The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

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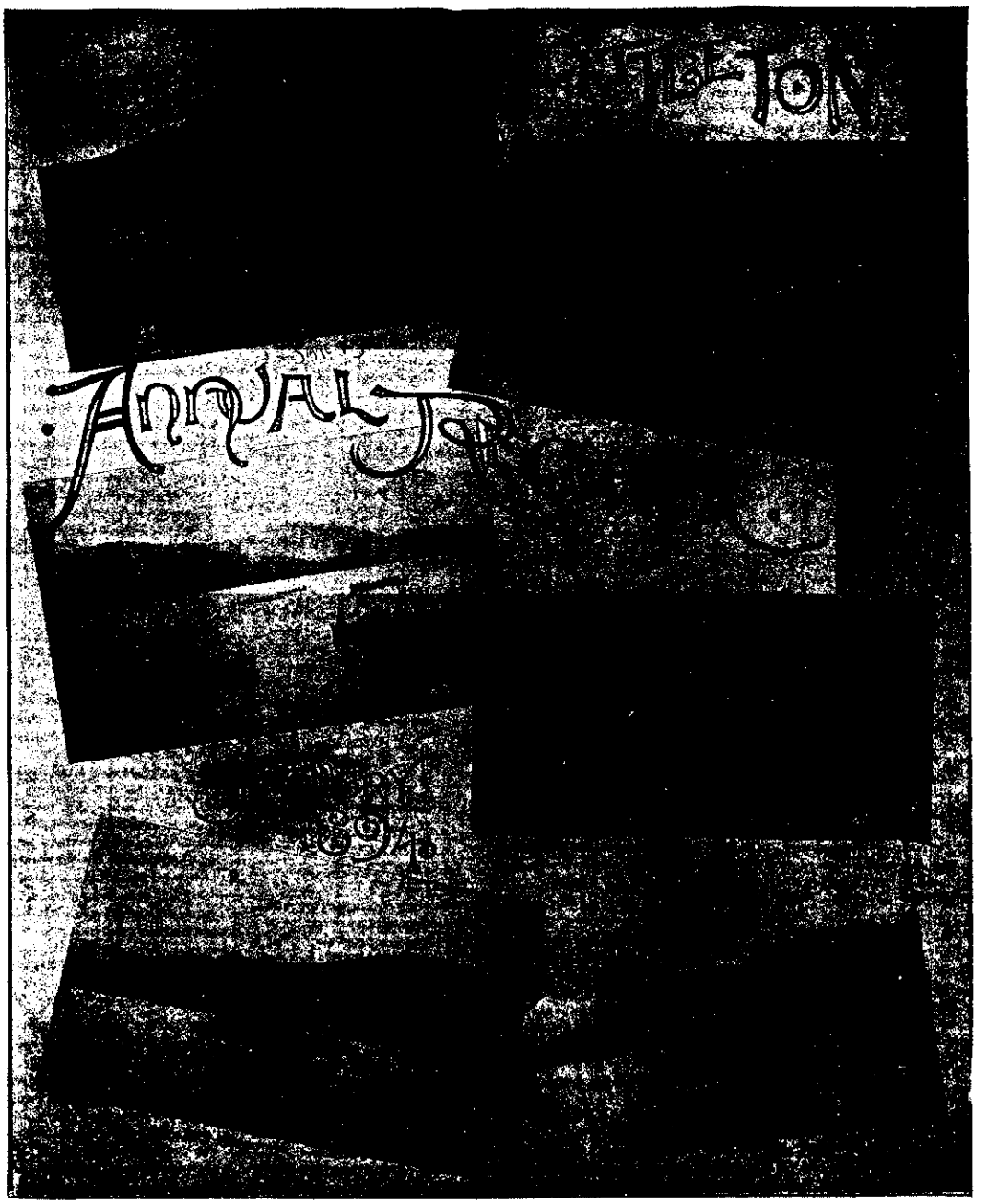
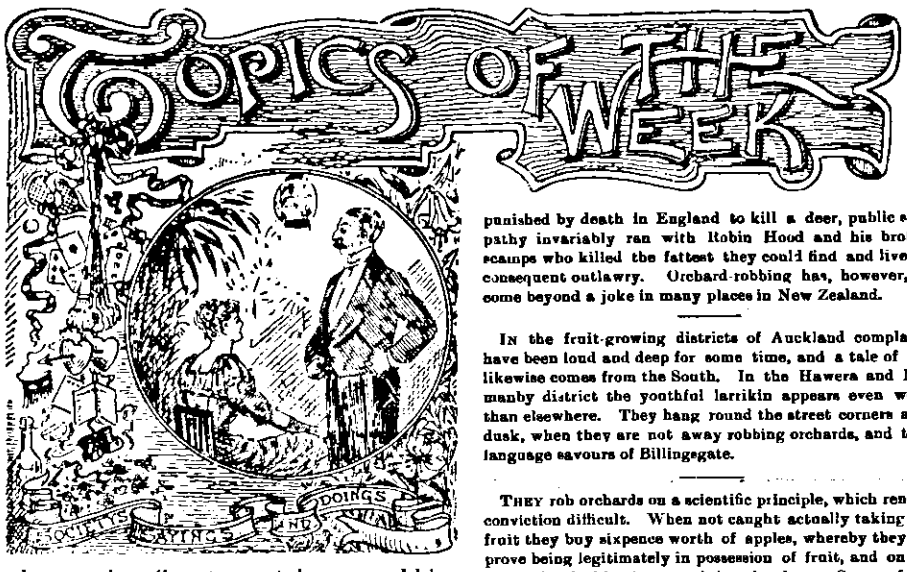




LORD AND LADY GLASGOW seem to be ever up and doing, and whatever the duty, great or small, it is faithfully carried out. As His Excellency remarked on opening the Pier at New Brighton, Christchurch, he had performed many public duties in his career, but opening a pier had never been one of them, but no doubt he should soon find out how it was to be done, and which he did in a most pleasing manner, of course. The residents in that healthful little suburb and visitors generally are already much appreciating the enterprise of the shareholders, the pier proving a great attraction, as it is built with shelters from the wind and has a fishing stage underneath.

MOST people will pity schoolmaster Benge, whose matter has furnished subject for considerable discussion during the past week. For the benefit of those who have not noticed the case we may explain that this same Benge is, or rather was, the headmaster of a board school at Devonport, Auckland. Both scholars and residents appear to think highly of him. Outsiders in Auckland know his name in connection with certain juvenile theatrical performances by his scholars, the same achieving some popularity. After a long, careful, and conscientiously just enquiry the Board of Education have found that Mr Benge, in anxiety to obtain 'passes,' resorted to certain very unjustifiable practices to that end. The evidence was clear, and to the Board conclusive, and they have dismissed the culprit forthwith. We have no sympathy with those warm-hearted, soft-headed folk, who, in this as in all other similar cases, state or insinuate that the finding of the Board is an incorrect one. The inquiry was thoroughly exhaustive, and, needless to say, absolutely fair and unprejudiced. The gentlemen who composed the Board were clear-headed, common-sense individuals, perfectly competent to decide a matter of this sort. After devoting their attention to the matter for days they came to a certain conclusion, and the too enthusiastic champions of the unfortunate schoolmaster who deny its correctness, damage their cause by making it appear that they are of that addle-pated, sentimental order who quarrel with every verdict of guilty when a man's neck depends on that same. The wiser and better friends of Mr Benge who do not attempt to tilt against the finding of the Board, but protest against the severity of the sentence, have our sympathy. The 'summary dismissal' was doubtless pronounced like many sentences in the Supreme Court as an exemplary one — a deterrent to others who may be tempted in like manner. As a rule, the principle of these exemplary punishments is good. At first sight it seems very hard that a man who steals £5 from his employer should receive half or one quarter the punishment meted out to the dishonest postman or 'sorter' discovered in pilfering a postal order for 15s, but it is necessary that it should be so that the public may feel secure. In the same way the punishment of Mr Benge seems to us outsiders unreasonably severe, but the Board have probably assumed that one such example will be sufficient. There will be no more cases of a similar nature. Granting this, the sentence as it stands seems still too severe. The example will remain, even if the Board did reconsider their sentence and show mercy, for it will be clearly understood that not Mr Benge's record has saved him, but mercy pure and simple—mercy which can never be shown on any future occasion, should—which Heaven forefend—a similar one arise.

ORCHARD-ROBBING is one of those crimes which the great majority of us refuse to treat with seriousness. Perhaps there is a misty remembrance of days when we too were not utterly unacquainted with fruit which derived much of its sweetness because it was come by 'in ways that are dark.' In the old days when it was a crime punished by death in England to kill a deer, public sympathy invariably ran with Robin Hood and his brother scamps who killed the fattest they could find and lived in consequent outlawry. Orchard-robbing has, however, become beyond a joke in many places in New Zealand.

IN the fruit-growing districts of Auckland complaints have been loud and deep for some time, and a tale of woe likewise comes from the South. In the Hawera and Normanby district the youthful larrikin appears even worse than elsewhere. They hang round the street corners after dusk, when they are not away robbing orchards, and their language savours of Billingsgate.

THEY rob orchards on a scientific principle, which renders conviction difficult. When not caught actually taking the fruit they buy sixpence worth of apples, whereby they can prove being legitimately in possession of fruit, and on the strength of this they steal by the bag. Some of the smaller children wander about with a wheel-barrow, ostensibly to pick up chips and pieces of firewood, but they also carry a bag, which they fill from any unwatched orchard or garden. They will wait patiently in the high grass and weeds till the proprietor is out of the way, and then the apple the latter has watched so long to test its value when mature, and ascertain if it is true to name, disappears with many more down the omnivorous gorge of the youthful pirate, who cares not what name it bears so long as it is sweet and juicy. The families to which these youths belong, to the credit of Normanby be it said, are few, and they are well known, but have never been caught red-handed; they can and do so run that an aged orchardist or policeman cannot reach them. In the absence of the old country man trap and spring gun it has been suggested that if, when discovered marauding, they are shot in the leg it would be about a weight-for-age handicap, and they might be caught.

THE question how to improve the human race is once more under discussion *apropos* of a newspaper correspondence and a magazine article or two. So learned an evolutionist as Mr A. R. Wallace has thrown himself into the fray, and gives a very enthusiastic forecast of the coming race. 'When men and women are alike free,' he declares, 'to follow their best impulses, when both receive the best and most thorough education that knowledge at the time will admit, when there are no false restrictions placed upon any human being because of the accident of sex, and when the standard of public opinion is set by the wisest and best, and that standard is systematically inculcated upon the young, then we shall find that a system of human selection will come spontaneously into action which will bring about a reformed humanity.' I am afraid that Mr A. R. Wallace, despite his patriarchal years, is still young, very young. That the co-discoverer of Natural Selection, along with Darwin, has a right to do what he likes with his own principle I do not deny. If he likes to assume that the forces engaged in moulding the race are going to turn out, some time in the remote future, an improved humanity in accordance with Y.M.C.A. ideals, there is no one to say him nay. But at least we can avow our inability to follow him in these roseate predictions.

THE keystone of all modern theories of improving the race is 'selection,' or in plain language, the application to ourselves of the methods of the prize-stock breeder. That there is no selection at present, or very little, is true enough. Physical deformity repels us, but so long as the outward appearance of the human being is well enough, we care for nothing behind it. The ordinary marrying couple never trouble to ask whether there may be consumption, gout, or any nerve disorder in each other's family. And it is well for them, perhaps, that they don't, or they would never get married at all. Formerly we used to be much sweeter on this selection theory than we are now. Not that we do not think it could be applied, that is to say theoretically, for the practical difficulties in the way would be enormous. It would probably take ten generations of selection to eliminate or develop any particular characteristic in the breed and to 'fix' it. The question is, would it be worth while doing it if we could? and to that our answer is 'No.' Imagine a world in which we were all so much prize-stock—all equal in form, all able to do just the same things in the same way, no variety, no inequality of faculty among us; consequently, no folly and no genius, and only one set of opinions on all subjects! It would be an intolerable state of things. The boredom of life would be increased to such a pitch that suicide would be our only resource, and as we should all think and feel alike the remedy would some day be universally applied. Practically, our instincts will ever tend towards a greater degree of selection than at present exists. Men and women have their preferences, no doubt, but they are content to forego them at every turn.

FILLIS' great circus and wild beast exhibition have left Wellington for the north, keeping their ultimate destination — South Africa — steadily in view all the time. The season here cannot, I think (says my Wellington correspondent), have been a profitable one on this occasion. The weather for the most part was bad, and a drizzling rain which makes the grass grow means a nightly loss of at least four hundred pounds to the Fillis treasury. No one except perhaps a commercial traveller can form the least idea of the enormous cost of shifting this huge concern from place to place, and it takes a lot of money to pay expenses. Mr Fillis, who ought to know, declares he has the best troupe in the world. Nothing, to be sure, can be more surprising, or indeed more startling, than some of the acrobatic feats of the Feely Family, and those who like to see females run the risk of breaking their delicate necks from a trapeze, or in a variety of other ways, will be quite gratified with the exhibition in that way of the Parisian ladies, Alexandra and Zazel. The horsemanship of Fillis and Madame Fillis is excellent. The latter is a plucky horsewoman and accomplished *equestrienne*. She says she would not in the least mind going into the lions' cage, and would do so only Fillis objects. 'However,' she continues, 'when I get old and ugly no doubt he will even ask me to go in there.' A good many husbands would find a cage full of Nubian lions quite handy when their wives arrive at the wearisome woman stage of existence.

IT is most earnestly to be hoped that the good example shown by the lady who lately left her fortune to the editor of her favourite journal will be generally followed. The life is not by any means a happy one, but lightened by such possibilities would be tolerable. There seems in America too, more especially in the back blocks, an agreeable habit of 'donating' the editors of popular papers with the first fruits. This might also be introduced with considerable advantage—to the editor strawberries and the fruits of the earth in due season might counteract the dry effects of a continual bombardment of poems and manuscript novelettes. Imagine the delight of such an one on undoing the suspicious-looking parcel and finding instead of the piteous poem, a bunch of hot-house grapes, bloomy, luscious, and with them the usual note, 'Kindly find space for the enclosed, or 'hoping the enclosed is suitable for insertion.' Of course they would be. True this is but one side of the question—the popular editor gets donations 'way back' in the States, but the unpopular one has other sorts of 'nation which also commence with a d. Still, on the whole, we should not object to the risk. The pugilistic market is decidedly slack, and a fighting editor now-a days would probably engage for his keep and what he could pick up — from the other men. Anyway if somebody will start the donations idea, the GRAPHIC pugilist can always be started for the accommodation of the others. It's all a case of demand and supply after all!

PROBABLY one of the most interesting topics of the day is the question of taxation. Each successive Parliament has to face the inevitable problem, how to raise sufficient money to carry on the Government of the country. It is not alone in democratic states that this question is beset with difficulties. In conservative England there is the same trouble now-a-days. An ingenious writer has been collecting some of the various suggestions for raising the needful, and the ideas are rather amusing. A tax on cats is an old theory, so is the perennial notion of one on bachelors. Mr Alexander Dumas suggested that every guest at a dinner-party should hand one franc to the host, who should pay it over to some philanthropic institution. What seems rather hard is that even if the invitation be declined, a franc must be enclosed with the note of excuse. This idea would find favour in New Zealand, where a notion seems to prevail that only the rich benefit by the laws, roads, rails, etc., and, consequently, only they should be taxed.

A TAX is proposed in the form of a license for billiard-tables, race-horses, tennis and croquet-grounds. Taxes might also be imposed on chimneys, boots (which it is said wear out the pavements and roads even more than carriages), directors of public companies, clubs, lemonade, soda-water, and all temperance drinks! This latter must be a retaliation on the part of brewers, and is hardly likely to find favour this hot weather. 'In Russia,' says our author, 'the state finances are recruited by a graduated income tax, commencing at one per cent. on incomes between 1,000 and 2,000 roubles (a rouble equals 3s 2d), and increasing at the rate of one-tenth per cent. on every additional thousand, or fraction of a thousand roubles. A duty of a quarter kopeck (about one-tenth of a penny) is also imposed on the eggs of all kinds of poultry, which tax realises several millions of roubles.' But in a free and enlightened colony, such a tax is by no means likely to meet with general approval. Indeed, any tax on food is viewed with

distrust. Barrel-organs and other forms of street music are taxed or licensed in some countries, and the idea is a good one, and worth commending to our Colonial Treasurer, who might also add a tax on infants howling in places of amusements, railway trains, trams, 'buses, churches, and in the public streets.

Amongst other pleasures which summer brings in its train is the annual church meeting. Compared with the lively interest—we might almost say excitement, which these old-time institutions are at present creating in social circles throughout Auckland, the stage and sinful appendages thereto, are simply 'not in it.' Perhaps the soothing monotony of columns of facts and figures bearing on a subject distinctly connected with his soul's welfare, is more congenial to the average colonial than applauding a ballet in temperature 90 something in the shade. We do not venture to suggest that the lemonade, raspberry syrup (more effective than Mother Siegel) and bananas, dispensed like the teaspoonful of jam after castor-oil, are any attraction, but, whatever the reason, church meetings have of late attained the eminence of an important social function.

Whether the yearly reading of not too flourishing financial and other reports in a congregation are conducive to heavier collection plates and renewed effort on the part of parishioners, or effectual in extinguishing the last ray of hope and promoting universal collapse amidst zealous church-goers, it is of course impossible to say. Judging from a meeting held recently in an Auckland district, the ceremony of reading the annual balance sheet is not always attended with that amiable Christian good feeling which one would expect. The gentleman upon whom had been conferred the privilege of displaying the pounds, shillings and pence outlook of this particular community, (*i.e.*, the secretary) refused to do so because of an insult he and other officers had been subjected to by some pet lambs in the flock. The insult was a prayer offered on behalf of 'the cold-hearted, luke-warm officers of this church;' the pet lambs were some Christian Endeavourers, endeavouring to attend to every business but their own. Now the aforementioned ballet undeniably makes money skip, whether from the pockets of people who would otherwise place it in the collection plate or not is another matter. There is deplorably too little in any of our churches to make the preparing and reading of an annual balance-sheet a particularly elevating occupation at any time, and those who have the courage to cheerfully perform such tasks from a sense of duty, are in themselves a noble contradiction of the unjust and untrue aspersions cast upon them by members as useless probably, as they are disagreeable.

The recent suggestion of Dr. Youl, the City Coroner of Melbourne, that a witness would do well to tell a lie even on oath to save the reputation of a woman, has, of course, caused a great deal of comment in Wellington as elsewhere. Many superficially good people are excessively shocked at it. Nevertheless (says our Wellington correspondent), it ought to be the fortieth article of the English and some one article or other of every other Christian church. There is not in Australasia, nor perhaps in all England, a man with a vaster range of human experience than Dr. Youl. He has held inquests on people whom he afterwards met in the street, and in one single year he has held enquiries concerning the deaths of one hundred and twenty-seven unfortunates fished up out of the muddy Yarra. He must be getting pretty old, and tolerably tired of the dismal and dreary and eternal story of human frailty and misery by this time. I knew Dr. Youl many years ago, and he was not young then. He always struck me as being a remarkable man, eccentric in some ways and things, but possessed of an immense fund of downright common sense. There was nothing of the 'namby pamby doctor' about him. He was indeed that somewhat *rara avis*, an M.D. with character marked distinctly in everything he said or did. A lady went to him once and said, 'Oh, doctor, I'm afraid there's something fearfully wrong with my stomach.' 'Oh no,' said Dr. Youl, 'nothing at all wrong, madam, with your stomach. God made your stomach; He knows how to make 'em. You have put something into your stomach which has disagreed with you.'

For a man who has been writing depositions all his life his aversion to the pen is strange, but he never puts anything down on paper that he can possibly avoid. 'One never knows what even a scratch of the pen may do,' he says; and even his signature he abbreviates, writing 'Ric. You.' (for Richard Youl) in such fashion that no one could possibly tell what or whose the name was. But he talks freely enough, and if anything he says gets into print and causes unpleasant comment, he says even the press is not infallible, and reporters occasionally get hold of the wrong end of the stick.

If amateur photographers increase and multiply at present rates they will soon need special members of Parliament to represent their interest. Seriously, the number of Kodak and detective cameras one sees about is surprising. In Wellington the Camera Club has done excellent work in drawing the best and most enthusiastic spirits into communion and good fellowship. The recent conversazione and exhibition of lantern slides at the Academy of Arts showed that our good amateurs are little, if at all, behind the professional. A photograph by a really good amateur is indeed usually better than one of the same subject by a good professional. The amateur's production has generally a more artistic and original air.

The Brough and Boucicault Comedy Company are now creating a boom in Wellington. The comedies enacted by them are almost entirely new to Wellington audiences. Something which we may call instinct for want of a better term enables the public to have knowledge of real dramatic excellence even before they have seen it, and hence the Opera House had not an unoccupied seat in any part of the building on Friday evening last, when the Company, having arrived in the city but a few hours before, made their first acquaintance with the somewhat critical frequenters of certainly the finest and largest theatre in New Zealand. Saturday night again, most singular to say, the house was packed from floor to ceiling, for as a rule, Saturday night is an off night in Wellington.

'The Village Priest,' with which Brough and Boucicault opened, is one of 'The Profligate' order of plays, that is to say, it has a purpose in view all along—that of showing that the effects of crime are eternal, involving for ever and ever the innocent and the guilty alike in inevitable catastrophe. It has been called a most improbable story. I see no improbability in it. Anyhow, we care not much whether the stage story is real or unreal, so long as the men and women on the boards are real human beings holding a real mirror up to real human nature. This is what the Brough and Boucicault Company do. The Abbé Dubois may not be a very real Catholic priest, but he is a real man. It may appear very unlikely that Jean Torquenie, an innocent, should serve nineteen years in a convict cell, but such things have happened, and a more consummate representation of such a thing than Mr Brough presents us with has never been witnessed on any stage This play made its great impression in Wellington not, I think, owing to the marked ability of any one actor or actress, but to the general perfection of the whole company.

A well known firm of colonial bankers in London have just made a profitable investment. Some time ago a man who had defrauded them of a large sum of money was taken into custody, convicted, and sentenced to a long term of penal servitude. As may be imagined, the prison fare did not agree with one who had lived on the fat of the land. The change affected him in many ways, but he complained more particularly of the injury the food caused to his teeth. They were neither numerous nor in good condition when he was sentenced, and as they rapidly become worse he applied to the governor of the prison for a new set. Being told that the Government did not supply prisoners with artificial teeth, at the first opportunity he wrote to the banking firm in question, offering, if they would send him a new set, to tell them something to their advantage. Thereupon the bankers, thinking the offer might be a genuine one, sent the governor of the prison a cheque for £5, and asked him to provide the convict with a set of artificial teeth. In due course the convict kept his promise, and sent the bankers certain information by means of which they were enabled to recover no less than £1,500 of which they had been defrauded. They naturally regarded this as the best investment they had ever made, but it has proved even better than anticipated, for they have just received from the prison authorities a remittance for £1, the teeth having cost only £4.

It is a good many years since drinking as a gentlemanly recreation went out of fashion, and there is little if any doubt that the shearer, lumberer, and gumdigger are also by slow degrees giving drinking bursts best. Of course one occasionally comes across a series of pretty hard cases, but drinking as a pleasure is losing its hold on the middle and lower classes as it has done on the 'hupper suckles.' Nevertheless, a man died in Christchurch from over-drinking, and the coroner pointed as a moral that homes for inebriates are required. The whole difficulty appears in deciding who shall pay for such homes. We pay for prisons in self-defence. One never knows who may be robbed next, but the drunkard only robs himself and his family, and though the world agrees that in theory he ought to be prevented from doing so, yet in practice it declares itself against it. If the habitual drunkard can be made self-supporting and useful, the sooner he is locked up the better for himself and the community at large. But this, it seems, is practically impossible. No woman, however badly she had suffered, would allow her husband to be imprisoned with labour, not hard, perhaps, but labour, for that is what a visit to the home would mean.

He who does not think too much of himself is more esteemed than he imagines.

UNFORTUNATE POETS.

The lives of the poets is not a pleasant volume. Of all those spirits who have worked for the pleasure and profit of their fellow-creatures, the poets have ever been the worst paid, and the most unfortunate. Keats, Shelley, Poe, Burns, Chatterton, Byron, Cowper, Madox Brown, Heine, Alfred de Musset—all these names suggest as much of the mournful in life as of the splendid in literature. Does not Ben Jonson record of the divine Spenser that 'he died for want of bread in King street?' When the statue of Burns was unveiled in Scotland amidst an adoring populace, some sceptical person remarked: 'He asked you for bread and ye gave him a stone.' The 'stone' too often has been the poet's sole reward. The fault, however, does not always lie with the world, but is as often as not a consequence of the poetic temperament. Exaggerated sensitiveness, physical disease, temporary hallucination, madness, suicidal tendency, these more especially during the last hundred years have been the accompaniments of the divine afflatus; and we may well ask with Taine if there be a man living who could withstand the storm of passions and visions which swept over Shakespeare and end like him as a sensible citizen and landed proprietor in his small county.

