. Couldn't the Company make a concession in our favour under these very exceptional circumstances, and let us have the whole £100?"

"I don't see why they shouldn't," and turning to the magistrate, "what do you say, Smith?"

"I think it would make a dangerous precedent, the regulation distinctly states pound for pound."

"We don't wish the rule altered, but only want an exception made this year; next, we may be more prosperous, and able to raise the whole £100."

"I cannot recommend departing from the pound for pound principle," replied Mr. Smith.

"Ah—hem—what are we to do? Let me see," and Mr. Rhodes con-

sidered a moment. "I've got it! I've got it!" he said quickly. "I'll give you £60, and then you can claim the full £100 from Smith. Yes, we've got you now, Smith! There's no escape!" and Mr. Rhodes laughed at his joke, the parson readily joining in.

"Don't let him escape, Walker—mind: pound for pound—keep him up to the mark."

"You may be sure I'll do that, Mr. Rhodes," replied Mr. Walker, turning to the magistrate, who joined heartily in the laugh against himself.

The parson told me this as an excellent joke, and I do not think he saw that Mr. Rhodes only introduced the joke as a cover for his very generous gift, and to escape effusive thanks.

To return to my own journey. The coach left for Salisbury at seven in the morning, and I again had the misfortune to strike the open "schooner," but as it was only loaded up to the rails, and carried but three Kaffir passengers besides myself, I got a fairly comfortable seat on a large package of paper, with my back against the driver's seat, and found the journey more bearable. Before lunch we passed through rolling country and obtained some pretty peeps of distant hill and vale between the granite kopjes. The hills were mostly wooded, and between them were wide savannahs of waving grass, withered and yellow.

We lunched at a temporary-looking shanty, built of corrugated iron over a light wooden frame, and although between twelve and one o'clock, a thermometer hanging in the room only registered sixty degrees. Each end of this shed had been partitioned off with thin calico.

one forming a bedroom and one the bar, while the centre made our dining-room. A plain, long-necked Boer woman attended, serving us as well as her meagre establishment allowed. She talked incessantly, principally about her ill-health, describing her symptoms with unnecessary minuteness.

After lunch we passed through some beautiful scenery, the trees were fifty feet high, with most graceful foliage, which constantly remind me of ordinary fruit trees; for instance, the mapani resembles an apricot, while others looked in the distance like pear, peach, plum, and cherry.

I passed a miserable night, cold and sleepless, for the road proved very rough. At 2 a.m. the coach stopped at a place called Enkle-doorn, a Boer country town. The awful dreariness of this miserable village, standing bleak and desolate on a bare white hillside, was not even softened by the moonbeams; and I shall never forget the dreary hour I spent in pacing up and down its forlorn street. A young man joined the coach here, and although he would not acknowledge it, I was certain he was a Boer. He looked just the stamp of man who would act the spy. It struck me that he had given himself out as an Englishman without being asked in order to get information from me; so in a frank, confiding manner, I stuffed him full of false reports about Mr. Rhodes and the war. I found him inquisitive, yet on the whole, fairly well informed and intelligent; but he exhibited a *sauve politeness* that sat with ill-grace on his naturally coarse nature. I had little difficulty in detecting his decidedly pro-Boer leanings, and naturally conceived a strong prejudice against him.

Just before reaching Fort Charter we passed a native group of men, women, and children. The women looked far more savage than the men, wearing only short aprons of buck-skin, while the children ran about stark naked.

Another nine hours shaking up on the dusty coach, and we reached Salisbury, the capital of Rhodesia, my destination for the present. We had spent no less than forty-four hours on that awful coach, and I hope it may never again be my fate to make such a journey. If one could stop at night and have a good sleep it would not be half so bad; it is the ceaseless travelling night and day that kills one.

After waiting in the deserted street, listening to the jackals howling, we were at length admitted to the hotel, but did not get to bed until after three in the morning.

The town of Salisbury is nicely situated, with a few low kopjes surrounding. Some of the better-class houses, built on the lower slopes of the one lying due north, are comfortable, roomy dwellings of brick, with wide verandahs and iron roofs. It is the most attractive-looking town that I have seen in Rhodesia, though it has not the fine stone buildings of Bulawayo.

Salisbury is very much scattered, the mercantile quarters being under the highest kopje, nearly a mile from the Government buildings, and separated from them by a black vlei. There are so few buildings that most of the traffic cuts diagonally across from one street corner to another; the short cuts being far more used than the streets.

I went to morning service in the "cathedral," a most forlorn-looking building, half brick and half iron; the congregation consisted of twelve women and twenty or thirty men; a lady played the harmonium very nicely, accompanying the singing, which was rather weak, many of the choir being absent, to judge by the empty benches. The parson, in the litany, when praying against plague, pestilence, and famine, interpolated "locusts," which appeared most appropriate, for on the floor, at my feet, with head bowed low, as if he heard the bar, crawled one of these ubiquitous insects.

My Lady's Bower.

BY ALMA.

Lady readers are invited to discuss current topics in these pages, suggest subjects for discussion, and also to contribute photographic studies on any subject of interest. Contributions should be addressed: "Editor My Lady's Bower, New Zealand Illustrated Magazine," and should arrive early in the month. In all cases where stamps are enclosed for the purpose photos will be returned.

HOLIDAY LOVES.

PHYLLIS lay in the hammock. New Year's Day was hot, and though there had been strawberries in lieu of pudding, still her mother would not forego roast ducks, and green peas. Consequence—Phyllis was sleepy, and here at three of the clock she dozed over her magazine. Through the trees, she could, if she had been sufficiently awake, have had a sight of a white-sailed fleet skimming over the bluest of seas. But Phyllis saw nothing. One foot lay out of the hammock. The slipper loosened more and more, and finally fell to earth. Still Phyllis slept.

Rustling through the leaves on the ground came a young man, hat set back on his head, but no sign of jauntiness on his face. He made for the big fig-tree, saw the foot, and as one oft does mischief in one's most sombre moods, he pinched the toe.

"Oh—h-h!" screamed Phyllis. "Oh! Dandy! is it you? How mean of you! You frightened me!"

"I wish you would not call me by that absurd name!" he growled.

"Oh! is it cross? Wouldn't its pretty-wetty Conny look at it? Or did it eat too much dinner?"

Dandy felt a sudden impulse to kiss that teasing mouth, but he refrained, because he had come to confide something serious.

"Listen, Dandy! No—your par-

don! Alexander!—Oh, yes! my shoe! Thanks, Dandy! Very neatly done, my dear! Well—I was saying, Alexander—you have a rival. Constance, the serene, has talked all the dinner hour to Mr. Von Hagel. He is a scientist, though he has a thousand a year. Father a brewer, by the way, recently deceased. Yes, his passion is science, and he and Con talked the whole dinner hour over the possible numbers and sorts of bacteria. As for the fruit salad—codlin moths, and scaly blights and earwigs were not in it —"

"Come out in the yacht, Phyl! he interrupted, taking off his hat and gazing steadily at it

"Why! he's got his hair cut, and that's just why he's cross!"

He disdained to notice

"It's just down at the beach, and—and—I want to tell you something."

"Lovely!" sighed she of the blue eyes. "A sail and a secret! Two S's on one summer sea! But I've no hat, Dandy! and I shall be captured by a visitor if I show my nose in the house."

"Take mine! I'll get a cap down there. Well done, Phyl. You've bossed the hammock all right!"

So they went for their sail, and he ran the boat to her steering until they were away from the throng. They turned towards a tiny little beach neglected of pleasure seekers, for Phyllis had an eye to a bank of



Hemus, 1 photo.

Unstudied Innocence.

maidenhair that grew in a dell known only to these chums.

"Yes! and the secret, Dandy? Don't frown, dear! It makes you look old."

"Well, she's jilted me."

"She has? Con? Con, the immaculate? Well! I never! When did it happen?"

"She told me last night that it was a mistake, and I asked her to think over it and send me a message—and she sent—this."

Phyllis took it.

"Dear Alexander,

I have, as you requested, again considered the matter of our

engagement, and I feel quite certain that our ideas are not sufficiently in common for us to be happy together. My studies absorb so much of my time that I must ask you not to press me further on the subject, which, on my part, is finally closed. I enclose your ring, etc.

Yours sincerely,

Constance Everard."

"The pig! The mean thing! She's growing into a perfect blue-stocking!" Phyllis thought of tall, stately Constance, just the right height, with perfect features, large grey eyes placid and yet looking far beyond, Constance who always



Sarony Studio, photo.

A Happy Effect.

did things correctly, a model of behaviour. But her heart softened a little.