In a recent number of the *Spectator* appears a poem by William Watson, the young poet who, it will be remembered, received a bounty of £200 for a greatly admired poem in *The Illustrated London News* on the death of the late Poet Laureate. It was thought by many that this gift would shortly be followed by a greater honour, but whatever may have been intended, an incident which occurred almost immediately afterwards, and led to the painful necessity of placing the young poet under restraint, effectually for the time being dispelled his chance of the Laureateship.

The following lines, pathetic in their import, strong in their sanity and rightness of feeling, and exquisite, almost Miltonic in fervour of execution, are the first utterance of the restored spirit:

VITA NUOVA.

Long hath she slept, forgetful of delight;
At last, at last the enchanted princess earth
Claimed with a kiss by spring the adventurer.
In slumber knows the destined lips, and thrilled
Through all the deeps of her unageing heart
With passionate necessity of joy,
Wakens and yields her loveliness to love.

O ancient streams, O far-descended woods
Full of the fluttering of melodious souls;
O hills and valleys that adorn yourselves
In solemn jubilation; winds and clouds,
Ocean and land in stormy nuptials clasped,
And all exuberant creatures that acclaim
The earth's Divine renewal; lo, I too
With yours would mingle somewhat of glad song.
I too have come through wintry terrors—yea
Through tempest and through cataclysm of soul
Have come and am delivered. Me the Spring,
Me also, dimly with new life hath touched,
And with regenerate hope, the salt of life;
And I would dedicate these thankful tears
To whatsoever Power beneficent,
Veiled though his countenance, undivulged his thought,
Hath led me from the haunted darkness forth
Into the gracious air and vernal morn,
And suffers me to know my spirit a note
Of this great chorus, one with bird and stream
And voiceful mountain—nay, a string, how jarred
And all but broken! of that lyre of life
Whereon himself, the master harp-player,
Resolving all its mortal dissonance
To one immortal and most perfect strain
Harps without pause, building with song the world.

William Watson.

Lands and Survey Office,
Auckland, February 1, 1894.

It is hereby notified that Lots 656 and 670, Town of Ngaruawahia, advertised for Sale by Public Auction, at this office, on the 21st inst., are WITHDRAWN from such Sale.

GERHARD MUELLER,
Commissioner Crown Lands.

HEALTH and PLEASURE RESORTS of NEW ZEALAND.

THE SOUTHERN ALPS
(IN TWO PARTS).

No. 9.

ALPINE New Zealand, the gorgeous scenery of the snow clad Southern Alps, is the latest exploited, but by no means the least valuable of our scenic assets, and bids fair soon to become chiefest amongst the attractions which draw the welcome wealthy tourist to our favoured country. An excursion up Earnslaw is not within the physical powers of every one, and there are a good many folk who cannot see where the pleasure exists in climbing for hours at a stretch with the chance of being precipitated a couple of thousand feet or so down a crevasse or precipice should some one make a mistake. Still, a section, and an ever increasing section of society does take its pleasure that way, as witness the enormous increase of Alp climbers in Switzerland, where you may meet even 'Arry on Mount Blanc and shudder at 'Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay' at the Grand Mulets half way up. The old Alpine climber now finds Switzerland too tame. 'You can climb Mount Blanc,' he will tell you disgustedly, 'with no more risk or adventure than you would meet in ascending Mount Eden in Auckland, or Flagstaff Hill in Wellington. The Matterhorn is a trifle better, but little, and so the adventurous climber is coming out to our New Zealand Alps. Our Alpine Club do all they can for visitors, and deserve considerable public gratitude. The intending mountaineer cannot do better, indeed, than consult one of its members—Malcolm Ross, for choice. He or any other member will work night and day that the 'climbing visitor' may remember with pleasure his visit to the New Zealand Alps. As yet there have not been any very large numbers, but they increase and will increase yearly. A very interesting article by A. P. Harper, member of the New Zealand Alpine Club, on

ALPINE CLIMBING IN SWITZERLAND AND NEW ZEALAND

may be quoted here. It has been in print in the Alpine Club journal, but will be fresh to all but the few who have the fortune to see that very interesting magazine:—

It may seem at first sight to be somewhat presumptuous of me to write on this subject, seeing that I have had comparatively little experience of Swiss climbing, having only climbed for a few days in 1888 from Grindelwald, and for nominally three weeks from Zermatt and Saas this year; but, in the latter period, I had come fresh from New Zealand Alpine work, and was therefore in a position to appreciate the difference, and more ready to observe and seek information.

It would take too much time to go into the matter exhaustively, so I do not intend to devote the paper entirely to Swiss work, but, to a certain extent, draw comparisons between the work in, and character of, the Alps of Switzerland and those of our own colony, so far as our present knowledge and experience of the latter will allow.

The first thing that strikes a stranger is the way in which everything that can be done is arranged for the comfort of climbers, and it might be said, without exaggeration, that there is hardly any improvement possible as far as the general climbing public are concerned, unless, indeed, it were by making stricter laws in some districts relating to guides.

In order to give a good idea of what I mean, let us suppose one wishes to do some climbing at Zermatt or Grindelwald, both of which places can be reached after a 22 hours' journey by rail from London. In the first place there are several hotels, 'with every luxury provided,' in which to live while doing a few preliminary walks, though the Monte Rosa Hotel at Zermatt, and the Bear (recently burnt down) at Grindelwald are *the* climbers' hotels, and give their first attention to those who wish to climb systematically.

Presuming that one is unable to climb without guides and it is most distinctly the exception to do so, one must at once engage two of the numerous guides ready for work, though it is hard to obtain really first-class men unless engaged some time beforehand for a fixed period. Then, having decided on your peak, you simply tell them what special food you wish to take, give them your change of clothes, etc., and they will see that it is all in readiness by the time arranged for a start.

The majority of peaks in these and other districts are ascended from huts, as it would make too long a day to start from the villages; these huts are well built of stone, with comfortable places for sleeping, supplied with blankets, warm slippers, cooking utensils, etc., and are conveniently situated for the peaks around, being built by the Swiss Alpine Club on its side of the frontier, and by the Italian Alpine Club on the Italian slopes. This system of huts seems to have been carried to an almost unnecessary extent by the latter club, which is rich and will not place huts outside its own territory; for in some cases one has been built from which to do a pass or peak, in such a position as to make it almost a waste of time to use it, owing to the shortness of the climb. Again, they are now building huts more for pleasure than necessity, on peaks themselves, notably one on the top of one of the lower peaks of Mount Rosa, nearly 15,000 feet above the sea; however, as refuges in case of bad weather, they may be most useful and may often be the means of saving the lives of a whole party.

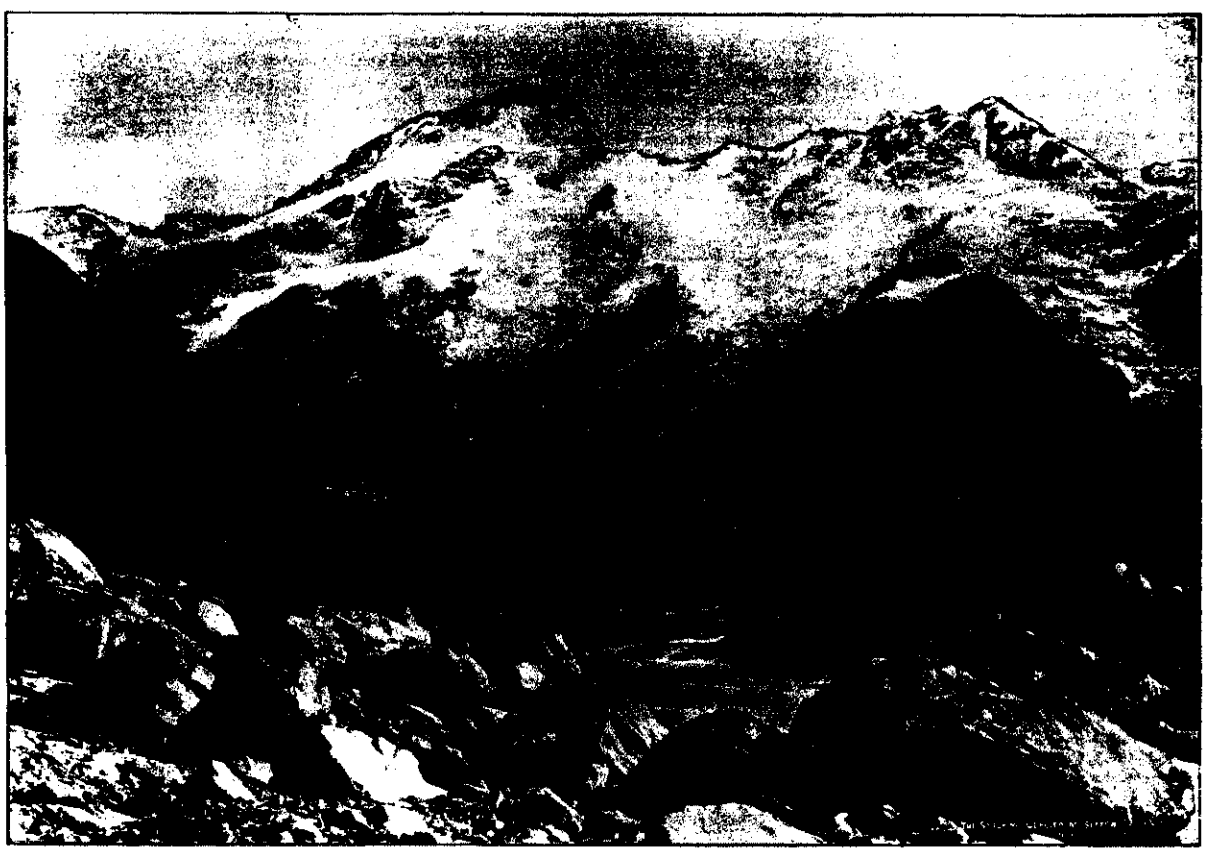
While this is the case on the Italian side, there are some few places in Switzerland where a hut would be most convenient, but it is seldom one cannot find chalets to sleep in, even in the most out-of the-way parts of the Alps.

Having arrived at the place to spend the night after five or six hours' walk, the guides and porters, who carry everything, prepare the meal, and in the morning after cooking a breakfast, wake their party, who find boots greased, stockings and gaiters dry, and no necessity to do anything themselves. A start is made, the guides again carrying everything, even one's coat if not wanted, and if the weather is fairly good, a successful ascent is practically certain, the guides doing the step-cutting, leading in soft snow, and bearing the brunt of all the work.

From this sketch of an ascent, it will be seen that, while climbing with guides, a mountaineer has nothing to do but follow and keep steady, and if he can't follow he is helped over the difficulty, doing his climb from start to finish in a most luxurious manner.

This very elaborate system of guides with other advantages is the means of allowing people who would not otherwise be able to do anything above the snowline, to enjoy some of the excitement and the glorious scenes of mountain climbing. In fact it may be said that if an able bodied man, who has never seen a mountain before, wishes to climb, and can afford it, he can be taken up every peak in Switzerland, and, as is often the case, know very little more of the art of mountaineering than when he began.

The laws regulating guides, though possibly open to criticism, in some districts are fairly strict and do not allow certain climbs to be done with less than two guides for one or two men. If more than two, then a guide for each man must be taken, and, if a guide is informed against for going alone



Morris, photo., Dunedin.

THE STOCKING GLACIER, MOUNT SEFTON.

with two climbers, he runs the risk of a heavy fine; he would refuse, therefore, to go alone with two men, who would be really quite equal to the climb if they could procure a good third man, and who, owing to the want of such, try to induce a guide to join them, more as a safe companion than anything else.

It may be that I have rather exaggerated the strictness of the law, as I am only speaking from my own experience last July, when three of us did some climbing without guides, and finding our third man had to leave us, we tried to induce a guide to join us, in order to have a reliable companion, but he was afraid of getting into a scrape. In this case we only wanted a good man on the rope to have attacked any peak, but, unfortunately, guide work here did not count, or I might have produced a New Zealand Alpine Club certificate and persuaded one to accompany us!

In addition to the conveniences already mentioned, is one which we in this pathless country would fully appreciate, and which is a great help, especially in the early morning, namely the number of paths across the 'Alps' and pastures. Even on the moraines one finds a well-worn track, which saves immensely both labour and time, unless, as may easily happen to a guideless party who do not know the locality very intimately, one fails to hit off the path at once, in which case a great deal of time and temper is lost.

To those accustomed to

NEW ZEALAND ALPINE WORK,

climbing in Switzerland is tame in comparison, for one misses the feeling of being on new or almost new ground, and, if with guides, of course all sense of freedom and independence is lost. Much of the pleasure of mountaineering is destroyed when the peak that is being ascended is strewn with broken bottles and is being in all probability climbed by one or sometimes two or three other parties at the same time. The absence of the necessity for reconnoitring and discovering the best way up a strange peak is felt, though of course a guideless party in a district unknown to them personally may taste the joy and excitement of the explorer, until they come across some old sardine tins and eggshells, which effectually destroy the illusion.

However all such drawbacks are forgotten when the summit is reached, and the panorama of historic peaks is seen for the first time. I think it is possible to enjoy a view including the great Matterhorn, Weisshorn, Dent Blanche, and the other giants of Zermatt and the Oberland, with perhaps a view into Italy, almost more than such a scene as we get here from any high point. The one is full of interest, for every peak has its history, and is known to us, though not seen before, almost better than our own peaks, while the other is as yet unknown and almost confuses the mind with its multitude of unnamed and unidentified mountains. It is hard to say which gives the greatest pleasure, for it is greatly a matter of taste, but I shall never forget the grand views I got this year, for the first time, of peaks I've read of for years past, and which I looked upon with a feeling akin to reverence.

To compare the actual scenery, putting aside all sentiment, would be most difficult. Where in New Zealand have we a peak to compare to the Matterhorn (in grandeur, not for climbing), from any point of view? Where, too, can we find a Dent Blanche as seen from the Rothhorn or Ferpécle? I do not think we have any rock peaks as far as is known at present to equal these two. On the other hand Switzerland would find it hard to produce snow peaks more striking or difficult than Mounts Tasman, Sefton or Haidinger, but on the whole I honestly think there is very little to choose between either country so far as actual scenery is concerned, though perhaps Switzerland may be more interesting, as the mountains instead of running in one long chain as they do here, lie in great groups on every side, as far as the eye can reach.

It would not be fair to contrast our mode of work here with that in Switzerland, the one being pioneer work and in its infancy, the other having almost reached the highest pitch of luxury. To speak broadly, it is as different to ours as a good hotel is to camping out, but the natural features of the countries and difficulties met with can be safely compared.

In Switzerland the moraines are much smaller in extent, and are composed of smaller stones. We should think ourselves fortunate indeed if we had no moraine more formidable than that on the Zmutt Glacier, over which to carry our swags, and that is, I believe, as troublesome as any in the Swiss Alps. After my experience on the Tasman, Murchison, and other New Zealand glaciers, I must say I

ENVIED SWISS ALPINE CLIMBERS

having nothing worse; nor is the dry ice of the glaciers so rough as ours, the hummocks being on a very small scale.

Another advantage they have is, that avalanches are far less frequent owing to the difference in the temperature and to the fact that snow falling less frequently in the summer, it is generally in good order all through the day, and before mid-day is rarely soft, unless, of course, an exceptionally warm night or heavy snowstorm has preceded, while those who have climbed here will know that we rarely find the snow good after the sun has been on it for an hour or two. The same remarks apply to the ice; I have been through ice-falls in the Alps which we would not think of trying to force here, owing to the frequency of ice-avalanches. As a proof of the difference in this respect, it may be said that in Switzerland avalanches at night time are the exception, and here they are little less frequent after sunset than before.

The effect of this state of things on mountaineering in general, is evident; it means that many of their peaks are easily ascended, which, in our climate, would be almost impossible to ascend by the same route, unless the first rules of mountaineering were disregarded, and the party exposed to an unnecessary and unjustifiable amount of risk.

These drawbacks in nature will necessarily always exist, but we may hope in time, as our population and the number of tourists increase, to see hotels and better railway communications established, which will enable us to reach the base of operations with greater ease, and to be able to move from one district to another in the same season, instead of, as now, having to stay in the same place the whole time. Yet until we have conquered all the peaks to be climbed from one centre, there is not much need for the same party to change its field of work, but at present it would take as long to move a camp from the Tasman to the Murchison valleys as to go from Zermatt to Saas, or even to Grindelwald; however we may, without building huts, facilitate such expeditions by building refuges, like the one our party made last year under Mount De la Bêche, which would not only allow one to dispense with a tent without fear of bad weather, but would be convenient for leaving stores, billies, stoves, and other camping necessaries from year to year, thus allowing climbers more room in their swags for provisions.

These things, of course, require time to carry out, but if each member, who takes a party to any district, were to make a point of devoting a day to such work, we should soon see a change for the better. We are

ACCUSTOMED TO 'ROUGH IT'

when on such expeditions, and, therefore, need be in no hurry to build such huts as they have in Switzerland, where a hut we should be quite satisfied with, if not almost proud of, would be called a 'pigstye!' As things are now in our Southern Alps, we have the satisfaction of knowing that none but those genuinely fond of the sport would be such maniacs as to undergo the attendant discomforts, and therefore as yet we have no pseudo-mountaineers.

As, however, such comforts increase, the expenses of an expedition will increase too, and it is quite possible that in the future (and may it be very far distant!) it will be the same here as it is in Switzerland, namely that anyone with money can 'do' all the peaks, while the unlucky individual with a short purse will find it hard to learn the art of mountaineering at all, though by nature he may be in every way more likely to succeed. Yet in New Zealand we shall never be put to the same ex

Morris photo. Dunedin.

MOUNT STOKES.

pense of reaching the Alps as our friends at Home, who have to pay as much for a second-class return ticket to Zermatt as a whole fortnight's expedition costs here at present.

In this paper I have confined my remarks to Switzerland, but of late years a new field has attracted much attention, namely the Caucasus, in which, from what I have heard, the work is more or less akin to that in

THE SOUTHERN ALPS OF NEW ZEALAND,

being at present very rough pioneer work, the natural difficulties of which more nearly resemble ours than those in Switzerland. There, too, they find large and troublesome moraines, soft snow, and many avalanches, but they have this 'pull' over us, that they can get Swiss guides to accompany them, and find a population near the mountains from which to obtain porters and other conveniences. However, I do not think that climbing there will ever reach the same pitch of luxury that it has in Switzerland, for that is due to Swiss enterprise to attract English and other tourists who form their chief source of income, and the huts are built almost entirely with Swiss Alpine Club money. The Alpine Club itself is able to contribute very little to such undertakings. The fact also that the Caucasus lie so far from the general tourist countries of Europe will hinder its development.

THOSE OF US WHO CLIMB IN NEW ZEALAND

may feel proud of overcoming the great difficulties which oppose our progress, and of having so early been able to form an Alpine Club. I think that, if the same drawbacks existed in Switzerland, we should see a decided diminution in the numbers who climb, for a great many are essentially 'feather-bed' mountaineers; but, if we can only follow the example shown us by the great pioneers in the Alps and leaders of the Alpine world in England (and what finer example could we have?) we may feel assured of the ultimate success of our efforts and of our infant club.—*Alpine Journal.*

NOTE.—Next week further particulars will be given of the Southern Alps, including A NEW AND MAGNIFICENT PHOTO ENGRAVING OF MOUNT COOK, *specially prepared for this article by the* GRAPHIC *process. Other new and splendid photo engravings will likewise appear. A large extra demand being inevitable, kindly order early.*

[NOTE.—In one of our last week's pictures of Wakatipu and the Tooth Peaks, tooth pearls was inadvertently printed and overlooked. It should manifestly have read 'Tooth Peaks.']

LAWN TENNIS QUERY.

THE Hon. Sec. of the New Plymouth Tennis Club, Mr J. E. Wilson, has written, asking 'whether a person when serving should have both feet upon the ground? one upon the base line and the other beyond it?' I am pleased to have the opportunity of answering this very pertinent query, not only for the benefit of my New Plymouth correspondent, but also for the enlightenment of most of our local players. Rule 7 of the All England Lawn Tennis Association reads as follows:—'The server shall *stand* with one foot beyond that is further from the net than the base line, and with the other foot upon the base line, and shall deliver the service from the right and left courts alternately, beginning from the right.' This rule is perpetually disregarded, and one may often see players serving with both feet within or perhaps with both feet beyond the base-line. Others lift up one foot. *This is a fault*, as according to a decision of the *Field* given July 30th, 1881, 'If the server lifts one foot before the ball served has left his racquet it is a fault.' If one foot is lifted up in the act of serving it cannot be either on or beyond the base line, as indicated by the rule, as it is in the air. Moreover, if one foot may be lifted, so might both, and thus destroy the whole idea of the correct service. I may mention that the decision quoted is given on the authority of Messrs W. and E. Renshaw, B. C. Eveleigh, N. L. Jackson, and R. D. Sears. I shall be pleased at all times to answer any queries of like nature.

TENNIS TOPICS.

BY 'VANTAGE.'

THE entries received for the Men's Championship Singles number fourteen. These are: Paton, Macfarlane, Elliott, Peel, Scherff, Gillies, Upfill, Hall, Goldie, Tempest, Stevenson, Paterson, Cooke, Harrison. The drawing results as follows:—Macfarlane v. Elliott, Peel v. Scherff, Gillies v. Upfill, Hall v. Goldie, Tempest v. Stevenson, Paterson v. Cooke, Paton and Harrison receiving byes in the first round. The first series of matches are to be played off by the 10th inst., the second round by the 17th inst., the third by the 24th, and the fourth to be concluded not later than the 3rd of March. The winner has to meet Hooper, the present champion.

A FEW critical remarks on those who are making a bid for the place of honour may prove of interest.

PATON, J.—A member of the Eden and Epsom Club. He has improved his game most distinctly this season, and is becoming a consistently steady player. Has a moderate service overhand. Gets good length returns in, and places fairly. Volleys from the back hand with great accuracy and fair speed; his fore hand volleying is, however, weak. Plays chiefly from the back line, and effects a stroke that ranks somewhere between a drive and a full Lawford. Weak on back hand base line returns.

MACFARLANE, J. B.—A member of the Eden and Epsom Club. Possesses a fast overhand first service, which when it comes off is usually worth 15 to him; his second service is soft. Easy to pass on the forehand unless he stays right back. Returns his back-hand strokes rather softly, but frequently scores with a hard, horizontal fore-hand stroke—a stroke, by the way, peculiarly his own. Loses many points by slamming at long volleys. Would do well to come up more and go in for volleying from inside service line.

ELLIOTT, E. G.—Member of Eden and Epsom Club. A junior player, but fast coming on in his game. Playing much harder this year than last. Being left-handed, many of his strokes are confusing. Plays almost entirely from base line, and gets low returns back with great accuracy and speed. His weak point is undoubtedly on the volley.

PEEL, A.—Member of Eden and Epsom Club, and plays in the championship contest for the first time. His game is from base line. A master of 'the drive,' and when in form can be reckoned to get four out of every five drives. Very sure on back-hand, and in addition can place all his strokes. Rarely returns a bad length ball. Altogether the best exponent of back play in Auckland, but loses many points by not volleying more. Plays a pretty game. His service is fairly strong, and a double fault is rarely scored against him. Can volley if he tried, and one wonders why he doesn't. Never plays a soft shot.

SCHERFF, P. D.—Member of Auckland Club. Serves fairly, but all through plays a rather soft game. Erratic in volleying, but can get about the court with great activity. Should study 'length' and placing. A young player who has all the requisites in eye and activity, and with practice against good players will develop into a player.

GILLIES, C. E.—Member of Parnell Club, and can be reckoned on to be somewhere near the finish in the present tournament. Understands the theory of the game, and is an old match player. Serves well, hits hard, and can make a hard clean drive off anything soft. Volleys sharp and clean, and understands the making of the overhand return off a high ball.

UPFILL, T. F.—Member of Eden and Epsom Club. Affects back line play almost entirely. His service is weak. Puts as much exertion into his games as any other three men, but seems to like it, being apparently tireless. His favourite stroke is a cut drive from left to right, and which he sends over low and hard, and against which a volley is the only reply. Fairly strong on back hand. Has tremendous reach, and great power of recovery. Weak on volley line, his play from this part of the court being 'tappy.' Plays consistently to his opponent's back-hand. Can lob with considerable accuracy when in form.

HALL, J. W.—Member of Eden and Epsom Club. Has a fairly strong service. Plays the volley game whenever he can. Very erratic, being 'off' one day and in fair form the next. Weak on back-hand, and apt to get into three-quarter court more than he ought. Gets a hard drive in now and then, and can smash sometimes.

GOLDIE, A.—Auckland Club. Service not dangerous. When in form volleys fairly, but all his strokes lack speed. Powers of placing not good, but he understands the value of lengths. Makes a hard fore hand drive occasionally.

TEMPEST, A.—Parnell Club. The 'Veteran' of tennis. Has a fairly strong service, and gets difficult balls back in an astonishing way. Places to the corners with good judgment, and can kill pretty effectively if anywhere near the net. Weak on the back hand, and clings fondly to the habit of playing with his left hand any balls that come that way. Usually comes up and plays from volley line, but has good defence if driven back.

STEVENSON, J. R.—Parnell Club. Played the final against Hooper last year, and has a good chance of doing it again this year. Has a fair service, of which he makes the most by placing it. Possesses a telling cut-drive from base line, and brings off a half-Lawford with fair accuracy. Understands the value of placing, and gets up to the volley when a good chance presents itself. Very sure on the back-hand. Volleys clean and hard. Is very hard to pass. Plays a hard game throughout. Understands the game, and uses his head.

PATERSON, J.—West End Club. Has a good service. His best game is from the base line. Can send in a hot drive when in form, and plays the Lawford stroke when he gets a chance. Does not give sufficient attention to placing, and is caught too frequently in three-quarter court. Should cultivate volleying more. Weakest on the back-hand.

COOKE, N. G.—West End Club. Has a fairly good service, but plays usually a rather wild game. Drops his balls too short, and often comes up when he ought to stay back. Lifts the ball when driving, but gets in a good volley across court. Rather uncertain in placing.

HARRISON, N. T.—Parnell Club. The best back-hand player in Auckland; in fact, prefers to play back-hand rather than fore-hand, running away frequently to make a back-hand stroke out of what ought to be a forehand. Places well into the corners, and volleys with great accuracy. Can usually kill anything rising over his left shoulder with a back hand volley. Has rather a cunning serve.

THE contest for the Championship will excite some interest. The present Champion, J. R. Hooper, has now won the Cup twice in succession, and it looks as if he were likely to make it his own this year, for I don't see anything to beat him. My anticipations are that the runner up will be found among Peel, Gillies, and Stevenson. In the first round Peel meets Scherff, and will, I reckon win. He then meets the winner of Upfill or Gillies, and my opinion is that the latter will win. Peel and Gillies will thus meet in the second round, and my forecast is that Gillies will win, but not by much. Stevenson should beat Tempest in the first round, and will meet the winner of Goldie and Hall. He will doubtless beat either of these, and then probably meet Harrison, whom I look to beat the winner of Paterson or Cooke. Paton, who receives a bye in the first round, meets either Macfarlane or Elliott, and I look for him coming through. If so, he meets Gillies, who will beat him, thus—if my prognostications prove correct—leaving the penultimate to be fought out between Gillies and Stevenson, the winner to do what he can to win against Hooper.

I WILL treat in similar manner the competitors for the Lady Championship next week. There are some new aspirants for the coveted honour, of whose play I am not at the moment sufficiently conversant. There'll be a 'chiel amang ye takin' notes,' therefore during the coming week, 'an' faith he'll prent 'em.'

THE New Zealand Association's Championship cup won at the late tournament has not, up to the present, been presented to the winner, Miss Spiers. Those in authority please note.

THE first round of the '120 up,' men's handicaps, at the Eden and Epsom Club, has been played with the following results:—

Baker (received 20) beat McIntosh (received 15), 120—109.

Maclean (received 10) beat Cook (received 30) a bye.

Peel (owe 20) beat Sykes (scratch), 120—100.

Paton (scratch) beat Upfill (owe 20), 120—116.

Macfarlane scored a bye.

Stevenson (owe 20) beat Hall (owe 5), 120—83 in the doubles.

Hooper and Peel (owe 30) beat Maclean and McIntosh (received 10), 120—105.

Hudson and Baker (received 20) beat Johnston and Harvey (received 30), 120—118.

NEW ZEALAND CHAMPION YACHT RACE.

THE VIKING.

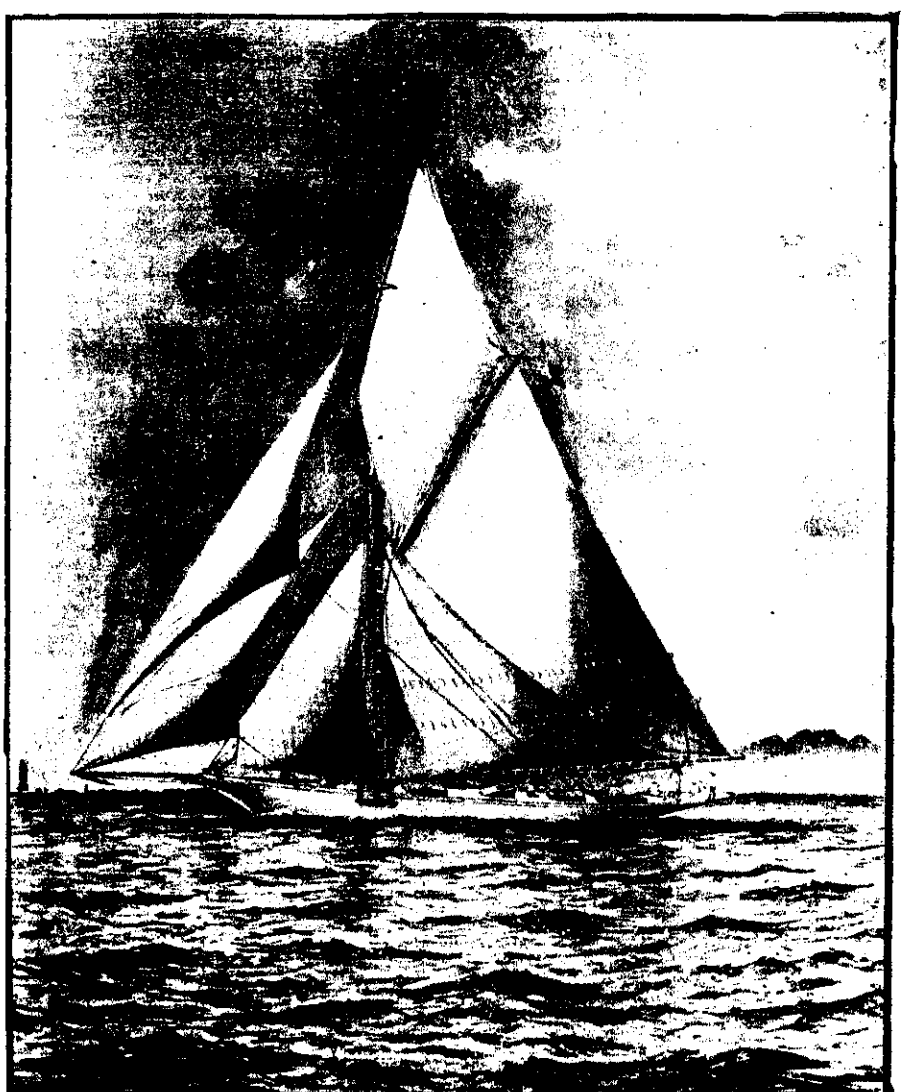
THROUGHOUT the past week gossip in yachting circles in New Zealand has been devoted entirely to the recent Champion Yacht Race, when, to the general surprise but unbounded satisfaction of local yachtsmen, the Auckland built Viking beat the Sydney built crack Volunteer. Both yachts are very considerably larger than any of the Waitemata mosquito fleet, and for months past the contest between them has been looked forward to with the utmost enthusiasm. The Volunteer brought with her a big reputation for speed, and many of the 'knowing ones' were positive that the Viking would never have a chance. Nevertheless, she won, and the prophets were discomfited. The Viking, of which a picture appears on this page, was built by Mr C. Bailey, a very well-known yacht builder, to the order of Messrs Luke and Henry Bloomfield, who gave instructions that she was to be built as good as money could make her, giving Mr Bailey *carte blanche* in the matter. Under the circumstances it really scarcely needs to be said that the Viking is the most comfortable and handsomest and it now appears the speediest yacht in New Zealand. The owners, of whom portraits appear, are very well known in Auckland, and are likewise exceedingly popular, so that the win of the Viking was popular socially, as well as gratifying to the *amour propre* of Auckland boatbuilders, who are becoming month by month more famous.

As will be seen from our picture, the Viking presents a most taking appearance, having a far more yacht-like appearance than her larger rival. A brief description of her build will prove interesting to Southerners. She looks fast all over from her beautifully cut schooner bow to the long overhanging counter. Very handsome is the gilt scroll work which adorns her sides and draws attention to the beauty of her lines.

So far as details are concerned, the timber used was kauri, with pohutukawa knees and floors, and an iron bark stem and rudder post. She is diagonally built of three thicknesses, and is copper fastened throughout and coppered. She is 46 feet on the water line, 67 feet over all, 12 feet beam, and draws about 9 feet of water. The deck fittings are of teak, and below some beautifully mottled kauri has been used as panels with rimu and kahikatea. There is a forecastle fitted up with a host of most ingenious contrivances, saloon with lockers, drawers, a wine press, a library, and folding berths equal to accommodating eight persons comfortably. The cushions are of crimson velvet, and the ceiling is painted white and relieved with gold. There is a ladies' cabin aft with two berths and innumerable drawers, besides which a lavatory and all other conveniences have not been neglected. The yacht is fitted with a mast 34 feet from deck to hounds, or 50 feet full length, and a top-mast 26 feet. The boom is 45 feet long, and the gaff 30 feet. The bowsprit projects 16 feet from the bow. For ordinary cruising, the Viking will be rigged as a yawl, and for racing as a cutter. Naturally she has an immense spread of canvas. The spars are of Oregon pine, and only brass and galvanised iron materials have been used. A neat windlass forward is very handy, and altogether it will be difficult to find a superior to the Viking among the sailing yachts this side of the line.

A sketch of the Volunteer will appear next week.

MR H. BLOOMFIELD. Hanna, photo., Auckland. MR L. BLOOMFIELD.



Sketch by T. Ryan

NEW ZEALAND CHAMPION YACHT VIKING.
Owned by Messrs L. and H. Bloomfield.

THE DOCTOR, THE 'POST,' AND THE 'NINETEENTH CENTURY.'

THE autocratic idler, of Wellington, writes:—'The *Evening Post* to-night devotes a portion of its somewhat limited, and, of course, valuable, space to the article of Dr. Bakewell, of Auckland, in the *Nineteenth Century*, on the Female Franchise movement (and ultimate accomplishment) in New Zealand. The *Post* appears to be startled at finding the irrepressible doctor in the pages of this magazine, and wonders 'how the d——l he got there.' He—the medico—has been there more than once before, however, and although Mr Gillon thinks differently, one may be quite sure that the editor of the *Nineteenth Century* knows perfectly well who Dr. Bakewell is. Anyhow, I do—and that's nearly, if not quite, the same thing. It is safe to take it for granted that Dr. Bakewell would not get into the pages of one of the first of London periodicals unless he deserved to be there; nor do I for one moment believe—as the *Post* suggests—that any English editor cares twopence for anything connected with the article under consideration, save and except the merits of the writing under review. Dr. Bakewell, at all events, does not write twaddle; but sometimes—as in the case of this Female Suffrage deliverance—he makes statements of a somewhat unlimited character. It is not true that 95 per cent. of the population of these Islands were opposed to Female Franchise. Had that been so, the measure never could even have received attention, to say nothing of passing into law. The exact truth of the matter is, that a very large proportion of the women of New Zealand—perhaps the majority—were opposed to their own introduction into the political arena, feeling that their proper place was the home, while a considerable proportion of the remainder were utterly indifferent on the matter, and hardly understood it. The men, on the other hand, were in complete doubt as to the result. Sir John Hall's party thought that any change might possibly benefit them. The Liberals thought that, on the whole the change might strengthen them—but there was no confidence anywhere on the matter, except among the enthusiasts who, in all questions, are in the minority. And the outcome has left things pretty much as they were. The Conservatives took their women with them to the polls, and the Liberals did precisely the same thing, and the general result hasn't shaken anybody, or anything, very much. It was supposed that the churches would sway the ladies to a very considerable extent. They did not do so—although they tried—for the simple reason that a woman's husband or sweetheart has, after all, more influence over her than any parson or priest. Had there been no Female Franchise the same representatives might not have been elected—in some instances it is absolutely certain they would not. But the Conservatives would have been annihilated all the same. In any case the election of 1893 must have made an end of that party.'

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

LIGHT griefs do speak, while sorrow's tongue is bound.—SENECA.

Godliness is that outward deportment that characterizes a heavenly temper.—G. CRABBE.

Falsehoods not only disagree with truths, but always quarrel among themselves.—D. WEBSTER.

It often happens that those of whom we speak least on earth are the best known in Heaven.—N. COUSIN.

If thou are wise thou knowest thine own ignorance, and thou are ignorant if thou knowest not thyself.—LUTHER.

The wages of sin is death, but we never hear of strikes from the devil's workmen because of long hours or short pay.

It is necessary to repent for years in order to efface a fault in the eyes of men; a single tear suffices with God.—CHATEAUBRIAND.

He that puts his confidence in God only is neither over-joyed in any great good things of this life, nor sorrowful for a little thing.—BISHOP TAYLOR.

Why fret thee, Soul,
For things beyond thy small control?
But do thy part and thou shalt see
Heaven will have charge of thee and thee.
Sow thou the seed and wait in peace
The Lord's increase.

THE COST OF A MISPLACED COMMA.—There was a time when the punctuation marks as now used in common print were not known, and as the result it was often more or less difficult to arrive at the exact meaning of the writer; and to avoid this the points were introduced. Of course, about the smallest and apparently the most insignificant of them all is the comma, but its misuse is often the cause of very annoying mistakes, as well as loss of money. It should be the aim of those now in school to learn thoroughly how to use this little mark, and never be guilty of making a mistake like the following, an account of which I read not long ago:—'It seems that some twenty years or so ago, when the United States by its Congress was making a tariff bill, one of the sections enumerated what articles should be admitted free of duty. Among the many articles specified were "all foreign fruit-plants," etc., meaning plants imported for transplanting, propagation, or experiment. The enrolling clerk in copying the bill accidentally changed the hyphen in the compound word 'fruit-plants' to a comma, making it read, 'all foreign fruit, plants,' etc. As a result of this simple mistake, for a year, or until Congress could remedy the blunder, all the oranges, lemons, bananas, grapes and other foreign fruits were admitted free of duty. This little mistake, which any one would be liable to make, yet could have been avoided by carefulness, cost the Government not less than $2,000,000. A pretty costly comma that.

COCK CROWING AND SLEEPLESSNESS.—Complaint was lately made by the secretary of the Victoria Hospital for Sick Children of a cock-crowing nuisance in the neighbourhood of that institution. Every form of polite remonstrance was exhausted in vain, and the matter was finally brought before the local bench, which granted a summons against the keepers of the fowls. It appears, however, that some doubt may arise as to the jurisdiction of the court in the matter. We confess that we cannot recognise the justice of controlling its preventive power, especially in a case of such urgency as that in question. The need of interference is obvious. It is admitted that serious consequences have resulted from the crowing, and most of us have experienced at some time or other the peculiarly persistent disturbance of sleep which is thus occasioned. In the present instance the subjects of the annoyance are invalids, to some of whom a night's rest may easily turn the scale between illness or even death and recovery. In cases of infinitely less gravity the roadside organist or singer, whose notes are, after all, his means of livelihood, must be silent if called upon; the road-engine or steam-car must not endanger the ordinary course of traffic; the insanitary stye or stable is liable to be condemned. If it be possible; on the same grounds of public utility and in circumstances of much greater urgency, to remove the hubbub of a clamorous fowl-yard, the sooner the needed power is acquired the better for the public health.

RARE WOODS FOR WALKING STICKS.—Many pieces of very rare wood are made into walking sticks, says a writer in *Chambers' Journal*, pieces of old ships, etc., besides scarce specimens of wood almost unknown, such as Myall wood, Australian black wood, musk wood, cypress pine, zebra wood, kauri pine, deodar wood, calamander, sabicu, and occasional pieces of lignum vitæ. The *modus operandi* whereby sticks which grow crooked are made straight is not generally known, and has been the subject of some curious speculation. We do not remember to have met with a satisfactory account anywhere in print, although at different times sage advice has been given on the subject through the press, in answer to correspondents. All such advice, so far as we know, has been more or less erroneous and absurd. The main object is to render the wood or cane soft and pliable; to do this it is plunged into heated sand. Woods such as oak, ash, orange, etc., require wet sand: while olive, pimento, and all varieties of cane require dry sand. In addition to this, a contrivance called a 'horse' is used, which consists of a plank of beech two inches thick set up on one end at an angle of 45 to 60 degrees. Out of the two edges of this plank pieces are cut, to allow the insertion of the stick. When sufficiently heated the stick is taken from the sand, and, using it as a lever, it is bent here and bent there until it is perfectly straight. This process is repeated at a later stage, which is called 'baking.' For this second process dry sand is used, and the stick is not only made quite straight, but as stiff as it is possible to make it. The success of this process depends entirely upon the judgment of the workman, who is known as the 'kiln-man.' He must determine how much heat is required, and whether wet or dry sand. If he gives too much heat the stick becomes 'stunned,' and in most cases is useless, as it will rarely come straight after. If, on the other hand, he does not make it hot enough, it is liable to break in halves.

NOTABLE PEOPLE

THE LATE HENRY PETTITT.

COLONIAL playgoers in common with playgoers all over the world were saddened in Christmas week when the cable flashed the brief news that playwright Pettitt was dead. By the 'Frisco mail which arrived on Friday we received a sketch of the famous dramatist whose works are so familiar to us all through the Bland Holt and other melodrama companies. This sketch we now reproduce. It will recall to any who met Henry Pettitt the pale, strongly marked face, the fair moustache, the kindly, humorous mouth, and twinkling watchful eyes. The portrait is really a good one, and gives a very realistic impression of the man who wrote 'Faust up to Date,' 'The Bells of Haslemere,' etc.

ONE regarded Henry Pettitt somehow as the Nicholas Nickleby of real life. He once trod the stage himself at Sadler's Wells. I remember his telling me the story of his life in his former home at Haverstock Hill, where he showed me the copy-books containing the neatly-written text of his plays. It was whilst he was yet a tutor at the North London College in High street, Camden Town, that he served his apprenticeship as a playwright under Mr George Conquest at the Grecian, or 'the Eagle,' as it was usually called. It was undoubtedly the facility and skill he obtained there in the construction of dramas abounding in powerful situations—a talent matured in his strong Adelphi piece 'Taken from Life,' recently played in New Zealand by Bland Holt—that induced Sir Augustus Harris to enlist his services, and with triumphant results, at Old Drury. Collaborating at the Adelphi with George R. Sims in the wonderfully remunerative Adelphi dramas 'In the Ranks' and 'The Harbour Lights,' and in the Gaiety burlesques of 'Faust Up to Date' and 'Carmen Up to Data,' besides other plays (notably 'The Bells of Haslemere,' also played by Bland Holt some three years ago, in which Mr Sydney Grundy was his collaborator), Henry Pettitt amassed a goodly fortune, and was enabled, I understand, to settle £10,000 on his children. His remarkable mastery of the art of devising rousing situations, and of engrossing the attention of an audience from start to finish may be judged by the fact that his popular play, 'A Woman's Revenge,' is the latest success of Bland Holt, now in Hobart. 'A Life of Pleasure,' written by Henry Pettitt, is now drawing full houses in London, and will come to New Zealand in due course.

A PLEA FOR THE PASTORAL.

Now take thy lyre, the people cried,
And sing a realistic rhyme;
Show us Man's lower, baser side,
And break the folly that would hide
The picture of our social crime.

The poet answered, Slender hours
Yield me but insufficient time
To pluck the garden of its flowers,
And while such beauty still is ours
Why would ye I should search the slime?

The people answered, Doth the rose
Bloom in the city where we dwell?
We know not where the daisy grows,
Or where thy vaunted streamlet flows,
Or where thy heaven obscures our hell.

The poet rose: Then let me sing
A song that bears the highest art,
And to your meanest alley bring
The scent of flowers, the breath of Spring,
And rays of sunshine to the heart.

The people laughed and turned away:
The poet sought the mountain side,
And where the sunbeams loved to stray,
He sang his uncomplaining lay,
And, singing to his flow'rs, he died.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

THE ASTRONOMICAL DAY.

THE present method of commencing the astronomical day is obviously inconvenient and confusing. Hence Canadian astronomers have invited all nations to consider the question, 'is it desirable, all interests considered, that on and after January 1, 1901, the astronomical day should everywhere begin at mean midnight?'

DUST PHOTOGRAPHS.

TWO curious examples of 'dust or molecular photographs' have been noticed in London. The plate glass of an hotel window has near it on the inside a glass screen bearing the words 'Coffee Room' in unfrosted letters. On removing the screen the words were found to be plainly visible on the window, and could not be removed by washing. In the other case a window had been protected formerly by a gauze screen having the same words—'Coffee Room'—in gilt letters, and on misty days these words have appeared on the glass since the final removal of the screen.

OBJECTIONS TO THE ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

MANY of the objections urged against the introduction of the electric railway are strangely reminiscent of the extravagant objections raised against steam railways, as we are reminded by Mr Mayhew, in his recent work on railway development. Opponents of the steam railway assured the country gentry that birds would be killed by the smoke as they passed over the locomotive. The public were informed that the weight of the engine would prevent its moving. Foxes and pheasants were to become extinct in the neighbourhood of a railway, and the race of horses would soon die out altogether. Farmers were possessed with the idea that oats and hay would no more be marketable produce. Horses would start and throw their riders, and even cows would cease to yield their milk in the neighbourhood of one of those infernal machines. But as all these prophetic utterances have failed to fulfil themselves, the enemies of the electric railway will have to support themselves with some very strong forecasts indeed before the public mind will be seriously alarmed by them.

A NEW HYGROMETER.

A new registering hygrometer introduced by M. Debrun is composed of a sheet of tanned gelatine, which, by the aid of a silk cord, acts on a lever bent at two very unequal branches. The extremity of the large branch traces on a sheet of smoked glass. A metallic registering thermometer traces on the same sheet, the simultaneous tracing of these two apparatus on the same sheet permitting the verification of the following facts:—When the weather is overcast or rainy the movements of the hygrometer are independent of those of the thermometer. When the weather is cloudy the movements of the hygrometer and thermometer are concordant or not as there is wind or none. In fine weather the course of the hygrometer and thermometer is always in opposite directions, so that with a thermometer and a hygrometer tracing on the same sheet it is possible to ascertain the state of the sky, etc., from the registration.

'THE LIFE OF THE EARTH.'

An interesting speculative article on 'The Cessation of Life' recently appeared in the *Revue Scientifique*. The author, in the opinion of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, begins at the wrong end of his subject and works downwards, confronting the bewildered reader first with visions of the countless millions of centuries which must elapse before the universe, that 'dust of the world,' can finally come to an end and be used up. The life of the sun, which is the point at which our interest commences, has been estimated by careful thinkers. It will be twenty-five to thirty millions of years before the sun's autumnal period can set in, and be followed by the winter of death. The life of the earth is assigned within still finer limits. Science can even prognosticate the probable causes of its decay. Taking so-called natural causes first, all human and the higher organic life will die off long before the extinction of the sun's fires. When the spots that now flock the equatorial zone of the sun have developed into patches sufficiently large to cause serious interference of light and heat, higher life will become impossible. There is, however, a cause at work within the earth itself which might anticipate this crisis. Gradually, but surely, the erosion of coast line by the sea, the flattening of mountains by torrent and glacier, are reducing dry land to the level of the ocean. When the levelling is complete; earth will become but one vast swamp, unsuitable for human life. Four or five million years is the period given to the earth by geologists wherein to reach this stage. It is hardly worth while quibbling about a million or two of years now; but the actual date as given above is likely to be deferred still longer by the gradual evaporation of the sea when its sources fail; at which time, also, the dryness of the air, no longer refracting and storing up the solar heat, will leave the surface of our little globe, like Mr Kipling's 'Tomlinson,' at the mercy of the interstellar cold. This effect, however, is neither so certain nor so easily calculable as the former one. It is supposed to be borne out in part by the example of Mars and the moon, the first of which appears to have no oceans left, but only inland seas; while the other has absorbed its oceans, atmosphere, and all it ever had. A doubt has been recently cast upon Mars in this connection. Professor Schaeberle, of Lick Observatory, is inclined to think that the 'canals' of Mars are in reality dry land, the rest being ocean. In this case nothing but the mountain tops would be above water. The colour of San Francisco Bay from the top of Mount Hamilton is said to have originated first this revolutionary theory. But besides the natural causes of decay, M. d'Estienne, the above mentioned author, revels in what we must call by contrast the 'unnatural.' He paints in glowing imagery what would happen, and in fact what at any time might happen, if the earth, in its journey with the solar system towards the constellation Hercules were to encounter '*des boli'es des uranolithes!*'

"THE MAN IN POSSESSION."

"I say, mate, 'ere come some more o' them bloomin' unemployed!"
"Well, spread yerself out, and tell 'em there aint no more room for nobody!"