"Poor old Con! and poor Dandy! But she's right, old boy! You wouldn't hit it. You'd get awfully tired of her—her—what is it? that calm superiority—no, it's too gentle for that—but you know what I mean. I'm sorry, Dandy, but yet I'm glad, yes, I'm—I'm—"

"Oh! I say. Pull up! Phyl! What's the matter? Here! hang it! Don't cry for me! Look here, dear!"

Somehow or other Phyl was in the jilted one's arms, and he was patting her head and kissing her, and saying childish things. And she stopped crying—she had not known why she broke down—and she kept her arms round his neck where she had flung them when he began to caress her.

They got back some time later, and Dandy was trying to apologise for his conduct in proposing to one sister just after the other had jilted him.

"You know, she never loved me,

Phyl; and we had grown up since we were kids, thinking that we were sweethearts. It just seemed a continuation. I know now why I always felt so—so—well, uncomfortable this last year, whenever I was with her. But you know I've always been more with you, and we understand each other."



Keogh, photo. "Elaine."

"But my nose is not straight, and my hair doesn't curl, and my blouses get untidy, and I hate books, school-books, I mean. The only thing I can do is a bit of cooking, not much at that."

"Thank goodness!" he said—"for hating books, I mean, dear. I don't care a rap about the cooking, not yet, anyway. But you really love me, dear, don't you? That's what I want. And I have been a silly ass not to know that I loved you. But, I say, Phyl! Do you think Con will mind very much ___?"

"Look!" she whispered.

Two people sauntered through the



Keogh, photo. Chums.

trees. One was Constance. The other was Mr. Von Hagel, and his arm was about the waist of the stately Constance, whose eyes were downcast as Dandy had never seen them.

"By Jove! haven't they been sudden?" said Dandy. Then he reddened and laughed rather confusedly, for it dawned upon him that they were not alone in their suddenness.

But I don't think little Phyllis ever noticed.



Keogh, photo. The Handicap.

The Final Concert of Miss Ada Crossley's New Zealand Tour.

BY HORACE STEBBING.

F late years, New Zealand has been honored by visits from many of the world's most famous artists, but none of these have captivated the hearts of the people more readily than the fair cantatrice who has recently departed from our shores after meeting with most enthusiastic receptions from one end of the Colony to the other.

The delightful singing and charming personality of Miss Ada Crossley must of a surety remain indelibly impressed upon the memory of those whose distinct privilege it was to come under her spell of enchantment.

It was not our good fortune to hear the famous Australian contralto in the sublime works of the old masters, for time and other circumstances would not permit of this, but we can without hesitation accept the statement of many who remember to have heard Miss Crossley in the Motherland, that she has but few rivals in oratorio.

It is not difficult to imagine her treatment of such immortal solos as "He was despised," "He shall feed His flock" (Handel) "O, Rest in the Lord," "But the Lord is Mindful" (Mendelssohn), and other similar works, and it seems a matter of regret that arrangements are not made to have an efficient orchestra in each of the large towns, prepared to accompany such artists as Miss Crossley when they visit the Colony, in favourite selections from the great masters.

Most of us recognise the edifying influence of music of this class, and when it is interpreted by one who

possesses the Divine gift of stirring the recesses of the human heart and bringing mankind into a common bond of sympathy, it is devoutly to be desired that such music will find its way into the programmes of artistes who are likely to extend to us the privilege of hearing them in future.

Miss Crossley did not come to this Colony, as some have done, when the voice has materially suffered from fatigue and overwork, but she gave us some noteworthy exhibitions of her powers.

No finer example of vocalization has been heard here, whilst her faultless method of production was an education in itself.

Her efforts were rendered the more enjoyable owing to her perfect control of the breath.

There was not the slightest attempt at forcing the voice, each note falling rich and pure, and, figuratively speaking, resembling a beautifully rounded and polished gem.

Miss Crossley's repertoire is an extensive one, embracing as it does oratorio, opera, ballads, etc.

In fact, very little that has been written worthy of the study of a great artist has escaped her notice.

During her New Zealand tour, however, for the most part she sang the people's songs, and although in every instance a most complete success must be recorded in favour of each of the new items introduced for the first time, still it was her expressive rendering of the simple old ballads so dear to the hearts of all, that secured for the singer a veritable triumph.



Miss Ada Crossley.

The Australian contralto gave her final concert at His Majesty's Theatre, Auckland, on Monday, 7th December, the large building being taxed to its utmost capacity.

So crowded was the auditorium that it was decided to place rows of chairs on the stage. The atmosphere was damp and enervating, but despite these unsatisfactory climatic conditions the singer did not appear to suffer inconvenience.

Miss Crossley's appearance was the signal for prolonged applause, during which she graciously bowed many times to all parts of the house.

When the storm of enthusiasm subsided, the first notes of Goring Thomas' beautiful recitative and aria, "My Heart is Weary" (Nadeshda), reached the ears of the

spell-bound audience, who followed the contralto through the various degrees of light and shade of the difficult yet tuneful composition as though under some powerful mesmeric influence.

When the last notes of the pathetic ending died away, it was for a moment difficult to realise that one had to applaud, so completely did the singer elevate the thoughts of her audience to realms the reverse of mundane.

For the beautiful rendering of the number referred to, the singer received nothing short of an ovation. The audience insisted on a recall, and when Miss Crossley graciously sang in response Alicia Needham's dainty little coon song, "Croodlin' Doo," the enthusiasm increased to such an extent that apparently

there was no alternative left to the singer but to add another encore song.

She chose an exceedingly fine setting by Ethelbert Nevin of Chas. Kingsley's touching verses, "Oh that We Two Were Maying" (now obtainable at Eady's), and it is questionable if anything more charming has been heard in Auckland.

In the second part of the programme five numbers were bracketed with Miss Crossley's name, but before she had completed her task three other songs had to be supplemented.

Her treatment of Bohm's "Still Wie Die Nacht," revealed a wealth of feeling in every sense remarkable.

Purcell's old English composition, "Hark! The Echoing Air," so rarely sung now-a-days, surprised many who heard it for the first time by its exquisite beauty.

Perhaps the famous contralto's marvellously flexible voice was heard more to advantage in this than in any other of her numbers, and it was mainly owing to her facile treatment of the old-fashioned air from "The Fairy Queen" that many regretted an opportunity was not afforded of hearing the singer in oratorio.

"When I am Dead" composed expressly for Miss Crossley by that most melodious song-writer Walthew followed, and the pathetic music at once found a response in the hearts of the vast audience.

Nevin's quaint little song, "Mighty Like a Rose," gave unalloyed pleasure, and the singer's conception and interpretation proved what can be done with a simple song when artistically rendered.

The item was re-demanded, and Miss Crossley repeated the last verse to satisfy those who were clamouring for more.

Willeby's "The Birds go North Again," produced another storm of applause, and as the inevitable encore was the result, the singer most generously gave the familiar "We'd Better Bide a Wee."

As the introduction to the song proceeded, the enthusiasm knew no bounds, and the applause became almost deafening.

The first notes of the singer, however, produced a magnetic effect, and breathless silence immediately prevailed. The final words of the song

"I canna leave the auld folks noo,
We'd better bide a wee."

were given with such intensity of passionate fervour that quite a number in the audience were moved to tears. Others again cheered to the echo. Handkerchiefs were frantically waved, a double recall was insisted on, and for the first time during the evening an encore was graciously declined.

Miss Crossley's last item on the programme was Blumenthal's exquisite "Sunshine and Rain." She sang the number delightfully, and as a final encore she chose the appropriate and never-to-be-forgotten song, "God Be With You"

The wholesome sentiment of the verses conveyed to her audience, all that the artiste intended, and Miss Crossley may rest assured the vast number of admirers she has surrounded herself with in New Zealand will look forward to the time when circumstances will permit the people of this Colony to be honoured with another visit.

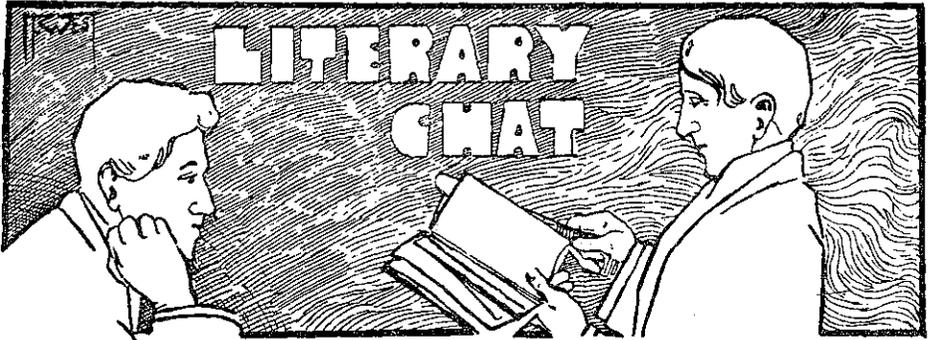
The principal "star" was splendidly supported by Messrs. Jacques Jacob (a very fine violinist), W. A. Peterkin (one of the most artistic of baritone vocalists), and Mr. Percy Grainger (a finished pianiste), whilst the accompaniments of Herr Benno Scherek were exquisitely played. Indeed it would be most difficult to find a more finished accompanist.

The Ada Crossley Concerts may be regarded as a treat of a life-time, and as such, must ever remain fresh in the memory of those who had an opportunity of hearing the famous Australian singer.



B. Wells, photo.

By the Carrington Road, Tannaiki.

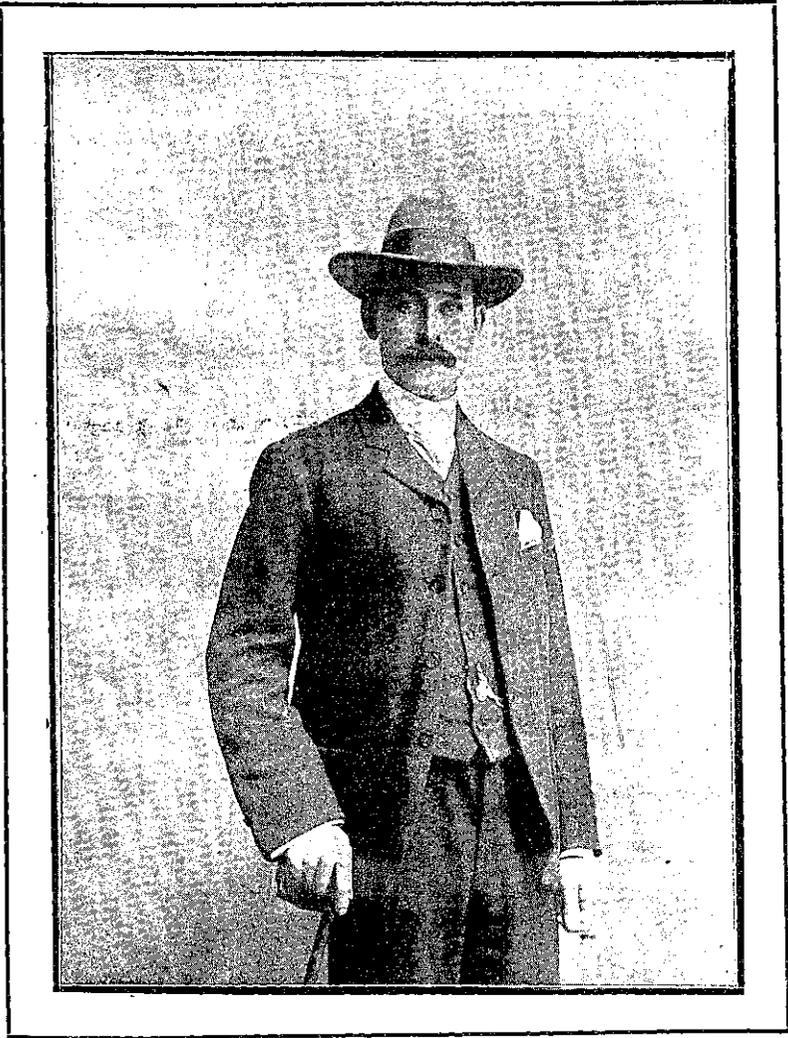


By "THE SAGE."

From the author, T. Lindsay Buick, J.P., comes a copy of "Old Manawatu, or the Wild Days of the West," published by Buick and Young, Palmerston North. Mr. Buick's former work, "Old Marlborough," will be well remembered. This time he has taken Manawatu as his subject, his objects—highly commendable ones, by the way—being, as stated in his preface, the desire "to see as much as possible of the provincial history of New Zealand recorded before it is irretrievably lost, and the hope that a closer acquaintance with the story of Old Manawatu will create a greater reverence for the romantic past than at present prevails amongst the young New Zealanders." The author takes up his work with an interesting description of the country, and gives the origin of the Manawatu River according to the old Maori legend. It will bear quoting. "Away upon the slopes of the Puketoi Ranges there grew in the days of old a giant Totara tree, into which the spirit of a god, called Okatia, suddenly entered, and endowed it with the power of motion, whereupon it gradually wormed its way over the land, gouging out a deep bed as it went, until it came to the mountain chain which separates the East from the West coast. Then it clove a course for itself

through this huge barrier, which the mighty Okatia split asunder as easily as a child could break a twig, and on passed the inspired tree, ploughing its irresistible way with serpentine wanderings towards the sea, leaving the turbulent waters and still reaches of the Manawatu River flowing in its wake." Much of the book is taken up by the tribal conflicts of the native in their successive attempts to conquer and possess this fair land. Due weight is given to the arrival of the white man, and the gradual steps by which the present state of civilization has been reached are chronicled in a manner which makes most interesting reading. There are a number of illustrations, and the book is exceptionally well got up.

Rudyard Kipling's new book of poems, "The Five Nations," has come to hand from Messrs. Wildman, Lyell and Arey. It is published in Methuen's Colonial Library. It is a collection of poems—a few sea songs, many on Imperial topics, and a number of service songs. Amongst them one finds many old friends, which one cannot but be glad to meet again in collective form. "The Islanders," the plain, unvarnished truth of which caused so much displeasure at home,



Mr. T. Lindsay Buick.

is one of these. Mr. Kipling in this and one entitled, "The Lesson," is evidently determined that England shall not fail to profit by her experience of the past. Lest she forget and persist in her shortcomings, he calls into battle-array the marvellous word-forces he has at command and riddles them. There is not an individual out of place in his well-drilled ranks—scarcely one that could be replaced by a better. There are no gaudy uniforms, all serviceable khaki. Alert, precise sharpshooters all. Accurate of aim, every shot goes home, every bullet finds its billet. Criticism of Rudyard Kipling's poems, however, is

superfluous. Everything that could be said of them has already been said, both as to their merits and demerits. When a well-known English critic is reduced to wind up by saying that Mr. Kipling's writing is somewhat monotonously Kiplingesque, it is better for lesser lights to turn to quotation.

Of the sea-songs, which commence the collection, here is a sample verse from "The Bell Buoy":

"They christened my brother of old—
 And a saintly name he bears—
 They gave him a place to hold
 At the head of the belfry-stairs,
 Where the minster-towers stand,
 And the breeding kestrels cry—

Would I change with my brother a league inland?

(*Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!*) Not I!"

In "The Lesson" the following inference is drawn:

"It was our fault, and our very great fault—
and now we must turn it to use;
We have forty million reasons for failure,
but not a single excuse!
So the more we work and the less we talk
the better results we get,
We have had an Imperial Lesson; it may
make us an Empire yet!"

In "The Parting of the Columns," when the regulars were seeing some Colonials off, this verse is very expressive:

"But 'twasn't merely this an' that (which
all the world may know),
'Twas how you talked an' looked at things
which made us like you so.
All independent, queer an' odd, but most
amazin' new,
My word! you shook us up to rights. Good-
bye—good luck to you!"

"The Dirge of Dead Sisters" is in another vein:

"Who recalls the noontide and the funerals
through the market
(Blanket-hidden bodies, flagless, followed
by the flies)?
And the footsore firing party, and the dust
and stench and staleness,
And the faces of the Sisters, and the glory
in their eyes?"

Of "The Broken Men" he writes,

"Ah God! One sniff of England—
To greet our flesh and blood—
To hear the hansoms slurring
Once more through London mud!
Our towns of wasted honour—
Our streets of lost delight!
How stands the old Lord Warden?
Are Dover's cliffs still white?"

These quotations have not been selected as the pick of the collection, yet they certainly go to prove how surely Kipling gets at the hearts of his readers by striking with a subtle force and a quaint directness, essentially his own, right down into the heart of things. It is true, that even in perusing "The Five Nations," one cannot fail to wish that a piece here and there had been omitted, but how often does one

come across a collection of poems of which the same cannot be said?