(The Wellington Trades and Labour Council has passed a resolution "viewing with alarm the influx of unemployed from Australia.")

'FAR ABOVE RUBIES.'

BY H. B. FINLEY KNIGHT.

THE door closed behind the Vicar's wife; two pairs of bright eyes smiled into each other, and from two pairs of soft lips escaped two sighs of relief which met in the air and mingled their fragrance.

'At—last!' Mrs Bashford whispered; and her slight figure melted imperceptibly from its attitude of extreme propriety into lazy curves as she leaned back among the sofa cushions.

'I'm so sorry, dear,' Lady Jocelyn said, sympathetically. 'They told her I wasn't at home, but she said, "Oh, she'll see *me*;" and what was I to do? You know what a tongue she has.'

'Considering that I've heard nothing else for more than half-an-hour,' murmured Mrs Bashford, in an accent of plaintive self-pity.

'Oh! but she was in a charitable mood to-day—unless it was that she was touched by the sight of your youth and held herself in.'

For all her six and-twenty years Blanche Bashford had still the appearance of a girl. She was so slight and delicate that she looked as if she were made of Dresden china; her hair, of the colour of ripe corn, curled so naturally about her temples, and her lavender-coloured eyes met those of the world with a look of such virginal simplicity and so transparent a frankness that you might have thought she had but that instant left the school-room. Yet was she a wife of seven years' standing. Her husband, not much more than a dozen years older than herself, was often taken for her father by strangers; and the mistake had led to complications sometimes.

'Is she so very outspoken, then?' asked Mrs Bashford.

'*Oh!* my dear—when she knows her audience. But she respects youth—and innocence.'

Mrs Bashford stole one little glance at her hostess, and then cast down her eyes. Ever since they first went to school together they had been the closest friends. They had no secrets from each other—or so they said.

'Well,' Lady Jocelyn said, smiling, 'what is it?'

'What is what?'

'What you're dying to tell me.'

Mrs Bashford opened her eyes like a surprised child.

'What makes you think I've anything to tell you?'

'Whenever you put on that particularly demure look I know you're going to tell me something you shouldn't speak about.'

'I've a great mind not to tell you anything about it,' said Blanche, pouting prettily; 'and you *would* have liked to see it so.'

'Oh! it's something to show me. This is really interesting. What is it, dear—a new photograph?'

'It's—it's a diamond bracelet,' said Blanche, hesitating a little.

'A new one! Ah! how nice it must be to have a rich husband!'

Sir Wilfrid was not a rich man, nor was he ever likely to be, so long as grass grew on Newmarket Heath; but Lady Jocelyn had some pretty good diamonds all the same. A little smile played round Mrs Bashford's lips, and she shook her curly head.

'Not really,' said Lady Jocelyn, in delight. 'Show it to me, you provoking child, before I strangle you.'

Mrs Bashford took a morocco case out of her muff, and opened it. Inside lay a gold curb chain bracelet, with a big sapphire and two diamonds set in it; and as she looked at them Lady Jocelyn's eyes sparkled no less brightly than the stones. But she quickly veiled them with her handkerchief, and put the case from her with outstretched hand.

'Spare me!' she said, drawing in her breath. 'I'm an honest woman, and I will *not* be made miserable. *Retire-toi*, Satan!'

'They're very nice, are they not?' Mrs Bashford said.

And she took the bracelet from its velvet couch, clasped it on her wrist, and studied the effect from different points of view.

'Nice! What a word to use! That sapphire's better than anything I've got, and—no, I *won't* look at it again.'

'It must be very nice in some ways to be one of that sort of people,' said Mrs Bashford, sighing, as she touched the stones reverently with her handkerchief.

'Blanche! I'm surprised at you.'

'I don't know what it is about actresses that makes men give them such delicious presents.'

'Actresses? How long have you been on the stage, then, darling?'

'You don't understand, dear; this belongs to Miss Lola Luxmoore.'

'What! The woman whose house you've taken?'

'The woman whose house Jack took without asking me, because she wanted to get away and let him have it cheaply.'

'But, Blanche, you really shouldn't. You'll get into trouble.'

'A man left it last night with a note—such a note!'

'And you opened it! For shame!'

'It wasn't my fault,' said Mrs Bashford, penitently. 'It was the fault of that stupid French maid of mine. He gave it to her and said it was for Madame, and, of course, she brought it to me.'

'And who is *he*?'

'How should I know? Clémence said he was *un monsieur très comme il faut*; but I'm sure she's no judge.'

Lady Jocelyn looked very sharply at her friend, but Mrs Bashford's look of childish innocence would have disarmed an Old Bailey junior.

'Is it *quite* certain he meant it for Lola Whatever-her-name-is? Think, dear, is there nobody you know just at present?'

'Nobody who'd venture *to* send me such a note—at least, without putting his initials to it.'

'Has any stranger been admiring you very much—at church, for instance?'

Mrs Bashford pursed up her delicate little mouth and shook her head reflectively.

'No—o,' she said, 'not more than usual—unless—well, there was a man who stared very much the other night when I was having supper at the Savoy with Jack. Not rudely, you know—he looked away whenever Jack turned his head towards him. And then, when we got back to Egerton Gardens, a cab stopped just behind ours, and—'

'And *he* got out and strolled up the street?'

'No, nobody got out; I noticed particularly. That was odd, wasn't it?'

Lady Jocelyn shrugged her shoulders.

'Well,' she said, 'what are you going to do about it?'

'What *can* I do? I suppose I'd better tell him that Lola Luxmoore's in America, and if he wants to see her he must either go after her, or wait till she comes back.'

'But how can you, if you don't know who he is?'

'Well, you see, Clémence is so stupid. She told him that Madame would be at home to-morrow afternoon. So perhaps he'll call; and if he does, I suppose I must see him and explain how I came to open the parcel. It's very hard, isn't it?' said Mrs Bashford, her eyes filling with tears. 'I wish *I* were an actress.'

'Wish for something easier, dear,' Lady Jocelyn said, smiling. 'You'll never be more than a tolerable amateur.'

'I—I wonder whether I could persuade Jack to give me a bracelet exactly like it. I've fallen in love with that sapphire.'

'Ah! I wonder, too,' said Lady Jocelyn.

And at this moment fresh callers were announced, and the subject necessarily dropped. Mrs Bashford went away very thoughtful, and on her way home she stopped in Bond-street—at a jeweller's shop.

'We can let you have one almost exactly similar for £120, madam,' said the head of the firm, 'except that the centre stone will not be *quite* so fine as this one.'

Mrs Bashford thanked him and left the shop, saying that she would think it over. Indeed, she did little else for the rest of the day, but to very little purpose.

'If Jack were only like other husbands he wouldn't let me be worried like this,' she said to herself, resentfully.

They were going to a dinner party that evening, and Mrs Bashford took even more trouble than usual about her toilet. She hesitated long over her jewel case; and at last unable to resist the temptation, determined that she would wear her bracelet—for she almost looked on it as her own.

When they got home again, she put on a dressing gown. 'Put down that horrid paper and talk to me,' she said, coquettishly. 'I want you to tell me how I looked to-night.'

'You looked all right,' he growled. 'Much the same as usual.'

'Didn't you notice anything particular about my appearance?'

'Can't say I did, except that you were in beastly good spirits.'

'Why "beastly," you cross old bear? Don't you like me to be in good spirits?'

'Oh, yes, I don't mind, as long as you don't expect me to be so too?'

'Poor thing?' lisped Mrs Bashford, babyishly—imbecile but irresistible—'*did* he take something that disagreed with him? Now I'll show him something p'itty.'

She passed behind him and, laying one hand on his shoulder, leaned over his chair and held the other up before his face. So tiny and delicate was it, with such blue veins under the creamy skin, that no man in the world could have helped kissing it. But his eyes fell on the bracelet first, and for all else that he saw it might have been a donkey's leg on which that was sparkling.

'Where on earth did you get this from?' he asked, eagerly.

She caressed him, as Titania Bottom, and murmured in his fair, large ear:

'Guess!'

'Oh, —— guessing! I want to know.'

'It's a present from a great friend of mine,' whispered the charmer.

'Oh, bosh!' he said, incredulously, jealousy struggling with cupidity. 'Tell me.'

'A great friend of mine,' she repeated. 'Do you think I ought to keep it?'

'*Rather*—at least, I don't know; depends on who it was gave it you. I suppose it was your brother?'

Mrs Bashford's brother was a Captain of Artillery; he had three children and his private means were slender. Still, of course, he might have had a fit of generosity. But Mrs Bashford was much amused at the suggestion.

'Fancy poor Frank being able to afford to give me that!' she said, laughing. 'No, it was somebody who's fonder of me than he has time to be. Shall I tell you his name?'

She came round and perched herself uninvited on her husband's knee, and then held up her arm for him to admire it, if he still had eyes.

'It's no secret, then,' he said, laughing uneasily.

She had no tact at all.

'Of course not. I shall tell everybody who asks me. It was a man named Jack Bashford who gave it me, with his love.'

'I'm —— if he did!' cried the man named Jack Bashford, much disappointed. 'Here! get up, Blanche, you're hurting my knee.'

'But he will, won't he?' said Blanche, coaxingly. 'I should like it *so* much! I'm simply in love with it—you don't know how much?'

'Good heavens, no! Certainly not. What are you dreaming of?'

'Not if it would please me *very* much? You know I so seldom ask you for——'

'I shouldn't think of it—that's enough. I couldn't sell out of a single investment now without losing money.'

'But you wouldn't have to sell out,' said Blanche, piteously. 'It's only a hundred and twenty pounds. Give me a hundred, then, and I'll pay the rest myself. Be a good boy for once, Jack.'

'I tell you I shan't. I won't be coaxed into doing what I don't want to do. You've plenty of such things as it is. Now, are you going to get up, Blanche? You've given me cramp all down my leg.'

Mrs Bashford rose very slowly. Her eyes were full of tears; for not only were her hopes disappointed, but her pride was hurt—as well it might be.

'Very well,' she said, presently. 'If you won't give it me you won't. But I'll have it all the same; I'll buy it for myself.'

'I should like to know how you're going to do that?'

'Oh, I've a little money saved up in an old stocking,' she said, carelessly. 'You forget that legacy I had from my uncle.'

'Why, you spent that almost before you had it.'

'Did I?' said Mrs Bashford. 'That's all *you* know about it. I've quite enough left to pay for this, at all events.'

And she walked loftily out of the room without another word, leaving him quite pleased at having made somebody besides himself unhappy.

'Whatever happens, it's his own fault *this* time,' said Mrs Bashford, as she locked the door of her bedroom.

And she was so angry that she tore one of the pretty blue knots of her peignoir because she could not untie it quickly enough.

. . . . .

'Clémence, give this to Wilson, and tell him to take it to Richmond and wait for an answer.'

'Is Madame at home this afternoon?' asked the French girl.

'Yes, I think so. If anybody should call you'd better come and ask me. Do you understand?'

'Oh, yes, Madame, I understand—*parfaitement!*'

Mr Lewis was standing unhappily about the drawing room when Mrs Bashford came in and shut the door carefully.

'I'm afraid you do,' said Mrs Bashford to herself, as she went upstairs to her dressing-room.

Half an hour afterwards her maid came up with a card in her hand. It bore the name 'Mr Charles Lewis,' but no address.

'The gentleman is in the drawing-room,' said Clémence, demurely. 'Is Madame at home?'

'Perhaps I'd better see him,' said Mrs Bashford, as if to herself. 'Yes, I'm at home, but—Clémence——'

She stopped, and the girl answered as before:

'I understand, Madame—*parfaitement!*'

Mrs Bashford's heart fluttered a little as she entered the drawing-room—it is impossible to say why, for she was not generally nervous. A man who was standing with his back to the door turned round as she came in, and bowed awkwardly. She recognised him as the person who had stared at her in the supper-room, and shuddered as she did so. She had carried away a general idea that he was a well-looking, middle-aged man; but now that she looked at him in the broad daylight she saw that he was old and ugly. He had large loose lips and a retreating chin; and some long locks of grey hair were brushed right across his head in an effort to conceal his baldness. But he was well-dressed, and looked very respectable. He held out a large fat hand, and in sheer nervousness Mrs Bashford put out her own to meet it.

'My dear young lady,' he said, in a tone of unctuous fatherliness, '*how* can I thank you enough for this kindness?'

Mrs Bashford smiled in her most innocent manner, and, without replying, seated herself in the corner of a sofa. The visitor also seated himself, and went on:

'I was *so* afraid that you might resent the liberty which I've taken in venturing to call upon you without a more formal introduction; but my time in London is so short that I hoped I might be pardoned if I——'

'But,' said Mrs Bashford, 'I think that you've made rather a mistake.'

'A mistake? Oh! I hope not. In what way, may I ask?'

'Yes; in fact, we both have, and it is I who must apologise to you.'

'Oh! but surely, my dear young lady, there can be no need of that.'

'Why did you put no address on the parcel that you left here?'

'Did I not address it? How very careless, to be sure! But I gave it into the hands of your maid.'

'Yes, that's just it. She gave it to me—and I opened it.'

'May I hope that the contents were such as to meet with your approval?'

Mrs Bashford looked at the fatherly stranger and dropped her eyes.

'It is a very pretty bracelet,' she said, simply.

'Then will you wear it sometimes, and think kindly of—of——'

'And I should really like to know the name of the lady you meant it for?'

'Why, for whom should I have meant it but for you, Miss Luxmore?'

Mrs Bashford burst into a little peal of laughter.

'I thought so,' she cried, softly. 'I knew it must be for her as soon as I saw what it was.'

Mr Lewis looked uncomfortable for a moment, but recovered himself, and smiled more than ever.

'Then that is *not* the name of the lady whom I have the pleasure,' he began——

'Of course not,' said Mrs Bashford. 'I believe she's in America. We've only taken the house for a few weeks.'

'Dear, dear! How unpardonably—oh! what word *can* I use? You will, I am sure, forgive the ignorance of a mere provincial like myself. I really am so little in town that I know nothing of the movements of—eh—Society.'

'Poor Society!' said Mrs Bashford to herself; then, aloud, 'Really, there's nothing for *me* to forgive. I'm so sorry to have opened this parcel, and the best thing is to give it back to you at once.'

She opened the case and looked lovingly at the bracelet for the last time. Then she shut it with a little sigh and held it out to Mr Lewis, without rising. His hand trembled as he took it from her, and a spark of light came into his eyes.

'Do you think it—very pretty?' he said, with a little gasp.

'Very pretty indeed.

'Then will you let me see how it looks on your arm?'

Mrs Bashford shook her head and looked away, smiling a little, and Mr Lewis came and sat down by her.

. . . . . .

The house door shut with a bang. Heavy footsteps walked along the hall, paused, went on again; and Mrs Bashford started up in alarm.

'That's my husband's footstep,' she said. 'Hush!'

And Mr Lewis turned even whiter than she had done.

'Your husband! Have you really got a husband then?' he gasped. 'Oh! where *is* my hat?'

'Indeed, I have; and he'll be here directly. Oh! what *shall* I do?'

The courage of the gallant old man broke down completely.

'Let me get out of this house, for Heaven's sake!' he implored.

'But if he should meet you on the stairs? I wonder whether I—— No; stay where you are, *please*. I must go and see him myself. It is the only way.'

'But suppose there should be a scene, and it should get into the papers? There have been *so* many scandals lately, and you don't know what mischief——'

She stole out of the room, and after listening a moment ran downstairs and into the study, where she found her husband writing a letter.

'Why, Jack,' she said, in the greatest surprise, 'was that you I heard? Haven't you been to Sandown, then?'

'No,' said Bashford. 'I found a letter at the Club, and had to go into the city. Whose umbrella is that on the table in the hall?'

'Oh!' Blanche said, carelessly; 'it's only a man who came about that bracelet that I showed you. His name's Lewis, I think—a jeweller, you know.'

'A jeweller?' he looked at her suspiciously. 'Why do you have him in the drawing-room?'

'Clémence took him up by mistake. He looks like a gentleman—more or less.'

'And now I suppose you're going to badger me again to buy that beastly thing,' Bashford said, angrily. 'It's no use. I will *not* do it. What the deuce does he mean by coming here? I'll go up and send him away, confound him!'

He raised his voice so loud that the old gentleman, listening with all his ears at the drawing-room door, heard him, and shivered with fright.

'Hush!' cried Blanche. 'Don't get so excited. I'm not going to ask you again. I wish I had never seen the horrid thing—indeed I do!'

'Oh, very well; that's all right, then,' he growled, somewhat appeased by her submission. 'A hundred and twenty pounds, indeed! If it had been twenty, now, perhaps I shouldn't have minded.'

A sudden dare-devil impulse rushed into Blanche's mind. Two minutes before she did wish she had never seen the bracelet, but now all her longing for it came back; and she vowed she would have it after all.

'Wouldn't you really?' she said. 'Jack, I want to whisper—this is a secret between you and me.'

. . . . . .

Mr Lewis was wandering unhappily about the drawing-room when Mrs Bashford came in and shut the door carefully.

'He's coming upstairs,' she said, in a low, hurried voice. 'I told him you were a jeweller. For Heaven's sake be careful what you say, and don't resent anything *he* says!'

'But, my dear young lady——'

'Hush! It's the only way now. You *must* think of me.'

She clasped her hands imploringly; and Bashford entered the room. He was a big man, and to the eyes of the trembling Lewis he looked about seven feet high; his moustache alone might have terrified a braver man. The old coward bowed humbly before him, and was rewarded by a brusque nod almost as rude as a kick.

'Look here!' said Bashford, 'I don't like this sort of thing, and I won't have it. You fellows have no right to be coming round to houses and getting hold of ladies like this. You've got a shop, I suppose. Why don't you do your business there?'

A little flush came into the pale cheeks of Mr Lewis; he frowned and bit his lip, and Mrs Bashford began to wish she had not been so venturesome. Would she *never* learn what a cad her husband could show himself.

'Here, let me look at the thing again,' he said, roughly; and Lewis handed him the case, wondering what he should say if he noticed the name inside it.

'Twelve pounds is a lot to give for paste,' said Bashford, examining the bracelet closely.

Lewis gave a little jump at his words, and looked involuntarily to Mrs Bashford for assistance.

'It's very good paste, though,' she said. 'I never was more surprised in my life than when I heard the stones were—not real stones. Does Miss—what *is* her name?—Luxmoore wear much paste?'

Mr Lewis smiled feebly; he was not even a good amateur.

'Well—really—madam—I hardly know—'

'They all do,' said Bashford, contemptuously. 'Now, Mr Lewis, my wife seems to have taken a fancy to this. I'll give you ten pounds for it, and not a penny more. Is she to have it or not?'

'We always allow a discount for cash, sir,' said Lewis, meekly, as he edged towards the door.

'All right. There you are.' He tossed a cheque, which he had already drawn across the table. 'There, Blanche, take your rubbish.'

Mrs Bashford took up the bracelet, smiling, and, as she did so, caught sight of the face of Lewis.

'Good afternoon,' she said, with the very slightest of bows. 'You needn't call here again—at least, not until Miss Luxmoore comes back.'

'And, by the way,' added Bashford, 'next time you go round cadging for orders, take some business cards with you. It would have been a nice thing, wouldn't it, if Mrs Bashford had had any friends calling to have had *you* shown up into the drawing-room? Good-day to you.'

. . . . . .

Next time Lady Jocelyn met the Bashfords she happened to be taken into dinner by Jack.

'What a pretty bracelet that is that Blanche is wearing!' she said, sweetly. 'I don't think I've seen it before.'

''Tisn't bad, is it?' Jack said, chuckling to himself. 'It ought to be good, considering what it cost me.'

'How nice of you! Did you give it to her on your wedding day?'

'No. I saw it in a shop in Bond Street, and I thought she'd like it. Man must give his wife a present sometimes, you know.'

'How well she manages him!' thought Lady Jocelyn. 'I really must get her to tell me the secret.'

But Mrs Bashford never did.

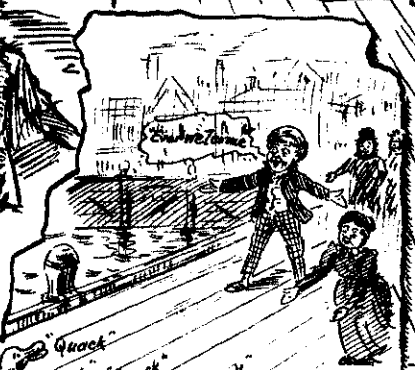
STRANGE FREAKS OF MEMORY.

THE phases which those strange maladies, aphasia and loss of memory, may assume form a very entertaining study. During the Tichborne trial the supposed strange forgetfulness displayed by the 'Claimant' of certain foreign tongues, in which the missing heir to the Tichborne title and estates was known to have been proficient, was sought to be accounted for by his counsel and witnesses on the ground that some species of aphasia might possibly have affected his memory. A French lawyer of considerable note was troubled with complete forgetfulness of the commonest everyday phrases; he could not ask for his hat, but when he required it would point to his head; and so with his umbrella, his gloves, and other personal articles. It was diagonised as a case of partial aphasia. An old English country gentleman who had a number of servants utterly failed to retain any recollection of the name of any one of them, though many were old retainers, and he formerly had their names at the tip of his tongue. Two of his menservants he distinguished by the whimsical titles of 'Old Water' and 'Young Water,' and his doctor, of whose name he was equally oblivious, he rechristened 'Young Knockemdown.' Certain persons of rank in the vicinity he distinguished as 'the King,' 'the Queen,' 'the Grand Vizier,' their proper appellation being absolutely forgotten by him. If he wished to indicate others of his acquaintance he managed to do so by simply mimicking some of their personal peculiarities. To ascertain the date he would take a calendar, place it in his physician's hand, and say, 'What's o'clock?' meaning the day of the month. A new bridge was completed near his residence, and the old gentleman wanted to visit it; so he directed his coachman to drive him to 'where he had never been before,' which indefinite direction was correctly interpreted to mean the new bridge.

Persons recovered from aphasia have, unfortunately for science, said little upon the point as to whether thought can be carried on without words, though they have said a good deal as to the rest of their experiences while ill. In 1772 Dr. Spalding, a well-known Berlin physician, was sitting in his study writing out a receipt for money, and after writing two words, sudden as a lightning flash he lost all sense of their meaning. He tried to write on, but the sense of the words he had intended to write and that of all other words had deserted him, so at last in despair he threw down the pen and tried to speak, but found he could utter only mono-syllables.

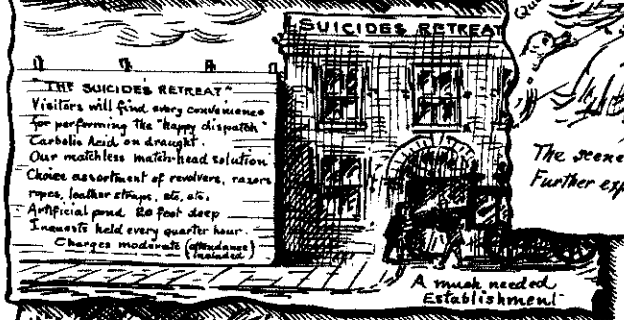
A French physician sat in his room reading Lamartine, when suddenly the meaning of the words on the printed page completely left his mind. Much alarmed, he tried to call for help, but discovered that he was tongue-tied, whereupon, fearing paralysis, he began to exercise his limbs, and found them all right. Next he tried to write, but his power to do so was gone. Meantime he was using all his professional knowledge in an effort to reason out the possible cause of the calamity, and when a doctor was summoned he made signs that he wished to be bled. No sooner was this done than he recovered.

"Let the hills be joyful together."
We learn that the principal hills and streams on the Cheviot Estate have been christened after our leading Liberal Politicians!



Members of the University Council at their little games. The Glasgow "Herald" refers to the Chairman as "that practised caster of casting votes."

The scene is laid in Auckland. Further explanation unnecessary.



A much needed Establishment.

Old Soldiers Land Claims.
How some of the Claimants "saw active service".

"The pace that kills (not)". Our Railways.
(Nervous passenger) "I say Guard, what have we pulled up for.?
(Guard, with scorn.) "Pulled up! Ye Heavens, why we're been and run bang into the 9.30 express!!!"

Hartley Hunter

RECENT EVENTS.

PERILOUS WORK OF THE WRECKERS.

HARDSHIPS ENCOUNTERED BY BRAVE MEN IN RECOVERING CARGOES OF LOST VESSELS.

NOVEMBER is the month for wreckers.

The barren island of Monomoy, which graces, not to say disgraces, the head of Nantucket Sound, is the place to go to see wrecks and wreckers.

Monomoy is a queer old place. Most people have never heard of it. But if you've been there you'll never forget its character, which is sandy. Loose sand forms its length and its narrowness in an uneven expanse of some six square miles, occasionally piled up in a dune of twenty-five feet, but for the most part lying in what appears to be a dead level till you begin to walk or drive to it. Then you may believe you've come to the place that leads to the bottomless pit.

The tide was out when I got there, and I was driven across the ford in the unique and local conveyance sent up for me by Captain Tuttle, of the Monomoy Life Saving Station. This is a No. 5 shoe box (that is, a packing case of medium size), bolted none too securely upon a single axle, whose two wheels performed a very good action in eccentric orbits, with musical accompaniment. The shafts, by some extraordinary circumstance properly fastened to the axle tree, made up for such a concession to the regulations of the carriage trade by aggressively maintaining their former individuality as clothes poles, while the harness, chiefly remembered for the size of the collar, which hid the horse's head from me, came to a fitting end in tugs of large link chain.

ONE LONE HORSE.

I was duly notified of the honour of driving behind the poor old horse that plodded along through the sand. 'Ned' enjoys the distinction of being the only horse on the island and of being maintained by the Government. His official duty is to draw the lifeboat from the station to the beach.

A drive of about seven miles brought me in the course of a couple of hours to the lighthouse, which is the usual ugly, uninteresting, regulation pattern lighthouse which our unæsthetic government has set up like white exclamation points along the coast.

It was dusk and supper time when I arrived to partake of the hospitable and ample entertainment which the lighthouse keeper is only too glad to extend when any stranger presents himself with a duly accredited permit.

The rising time in Monomoy is about half an hour ahead of the sun. I was called at half-past five, and the first faint indications of day somewhat lightened my path over an old cranberry bog which lies between the lighthouse and the Powder Hole, where I was to take a boat to the wrecking tug lying some half mile off shore.

The divers were getting into their cumbrous suits of heavy rubber, over which they wear overalls of duck for rough work. They sit around on the top of the house until the ladder has been fixed over the rail, near the point where work is to be begun, and wait until the master comes back to give them final instructions, take them forward, help adjust the heavy foot weights, get them over the rail, place the belts, also weighted, and at last screw on the helmet, with the hose attached to the air pumps, which are manned and worked according to the directions of the divers' attendants, who call out from time to time in such phrase as 'turn her up a little,' 'slower,' 'faster,' 'steady,' 'start your pump,' and 'stop your pump.'

The wreck was a schooner laden with some sixty thousand paving stones, and this being the first day, the divers were occupied with a general examination of the vessel and the removal of small articles of value. On the deck of the Maria these were received, and the lines were attended by such of the crew as are not engaged at the pumps. Pumping, by the way, usually requires two men, and is about the hardest work on the schooner.

For some heavy articles a bucket is lowered and raised by the engine, which will also work the fall when the time comes to raise the paving stones. In the swift tides of Pollock Rip divers can only work at slack water, and on a stretch of about two and a half hours.

Watching the lines and the bucket, and examining the simple mechanics of the engine, pumps, etc., at length became an old story.

I turned for conversation to the only man on the boat who was not busy—the government inspector.

LAWS GOVERNING OPERATIONS.

Superintendent of this wreck, he had come to see that the contract was being carried out according to the specifications and agreement between the contractor and the Government Engineer Office.

'This schooner was wrecked about three months ago,' he said. 'According to the present law it is usually about two months before we can get to work on a wreck, excepting, of course, to place buoys, a gas torch or by some other means try to warn craft against the obstruction.

'All parts of the wreck worth saving must be removed to a proper place and sold at auction. When a vessel is laden with coal, ores, and such things there is some salvage. Now, these paving stones are worth something though we

NEVER GET FULL VALUE.

'When the cargo has been taken out the wreck will be blasted to pieces. Before that begins the tug will have the Maria off to a safe distance. With a ton or more of dynamite on board this is a little precaution the contractor never omits. The divers then work from the small boat, which is loaded with the air pump, magnetic electric machine and reel of conducting wires.

'One charge at a time is carried to this boat by a second boat plying back and forth from the schooner. A working charge in blowing up such a wreck as this is fifteen or twenty pounds.

'The diver places one or more of these in a good position, near the foot of the foremast, for instance. He takes the battery wires, which have been tied to him at his belt when going down, and attaches them to the fuses wires, and then comes up to rest over the stern of the boat while it hauls off, unreeling the battery wires as it goes, till it has made a safe distance—say a hundred or two hundred feet, according to the charge. The ends of the battery wires on the reel are then placed in the opposite poles of the magneto electric machine, and the charge is fired.

EXPLODING THE CHARGE.

'First comes a shock as though some large flat thing had struck the boat, then the boom of the explosion. A huge spout of water is thrown up, and then larger fragments of the ship's timbers, deck planks, ribs and battens appear. Fish are stunned and killed in great numbers, to the delight of the cook in the galley. I once was a partaker of a thirty pound cod taken in this way.'

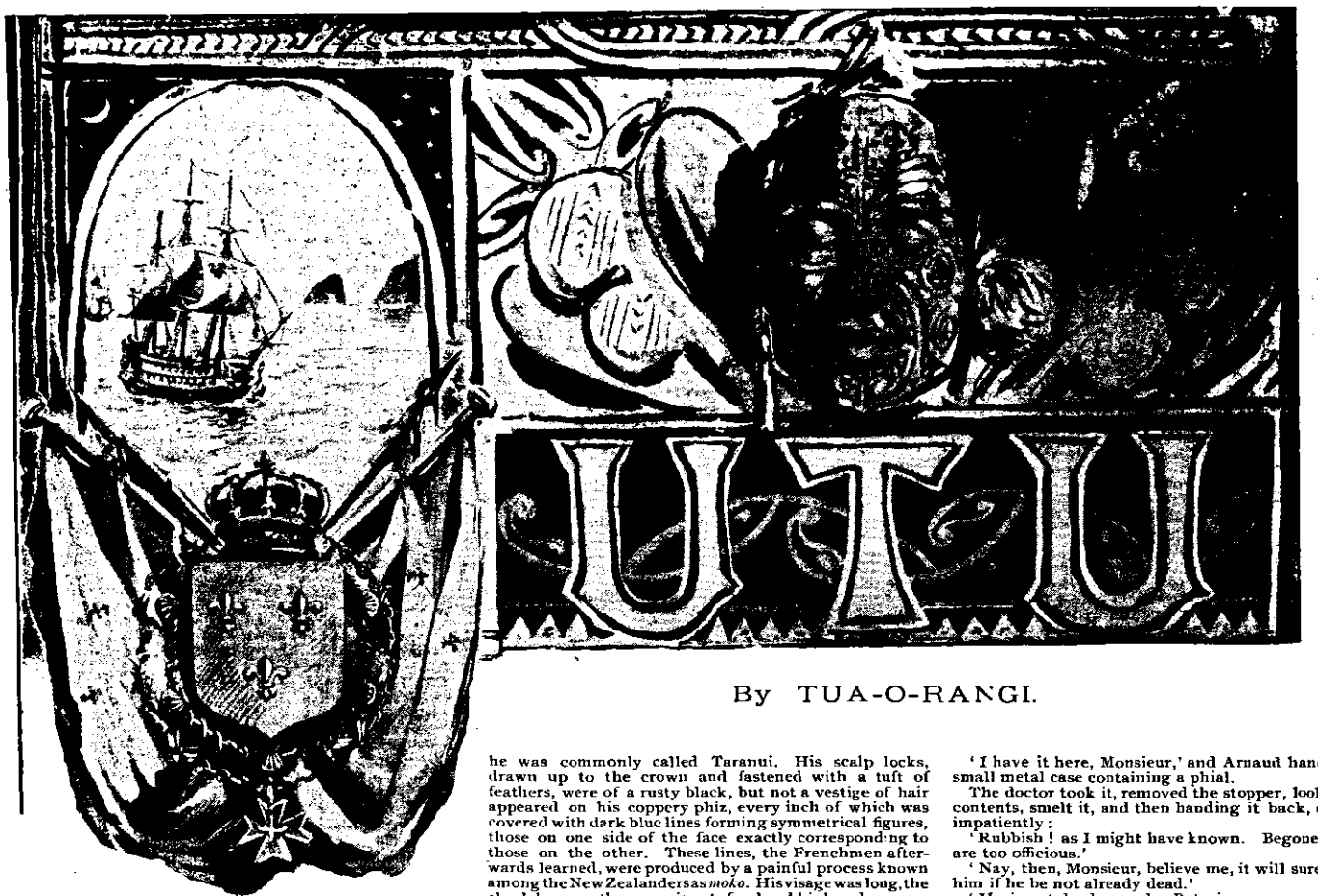
HOURS OF WORK.

'Two hours' work here is about all a diver does without a rest. In that time he can put down from six to twelve charges of powder, according to the depth of water. It will probably take seventy to finish this vessel. It might be done in a week, and yet the work often drags on for months, because of storms or other unfavourable circumstances.

'Vessels are, of course, most frequently wrecked where strong tidal currents, a narrow channel or other natural conditions make the removal a long and tedious matter. I have been inspector on some wrecks off the coast of Massachusetts which have remained as very dangerous foes to vessels for nearly a year. If these are only fixed where we can mark them with signals, the evil is comparatively small. The wrecks that seamen dread most are the derelicts, the disabled craft that drift over the high seas with upper works all gone and against which neither chart nor lookout can ensure forewarning. They are frequently great travellers. The lasting power of some lumber laden vessels has been wonderful.

'Now and then the captain of some ship that has sighted a derelict will run alongside, oil her up and set her on fire as a free gift to the public good. Sometimes nothing more than a flaming torch is set on her. But, mostly, masters are only too glad to get away from them without losing any time.

'The government has now taken up the matter of destroying derelicts, and some of the best known of these wandering menaces to commerce have been put out of the way by the Vesuvius.'



By TUA-O-RANGI.

CHAPTERS I. TO XII.

'Utu,' meaning in Maori, revenge, is the keynote of the story. The heroine, Eleanor Radcliffe, lives with her supposed father, Horace Radcliffe, at Radcliffe Hall in England. Her uncle, Roger, returns from India with a valet, Jacques. The valet falls in love with Eleanor, and being annoyed at another lover, Captain O'Halleran, tells Mr Roger Radcliffe that he is really his son by a gipsy woman to whom he was legally married in Spain, and whom he accuses Mr Roger of murdering. As the price of his silence he demands Eleanor's hand. Mr Roger declares she is also his daughter and Jacques' sister. Jacques still says he will marry her somehow. Roger dies, owns his daughter, leaving her his vast wealth. Eleanor lives with a Miss Toogood. She meets a French Count, De Pigneralles, who manages to break off by forged letters the engagement between her and Captain O'Halleran. Eleanor marries the Count and goes abroad with him. He wants more of her money, and shows her the letters he has forged to and from the Captain. They return to Radcliffe Hall. She entreats the Captain to help her to get a divorce. The Count overhears, and next morning, telling Eleanor that he is really her brother, gives her a casket containing the apparently freshly killed heart of the Captain, administers a poisonous gipsy potion to the fainting and terrified girl, and leaves England.

CHAPTER XIII.

The scene changes to a Parisian cafe. Two gentlemen are talking over a projected excursion to New Zealand, which they call *l'isle d'or*. They wish to take with them a certain M. D'Estrelles who has money.

CHAPTER XIV.

The two gentlemen, D'Arblay and du Fresne, dine with D'Estrelles. They are fascinated with his most peculiar-looking valet, Arnaud, who has the appearance of a mummy, his lashless eyes being very staring. Arnaud is to accompany the expedition to mesmerize the savages.

CHAPTER XV.

Two French frigates, the Marquis de Castries and the Mascarin, under Captain du Fresne and Lieutenant Crozet, start for New Zealand. They have on board two sailors who have previously visited the colony, Jean and Jacques. Over these two, Arnaud, the valet, acquires a strange influence. In May, 1772, they sight land.

CHAPTER XVI.

The first object to attract attention is a New Zealand war canoe, adrift, floating helplessly about, full of bodies. The adventurers approach it, and rescue the only two living Maoris. The others, who present a most gruesome spectacle, are thrown overboard. The two survivors are likely to prove useful as passports to *l'isle d'or*.

CHAPTER XVII.

SNATCHED FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH—'KAPAI TE WAI PIRO! HOMAI TE KAI.'

MEANTIME one at least of the good doctor's patients was showing signs of recovery. He was apparently the elder of the two brought on board, and had probably reached middle life, though his condition made his age difficult to guess. He was considerably above the average French height, and his leanness made him appear quite preternaturally tall. The leathery skin seemed all that held his fleshless frame together, but he had never been very fat, as one of his names—learned later on—implied. It was Whanau-tu-oi (born lean), though he was commonly called Taranui. His scalp locks, drawn up to the crown and fastened with a tuft of feathers, were of a rusty black, but not a vestige of hair appeared on his coppery phiz, every inch of which was covered with dark blue lines forming symmetrical figures, those on one side of the face exactly corresponding to those on the other. These lines, the Frenchmen afterwards learned, were produced by a painful process known among the New Zealanders as *moko*. His visage was long, the cheek bones rather prominent, forehead high and narrow, nose aquiline somewhat flattened, and the lips thin. About his loins was a woven cloth with handsome fringe of dried straw pipes which rattled at the least movement, and about his shoulders a large wrapper with a wide coloured border. Pendant from his bony wrist, attached by a wisp of flax, was a weapon of hard grey stone somewhat over a foot long, and heavy enough to smash something much harder than a human skull.* A shark's tooth dangling from an enormous slit in the lobe of his right ear completed his get up. Despite his woebegone and helpless condition he was an ugly-looking customer, and when at length his eyelids lifted, and two fiery eyes peered out, at first vacantly, and then in puzzled wonder upon the vivacious Frenchies, who *would* cluster round, *malgré* prohibition, a shudder passed through them, as simultaneously they thought how unpleasant it would be to fall into the power of a tribe of such as he, in full vigour, on the war path. Just now, however, Taranui Whanau-tu-oi was quite harmless, and opened and shut his eyes many times with long rests between ere he regained strength enough to wag his tongue, let alone his *mere*. He had, however, absorbed a good deal of nutriment in the shape of warm soup, which *le docteur* had perseveringly dribbled into his stomach, not to mention repeated doses of that superlative revivifier, brandy, and he continued to improve until on the following day he astounded those about him by suddenly sitting bolt upright, and, pointing a skinny finger at the liquor stand, exclaiming in grating tones,

'*Kapai te wai piro! Homai!*' (Very good is the stinking water! Give me some!)

Of course his lingo was much less comprehensible than Dutch to the Frenchmen, but his gestures were intelligible enough, and a fellow-feeling sharpening their perceptions, they at once jumped to the right conclusion, and pleased to find in a savage evidence of such susceptibility to civilizing influences, hastened to give him enough cognac to have choked an ordinary Christian. The doctor reprimanded them sharply when he next examined the patient's pulse, but neither he nor they foresaw (how could they?) the ultimate consequences of thus early implanting Christian tastes in a heathen breast. The heathen, however, continued to make rapid strides towards convalescence, and soon showed himself possessed of a most capacious maw to which very little in the shape of food came amiss.

But though Taranui thus repaid the doctor's efforts on his behalf, his companion, known among his people, as subsequently appeared, by the name of Naku-roa (long scratch), seemed to defy every endeavour to resuscitate him, and the shades of evening found him still unconscious of the indefatigable *médecin's* devotion.

'If Monsieur *le docteur* will permit me,' spoke a voice in that gentleman's ear, as with incredible patience he was for the ninety-ninth time feeling for a pulse, 'I have a remedy which I believe would restore Monsieur's patient.'

The voice was low and insinuating, and the speaker was Arnaud, Monsieur d'Estrelles' valet.

'Indeed my friend! And what may that be?' queried the doctor, incredulously.

'I have it here, Monsieur,' and Arnaud handed him a small metal case containing a phial.

The doctor took it, removed the stopper, looked at the contents, smelt it, and then handing it back, exclaimed impatiently:

'Rubbish! as I might have known. Begone, sir; you are too officious.'

'Nay, then, Monsieur, believe me, it will surely restore him if he be not already dead.'

'He is not dead, rascal. But since you are so pertinacious, where got you the stuff?'

'It was given me, Monsieur, by one skilled in medicaments, and it will restore life even at the last gasp, unless, indeed, the system be quite worn out.'

'H—m. Well, my friend, if it be not "warranted to kill" you may administer it, for *pardieu!* I can do no more. But have a care, villain, for should it fail, *pardieu!* I shall give you a dose out of the same bottle for your presumption.

A gleam shot from behind the valet's eyeshades, but he only answered quietly; '*C'est bien*, Monsieur.'

Then mixing a few drops of the tincture in a little water, he gently raised the prostrate Maori's head, and carefully administered it. Whatever it was it proved a very *elixir vitæ*, at once quickening the almost imperceptible pulsations of the dying savage. In a few minutes a movement of the limbs was followed by a quivering of the eyelids and parched lips, and before long a pair of dark languid eyes opened wonderingly upon the strange figures clustering round in the gathering gloom.

'He'll do,' cried the doctor, joyfully. 'But, *pardieu!* Arnaud, you must give me that phial.'

'It desolates me to disoblige you, Monsieur,' replied Arnaud, softly.

'What, you refuse me? Come, my good Arnaud, I will reward you handsomely.'

'*C'est bien*, Monsieur. But it is impossible.'

Further negotiation was abruptly ended by Naku-roa, who, though too weak to uplift himself, had all at once become very much alive, and prompted by the cravings of a flat stomach, had found tongue.

'*Homai te kai*,' he articulated in guttural accents, rolling his hungry eyes round upon the inquisitive bystanders. '*Te kai, homai.*'

'He wants food,' cried *petit* Jean. '*Kai* is the Maori name for food.'

'Ha!' laughed the doctor, rubbing his hands. 'He'll do. Now, my friend Arnaud, I'll leave him in your hands. You recalled him to life, he shall be your patient, and we shall see how you get on. But mind you, not too much food; he'll gorge if you let him—and—perhaps eat yourself if you don't. Ha! ha! I wish you joy of your task, *mon bon garçon*. He's a huge monster, a real giant, and hungry as a shark. 'Tis said the Maori is a man-eater. Ha! ha! You have called back to life a wolf; let us hope he will devour you. But I am tired. I must have a promenade and a cigar. *Au revoir, mon ami.*'

And laughing pleasantly to himself at his very cheerful suggestions, Monsieur *le docteur* skipped away to join the groups see-sawing on the quarter deck.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MAORILAND—SOME QUEER CUSTOMS—A HOSPITABLE SAVAGE.

'*La terre! La terre!*'

The welcome announcement from the masthead was taken up joyously and passed on from mouth to mouth until from stem to stern the glad cry echoed and re-echoed. '*La terre! La terre!*' They were off the North

*This weapon, more often formed of greenstone, was known among the natives as a *mere*, pronounced mary.

Cape, but the sun was westering, wherefore the captain decided to heave to until the next morning, when they could at their leisure pass down the coast reconnoitring.

Three days had elapsed since picking up the war canoe, and the most had been made of the time in the way of gaining the good will of the rescued savages, and obtaining from them information as to their tribe's location, the character of the country, etc. *Petit* Jean, Jacques, and even Arnaud, were ordered aft, and with the convalescents, formed, on the poop, the centre of an interesting circle, not a little amusement being derived from the repeated blunders of the very imperfect interpreters. The native gestures were, however, emphatic, if their language was but partially understood, and it was gathered that they were warriors of a great nation, the Ngapuhi, and that their crew had formed part of a war fleet which had encountered a gale a fortnight previously on their return from a successful raid upon some coastal settlements of the Anipouri, a people living in the extreme north. Overtaken by darkness, and separated from the rest, their canoe had been blown out to sea, and for days they had been tossed at the mercy of wind and wave trying vainly to make land, until their small stock of provisions giving out at last, they had one by one succumbed to the pangs of starvation.

Remembering the horrid accusations which had been made against the natives of New Zealand, Jacques rather incautiously asked them in his halting Maori how it was that when starving they had not eaten each other, and the angry horror excited by his question when at length the savages perceived its drift convinced even the least favourably disposed that the devil was less black than he had been painted. This incident relieved the Frenchmen's minds of a very unpleasant doubt, and disposed their volatile natures to a confidence altogether reckless.

The joy of the two warriors when the vessels approached near enough for them to discern the outline of the coast may be imagined. They, however, were very dignified in its expression, particularly Naku-roa, who probably feared his youthfulness might be betrayed by a yielding to emotion. Despite his lank condition he was a fine specimen of Nature's nobility; large-limbed, strong-framed, and of majestic mien, when standing with his great flaxen wrapper enveloping his tall figure like a Roman toga—although decidedly less imposing when squatting on his hams, a favourite position with both chiefs (for such they turned out to be). His jet black hair was bound up like that of his comrade, but his face was much less disfigured with the *moko*, a point in his favour he would probably outgrow. His dark eyes were agreeable in expression, and other features fine for a savage, and of a somewhat Jewish cast, the large mouth, fairly shaped, and showing, whenever he opened it, a fine set of teeth.

Whether fascinated by the singular eyes or brown skin, or won by his ministrations, he had attached himself inseparably to Arnaud, who had waited on him assiduously, and who seemed to have an intuitive apprehension of his wishes, and the meaning of his gestures and jargon, humouring his whims with almost feminine tact. Arnaud knew what he was about. For reasons of his own he hankered after a clearer insight into Maori manners and customs, and fully appreciated the importance of possessing a friend at Court in the event of unpleasant eventualities; but how he discovered that the young chief's practice of smashing every vessel out of which he drank, was an act of grace and not of *malice prepense*, was a marvel. He had smiled at first as if he thought it funny, then looked a little grave, and then gently expostulated. Then Naku-roa explained the matter in copious Maori, of which his hearer understood about one word in twenty, but Arnaud seemed quite satisfied, and uttered no more protests, nay even undertook to prove to *le chef de cuisine* that the savage meant well.

Both chiefs seemed addicted to this singular practice, which the more hypercritical attributed to barbarian *diablerie*. But the captain anxious to secure their good offices on shore, gave positive orders that no fuss should be made, and when, on their complete recovery, instead of smashing, they shied the dishes overboard after using them, it was laughed at as an excellent joke.

Eventually, however, the Frenchmen found that these seemingly mischievous acts had really been prompted by good-nature, for their visitors, it appeared, being chiefs, were sacred (*tapu*), and their using any vessel at once made it sacred also, and by consequence noxious to others. Hence they evinced their benevolence by destroying it as quickly as possible, thus averting the disastrous consequences certain to follow its unguarded use by some entirely mundane mortal.

That this belief in their own sacredness was not a fancy but a deep-seated conviction, the foreigners had evidence when they saw them at home, and found that the chiefs never handled utensils of any description, but submitted to be fed by attendant slaves, and conveyed liquids to their throats by means of their hands, through which, joined together as a funnel, their attendants poured their drinks from upraised calabashes. This sacredness, it appeared, was a quality inherent in natives of high caste only, and resulted from their divine origin, for their great progenitor Tiki was God begotten, and all his male descendants were therefore holy (*tapu*). The broad back of the ancient Maori chief was especially sacred, his tufted head more sacred still, and the tuft itself the holy of holies. To speak of a chief's head was to run awful risks; to speak lightly of it to incur certain suffering; to touch it to ensure destruction. No wonder the superstitious and ignorant slave-begotten commonalty regarded him with awe. His very bones were potential. The cave in which they had lain, the tree in whose branches they had rested, any and every place of sepulture was saturated with sanctity, and therefore barred or *tapu* to all save the priestly order. No man might handle the bones of the illustrious dead, cut down the tree which had supported them, or step on consecrated ground and *live*. Had our voyagers but known all this at the commencement of their intercourse, what horrors might not have been averted.

As time wore on the strangers found the word *tapu* in constant requisition, and so generally applied that they began at last to joke about the Holy Land. They, however, gave the native explanations too little attention to gain other than a very hazy conception of the meaning of a word more significant than any other in the Maori language, expressing, as it did, time-honoured usages, which, though almost inconceivable to early European visitors, and not very comprehensible to those who succeeded them, had for the Maori all the force of supernatural laws. The *tapu*, in all its varieties, was so inwoven with his traditions, so far-reaching in its effects, and so important in all its bearings upon the daily life of the ancient Maori, that an intelligent understanding of it, and all it implied, was absolutely essential to satisfactory and continued intercourse with them.

A *tapu*-ed object was an object set apart. Its inherent sanctity might be the cause, or its irremediable pollution. The will of the chief might impose the *tapu*, the weal of the commonalty necessitate it, but by priestly incantations only could it be removed. There were several kinds — personal, priestly, ordinary, extraordinary, and unclean, the last the most dreadful of all. Besides the bodies of priests and other *rangatira**, who possessed the inherent power of *tapu*-ing what they chose, numerous other objects were permanently *tapu* in the sense of being prohibited, as wood of old dwellings, food touched by anything *tapu*, war parties, fishing expeditions, first fish or fruits of the season, food and seed stores, sick persons and their attendants, dead bodies, corpse-tenders, priest's slaves, kumera planters, etc. Others were often temporarily *tapu*, such as fishing grounds, pipi banks, trees suitable for canoes, rivers, roads, etc.

Probably all the terrible deeds of bloody cannibalism, which, in the beginning of the century made civilized cheeks pale at the name of New Zealand, were but reprisals for some infringement of this unknown law, and might have been avoided had the pioneers of settlement been acute or heedful enough to master its meaning.