"A Veldt Vendetta," is the title of Bertram Mitford's new book, published by Ward, Lock and Co., and forwarded for review by Messrs, Wildman, Lyell and Arey. In it the hero, Kenrick Holt, who had not a friend in the world, and only a temporary billet, is introduced to the reader taking a sea-side holiday, he goes out in a skiff, gets lost in a fog, and picked up by a boat bound for Cape Colony. Arrived there, he wanders along the beach not knowing what to do, hears a scream from the sea, plunges in and rescues a young girl who is bathing, from the sharks. Shortly after he meets Brian Matterson, an old school-chum, who turns out to be the girl's brother, and takes him up to his father's stock-farm. He does not marry the girl he saved, but loses no time in falling in love with her elder sister, Beryl, who happens to be of a more suitable age. He has rivals, however, which cause him much uneasiness. He takes part in all the work of the farm. The Kafirs are getting very troublesome. They steal Matterson's horses. Holt assists in their recovery, and through his eagerness to get back Beryl's horse, he is taken captive by the Kafirs, but manages to escape and rides for his life. Then Brian's younger brother, George, accidentally shoots two Kafir boys. This was serious, for in the first place the Kafir creed is "A life for a life," and in the second the laws against shooting Kafirs were very strict, and judges were noted for the severity of their sentences, and their leaning towards the down-trodden native. The vendetta begins, and the Matterson family have an exceedingly bad time of it. Holt's admiration for Beryl reaches its height when he sees her in the character of a true frontier-woman ride into a camp of infuriated Kafirs, and drive out their Chief, Kuliso, a prisoner at the point of

her revolver. It will be seen there is no lack of exciting incidents, and the reader will join with Holt in his feelings of gratitude to the fog which drove him forth, and led to his seeking his fortune in a far land. At a time when many are turning their attention to settling in South Africa, this book should be especially worth studying.

Messrs. Upton and Co. send for review three of the latest additions to Longman's Colonial Library, which are all distinctly worth reading. They are "The Long Night," by Stanley Weyman, "The Master of Gray," by H. C. Bailey, and "Adventures of Gerard," by A. Conan Doyle.

Stanley Weyman's new book, "The Long Night," deals with the struggles of the Grand Duke and his Savoyards to take possession of the City of Geneva in the early sixties. The hero of the story is Claude Mercier, a young student just arrived in Geneva, and the heroine is Anne Royaume, who managed her invalid mother's house where Claude went to lodge. In this house also lived Caesar Basterga, a Paduan scholar, and a desperate ruffian named Grio, both in the Grand Duke's employ. Basterga had undertaken to work a scheme whereby the overthrow of the city should be assured. In order to effect this, he bribed the physician who attended Messer Blondel, the fourth Syndic (whose special care was the safety of the city) to tell him that he had what was known as the scholar's disease, and that he had only two years to live. Blondel was in a low, nervous state, and he readily believed this. Basterga then managed to get on friendly terms with the Syndic, and worked yet more on his fears. He casually told him of a marvellous cure he himself possessed, the result of some experiments with a substance almost as rare and with all the properties of a mysterious "remedium," said to be made out of the horn of that fabulous

animal, the Unicorn, an account of which he had in an ancient manuscript of Ibn Jasher's. But the wily Paduan added that he had only one dose of it left and, moreover, the Grand Duke, his patron, had given him strict injunctions to keep it for him. The Syndic, whose fear of death was abnormal, was therefore mad to get this "remedium," which promised him life and renewed vigour, but the only condition on which Basterga would give it was that some portion of the walls of the city under his charge should be left undefended on a particular night to be arranged. This the Syndic refused to agree to. He is already terribly harassed by his fellow-Syndics who suspect him of friendship with Basterga, whom they already knew to be a spy of the Duke's, and they urge him to send him out of the city forthwith. The Syndic temporizes with them, and tries to induce Claude Mercier to steal the casket which contains the cure from Basterga's room, on the pretence that it contains documents which the State must have. Claude fails, and he approaches Anne Royaume. She succeeds, but hearing from him of the wonderful properties of the drug, decides to give it to her mother, who has fits of insanity at intervals, and is in danger of being burnt as a witch with all her household. For the manner in which the Syndic at last yielded to Basterga's designs, how Claude Mercier saved the city, and the treacherous Basterga fell by the hand of Anne's mother, the reader must be referred to the book, with the assurance that he will be well repaid for the perusal.

"The Master of Gray" is not a whit behind "My Lady of Orange," either in the variety of characters depicted, the number of stirring incidents and adventures, or the historical interest with which Mr. Bailey weaves the plots of his charming romances. The scene is laid during the struggle between the rival queens, Elizabeth and Mary. Patrick, Master of Gray—a perfect

courtier and gallant, handsome, gay-hearted and unscrupulous—and his *fidus Achates*, the burly, blustering Laird of Restalrig, when introduced to the reader are Mary's firm adherents. But certain considerations induce them to desert her cause and go over to Elizabeth. This change of affairs leads the Master of Gray deeper and deeper into a complicated mass of treachery, which he considers entirely excusable because committed in aid of the cause which he has just espoused. He cannot understand beautiful May Cobham's horror at his acts. He adores her and sacrificed himself to his sense of duty, to his cause as much to gain her approbation as that of the Queen, but instead finds he has lost her love and respect for ever. His jesuitical diplomatic qualities make him an admirable tool for politicians to select for their most unscrupulous designs, and one is rather surprised to see how astonished he is at the manner in which they cast him off when they have done with him. He is perhaps at his best in the scene in which he interviews Elizabeth, and endeavours to turn her from her set purpose of compassing Mary's death, or that in which he repulses the advances of the amorous Lady Kinaldie, shortly after first meeting May Cobham. The book holds the reader's interest from first to last, and the Master of Gray approaches the most serious and dangerous situations, of which there are naturally many, in such a gay, roguish manner, that one cannot fail to take the greatest interest in him and his adventures.

For the "Adventures of Gerard" Conan Doyle has gone back to the Napoleonic Wars, and has made the old Brigadier tell some excellent stories at his cafe. The opening sentences of his first story, "How the Brigadier lost his ear," are very characteristic of the bombastical old soldier, the finest swordsmen in the French army, fighting his battles over again before civilians. "I have seen a great many cities, my

friends. I would not dare to tell you how many I have entered as a conqueror with eight-hundred of my little fighting devils clanking and jingling behind me. The cavalry were in front of the Grande Armee and the Hussars of Conflans were in front of the cavalry, and I was in front of the Hussars. But of all the cities which I visited, Venice is the most ill-built and ridiculous. I cannot imagine how the people who laid it out thought that the cavalry could manoeuvre." "How the Brigadier Slew the Fox," is perhaps the most humorous of the stories. He relates how he and Massena had driven Wellington almost into the Tagus, when to their surprise the great General entrenched and imported fox-hounds to fill up the time. During one of Gerard's most daring adventures within Wellington's lines he escaped from his hiding-place in a loft, threw himself on an English hunter, which was tied at the inn-door. While reconnoitring, the horse heard the cry of hounds and tore after them. Gerard thought he would shew the huntsmen how he could beat them at the destruction of the fox, out-rode them, one by one, dashed through the hounds, cut the fox in half with a stroke of his sabre, and took the execrations of the hunters for applause at his prowess, and was then himself hunted back to his own lines. But the best of the collection is "How the Brigadier bore himself at Waterloo." He was sent on a mission of importance by the Emperor. "We shall crush them and not a man escape." They were the Emperor's words, and it was I, Etienne Gerard, who was to turn them into deeds." Defeat, however, occurred, but Gerard was not beaten. He saw his opportunity of doing a deed which should be worthy him. The Emperor was being hotly pursued. Gerard personates his royal master, takes his hat and cloak, mounts his favourite white charger, and led the pursuit in an entirely different direction. The stories are all excellent.

An illustrated booklet has been issued in Auckland, entitled "Cornwall Park (Maungakiekie). A Retrospect and Glimpse into the Future," by "Rata." As the title indicates, it gives a description of the munificent gift of Sir John L. Campbell to the citizens of Auckland, and the proceeds from the sale are to be devoted to the fund for the erection of a statue of the donor. The author has divided his work into three sections, and headed them the "Nineteenth, Twentieth and Twenty-first Centuries," respectively. In the first he describes the birth of Sir John Campbell at Kilbryde Castle, situated in the Highlands of Scotland. He also pictures the pa on Maungakiekie and the tribal battles constantly waging for the possession of this strongly fortified spot, which commands a fine breadth of fertile land. Old Te Tuperiri, the famous Ngaoho rangatira, who marched with the Ngatiwhatua warriors from the North, and slew with his good greenstone mere the great Kiwi himself, thus taking possession of the Pa, is described sitting under the one totara tree gazing round with regret at the signs of depopulation that even then existed. Forty years of peace and plenty under his regime followed. In "The Twentieth Century" Rata shows Maungakiekie again populous with a thronging multitude, and in glowing language he describes the day on which the Park was formally handed over to the people of the Northern City. In the "Twenty-first Century," the daring author lifts the curtain that shrouds the future, and gives his idea of what may be expected after the lapse of another century. Cornwall Park is a veritable garden of Eden, planted with a preponderance of New Zealand trees, and with the addition of a facsimile of old Tuperiri's historic pa. The book should command a ready sale, especially as the purchaser is getting good value for his money, with the added satisfaction that he is assisting in pay-

ing a debt of only ordinary gratitude to one who has by this noble gift benefited countless future generations of citizens.

In "Darrell, of the Blessed Isles," by Irving Bacheller, published by Methuen, and forwarded for review by Messrs. Wildman, Lyell and Arey, the author tells us in his preface that he has tried to give some history "of that uphill road, traversing the rough back-country through which men of power came once into the main highways, dusty, timid, footsore and curiously old-fashioned. . . . The man of learning and odd character and humble life was quite familiar once. Often he was born out of time, loving ideals of history, and too severe with realities around him." After this pattern has the author painted Roderick Darrell, the clock-tinker, a man whose quaint but far-reaching philosophy was an immeasurable solace through all his troubles, for some of which the author has taken a certain court case for his warrant. The story begins by a little boy being found by a man and his wife, named Allen, in a sleigh drawn across the frozen pond at their door by a dog, but the trail on the far side is lost. The Allens adopt the boy and name him Sydney Trove, the old clock-tinker becomes his fast friend and teacher. Trove takes to school-teaching for a livelihood, and falls in love with one of his pupils, Polly Vaughn, a mischievous little beauty. For the unwinding of the plot the reader must be referred to the book, wherein the history and adventures of Darrell, of the Blessed Isles and Sydney Trove may be followed with pleasure. The Blessed Isles are the Isles of Imagination which rise out of the infinite sea of time that is behind us, populated with people whom Darrell advises Trove to "mingle with an' find good company—merry-hearted folk a-plenty, an' God knows I love the merry-hearted! Talk with them an' they will teach thee wisdom."

The Stage.

By S. E. GREVILLE-SMITH.

OF the countless host of actors and theatrical managers who have ministered to the wants of the Australasian playgoers during a century the majority are forgotten, while a great proportion of the rest are now mere shadows. Sometimes when men grown grey fall to talking of the

play as it used to be when they were young, names that have lain hidden in the dusty recesses of memory are recalled for a moment, but those that live in the annals of the stage are astonishingly few. The actor does not transmit his work as the poet and the painter do; he is a man of action, like the soldier or



Fruhling Studio, Mr. Alfred Dampier as "Starlight."

Adelude.



Bartlett, photo, Auckland.

Miss Lily Dampier (Mrs. Rolfe).



Mrs. Dampier (Miss Katherine Russell).

the statesman, but he does not leave his impress on the map or the statute book. Such posthumous fame as he gets rests wholly upon the recorded judgments of those who saw him; but tastes are known to change radically in the span of one generation, and consequently there are no absolute criteria. Actors are, for the most part, akin to the ephemera, and it is only the artist who appeals successfully to two or three generations that fills a niche in the national temple. Garrick and Kemble, Kean, Macready, and

Irving are imperishably connected with the history of the English drama, and when the history of the stage in these Colonies comes to be written one of the most honoured names will be that of Alfred Dampier. A sterling actor, an enterprising and reputable manager, and a man estimable in every relation in life, Mr. Dampier's position is probably unique. He has been amongst us for thirty years, and his place in public and private estimation has never varied. Some of the sparkle of his earlier work has



Mr. Alfred Rolfe.

departed, but the succeeding phase is not dulness, but mellowness. His talent is not of the order of the flowering shrub, but of the fruit tree. He gave delight to the grandfathers of some of us, and he casts a spell over the new generation. I may cite in proof the enthusiasm displayed over his impersonation of Starlight, in "Robbery Under Arms," and the breathless interest evoked by his latest presentation of Shylock.

Mr. Dampier has been so long in the Colonies that Englishmen call him an "Australian" actor, but he

had won golden opinions in England before he came here. It was because he had become famous at Home that he was selected to play the lead by the greatest Australian management. Mr. Dampier is a native of London, and made his first appearance in the Gem Theatre, in the Strand in "Isabelle." Both play and playhouse are now forgotten. The future star was an amateur then, but he soon threw in his lot with the profession and went "on circuit." He played, amongst other places, at Stratford-on-Avon. In 1863 he took the part of Matthew



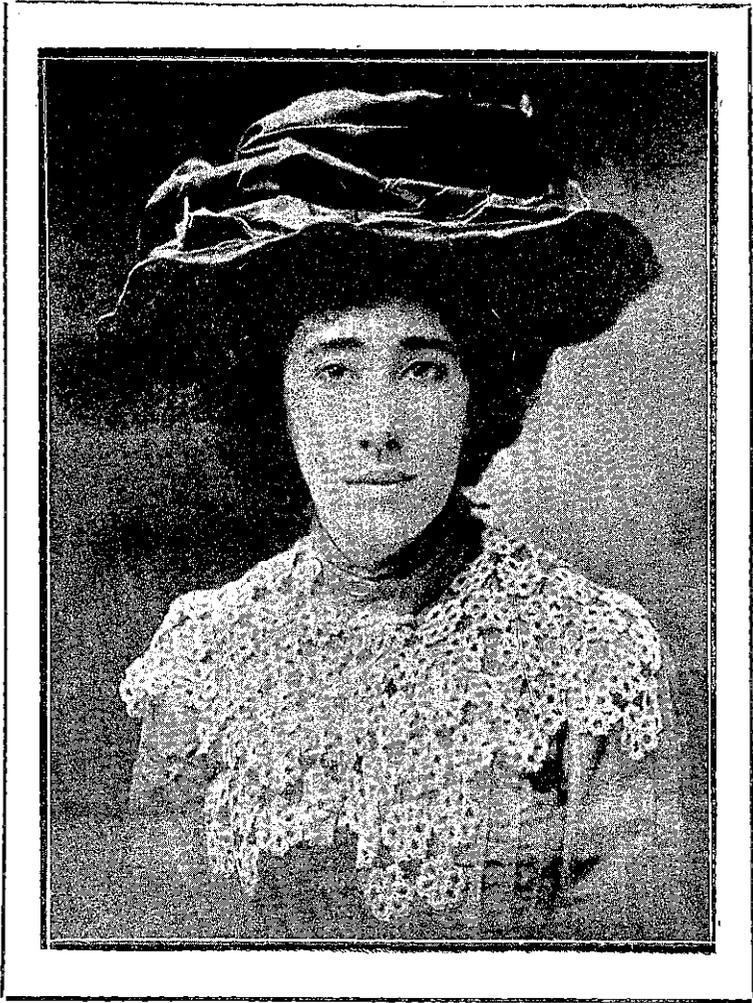
Bartlett, photo.

Master Sydney Rolfe.

Elmore in "Love's Sacrifice," at Sadlers Wells, when he was just seventeen, and for the next ten years he toured the provinces as "an accepted actor of promise," winning the esteem of the greatest members of the profession. In 1873, Mr. Harwood, of the firm of Harwood, Coppin and Stewart (Miss Nellie Stewart's father), went to England to select a leading man and stage manager for the Old Drury of Australia. After the fullest deliberation and upon the recommendation of the best judges, including Madame Celeste, he engaged Mr. Dampier, who was then at the Royal, Manchester. Before his departure the young actor was given a brilliant send-off, his farewell appearance being as Mercutio in "Romeo and Juliet." Mr. Dampier had by this time married Miss Katherine Russell, R.A., of the Holles Great Bar, near Birmingham. Mr. Dampier's sojourn at the

Melbourne Royal was memorable in many ways. Under his direction the Australian public first saw Ristori, Janauscheck and Mrs. Scott-Siddons. On the conclusion of his engagement at Melbourne, Mr. Dampier visited New Zealand, and it was at the Princess Theatre, Dunedin, that his two daughters, Lily and Rose, made their first appearance upon any stage, when little tiny tots, Lily as Henri in "Belphégor," and Rosie as Little Jannette.