But this is a digression.

'Kapai te wai piro! Homai!' (*Very good is the stinkingwater! Give me some!*)

The two warriors had described themselves as chiefs of tribes living on the shores and islands of a large bay no great distance down the coast, and as neither Jean nor Jacques had seen either of them before, it was naturally inferred that they hailed from some point south of Captain de Surville's landing-place, so, keeping well away, the ships bore slowly down the east coast, the captain examining carefully the deep indentations and precipitous bluffs which characterize it. Very soon its familiar features were recognized by the chiefs, and under their directions the vessels steered for the magnificent harbour, since become famous in New Zealand history as the Bay of Islands. It appears that upon one of the islands with which it is studded was located the *kainga* (village) occupied by the *hapu* (tribal division) of the chief Taranui, and that dusky dignitary, in the warmth of his gratitude, gave the marines a cordial invite to disembark there and pay him and his people a lengthened visit. This chief was, when he saw fit, a great stickler for etiquette, and very early showed an acute perception of differences in rank among the strangers. With the captain he was on an equality, called him Marion quite fraternally; with the other officers and gentlemen, tolerant, but reserved; with the general crowd of *pakehas* (white strangers) haughtily taciturn. They were *tutuas* (nobodies), he said afterwards when introducing them in a body to his friends. However, he freely extended his hospitality to all and sundry, and the captain, whose temper was frank and confiding, as freely accepted the offer, glad of an opportunity of establishing friendly relations, and anxious at once to land the sick. Taranui's island was, he said, called Wai-iti, and for some days the name became a watchword with the weary invalids longing to set foot on *terra firma*.

Naku-roa, however, lived on the mainland, and would on his return become the head of his tribe, his father having perished with the rest. The canoe, it appeared, and the bulk of the deceased warriors belonged to his tribe, Taranui, who was related to them, and whose *hapu* and fortunes were in a decaying state, having only contributed a limited contingent. The lean chief's personal loss, however, had been great, for his son and nephew had both perished, as well as the handful of braves he could ill spare.

The young chief would have a painful duty to discharge on meeting his people, and perhaps it was this which deterred him from following Taranui's hospitable example. Anyhow, he invited only Arnaud. He was chief of an influential tribe, and therefore a great *rangatira* (gentleman), but though he must have seen that his deliverer occupied a subordinate position, he and the valet were as thick as thieves.

* Maori gentlemen.

CHAPTER XIX.

MONSIEUR D'ESTRELLES HAS VISIONS—AN EARTHLY PARADISE—HOLDING A TANGI.

'HAVE you slept better lately, *mon ami*?'

The speaker was Captain du Fresne, and the question was addressed to Monsieur d'Estrelles, who lounged over the taffrail moodily contemplating the varying features of the irregular coastline. Suppressing a curse, he replied in the negative, adding:

'There must be something amiss with this cursed ship, Du Fresne. I never was so affected in my life until I came aboard. Never had a dream since I was born, and now such infernal visions that I might as well be in hell at once, *pardieu*!'

''Tis passing strange. And removing your valet has made no difference?'

'Not an iota. I told you it it was not Arnaud. He never looks at me; 'tis more than he dare; and he sleeps like a stone. I used to lean over the bunk sometimes hoping to catch him at some *enfantillage*, but he was invariably fast asleep. No, it is not Arnaud. And I miss the fellow; he was so easily roused, and ready to wait on me at a moment's notice.'

'Have you had any repetition of the voices?'

'Hear them every night. That is what puzzles me most. If I only heard them when asleep it would not be so infernally odd. But I hear them when awake, often.'

'And they are familiar voices, you say?'

'Voices of people I know to be dead, damn them! If I believed in spirits I should say the cursed ship was haunted, but as I don't, and don't intend to, *pardieu*! I suppose my liver is disordered, or maybe the sea and I are incompatible. I shall sleep better ashore, doubtless. By the way, I wonder if the *wahines* (native women) are such houris as Jacques paints them?'

'We shall soon see, *mon ami*. *Petit* Jean also says they are fine women, with large dark eyes and velvet skin. Ha! ha! Who would have imagined the little man was a *chevalier aux dames*? But you, *mon ami*, you are a great lady-killer, D'Arblay tells me. Yet let me beg of you to be careful. These savages may be a jealous race, and coquetting with their women might end disastrously. But I am sure I can trust in your discretion, D'Estrelles. By the way, that valet of yours is proving his capacity. He already knows more of the lingo, and seems to understand the brown skins better than Jean and Jacques put together. And what a fancy that young chief seems to have for him. Those eyes of his must have bewitched the copper-skin. Well, D'Estrelles, we shall soon step on dry land now, and I hope the change will improve your looks, for you are certainly thinner, and decidedly paler, and infinitely more taciturn than when we left *la patrie*. I fear you take your dreams too much to heart.'

A shade of annoyance passed over D'Estrelles' countenance, but suppressing the imprecation which rose to his lips at the captain's banter, he replied jauntily:

'Not at all, *mon ami*, but *pardieu*, want of sleep plays the devil with one's comfort. I'll try the shore to-night, and then, *nous verrons*.'

Great was the excitement on board both ships, as, sailing up the broad isle-dotted bay, the weary seafarers, hungering for a sight of dry land, feasted their eyes upon the lovely scenery and luxuriant vegetation which everywhere met their delighted gaze. On all sides of the splendid harbour they saw spacious inlets affording safe anchorage; winding streams opening up ravishing vistas; verdant valleys flanked by wooded ridges; and away in the background, far as the eye could reach, the everlasting hills, rising tier above tier, the emerald green of their distant foliage toned into tender blues by intervening vapours.

And, as they approached nearer and caught sight of the villages nestling at the bases of fortified hills; and detected gathering upon the shores, groups and then troops of astonished human beings, some in picturesque garb, others minus any save maybe a fringe round the middle, but all clustering together in wonder-struck silence; their pulses beat still faster, their eyes shone, their faces glowed, a very fever of mingled hope, and dread, and indefinable expectation, burned in their veins. This—this was the land of their dreams, the promised land, the new El dorado! Nay more. 'Twas a panorama, 'twas fairyland, 'twas paradise! And those brown figures there, yet too far off to be plainly distinguishable? Possibly they were houris, wooing them in; perchance they were devils barring them out?

The ships cast anchor, and barely had they done so when several canoes from various points shot into sight. The islanders were evidently not panic-stricken, though astonished. They came round the ships gazing enquiringly, keeping, however, at a safe distance, until a cry from Taranui—'*Tena koutou*,'* startled them almost out of their senses. To say they were amazed is nothing. They were astounded, thunderstruck! But the old warrior continued his encouragements, and growing bolder, they slowly brought their canoes nearer, and yet more near, until they arrived within talking distance. And then, when they saw that the salutation indeed proceeded from their missing friend Taranui, beside whom stood the younger warrior, they simultaneously set up such an outcry as might have woke the dead. In a brace of shakes they were scrambling aboard pell-mell, and then ensued a scene illustrative of Maori manners for which no previous experience could have prepared the voyagers. The first Maori on board, apparently oblivious of the vicinity of strangers, advanced to the old warrior, and the two falling upon each other's necks, laid their noses together, and with united voices gave vent to the most melancholy whining imaginable. This rubbing of noses and accompanying whine was, Jean and Jacques explained, the customary mode of greeting, and was called by the natives *hongi*. The second arrival was treating Naku-roa in the same fashion. But, to the amusement and subsequent dismay of the cheerful Gauls, the greeting did not end here. Indeed, this was but the beginning, and the beginning, as it turned out, of a most infernal concert; for noses had no sooner been properly rubbed than the four friends—still embracing, and with nose yet pressed lovingly against nose—squatted on the deck, and surrounded by the whole body of their retainers, gave way to the most lugubrious lamentations. The rescued chiefs, in tones whose dolefulness cannot be described, seemed to be narrating the harrowing tale of their late companions' fate, for every melancholy sentence was received by all around with heartrending wails—not to say howls—while down every cheek coursed copious floods of tears.

They were 'holding a *tangi* (mourning) for the dead,' so Jacques said.

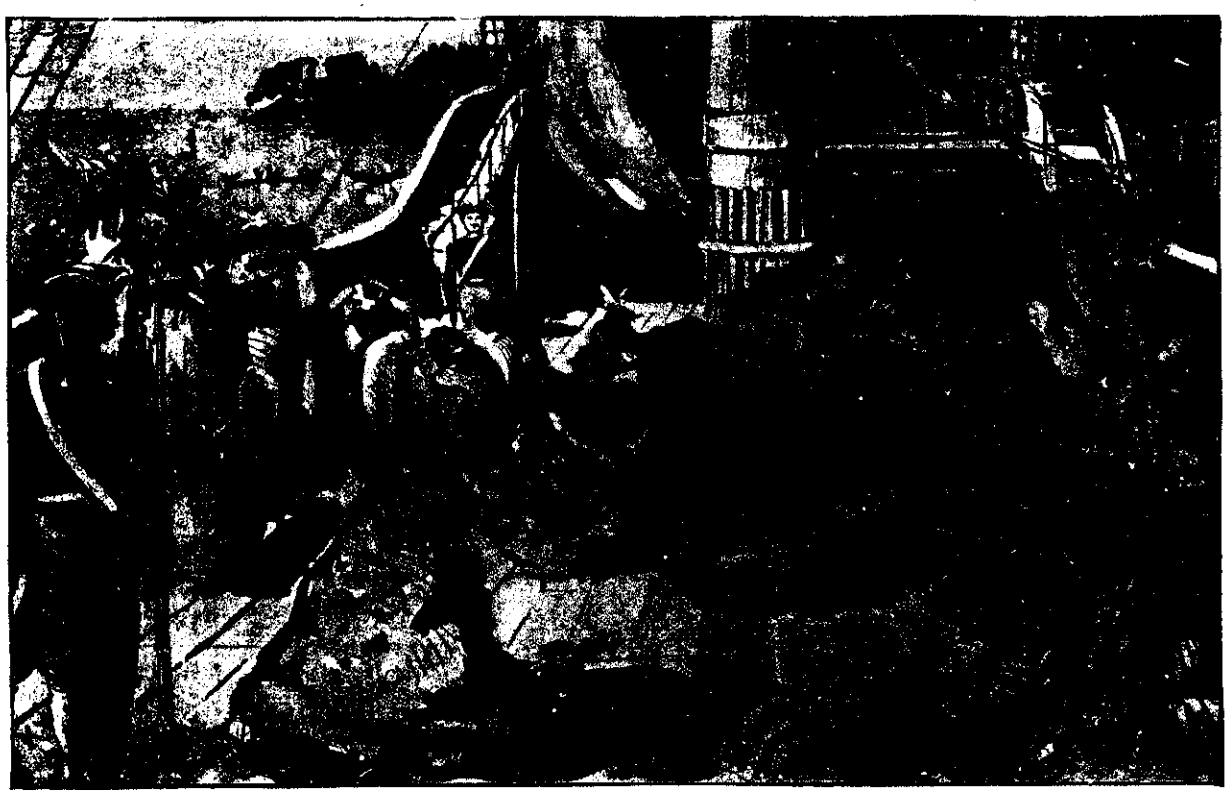
In ungovernable curiosity the Frenchmen at first drew near the savages, taking stock of their appearance and dress, the latter in most cases little more than a figleaf, but instinctive respect for such overwhelming grief soon made even the most inquisitive retire to a decent distance, many of them with their fingers in their ears, and before the tale of sorrow ended they were pretty full up of it, for it lasted over an hour—almost double the usual period of the *tangi*, Jacques explained—a spinning out due doubtless to the terrible nature of the calamity afflicting them. During the whole time their tears ceased not for one instant to roll piteously down, affording the lively strangers ample subject for wonder as to the source of these abundant streams.

But human nature was human nature even in old Maoriland, and long before the principal actors in this doleful scene had wiped away the last pearly drop, the outside squatters, particularly the more youthful of them, found their natural curiosity regarding the strangers besting their sturdiest endeavours to sit out the affair decorously. It was natural to desire an account of the actual fate of their warrior friends. It was a relief to bewail their loss and recite in high-flown dirges their virtues and prowess. It was *tika* (the correct thing) to squat with body bent and eyes cast down, with wailing lips and streaming tears, until the chiefs should signify that the tale of woe was ended, and not being *wahines*, the young warriors stoically braced themselves to do the 'correct thing' spite of all counter attractions. But it would not do. To eyes unused to nobler seacraft than the buoyant war canoes, to imaginations whose highest flight was this same canoe *decked*, the tall-masted, white-winged ships, gliding like things of life into their beautiful bay were a revelation. They had doubtlesss heard of De Surville's disastrous visit to Mongonui, and perhaps listened incredulously to exaggerated descriptions of his vessels. Some of them had probably gazed in awed surprise at the unpretentious collier in which the illustrious Cook first circumnavigated the globe. But ships like these their loftiest imaginings had never soared to. Small wonder then that crouching there on the snowy deck of the Marquis de Castries, with the wonderful strangers clustering round them, the more youthful found their eyes attracted by the fair-skinned, oddly dressed beings who could design, and build, and manœuvre, such a vessel; or that even the seasoned warriors found it difficult to keep up the briny flow from eyes that *would* rove if they relaxed their self-watch for a moment.

The blue-blooded Maori, the great *rangatira* of 'Ye Olden Time,' had too much self-respect to stare in gaping wonder, however much he might be impressed. It was due to his dignity not to be taken by surprise. To exhibit such at the doings or belongings of strangers would be to proclaim his own lack of knowledge, to write himself down a *tutua*. Therefore, though he might be gasping with curiosity, or ready to expire of amazement, he usually contrived to maintain an impassive countenance and phlegmatic demeanour. The operation of this feeling had enabled the two rescued chiefs to restrain the expressions of surprise which must often have risen to their lips when they were sufficiently recovered to wander about the frigate and exchange courtesies with their deliverers. The latter had been somewhat amused at their *sang froid*, which presented such a contrast to their own impulsive vivacity. They had now still further reason to wonder—sorrow so deep as to render its subject utterly oblivious of external things; self-command strong enough to hold curiosity in check were alike unintelligible to their volatile minds. But despite the sorrow, in defiance of the self-control, many a sidelong glance shot from under bent brows; many an abreviated wail, many an interrupted tearflow, indicated the mental conflict of the rank and file; and the *tangi* was no sooner fairly ended than, buzzing like bees, they swarmed over the ship, carried out of themselves by the novelty of everything they saw.

Taranui's account of the services rendered to himself and comrade at once won his countrymen's goodwill, and all the chiefs of note, particularly Te Whatu Moana (eye of the ocean), head of a large settlement on Motu-Arohia, a considerable island in the bay, and Takori Hiko-o-te-rangi (lightning of heaven), chief of a powerful *kapu* on the mainland, gave the captain and officers a pressing invitation to visit them at their villages. The first-named, indeed, insisted on their visiting his island that day before landing the sick at Wai-iti, where Taranui promised to have accommodation provided ere nightfall.

The company, having had a peep round the ship, then took their departure loaded with presents and greatly prepossessed with the foreigners, whose use of a few of their own words, and apparent acquaintance with some of their customs, surprised and delighted them.



The first Maori on board, apparently oblivious of the vicinity of strangers, advanced to the old warrior, and the two falling upon each other's necks laid their noses together, and with united voices gave vent to the most melancholy whining imaginable.

CHAPTER XX.

MOTU ARCHIA—'HARRE MAI'—THE MAORI AT HOME—A NATIVE BANQUET—A BARBAROUS CUSTOM.

HABITED in the handsome uniform of the French navy and wearing all the insignia of his rank and office, Captain du Fresne and his brilliant company of officers and gentlemen must have made a decided impression upon the inhabitants of Motu Arohia, who from all quarters of the island were assembled at the village overlooking the landing-place to do their visitors honour, possibly to impress them with a just idea of native strength and resources, but no sign of emotion appeared in the grave and dignified mien of the principal personages who stood around their chief as he received the strangers within the palisading of their *kainga*.

Being invited guests, they were treated ceremoniously, as much preparation having been made for their reception as the limited time allowed. As their boats entered the pretty cove where canoes of all sizes attested the numerous population of the island, a small army of stalwart youths in the garb of Eden dashed into the water, and in a trice drew them up high and dry on the tiny beach. Then, forming together in a dance of welcome, they conducted the visitors up the winding pathway which led to the village entrance. All around them extended enclosed cultivations, but the dwellings of the owners appeared to be all located within the substantial palisading, which, now that they were close to it, quite obstructed their view of the interior. Passing through the gateway—or rather hole, and a small one at that—they found that another and much loftier fence yet intervened between them and their entertainers. Between the two was a dry ditch, and as they advanced they noticed that their approach was being observed by dusky spectators ranged on quadrangles at the corners, evidently there erected for purposes of defence in wartime. The inner fence of tall poles

* Maori 'Good day to you.'

bound firmly together, exhibited an array of grotesque wooden figures, some of them elaborately carved, but whose proportions gave no very elevated idea of the state of art in Maoriland. Two of these images, marvellous in their ugliness, with gaping jaws and protruding tongues, surmounted the side posts of the main gateway, through which the voyagers were now ushered amid vociferous cries of '*Haere mai, Haere mai,*' (welcome), waving of mats, and the following song chanted by the *wahines* in soft monotones :

'Welcome, O stranger, from beyond the sky,
My darling child ha'h brought thee thence,
From the utternost parts of the Heaven hath he dragged thee.
Welcome, O welcome.'

Of course, the song being sung in Maori, its full significance was lost. However, the visitors took it amiably, convinced that it was well meant from the eloquent glances of the singers' dark expressive eyes. In the *marae* (courtyard) of the principal house, which they supposed to be the residence of the chiefs, but which they found afterwards was the village reception hall (*whare-noa*), they were received by Te Whatu Moana, who advanced to meet them with an air of lofty respect. To Captain du Fresne's relief the dark skin did not fall upon his neck, but he did him the honour of laying against his nasal organ his own *moko*-decorated proboscis, much to the covert amusement of the *pakeha* company, who inwardly congratulated themselves on their lesser rank when they found they were not favoured with a similar attention.

The chief was a noble-looking man (not only, as subsequently appeared, the greatest warrior of his *hapu*, but also its high priest*, for they found to their surprise, these flippant Frenchmen, that they had not left religion behind them, the ancient Maori being, like the bulk of Christendom, very punctilious in the matter of religious forms and ceremonies). He wore round his shoulders a handsome feather cloak falling over a wide-bordered garment of silky texture reaching to his feet. In his hand he held a long carved club, flax and feather garnished. His hair, drawn back and held in a tuft by a carved wooden comb, was decorated by several long stiff feathers, and from neck and ears depended images of greenstone and bone. Behind him were grouped his womenfolk, his favourite wife, a young and fine-looking *wahine* known by the name of Ma-rika-rika (the pleasant) in their midst. All, including the thronging villagers, seemed in gala dress; in their hair feathers and flowers, on their faces streaks and patches of red paint, around necks and in earlobes various ornaments—in some cases feathers were drawn through the pierced cartilage of the nose, giving a singularly grotesque appearance to the face—and all the women and large numbers of the men were robed in richly bordered flaxen wrappers or cloaks of feathers or dogskin. None were absolutely nude save the brown-limbed youngsters tumbling about among the odd-looking native dogs, which, by their yelping, had added materially to the din of welcome accorded to the strangers.

Te Whatu Moana led his visitors to the verandah of the *whare-moa*, in and about which were congregated the 'upper ten' of Maoridom, and where they were accommodated with thick soft mats in lieu of chairs. An eloquent silence here intervened, not the silence of ignorance or *gaucherie*, but of strict etiquette, the result of native politeness. Not the slightest constraint was visible anywhere. All sat with eyes full of interest, kindness, or curiosity, as it might happen, but with lips studiously silent, until such time as it was supposed their visitors might have become familiar with their surroundings. The visual organs of the Frenchmen, indeed, were not slow to rove. Nothing escaped them, from the curiously carved posts of their lodging to the rounded limbs of the shrinking Maori maidens. The most conspicuous object from where they sat was a compact and apparently impregnable fortress built upon the sloping side of a wooded height on the mainland, and a future visit to it was among the unspoken vows of the occasion. Nearer hand were objects full as interesting. The habitations of the Maori, built promiscuously near together, and of varying size, were extremely picturesque, although not exactly fulfilling European ideas of healthfulness and comfort. Their walls were too low, and their ventilating and lighting arrangements too primitive for that, but to the artistic eye they were eminently satisfactory. Their form oblong, deeply gabled; their dark red pilasters and carved ridgepoles; their low walls, coated with bulrushes, ornamented with reeds; the soft colours of the painted woodwork, combined to form a whole interesting at least to look at, despite the *diabolique* though curious images abounding in their decoration. They were, however, chimneyless, one-roomed, and provided with but two openings, the low doorway and a square aperture in the wall, each supplied with a wooden shutter. Many of the houses (native name *wharé*) were simple thatched huts minus external ornament; others, such as that under whose wide verandah the Frenchmen were reposing, were profusely decorated within and without, every atom of the woodwork being elaborately carved. Towards the middle of the village they noticed a high staging supporting a canoe-like object, which, on inquiry, they found was a gong, which, struck by a wooden mallet in case of hostile attack, awakened echoes twenty miles distant. Odd-looking thatched structures perched on poles aroused their curiosity; these they found were provision stores, so built to foil the festive native rat (*kiore*). The pole palisading extending quite round the village was liberally adorned with the hideous wooden figures they had remarked on entering the *kainga*, and at intervals were odd circular balls having a remarkable likeness to tufted Maori heads stuck on poles. On some of the less distant they could almost have sworn they saw the *moko* lines.

Very soon the *pakehas* were invited to partake of food, which looked clean and appetising enough, served up in small flat baskets of green flax. The dishes were various; taro and kumara steamed and served with fish, smoked and fresh, cooked to a nicety; shell fish and roasted fernroot; hinau cakes and birds preserved in their own fat; baked meats in variety, at which the more fastidious looked askance; infant fish 'all alive oh!' and wriggling; mosses, lichens, worms, seaweed and insects. Sweets also; hinau berries, koninis, karakas, etc., and wine of tutu berries, served in calabashes of gourd rind; also water of the purest.

The Frenchmen could willingly have foregone the banquet, but dread of wounding the susceptibilities of their new friends overcame their natural repugnance, and some of the dishes really tasted very well. The more doubtful-looking they avoided, asking no questions for digestion's sake.

The lion-feeding came to an end more speedily than the banquet of civilization, and then ensued a *korero* (talk), preceded, however, by a liberal distribution of *pakeha* gifts. The speechifiers, all and sundry, seemed glib of tongue, dealing largely in figures of speech and flourishing of clubs, moving to and fro with a stately and emphatic tread. Although but half understood, it was evident that they were anxious to divine the object and intentions, and to discover the whence of the white strangers.

The *korero* over these were escorted back to the boats amid pressing invitations to repeat their visit, and friendly cries of '*Haera ra*' (you proceed).

* * * * * * *

The foreigners now steered for the island of Wai-iti, from whence sounds of mourning had now and again been wafted to their ears at Motu Arohia. They were welcomed by Taranui with considerably less of ceremony, perhaps because his sojourn with them made him feel more familiarity, perhaps because of the distractions agitating his people, for nearer proximity proved an alarming hubbub in progress in the rear of the *kainga*. This was situated on rising ground, and so effectually protected by a pole fence of extra strength that it bore the appearance of a stockade. The hideous wooden figures the voyagers had remarked in such numbers at Motu Arohia were here equally abundant, and they therefore jumped to the erroneous conclusion that they were idols, and as such, reflecting but little credit upon the intelligence of their worshippers. Later on they found that though the Maori had 'gods many,' he was not an idolator.

Taranui, who, like some civilized husbands and fathers, seemed to have grown more taciturn since his return home, after pointing out to the captain some *raupo* (bulrush) huts in a pleasant vale at some distance from the *kainga*, beside which busy labourers were erecting similar structures, gave him to understand that these were to be his people's quarters during their stay. Captain du Fresne was for various reasons pleased to find that they were not expected to reside in the *kainga* itself. In case of treachery, which, however he did not fear, they would be safer outside, and besides, although the Maori villages were remarkably clean for barbarian settlements, and free from absolutely offensive sights and smells, yet the air about was heavy with a rank fishy odour by no means agreeable to European nostrils.* And then there were fleas, bosts of them; not the tame and sluggish insects incidental to European civilization, but nimble hoppers, whose agility had probably been developed by ages of active pursuit, for the silently observant of the strangers noticed many a squatting figure earnestly examining his toga-like draperies for the small depredator, which, 'swift to shed blood,' was equally alert at evading capture, but which when caught was punished, and at the same time annihilated between aboriginal ivories; wherefore the Frenchmen ignorant of the law of *utu*, imagined their new friends regarded their tiny foes as gustatory dainties.