Mr. Dampier's departure from Melbourne on this tour was an event of historic magnitude. Nothing like the enthusiasm manifested had been known since the days of G. V. Brooke, the great actor who was lost in the ill-fated steamer "London" in 1866. In the movement made to recognise the ability and genius Mr. Dampier had brought to bear upon the management of the chief theatre in Austral-



Miss Rose Dampier.

asia, there were prominent most of the Colony's representative men, including judges, statesmen, lawyers, doctors and journalists. The presentations were many and valuable, and the address, drawn up and read publicly on the stage upon the occasion of the farewell benefit, was couched in terms that would have sounded fulsome if they had not exactly represented public opinion.

Since those days, Mr. Dampier has travelled wide and far, and has enjoyed the felicity of playing over the English ground familiar to him in his youth. He has never relaxed in his efforts to maintain the high level upon which he set out, and his productions have been, in the truest

sense of the word, educative as well as entertaining. It is a pity that the popular taste leans so strongly towards the sensational, and that so little encouragement is given to the higher forms of the drama. Mr. Dampier's bent is for Shakespere, but worldly considerations impel him to melodrama, and the most obvious consolation is that we get "good" melodrama at his hands.

So far as the leading members are concerned, Mr. Dampier's Company has changed little for several years. In this article I am dealing only with the members of his family. Mrs. Dampier (Miss Katherine Russell) does not act often nowadays, but her occasional appearances are



Sarony Studios,

Mr. Alfred Dampier, Jun.

1 photo.

welcome and interesting, as showing that she has lost none of that strong dramatic power that enabled her to give such admirable support to her husband in the earlier days of his career.

Miss Lily Dampier has won for herself a distinguished place as an emotional and tragic actress, not only throughout the Colonies, but in England, where her fine rendering of many of Shakespeare's heroines won the unstinted praise of the critics. Miss Dampier commenced to play leading roles before she was sixteen, and was probably the youngest Lady Macbeth that ever appeared on the stage. She possesses in a remarkable degree all the natural gifts that please, and on

the boards, as in private life, she is a gracious, winning woman.

Miss Rose Dampier is a capable and conscientious artist, who, if she had chosen, might have won distinction as a singer. She has a sweet contralto voice, but her opportunities for displaying it in drama are necessarily few.

Mr. Alfred Rolfe, who married Miss Lily Dampier about a dozen years ago, and has been playing juvenile lead with the Company ever since, is an actor of brilliancy on a somewhat wide range, a little overshadowed, perhaps, by the stars with whom he has been so long associated, but by no means obscured. He is a native of Ballarat, and gained his first experience with

Mr. Charles Holloway. Young Alfred Dampier is somewhat of a disappointment to his father. He was expected to turn out a tragedian, whereas he shows something more than the promise of becoming a very excellent comedian. His father's disappointment will not be shared by the public. The last member of the family is Mr. Dampier's sole grandchild, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Rolfe. He is ten years of age, and, so far, he has not joined the profession.

To know the Dampier family is to

respect and love them. They are all devoted to their work, to each other, and to those who are privileged to call themselves their friends. For some of the particulars in the foregoing article, I have to express my acknowledgements to a brochure published by Mr. Richmond Thatcher, a writer of songs and other racy trifles, who lived and sang in this Colony in the "good old days," when the settlers and citizens were engaged in fighting the Maoris, and loved to enjoy themselves between whiles.

Red in Tooth and Claw.



Is Nature then a savage dam?
That reeds the offspring she has borne?
And are we self-deceived who wait
A promised resurrection morn'?

And is the Light faith fondly deems
Will guide us till the coming day
A miasmatic spark that gleams
To 'whelm us in the miry way?

And those bright moments; ah, how brief!
When soul and mind seem half divine,
And see the shining spires and domes
Beyond the dark horizon line;

Is this but false mirage that tells
Of sun and desert weary eye,
And mocks the wretch, alas, too soon
Of unappeaséd thirst to die?

Are there no waves of thought that mock
The quick pulsating waves of light?
And have ye rule to measure these,
Ye who would gauge Creation's night?

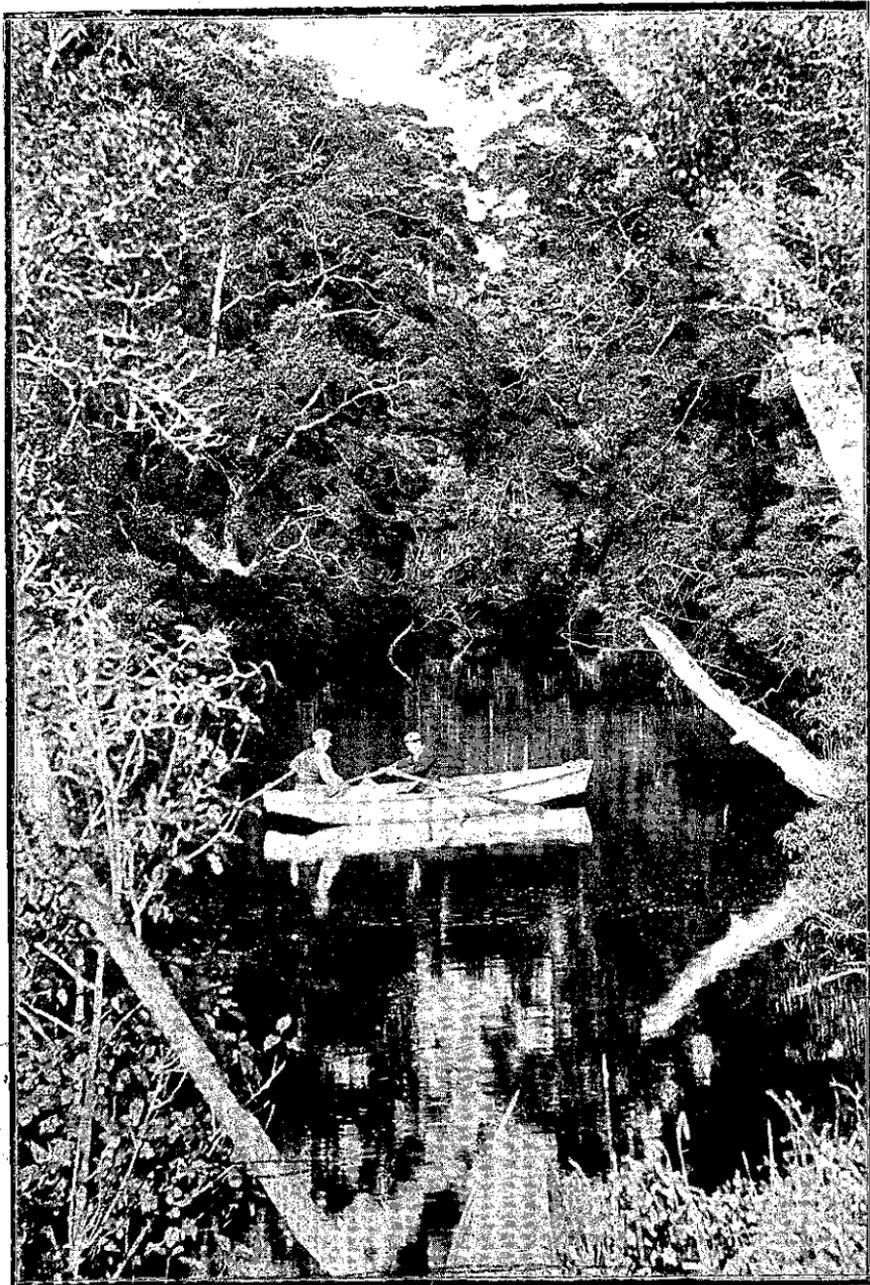
And their dread Source, know ye of Him
Whom neither time nor space can bind?
Will ye who weigh the sweeping star
Sound the Unfathomable Mind?

Aeons ago the thing called life
Flashed like new-kindled star on earth.
Have age-long thought or world-wide strife
Revealed the Power that gave it birth?

Go to! Ye men of rule and plumb,
A little child shall take your hands,
And guide you, blind, abashed and dumb,
To where the veiled Archangel stands.

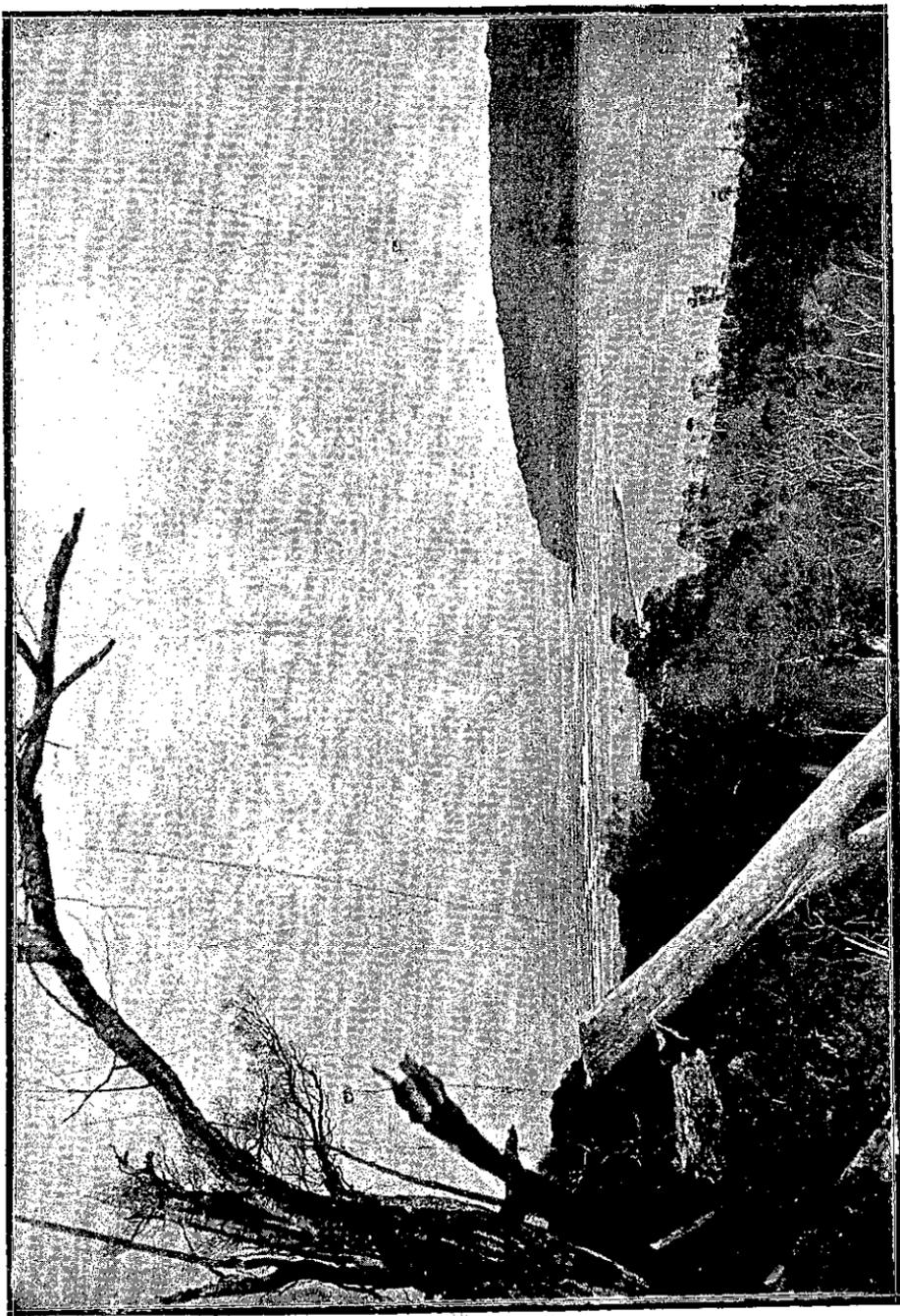
Intc that pure and holy light
Whose brightness burns all dross away,
And sheds on purblind mortal sight
The beam of God's eternal day.

T. W. DAVIES.



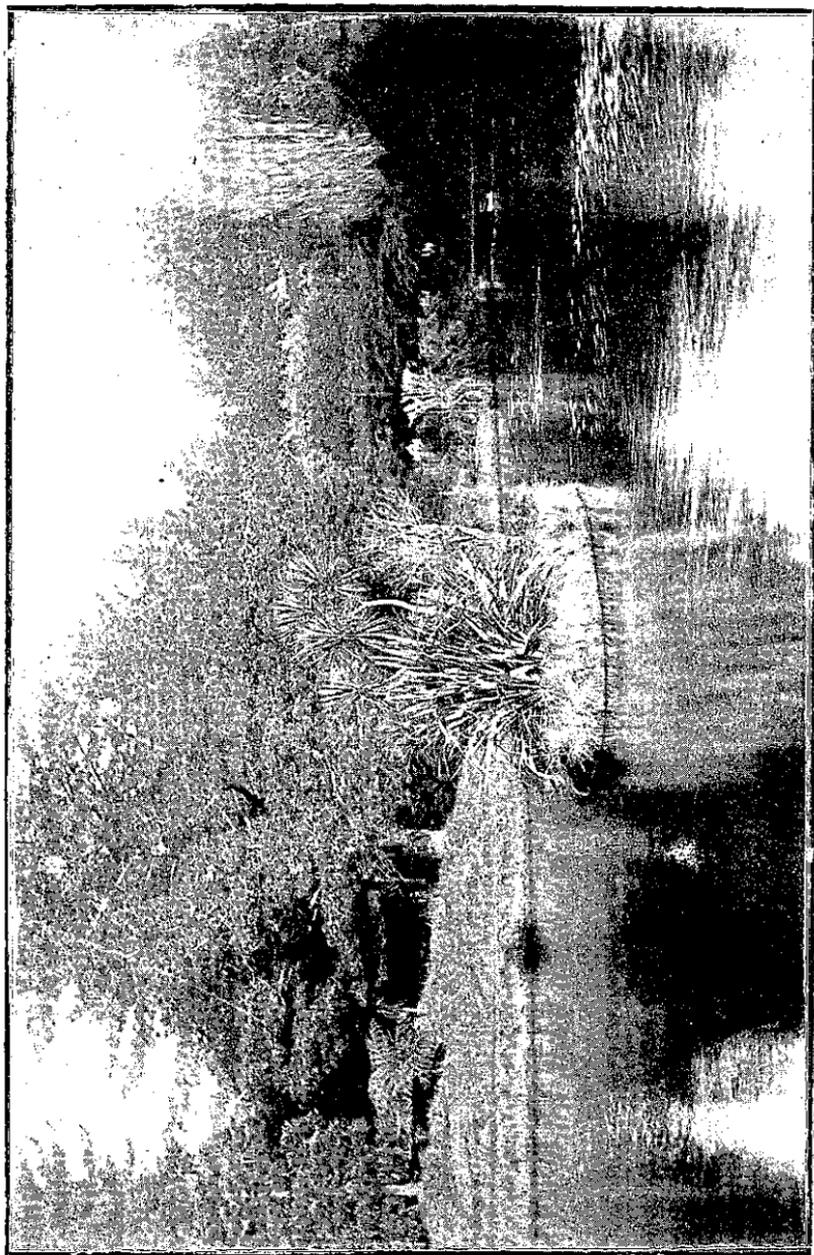
J. H. Patrick, photo.

Catlin's River, below Bates' Landing. 2nd Prize Photo.