Conversation—if that can be called such, which consisted chiefly of pantomimic action—dragged considerably, and every now and again, as a higher note of lamentation from the rear denoted an accession of grief in the invisible mourners, the chief's serious visage would lengthen and his aspect become more sombre, until his visitors began to feel themselves somewhat *de trop*. It was observed that both he and his attendant warriors had circlets of green leaves upon their heads, but neither their get up nor demeanour could be described as festive. A ray of gratification dawned upon Taranui's sober countenance when he found that among other gifts the captain had brought him some cognac, but the momentary light died out, leaving it gloomy as the grave. He had made the captain share his mat, allowing the others to take up their own positions, and presently these, tired of the monotony of the interview, and maybe a trifle inquisitive with respect to the dismal din in the background, wandered off through the settlement in company with such of the natives as seemed most companionable.

Meanwhile, a party of natives was seen entering the principal gateway and making for the spot where Taranui sat. Their leader, advancing, fell upon the old chief's neck, and, with heads buried beneath their wrappers, the two *tangi'd* until Captain du Fresne thought his ears would split. The other members of the new party had each found fellows, and as they rent the air with their lugubrious outcries it seemed as if Bedlam had been let loose. Etiquette kept the captain a prisoner till they should cease, but he mentally vowed that if he survived the doleful ceremony no power on earth should keep him longer. But when, the party having passed on he rose to make his adieux, he found himself *solus*, and perforce had to endure his unenviable position some time longer, for his late companions had come upon a scene which held them spellbound by its revolting barbarity. They had wandered slowly through the intricacies of the *kainga*, noting its various features and getting gradually nearer the theatre of woe whence came the doleful cries which disturbed them, when they caught sight of what looked like a row of human figures dangling from a high staging at the back of the settlement. Arnaud's enquiries elicited the fact that these were indeed human beings—or rather what was left of them—being none other than the newly-made widows of warriors who had perished in the drifting war canoe. It was *en regle*, it appeared, for favourite wives and also for slaves to follow their lieges to *te Reinga* (Hades), there to perform those offices to which they had been accustomed on earth.

The visitors felt no inclination for a nearer inspection of these ill-fated creatures, and were about retracing their steps, when a heart-rending outburst of grief again attracted their eyes to where a large number of natives, chiefly females, were massed together, with crouching figures rocking to and fro, and bowed head chapleted in green. To these had arrived the party whose *tangi* had so upset Du Fresne. In the centre of the crowd they had halted and repeated that performance with even more emphatic demonstrations of sorrow, real or simulated. Suddenly, when this had lasted some little time, the friends separated, and those of the village, starting to their feet, gave vent to a series of soul-harrowing howls mingled with violent bodily contortions.

Irresistible curiosity drew the Frenchmen nearer, and they saw to their horror that the writhing figures, all apparently those of females, were in a frightful state of self-laceration. With sharp instruments in either hand, or changed from one to the other, they were gashing their bare breasts and arms in the most frightful manner. The faces of some were horribly disfigured with gaping wounds and clotted blood, and at the feet of all were coagulating pools of the same sanguinary fluid. It was a horrid spectacle, and Arnaud, as he learned from his companion, a pleasant-faced youth, that this was an invariable custom of Maori mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts on the untimely death of their loved ones, wondered no longer that his friend Naku-roa had postponed any proffer of hospitality to the strangers until he had got through such a very unpleasant business. His tribe having lost nigh fourscore warriors including his father, the scene of mourning in his settlement might be expected to rival pandemonium.

The gay Gauls had by this time had enough of native institutions for one day, so turning their backs on the ghastly sights, and fearful outcries of the interior, they sought the front of the stockade, where they found the commandant impatiently awaiting them.

(To be continued.)

* Hereditary chiefs frequently exercised the sacerdotal function.

* The Maori of to-day is himself becoming sensitive in respect of unpleasant odours, as was exemplified in the case of a tawny masher, who at a recent native meeting at Sutiki pa, Wanganui, was seen to hold his nose while exclaiming in disgust: 'Oh, Cripes! Beetly stink!'

FILLIS' NEW CIRCUS COMPANY.

ALL lovers of amusement will be glad to welcome back to Auckland Mr and Mrs Fillis, the more so as they bring with them this season an entirely new company of artists from England and the Continent with a wonderful reputation. The Feeley Family are acrobats, gymnasts, and clowns of quite a new kind, and their feats have been criticised by the press as new as they are marvellous. The Mayol troupe, of nine performers, are also new importations, described as statuesques and grotesques. Among their classical statuary posings will be found such pictures as 'The Studio,' 'Industry,' 'Recreation,' 'The Curse of Cain,' 'The Gladiators,' etc., which are shown with limelight effects, and are said to be quite an innovation in circus entertainments. A bevy of Parisian lady gymnasts are with the company, headed by 'Zazel' and 'Alexandra,' who perform all sorts of aerial gambols with as much ease as ordinary folk walk about the streets. To the menagerie several additions have been made, but the majestic Pasha will hold his *levees* with all the grim indifference that characterised his last visit, and Scindia will romp and play with her trainer as of yore.

Many novelties have been added to Mr Fillis's extensive *repertoire* since he was last here, notably, the celebrated 'Water Pantomime,' and such equestrian spectacles as 'Mazeppa,' and the exciting 'Stag Hunt.' This latter will be produced for the first time in Auckland on Saturday evening next, on which date the new company make their first appearance. Madame Fillis will also introduce her thoroughbred New Zealand horse 'Victory,' purchased by her husband at Nelson during his last tour, and which has with careful training become one of the most valuable of his fine collection. The street parade will this season be one of the attractive features. It has been described as quite a show in itself, and has drawn crowds of sight-seers everywhere. After the opening night there will be two performances each day—afternoon at 3 and evening at 8, and the season is positively limited, as the troupe are *en route* to South Africa.

ALHAMBRA VAUDEVILLE COMPANY.

THE Alhambra Vaudeville Company, which commenced its New Zealand tour in Auckland on Monday, will assuredly have a big season throughout the colony. Of all variety companies we have seen of late years it is incomparably the best, and the taste for the variety form of entertainment is booming everywhere. It is without doubt the right sort of show for summer, when the temperature in the theatre varies from 90deg. to 200deg. in the shade, in the circle, that is to say. Mr Hamilton is evidently a good *impresario* and a capable manager, for the 'talent' is good and varied, and the entertainment free from the taint of vulgarity which so often mars colonial variety entertainments. The first act, 'Neptune's Retreat,' is excellently arranged. The songs and comic gags are all good. A few 'chestnuts' there are certainly, but far fewer than usual. The best items on the programme were the parody of the 'Bogie Man,' the imitation operatic singing of 'Poor Wandering One,' a stump speech (really clever), and best of all, the singing and dancing of the sisters Anderson. Miss Wilson also danced very acceptably, but we are somewhat a-weary of the hornpipe as a lady's dance. Cannot Miss Wilson give a skirt dance—a far more artistic affair and far more popular now-a days? As we say, Mr Hamilton's company are bound to do big business till they reach the Bluff.

SOME ODD EPITAPHS.

THE following in Penrith churchyard is refreshing in these days of deceit, on account of its candour:—

Here lies the man Richard and Mary his wife;
Their surname was Prichard, and they lived without strife;
The reason was plain—they abounded in riches,
They had no care nor pain, and the wife wore the breeches.

The owner of this inscription, now resting in Hebburn Churchyard, was probably a Democrat, and had some little opinion of himself:—

This humble monument will show
Here lies an honest man.
You kings, whose heads are now as low,
Rise higher if you can?

John Dale was a courageous man. This is the epitaph over his remains in Bakewell Churchyard, Derbyshire:

Know posterity that on the 8th of April, in the year of grace, 1737, the rambling remains of John Dale were, in the 86th year of his pilgrimage, laid upon his two wives.

This thing in life might raise some jealousy;
Here all three lie together lovingly.

One epitaph in Ilfracombe Churchyard shows faith:—

Weep not for me, my friends so dear;
I am not dead, but sleeping here;
My debt is paid, my grave is free,
And in due course you'll come to me.

Not far from this we have an example of quiet self glorification:—

Here lies a kind and loving wife—
A tender nursing mother—
A neighbour free from brawl and strife,
A pattern for all others.

Evidently marriage was not a failure in this case.

What follows was formerly on a tombstone in St. Thomas Churchyard, Salisbury:—

Here lies three babes, dead as nits,
God took them off in agie fits;
They was too good to live wi' we,
So he took 'em off to live wi' 'e.

Who dares utter the foul slander that it requires a surgical operation to get a joke into the head of a Scotchman? Let him or her cast an eye over the following, and then sit silent for ever. It is on a gravestone in Stonehaven Churchyard:—

The place whaur Betty Cooper lies
Is here or hereabouts;
The place whaur Betty Cooper lies
There's neen can tin' it out;
The place whaur Betty Cooper lies
There's neen on earth can tell;
Till at the resurrection day,
When Betty tells hersel'.

OLD-TIME GAMES.

MANY OF THE PRESENT-DAY SPORTS BORROWED FROM THE PAST.

IT is curious to note how some of the games of the early age have been handed down to the present time. The game, for instance, known to most of us as 'Odd and Even,' was also a favourite with the young Egyptian, and many of the little counters that he used are still preserved in the British Museum. There is also the game of draughts, which was played on a checkered board in the earliest times. The poor children were content with draughtsmen and boxes made of rough pieces of clay, but the richer ones usually had beautifully carved iron headed draughtsmen and boxes.

The young Greeks, too, were well provided with toys and games for their amusement. The toys were chiefly dolls made of baked clay, the arms and legs being jointed with string, and therefore movable. They had a favourite game called 'chytrinda,' which has been preserved through many ages, and is now played by boys of to-day under the well-known name of 'puss in the corner.' In France the game is called 'quatre coins,' or four corners. Both in the old game and the modern version five players are required, one occupying each of the four corners, while the fifth player stands in the middle. In ancient Greece he wore an earthen pipkin on his head and was called 'Pot'; in France at the present day he is the 'Nigaud,' or simpleton, and by us he is called 'Puss.' To guess the number of fingers another held up was also a favourite amusement, and this, too, is frequently played at the present time. So you see how carefully the character of the amusements and the playthings of the very early ages have been maintained in the toys and games in use to-day.—*Newcastle Chronicle.*

THE engagement has been announced of Miss Alice Oldham, of Nelson, to Mr Harris, of Queen Charlotte Sound.

THE latest engagement in Christchurch is Mr Donald, of the Bank of New Zealand, and Miss Beadel, of Opawa.

Society Gossip.

AUCKLAND.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 6.

There is still a good deal of quiet gaiety going on, which I will chronicle to the best of my ability. Perhaps one of the pleasantest affairs of the week was the

CHARMING AFTERNOON TEA

given by Mrs (Captain) Colbec, of Epsom, to meet her daughter-in-law, Mrs Colbec, who with her husband and baby is staying with them. The young and sprightly guests were allowed to stray into the garden and gather apples *ad libertum*, while the more sober stayed inside listening to the music and gay chatter of their friends. Amongst those who sang were Mrs Colbec (Wellington), Miss Colbec, Miss Little, etc. The afternoon tea was prettily laid out in the dining-room, the decorations of the table being extremely pretty and unique, consisting of bouton d'or Liberty silk and vases of small sunflowers. Of the smartest dresses, our hostess wore black striped cashmere with black lace, becoming white lace cap; Miss Colbec, pretty neat-fitting creponette of melon pink, trimmed with stripes of black ribbon and fawn lace; Mrs Colbec (Wellington), very stylish gown of navy crépon, maize-coloured lace frills on bodice, passementerie trimmings round waist, the frills on sleeves being lined with maize-coloured silk, and pipings and bows on skirt *en suite*; Mrs (Major) George, neat fitting mode grey, black bonnet; Mrs Mackechnie, black silk; Mrs Dignan looked *distingué* in a grey striped Irish poplin trimmed with green velvet and black lace, hat profusely trimmed with red roses; Mrs Carr, terra cashmere embroidered in fawn; Mrs Connolly, black flowered delaine; Miss Connolly looked pretty in Gobelin blue; Miss Heywood, terra striped gown; Mrs Hamlin, velvet brocaded gown, black bonnet; Miss Little, green skirt, white cashmere blouse, white hat with feathers; Miss Thorne George, pretty lilac gown trimmed with borders of white lace; Miss Ida Thorne-George, white muslin, with orange Liberty silk Empire sash, hat trimmed *en suite*; Mrs Walker, black silk, black bonnet; Miss Walker, stylish combination of mode grey and pale pink; Mr and Mrs Reid, the latter wearing black; Mrs Street, black silk; Miss Gillies, striking grey creponette with black velvet, black hat with pink ribbons; Mrs Bush, black silk with canary coloured vest, and bonnet *en suite*, her daughters wearing pink and white, respectively; Miss Kerr-Taylor, white crinkley zephyr, crinkley hat with roses, and her sister, white cambric, large hat.

Mr and Mrs Edwin Hesketh, of 'St. John's Wood,' Epsom, gave another of their

PLEASANT TENNIS PARTIES

to farewell Miss Cogswell, who left last week for Melbourne. The weather, though threatening, kept up wonderfully, only a few drops falling now and then to warn the players of the coming storm. Mrs Edwin Hesketh wore a rich grey Irish poplin trimmed with black silk, black lace bonnet; Miss Hesketh, navy skirt, white blouse, gem; and her sisters wore pale blue crinkley, and canary-coloured striped gowns, respectively; Miss Cogswell, navy skirt, blue blouse; Miss Barslow, fawn-coloured delaine; Miss Stevenson, slate grey and her sister, pale canary-coloured stripe; the Misses Bull, were similarly attired in navy skirts, white blouses; Miss Hardie, navy skirt, white blouse; and her sister, grey skirt white blouse; Miss Spiers, white cambric, black lace hat; Mrs Carr, terra-cotta cashmere; Miss Gorrie, biscuit-coloured skirt, white blouse; Miss M. Gorrie, blue crinkley gown; Miss Heywood, brown; Miss Paton, navy. Amongst the gentlemen I noticed Messrs Carr, Paton, Hall, Hume, Elliot, Sykes, Wynyard, Chalice, Marshall, Collins, etc.

There was a

LARGE ATTENDANCE AT POLO

on Saturday. The matches were between the officers of H.M.S. Curacoa and Auckland. Lord Kelburne was amongst the players. Miss E. Ireland wore a navy skirt, Gobelin blue blouse; Miss Power looked extremely pretty in white with green ribbons, as also did Miss Forbes, in white drill, blue vest, navy hat; Mrs Bloomfield (Wonona), black silk, white vest veiled with black lace; Mrs Griffiths (Sydney), white drill, black butterfly bonnet; Mr and Mrs Arch. Clarke, the latter wearing a pretty cream with deep white lace; Mrs Riddiford, black silk; Miss Stevenson (Glenholme), fawn brocade with brown trimmings; Miss Wilkins looked *chic* in white, small hat with green ribbons; Mrs Ireland, green striped velvet; Mrs Colegrove, lilac muslin; Misses Colegrove (two), were simply attired in white; Mrs (Dr.) Scott, biscuit-coloured drill, pink vest; Mrs Moss-Davis, fawn drill; Miss Moss-Davis, pale pink zephyr, black hat with pink ribbons; and her sister, dark skirt, white blouse; Miss G. Walker, brown holland; Miss Ethel King was much admired in white cambric, silver belt, black lace hat with white flowers; Miss Morse, stylish petunia check, hat with pink flowers; Miss Emily Firth, brown holland; Miss Mary Firth, dark skirt, canary-coloured silk blouse; Mrs Worsp, heliotrope; Misses Ida and Hilda, light summer gowns; Mrs Lyons, dark skirt, pink check crossway blouse, gem, and her sister, dark skirt, white blouse; the Misses Thorpe were similarly gowned in fawn skirts, pink vests; Miss Kilgour, pretty Gobelin blue with lace trimmings; and her niece wore terra. Amongst the lady riders were Mrs Buddle, Mrs Ware, Misses Hesketh, Percival, B. Bull, Firth. Amongst the gentlemen I noticed Messrs Bloomfield, Ware, Kilgour, Stubbs, etc.

Major and Mrs George, 'Wapiti,' Epsom, leave Auckland next Saturday for England.

Miss Keesing, of Symonds-street, gave a

LARGE GIRLS' AFTERNOON TEA

to farewell a friend on Friday. The weather was as contrary as possible. Heavy showers and gusts of wind passed over Auckland during the whole afternoon, which made the drawing-room look particularly cosy, and we much enjoyed ourselves. Most of the frocks I have described to you before.

Much sympathy is felt in Auckland for Mrs George Taylor, Morningside, owing to her

RECENT BEREAVEMENT.

Two of her daughters were dangerously ill with typhoid fever. The elder one, Miss Katie, passed away on Thursday morning after a brief illness of less than a fortnight. The other daughter, I regret to learn, still lies in a precarious condition. The wreaths that were sent to the bereaved family were numerous and exceptionally beautiful. The coffin was literally a bed of white flowers. Amongst the wreaths lay a lovely harp with strings of gold, which were broken, the frame being handsomely decorated with flowers. The sender was Mr W. Shera, the young lady's

fiance, for whom we are all sorry The funeral was private, only the relatives being bidden. The burial took place at the Presbyterian Church, Tamaki, of which her grandfather, General Taylor, was the donor, and where the greater part of the Taylor family have found their last earthly resting place.

PHYLLIS BROUNE.

WELLINGTON.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 1.

THE CRICKET MATCH, NEW SOUTH WALES V. WELLINGTON,

was very largely attended at the Basin Reserve. Indeed, it is very seldom that there have been so many seen in the Basin. The Grand-tand was crowded, chiefly with ladies, and the stops in front and and all the banks were covered with people, it being a glorious day, and the whole scene was an animated and pretty one. The keenest interest was taken in the match, and even in the morning when play was begun, numbers of spectators gathered and spent the whole day there. There was one great mistake—

NO AFTERNOON TEA WAS AVAILABLE

for those on the ground, and even in the Grandstand there appeared to be the same deficiency. It would have been the greatest boon on a hot and dusty day such as Saturday was to have been able to go to a marquee and buy tea. The absence of this now necessity not luxury for the day for calling tea a luxury has long departed) was much remarked, not only by the fair sex, but by the gentlemen who clamoured for it even more than the ladies. Among those present were Miss Trimnell, who wore a blue and white striped drill costume, and sailor hat; Miss Fairchild wore fawn costume; Miss M. Quick, a rainbow material of mauve, yellow, and pink shades trimmed with deep vandyke; Miss Fairchild, Henry, pretty white gowns; Mrs Gore, grey silk; Miss M. Gore, pale green with bands of biscuit insertion, and biscuit lace hat; and her sister, pale grey brocade and cloth, and large black hat; Miss Graham, pink crinkled print with frilled skirt, and black hat with pink roses; Mrs Turnbull, a handsome shot silk gown, and bonnet to match; Miss Turnbull, a cream figured silk gown with full sleeves; the Misses Bell, pink delaine frocks; Miss De Hussey, a grey costume and hat; Mrs Ward, black; Mrs A. Pearce, black; Miss Leek, black, white shirt; Miss Burnes, electric blue trimmed with coffee-coloured insertion; Miss Brandon, grey tweed trimmed with shot silk; Miss A. Brandon, China blue cashmere, and white hat; Mrs Gale, cream muslin figured with flowers; Miss Cohon, butcher blue costume; Miss Skerrett, a grey brocaded gown, and large black hat; Miss Ling, fawn trimmed with brown shot silk; and also Mrs Ritchie, the Hon. W. P. and Mrs Reeves, and the Misses Harding, Scully, Reeves, Nathan, Lingard (Christchurch), Hammerton, Barron, etc.

On the second day I noticed Mrs W. P. Reeves, wearing a dark navy serge jacket and skirt, pink shirt, and burnt straw hat with black band; Mrs E. Reid, brown tweed gown and fur boa, small and black bonnet; Mrs (Dr.) Collins, black skirt and jacket, heliotrope blouse, and large black hat with mauve flowers; Mrs A. Pearse wore a similar costume; Miss D. Heywood wore a black serge costume, white shirt and sailor hat; Miss Kennedy wore a China blue and white striped costume; Miss Izard looked well in a black costume; the Misses Reid wore pretty light brown frocks trimmed with braid; Miss Ashbolt, fawn gown, white hat, etc.

DRESSES WORN AT THE OPERA HOUSE

on the occasion of the opening night of the Brough-Boucicault Company. Mrs Brough looked extremely well in a pale grey silk gown brocaded with a large pattern of black and trimmed with black lace and jet, and with this she wore a pretty little black velvet and jet bonnet with a tall white osprey in front. Her second gown was a very plainly made black silk evening frock, the full sleeves of lace, and the corsage trimmed with lace and jet and a few flowers, and the plain skirt had a long train. The dresses worn by the other actresses do not call for special mention, except that, by the way, of the blind widow, who first appeared in a beautiful grey silk trained gown with panels of grey striped brocade, and afterwards wore a long trailing gown of black velvet, and a long black lace shawl from her head. The French housekeeper's short frocks of scarlet and a black headdress was also becoming. In the audience were Mrs Gibson, in black; Miss Gibson, in dull mauve silk trimmed with white lace; Mrs R. Parker wore cream brocade and lace, and a white fur cloak; Mrs Wardrop, a black and white gown with a white moiré sash; Mrs Anson, black; Mrs Empson, of Wanganui, and Miss Harrietta Acland both wore black; Mrs BlackGregor wore black softened with white lace; Miss McGregor, white silk trimmed with lace; Mrs Leckie, black; Mrs Samuel, white; Miss Harding, of Melbourne, wore white, and a coloured bow in her hair; Mrs Crawford, old rose trimmed with black velvet; Mrs Kohn, black; Miss Heywood, deep crimson striped with pink; Mrs Barnett, black; Miss Barnett, cream figured delaine with frilled sleeves; Mrs Rose, black satin; Miss Rose, a pretty pale yellow gown, trimmed with chiffon and moss green velvet epaulettes; Miss Hilda Moorhouse, black; Mrs Rhodes, a handsome black jetted gown and diamonds; Miss Moorhouse, of Christchurch, black; Miss Reeves, of Christchurch, yellow veiled with black lace; Mrs E. J. Reid, black and mauve; Miss Cargill, of England, who is visiting Mrs Reid, wore black; Mrs Gore, black softened with white lace; Mrs Izard, cream brocaded silk trimmed with fur; Mrs Werry, black satin and lace; Mrs Pollen, black; Mrs Firth, black; Mrs Holmwood, cream satin; her sister, Mrs Russell, who is visiting Wellington from Wanganui, wore a black gown; Mrs Barron, black; Miss Barron, pink trimmed with lace; Miss E. Barron, red; Mrs Wilson, pink; Miss Burnes, white; Miss Kircaldie, black with blue satin sleeves; Miss Mee, black with flowers on the low corsage; also Messrs Werry, Wardrop, Pearce, Parfitt, Ferguson, Tripp, Carroll, Wilson, Firth, Leckie, Gore, Cooper, etc.

OPHELIA.

CHRISTCHURCH.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 1.

We are getting most

WORRYINGLY TREATED IN THE MATTER OF WEATHER.

The kind and thoughtful ones who would make dull care fly away by providing innocent amusement for their young friends in the shape of garden parties, boating picnics, or other outdoor recreations, are generally hopelessly 'snuffed out' by a good downpour of rain, and this week we had a little extra thrown in, and got a hailstorm and a day in June instead of January.

MRS WYNN-WILLIAMS' SECOND GARDEN PARTY

on Thursday had to be converted into a nice little house party. A few brave spirits arrived under mackintosh and umbrella, and once within the pretty drawing-room one's troubles were soon forgotten with merry games and some charming music. Mrs Wynn-Williams wore a rich black silk trimmed with jet, and dainty white lace cap; her two daughters were in navy serge. About twenty guests were present, amongst whom were Mrs and Misses Cowlishaw, Mrs P. Campbell, Mrs C. Clark, Mrs and Miss Stoddart, Misses Tabart, Beswick, Greenwood, and Courage, Mrs Stevens, Mrs R. McDonald, and a good many gentlemen.

A CHARMING DANCE

was given by Mrs Gould, Colombo-street, on Friday evening. The large new room lately added to the house was used as the ballroom, and was very pretty. It is tinted in terra cotta, and was decorated and draped with pink for the occasion in a most artistic way. The music, supper, and floor were all alike excellent, and everything went with much spirit. Mrs Gould was handsomely gowned in a rich black silk fully trimmed with jet and lace, and wore a tiny lace cap; Miss Gould had a sweetly pretty gown of pale green silk with revers on the bodice and other trimmings of pale pink, and tasteful pink wreath in her hair; Miss Baynton, a becoming gown of black silk and lace, with sleeves and other trimming of yellow silk; Mrs G. Gould looked well in a stylish gown of white brocade with train, and trimmed with yellow velvet, velvet coronet on her hair; Mrs R. McDonald, an uncommon dress of striped silk in black, white, and pink; Miss Cowlishaw, a lovely gown of pale pink silk profusely trimmed with lace, fan and shoes to match; her sister, in a pretty simple dress of pale blue Liberty silk; Miss May Tabart, olive green silk with gold sleeves; Miss Roberts (Dunedin), pretty frock of white and yellow, wreath of yellow flowers on the bodice; Miss Beswick, in black and scarlet; Mrs Bruges, very pretty combination of pink and white; Mrs H. Cotterill wore her bridal gown of white silk; Mrs Burns looked charming in pale blue and pearl passementerie; Miss Harley, pale blue silk trimmed with lace; Miss Eva Helmore, very tasteful black frock relieved with white and jet trimmings; Miss Banks, Miss Babington, and Miss Wynn-Williams were among the many present.