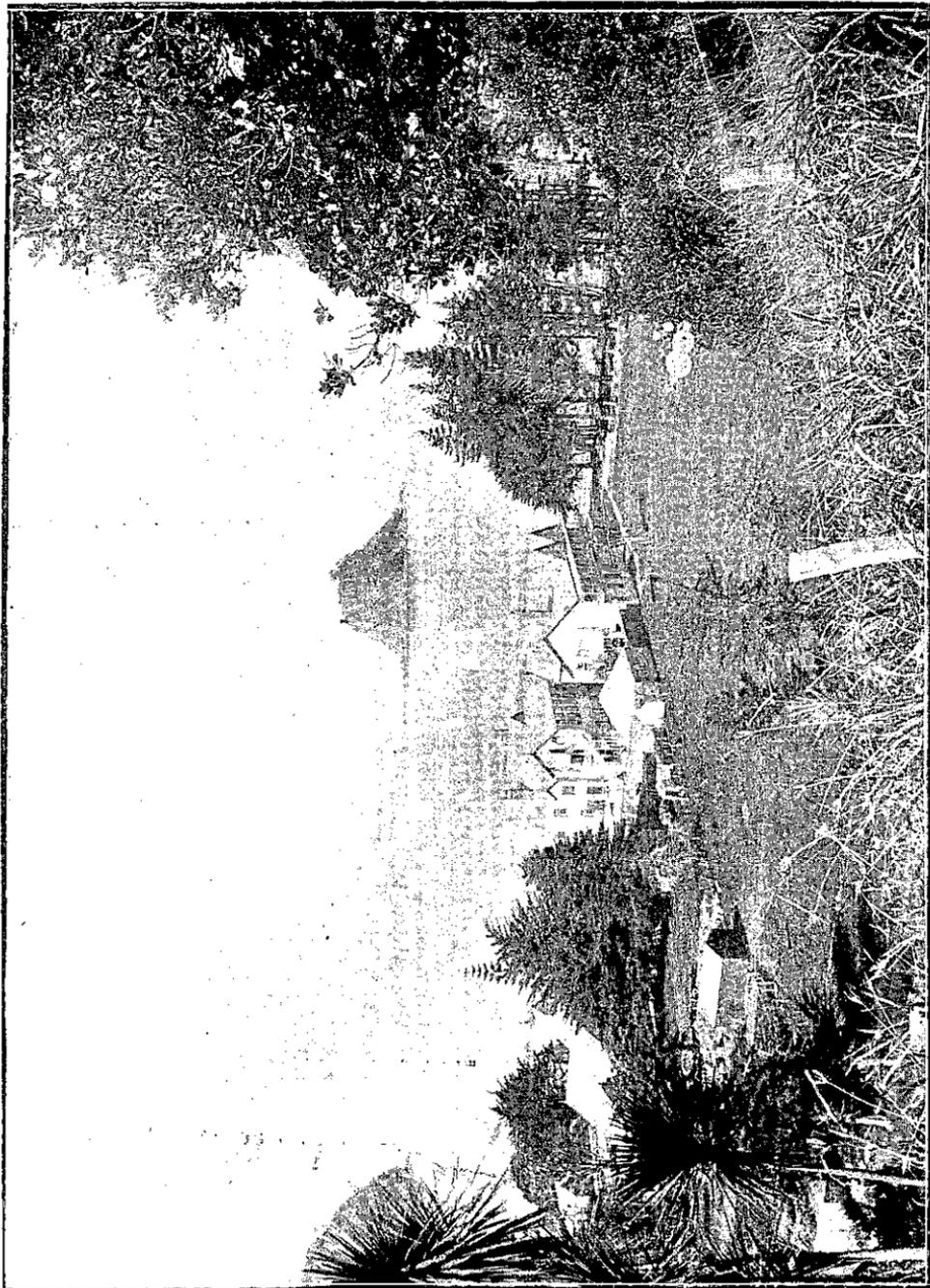
Mouth of Catlin's River, Otago. 2nd Prize Photo.

J. H. Patrick, photo.



B. Wells, photo.

The Lower Pond, New Plymouth Recreation Grounds.



Waivera.



THE VETERANS' HOME.

The Veterans' Home at Auckland has been opened by His Excellency the Governor, and the Bazaar held in aid of it at Government House was one of the most successful functions of the sort ever held in Auckland. Lord Ranfurly deserves the greatest credit for this achievement, for from the time that he first originated the idea until its successful completion, he has worked most indefatigably in its interests. There were many drawbacks to be encountered. Although at first glance it might appear that no time could have been more propitious than when we had just welcomed back the last of our brave lads from Africa, yet this was perhaps scarcely so. A considerable proportion of the public considered that they had contributed enough towards militarism for one while, and had the movement been in some hands the difficulty of raising funds for the Veterans' Home would have been considered unsurmountable, and the project dropped. Not so, however, with Lord Ranfurly. And the result is that a number of men who have bled for their country in various parts of the world are already experiencing its gratitude in an assured comfortable old age.

tients at Cambridge, where the climate is especially suitable for the treatment of this scourge, is a matter for sincere congratulation, more especially as the treatment to be adopted is no new experiment, but one that has proved remarkably successful in a number of similar institutions in various parts of the world. Those who have a tendency to this dread disease need now no longer despair. They can reasonably expect to be restored to robust health, and placed on the same level with their more fortunate brothers and sisters whom they had previously so envied—provided they take time by the forelock, place themselves implicitly in the hands of those in charge, and what is equally important, use ordinary care after they have left the Institution. It is a well-known fact that a country so noted for the salubrity of its climate as New Zealand is, will naturally be visited by numbers of those in search of health. This fact increases the proportion of those who have a tendency to this fell disease, so much more, therefore, is it necessary to provide Sanatoria such as the one just formally opened by Sir J. G. Ward, at Cambridge.

HERBERT SPENCER.

THE NEW SANATORIUM AT CAMBRIDGE.

The opening of a Government Sanatorium for Consumptive pa-

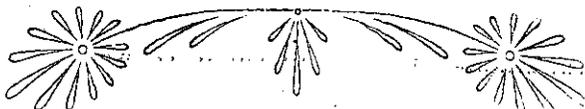
It has been asserted, and with truth, that no single thinker has more profoundly influenced the thought of the age, than Herbert Spencer, of whose death we have re-

cently heard. In no direction, perhaps, is this more noticeable than in the fact that he was the first to reconcile science with religion. He it was who proved to all whose minds were not blinded by narrow bigotry and superstition, that although there is a distinct line between the Knowable and the Unknowable, yet that they were in accord. "Positive knowledge," he asserted, "does not and never can fill the whole region of possible thought. At the uttermost reach of discovery there arises and must ever arise the question—What lies beyond?" It has been the tendency of most of our great scientific authorities to ignore, or at least treat with a considerable amount of contempt, all that could not be absolutely proved to their own satisfaction. It was not so with Spencer. His power lay in his facility for generalization, the wonderful grip he had of all scientific subjects, and the ease with which he assimilated the very wide range of evidence he admitted, and made deductions therefrom. He was born at Derby, in 1820, and commenced his education with an uncle who was a clergyman. But he soon showed an independence of thought which led to his leaving his preceptor. His aversion to foreign languages made a university education utterly distasteful to him, and he went into a civil

engineer's office, but journalism had more charms for him, and he embraced it instead. His works are too well known to need mentioning here.

RUSSIA AND JAPAN.

At the time of writing there is a great deal of difference of opinion as to whether Russia and Japan will have recourse to arms in order to settle the matters in dispute between them. Ominous preparations have been made on either side, and every succeeding day's cables tells of some additional move in this direction. Bearing in mind the fact that the best safeguard against war is to be fully prepared for it, one can yet reasonably hope that it may be averted, at the same time there is one thing certain, if blows are struck it will be fought out to the bitter end. The Japs are noted for a very lively determination, while their adversaries have a dogged persistence and obstinacy which will carry them through a good deal. One could scarcely imagine a war which would entail greater destruction before it is brought to a close, one cannot, therefore, but hope that the matters in dispute, practically the final possession of Manchuria and Corea, will yet be satisfactorily arranged.



THE PUBLISHER'S DESK.

1904.

On entering the new year (the fifth since its establishment) the Editor and Proprietors of the New Zealand Illustrated Magazine desire to express their heartiest thanks to all who have in any way assisted to give the Magazine the unbounded measure of popularity it has attained, not only throughout this Colony, but amongst friends in all parts of the world. In order to express their gratitude in a more tangible form, they intend to make every effort in their power to still further enhance the attractiveness of the periodical during the ensuing twelve-months. Everything points to the year which has just opened being one of rapidly increasing prosperity throughout the Colony, and it is our New Year's wish that every one of our readers may obtain a very substantial share of it.

ART IN ADVERTISING.

Why is the Magazine recognised all the world over as the most effective medium for advertising? Because it can be made the most attractive. An original and attractive illustrated advertisement catches the eye at once. Advertisers complain that the public won't read advertisements. Don't ask them to read them. Give them a humorous sketch instead. It is more expressive, can be taken in at a glance, with the few words required, and what is more, is safe to be remembered. Recognising this fact we have made arrangements to supply original sketches and designs to suit any business. On arranging for an advertisement write stating requirements, and a design will be forwarded, subject to any alterations which may be desired.

IN OUR NEXT.

A specially interesting article in our next number will be one entitled: "The 'Beaver,' the Pioneer Pacific Steamer: A Historic Relic of British Columbia," written especially for the Magazine by Mr. James Skitt of Vancouver. She was the first boat that entered the Pacific Ocean "equipped with the new power Steam," and was for over fifty years engaged in the development of British Columbia.

Articles on the following subjects will appear shortly:—

THE BLACK-BACKED GULL: A DOMINICAN FRIAR.—By H. L. Machell.

COLONIAL BORROWING.—By J. R. Macdonald.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE MAORI.—By W. Shanaghan.

YACHTING AT THE ANTIPODES.—By "Kotiri."

FAKED SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.—By Gilbert Anderson.

A CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY.—By H. J. Priestley.

Storiettes by the following Authors:—

THE COWARDICE OF MOOKA-MEE.—By Racey Schlank.

WHAT A RED HANDKERCHIEF DID.—By Harold W. Black.

IN NUMBER FOUR TUNNEL.—By Will Lawson.

BILLY.—By A. H. Messenger.