On Tuesday evening Mr and Mrs Graham had

A RIVER PICNIC,

starting from the boat sheds at 5.30 p.m. It was a glorious night, and after the heat of the day a quiet pull is a very nice way of spending a few hours. A very *recherché* little tea was provided, to which everybody did full justice, and returning soon after nine, Mrs Graham entertained her guests at supper at her residence. Among the lucky ones I noticed the Misses Way, Thomas, Powell, Wright (two), Turner, and Messrs Ridings, Mannering, Lean, and others.

At polo on Saturday afternoon some exceedingly smart play was indulged in. Lady Glasgow was wearing a becoming brown costume; Lady Augusta Boyle, navy blue serge and white sailor hat; Mrs Langston Stewart, neat grey tweed and the New Panama hat; Mrs Heaton Rhodes, Mrs Hunter-Blair, and Mrs Alister Clarke, mourning costumes; Mrs Pyne loooked pretty in a dress of deep fawn; Mrs G. Gould, Misses Wauchope Greenwood, Campbell, Banks, Bowen, Templer, were some of those present.

On Tuesday morning by express train for the South,

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR, LADY GLASGOW,

Lady Augusta Boyle, Miss Wauchope, and Captain Clayton, left Middleton Station for 'Longbeach,' the residence of Mr John Grigg, whose guests they will be for a few days. In about a fortnight the Vice-regal party leave us in the Hinemoa *en route* for Auckland, calling at Wellington, Gisborne and Tauranga. After a short stay in Auckland a visit is to be made to Karatonga before returning to Wellington.

COMING AND GOING.

Mr Malcolm Lean has gone to the Chatham Islands, where he intends to take up farming, and I am sure his friends wish him success in his new venture.

Mr George Ross, of the South British Insurance, has been moved to Ceylon. His family will miss him greatly, especially since the death of his father.

DOLLY VALE.

NELSON.

DEAR BEE, JANUARY 31.

The

DANCE GIVEN BY MRS MARSDEN AT HER RESIDENCE

in Stoke, proved a most enjoyable little affair. About twenty couples were present, so the room was not too crowded. Mrs Marsden's efforts were ably seconded by Mr and Miss Marsden, who did all in their power to make their guests enjoy themselves, and their efforts were most successful. The supper was of the most *recherché* description, and the floor and music good, so all were sorry when the time came for good-byes to be said. Amongst those present were Mrs Lyell, Mrs Majoribanks (Christchurch), Miss Laxton, Miss R. Laxton, Misses Duff (two), Miss B. Atkinson, Miss Raynor, Miss Wood (Christchurch), Miss Hyam (Melbourne), Miss Trolove, Misses Pike (four), Miss Roberts. Messrs Pike, Laxton (three), Mabin, Atkinson, Richmond, McDonald, Coventry, Broad, Duff, Jones and Squires.

Yet

ANOTHER FIRE,

The new Government school, which was being built in Nile-street, was burnt to the ground. It is supposed to be the work of an incendiary, and yet the police have not clue. Fires here now been going on in Nelson for about two years. As a rule, when a new building is being erected, it is suddenly burnt to the ground. The state of things is not at all satisfactory. No wonder Nelson is called Sleepy Hollow when such a serious affair as these incessant fires has not been stopped long before.

ARRIVALS.

Mrs J. Sharp returned on Saturday from her trip to Kaikoura and Blenheim. She is looking very well.

Miss Roley is at present in Nelson with her aunt Mrs Robinson, on a short holiday from the Empire City.

Mr and Mrs Coote are paying a flying visit to her parents, Mr and Mrs Oldham, before their departure for England.

Mrs and Miss Broad are also home again from their visit to the North Island. Miss Watson is also in our midst once more after her trip to the Old Country, and Miss Gibson and Miss Gribben have also returned.

PHYLLIS.

HASTINGS.

DEAR BEE, JANUARY 30.

MRS CROSSE'S DANCE

was a most unqualified success. Everyone enjoyed the evening immensely, although the weather was decidedly warm for dancing. The supper table groaned beneath its weight of delicacies, and there was champagne *ad lib*, also delicious ices, etc., etc. Amongst those present were Mesdames Russell, Williams, Fitzroy, Frank Nelson, Mackesay, Vickerman, D. Riddiford (Wanganui), M. Chambers, R. Brathwaite, Gordon, Tanner, King, Galwey, and the Misses Russell, Williams, St. Hill, McHardy, McLean, Bostock, Baker (Napier), Cornford (Napier), Cooper (two) Wellington), Keiller (Wanganui), Green, and ever so many more. Amongst the men were Captain Russell, Dr. Lluney, Dr. Nairn, Messrs E. H. Williams, H. R. Williams, Tanner (two), Loughnan, Barker, Cooper (two), Warren, Pinckney, King, Vickerman, Galwey, Brathwaite (two), Keiller (two) (Wanganui), Riddiford (Wanganui), Robison, Faulkner, and numbers of others.

POLO.

A grand polo match, Rangitiki v. Hawke's Bay, was to have been played last Saturday, and the players and a number of ladies and onlookers assembled to see the sport. But down came the rain in torrent, which quite put a stop to all the fun, and open carriages quickly became closed ones, thus shutting out all the pretty gowns. Miss Brenda Cooper, who is staying with Mrs Crosse, was on the ground, and looked very nice in a white gown, and white hat with pink roses; Miss Barker, grey gown, cream hat; Miss Keiller, too, was there in white, with pretty hat; Mrs Riddiford, also in a light gown, stylish hat. Of course the match was postponed, and only a scratch match indulged in, after which the visitors drove home. The match proper took place yesterday at Flaxmere, ending in a win for the visitors by five to one. The Rangitiki men looked immensely well got up in white breeches, white flannel shirts, and white sailor hats with yellow ribbon bands, yellow ties, and large sunflowers in button-hole. During the play Mr Cooper, one of the Rangitiki men, received a nasty cut on the head, which bled a good deal, but he quickly recovered, and started playing again. The Hawke's Bay men were Messrs H. Russell, Guy Russell, Crosse, and Barker. They were 'Violets,' the Rangitiki men being 'Sunflowers. On the ground were Mesdames D. Riddiford, Crosse, Lasaunze, Tipping, and the Misses Keiller, Russell, Barker Cooper, Sowell), and others. Mrs Riddiford looked very stylish in a black gown, black hat, sunflower; Mrs Crosse wore a grey gown, large white hat with white feathers; Mrs Tipping, black gown, black hat; Miss Keiller looked very well in a smart grey costume, three-quarter jacket, yellow silk waistcoat, sunflower, black sailor hat with yellow band; Miss Brenda Cooper looked nice in a pale blue gingham gown, white sailor hat. After the match the players adjourned to the Carlton Hotel, where the Hawke's Bay men entertained their visitors at dinner, and afterwards held a smoke concert.

OUR PEOPLE.

Mr and Mrs J. N. Williams and the Misses Williams have left for a trip to the Sounds.

Mrs Loughnan is still away at Waipawa.

Mr and Mrs Dan Riddiford, Miss Keiller, Messrs Keiller (two), and Cooper, all from the Rangitiki district, are staying at the Carlton Hotel.

DOLLY.

NAPIER.

DEAR BEE, JANUARY 29.

Great interest was centred in

THE INTERCOLONIAL CRICKET MATCH,

and a very large concourse of people assembled to witness the proceedings. The weather was all that could be desired, the sun if anything being a trifle too hot. Of course many of those assembled wished the Hawke's Bay men to carry off the honours, and at one time great hopes were entertained that they would do so, which same hopes were doomed to be disappointed, as the New South Wales men played up steadily and well, and ended in winning by an innings and thirteen runs. The bowling of Messrs Neale and Gore was much admired. Messrs Lusk and Marshall played capitally for our side. There were a number of ladies on the ground, including several from Hastings, namely, Mrs J. N. Williams, the Misses Williams, the Misses Russell, St. Hill, Mrs Gordon, Mrs Gore, Mrs Fenwicke, Miss Hamlin, the Misses Cotterill, Taylor, Hitchings, Mrs Nelson, Mrs Pierce, and ever so many more. It was a pity the cricket match took place the same day as the Caledonian Sports, as one event clashed with the other, a number of people going to the sports who would otherwise have gone to the cricket, and *vice versa*. The visitors were entertained at a smoke concert the same evening.

His Lordship

THE BISHOP OF WAIAPU,

Miss Stuart, and Miss M. Pasley leave for England this week. They go first to Sydney. The Bishop preached his farewell sermon last evening in the Cathedral to a crowded congregation, taking for his text the 12th chapter of St. John, the 24th to 25th verses.

COMING AND GOING.

Mr Maughan Barnett has gone for a few days to Kuripapanga, as he was feeling very unwell, and not able to carry on his duties.

Mrs Bamford has let her nice house to Dr. Beman, and leaves for Auckland almost immediately.

Mrs Kettle and Miss Lonie Kettle have left for the Sandwich Islands. It is to be hoped Mrs Kettle will be benefited by the change.

Mr C. D. Kennedy has gone for a short visit to Mangatarata, Mr Gollan's station, where Mr and Mrs Gollan are at present residing.

NAPIER SAILING CLUB,

Mr Russell Duncan has kindly presented the Napier Sailing Club with a trophy valued at five guineas, to be competed for by the members. The committee have decided to sail the race in three heats, the first to start at 3 o'clock to-morrow afternoon If the weather continue fine, every boat that can carry a sail should start.

Mrs Sheath has finally made up her mind to leave Napier for Wellington. Prior to her departure she is to be given

A FAREWELL COMPLIMENTARY CONCERT

both in Napier and Hastings. In each place there is sure to be a bumper house, as Mrs Sheath has always been ready to assist for any worthy and charitable object.

GLADYS.

PICTON.

DEAR BEE, JANUARY 30.

Mrs Fell, with her three little boys, spent a week camping out at Rokaka, about fifteen miles down Queen Charlotte Sound. The three little boys managed the boating, and did everything, and Mrs Fell enjoyed the fun and survived the loneliness with all the fortitude of a true British mother. The party returned safely to Picton, looking all the better for their week's holiday.

Several Picton girls initiated

A FISHING PICNIC

last Wednesday, Captain Bowen, of the Arctic Stream, kindly lending his boats and 'middies.' Lunch at Karaka Bay being the first duty performed, a start was made for fishing off the island. Quite a collection of fish repaid the fishers, and after a few hours spent in exciting sport, the party adjourned to Bob's Bay, where tea, rounders, and rifle practice caused the time to fly only too quickly. The Picton girls think shooting is quite as interesting as cricket, and far more useful. Those present were Mrs Allen, Mrs Millington, the Misses Greensill (four), Allen (three), White, Western (two), Scanlon, with Messrs Fox, Calder, Gibson, etc. Captain Bowen, and Dr. Millington. Threatening weather and other causes prevented several from going, but those who went enjoyed themselves very much, and brought home quite a supply of fish, one little girl proving herself quite an adept at the art, hauling in her fish as fast as her line was out.

On Saturday some of our tennis club, having accepted

A CHALLENGE FROM THE BLENHEIM

Lawn Tennis Club, journeyed through by train to try conclusions with the redoubtable players of Blenheim. We quite expected them to be beaten, and they were, by eleven sets to three; but as they seem to be quite proud of having won those three sets, we wonder how the Blenheim players feel. The Picton players were the Misses Mary and Isabel Seymour S. and M. Philpotts, and Messrs Maling, Temple, W. Baillie, and G. Waddy. Mr Maling and Mr Temple came up from Okukuri, Tory Channel, to play in the match. Unfortunately, during their absence, and that of Mr Raeliffe, at Havelock, the old homestead, which was occupied by them, was burnt down, and all their earthly possessions with it. Much sympathy is felt for the young men, who were just beginning life for themselves, and even their watches—left at home for safety—have been cremated.

The Misses Greensill gave

A TENNIS TEA

to their girl friends on Friday last. Several well-contested games were played on the shady grass court, and a delicious tea served out under the trees. Those present were the Misses Greensill (three), Seymour (two), Duncan, Allen (two), Greensill (Brisbane), etc.

JEAN.

HAWKE'S BAY.

DEAR BEE, JANUARY 21.

A very successful

SURPRISE PARTY AT ASHCOTT, NEAR WAIPAWA,

Hawke's Bay, recently, deserves mention in your paper. A number of ladies planned it, and I think some rumours must have reached the ears of the young and energetic owner of the property, Mr J. B. A'Beane, for on arrival we did not seem quite unexpected. The hall was decorated in real old English style, with all sorts of emblems of the chase, guns, swords, football caps, polo tools, etc. The large drawing room was cleared for action, and the floor in perfect order. The bedrooms had been arranged with sofas and shakedowns, so that all the ladies got a comfortable bed. Dancing started at about 9 o'clock, the different guests all volunteering to officiate at the piano. Supper lasted from 10 till 2, and the floral decorations, consisting chiefly of arrangements of grasses mixed with white nicotiana and salpiglossis, were much admired. Ice was in great demand as it is something of a novelty on the Ruataniwha plains. Day was dawning as we sought our respective couches. The great charm about the party was that nearly everyone was young, or thought they were. I could not detect a single gentleman present who could boast of being a father, and the few married ladies were by no means wall-flowers.

SOME DRESSES.

I noticed amongst the ladies Mrs Lambert, black with yellow sleeves; Mrs Rhodes, pink silk, chiffon trimmings; Mrs Montgomery, black and white striped silk; Mrs Johnston, black; Miss Ormond, pale blue satin; Miss Johnston, yellow; Miss Ingles, black; Miss Kirk, black trimmed with coloured chiffon; Miss Price, white, green sash; Miss G. Price, white, blue sash; Miss Russell, cream; Miss Muriel Halfour, pale blue delaine trimmed with white lace; Miss Cooper, white.

MADGE.

NEW WORK FOR WOMEN.

STILL another lady has joined the army of workers in more or less original ways, that we are so familiar with of late. Nothing now surprises one as a field for lady workers! Making bricks without straw was nothing to it, for, not content with performing this hitherto unheard-of feat, the modern lady workers, if they had been there, would not have rested until they had succeeded in making the 'strawless' bricks fashion's latest fad, by means of cleverly devised 'puffs,' and so causing a run on them. But in this case it is not so much a question of a new and original employment as of the revival of an old one—a very old one even in the days of our grandmothers. This is the establishment of a genuine old-fashioned still-room for the purpose of distilling pure and wholesome perfumes and washes for the complexion from old-fashioned sweet smelling plants and flowers. It is carried on by a lady who has mastered all the secrets of the fragrant, old-fashioned 'washes,' in order to beautify and benefit her customers. She keeps a clever analytical chemist on the premises to pass and guarantee every lotion, powder, or cream prepared under her directions. She established the still-room proper in order that the various 'foundations,' required by her in her toilet adjuncts might be perfectly pure and fresh, such as elderflower, and rose water, etc, and, in the pursuit of this part of her work, she is willing to give good prices for fresh dry rose leaves for distillation, elderflowers, thyme, Solomon's seal, and heaps of other herbs and flowers, which I cannot now remember, but which might be found by studying up some old-fashioned herbals and works on botany. So here is a chance for you to cultivate a small corner in your delightful garden with these old-fashioned, out of date flowers, and perhaps come to some arrangement with some of the New Zealand perfume manufacturers for the sale of them. A walk through her charming 'still room,' and the delightful fragrance and daintiness of some of her preparations, with their quaint old-world names all make one see in fancy the gardens of the past with their quaintly-cut stiff hedges, yew avenues, close clipped box borders, and the big, many coloured beds filled with sweet, homely old English flowers. And round and about the stately figures and the brocades and powdered hair of our great great grandmother!

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

AUTUMN HINTS.

RUMOUR at the beginning of the river season had it that the straight-brimmed sailor hat, to which we have become so habituated during the last few years, would be quite superseded by its successor with the up curved brim, but the former has taken a fresh lease of life, and is quite as much worn as ever. It seems perfectly indispensable to the wardrobe, not only of the river girl but of every other girl, and of many who are not exactly girls. Though innovations in the way of trimming it have been tried over and over again, the only really orthodox fashion consists of the plain band of ribbon round the crown. Some people can manage a veil fairly well with a sailor hat, but others only bungle it, and make a very untidy effect with a quantity of bulging net at the back. One of the newest hats from Paris for the seaside season is composed of an enormous bow of ribbon, sometimes tartan, above the forehead, the loops extending horizontally on either side, and the centre surmounted by a pair of 'dog's ears,' in similar ribbon. The

brim is made of pleated lace or silk muslin, supported on fine wires, which can be bent to any angle. Another new hat has a wide brim in open work fancy straw, turned up sharply over the left temple, and there held in position by a rosette of ribbon in any colour preferred, the rest of the trimming consisting of a garland of flowers rising in an aigrette just above the rosette. The hat sketched by our artist is a particularly picturesque one, being in white felt, cleft open in front, as shown in the illustration, the interval being filled in with a rosette of red velvet, and a jet ornament of the popular 'tige' description. This would be an ideal hat to wear with one of the white serge or cloth gowns so very popular this season.

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Many of the new dresses for early autumn wear are being made with sleeves of black brocade with a small flower upon it in which the colour of the dress or its trimmings is repeated. For instance, a pale pink foulard has black sleeves brocaded with pink may blossom, and the folled sash is of the same. With this is worn a white straw hat with pink wings. There is quite an epidemic of wings just now.

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In my second illustration is shown a very dainty afternoon costume in pale green cloth made with a zouave bodice, the revers on which are turned back with a trimming of old lace over cream coloured satin. The black satin sleeves have cuffs arranged in the same way. The under bodice with frill is in cream coloured silk or satin, fastened at the waist with a band of black satin finished with a rosette. A very neat costume in black cloth was seen last week, the

zouave being made with sleeves to the elbow over a white silk shirt, the long sleeves of which reached to the wrists. With this was worn a white felt sailor hat with a band of black velvet round the crown, and two quills of metallic green and blue tinting thrust into a knot of black velvet at one side. As the breeze blew out the cloth skirt a little round the feet, it could be seen that the width was about five yards, though round the hips it fitted quite closely.

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Some of the new coats are made considerably longer than was the case during the season proper. This looks as though for autumn and winter wear the long ones would be coming in, but it is too early as yet to venture to prophesy as to what will be worn. Meanwhile one of the long coats is shown in my third sketch, a walking costume of bright blue cloth. The fronts of the coat are straight from the shoulders, and the back is made with fulness which is drawn in by a leather belt. The waistcoat is fawn coloured drill with little blue spots. The belt passes through a slit in either side of the coat and fastens in front over the waistcoat with a buckle. A white tie finishes the little blue chemisette at the neck, with a white collar. The bonnet is fawn with a sprinkling of jet upon the crown, and is trimmed with fawn feathers. There is still no front to the fashionable summer coat, which is made to show the shirt or waistcoat and to look smart. It is thoroughly well adapted to the heat and brightness of this most abnormal season, but should be replaced by some more protective garment when travelling. Many colds are caught on board boats in crossing through this fact being overlooked.

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THE BORDERED FABRICS.

HOW TO CUT AND USE THEM.

Among the later goods of the season borders are shown on every grade of stuff, from costly silk to simple challies, so that every woman that keeps apace with the styles will have at least one bordered gown if no more.

These stuffs are made into house gowns, street gowns, and ball gowns, and they take as many colours and varieties as one can imagine, and yet in them all rules hold good and some fundamental principles must be obeyed. So, if you determine to make up any one of the tempting fabrics take care that you start aright and that you do not make the fatal mistake of trying to use the material after any fashion but that for which it is designed.

Although the borders are many and the colours various, all goods of the kind can easily be classed into two sorts—those with narrow edgings and those with wide; and upon which of the two you select will depend the style of your gown and the use of the trimming the stuff supplies.

If you buy the wide-bordered goods your skirt must be straight with the trimming as a finish at the foot. If you buy the narrow-bordered fabric your skirt may be straight or gored as you prefer. With either you may have the double skirt effect or the triple overskirt.

With the wide-bordered goods the border makes the edges though I have seen it cut off and sown on eighteen inche, from the bottom! With the narrow the border is torn off and used as flat bands to be sewed on after the skirt is made.

In making up any one of the 'robes,' printed or em-

broidered, which are the handsomest of all the bordered stuffs, you will find a sufficient length of wide bordering for your skirt, and of the narrow for the trimming of bodice and sleeves, so that your task will be a comparatively simple one. But in making those that are sold by the yard discretion will be required.

THE WIDE UNDER SKIRT.

Make a straight round skirt four yards wide or thereabouts. The width is sufficient to make the length. Let it just clear the ground the whole way round. Throw the greater part of the fulness to the back. Slight goring biases can be taken under pleats or among gathers at the front and sides, and if one's figure demands it, you can face the skirt with hair cloth half a yard deep, to give it a slight crinoline effect, or if you dislike that amount of stiffness use only a linen facing. In either case line the skirt throughout with silk, or with sateen, as you prefer.

THE NARROW BORDER SKIRT.

In case of narrow borders you can produce several of the skirt effects now in fashion. You can place one at the foot directly on the edge, and as many as your quantity of bordering affords above it, the width of the border apart; this is the effect best suited to the full round folds into which skirts now fall. Or you can have a border at the foot and one more half way up the skirt. Or you can arrange the bands in groups. With the narrow borders you can cut your skirt full and straight, or gored.

THE WIDE BORDER BODICE.

An effective style. Make the cuff of the full sleeves from the border; also the broad soft folding bretelles and neck band. Cut the bretelles straight. If you like a jacket effect you can make the jacket of the plain goods and use the border for the full waist, crush belt and collar and sleeves. The universal fulness, shirring and puffings, conceal all stitching so that lengths of border can be disposed properly if needed for the full waist and sleeves. With a little ingenuity you can use your border in several of the prevailing styles.

NARROW BORDER BODICES.

Charming yoke effects can be arranged with narrow borders, both round and pointed.

Pretty waist and sleeves can be made with puffings of the plain goods between lengths of border, if the material is a thin fabric, and the border very narrow.

Or straight bretelles of the plain goods, full or sloped, may be edged with the bordering, in the one case the sleeve with elbow frills is suitable, the frills edged with the bordering; in the other hand the cuffs with border.

Or the plain fabric may be folded surplice style, the crossing edges bordered.

The fashionable and convenient scarf blouse, with its loose Marie Antoinette fronts crossing and winding about the waist and tied in a big bow and ends at the back, is a good style; the narrow border would edge the neck and the long loose fronts, and give a pretty effect when tied.

The original idea of bordered goods came from the Greek apparelling; the border was intended to trim only edges of garments, and many women of strict taste consider this its only legitimate use

HELOISE.

THE WORK CORNER.

CROCHET CAPE.

THE following is one of the very simplest designs in knitting that I have ever met with, and makes such a pretty cape when finished—just the thing to throw over one's shoulders when walking in the garden in the evening, or to take with one as an extra wrap in case of need, when going out on a warm day and returning late after the sun has gone down or if sitting up at night with an invalid, etc. Two colours of wool are required, light and dark, and these may be more or less delicate and dainty, according to the purpose for which it is required. For useful wear dark blue and cardinal, or golden brown and yellow, or brown and pink make good combinations. For evening wear, pale grey and white, pale green and white, pink and white, blue and white, etc. Peacock fingering is the wool used, with two bone needles to match the size of the wool. Five ounces of the dark wool and three of the light are required. Cast on sixty stitches and knit plain-purling back until you have done eleven rows, and can count nine ribs on the purling side. Then put on the light wool and knit nine rows (to count seven ribs of purling). The purling of the light wool must come reverse to that of the dark wool; for instance, when the plain rib of the dark wool is uppermost the purled rib of the light wool must be on that side, and *vice versa*. Then take up the dark wool again and do two plain rows to make it reverse properly, but only when you knit on the dark. Knit 57 stripes of the dark and light wool alternately in this way (11 rows of dark, 9 rows of light) and then begin to cast off. When you have cast off eight stitches drop one, cast off four and drop one, and continue in this way (four and drop one) until you are within four inches of the opposite side. Cast this off plain without dropping any more stitches; this forms a sort of shoulder piece. Pull the dropped stitches out to the other end. Then crochet a simple edging of the dark wool all round, and run a ribbon through at the neck to draw it in. Or it may be bordered with fur, a silk ruching, or feather trimming, or a frill of lace, if desired, instead of the crochet.

QUERIES.

Any queries, domestic or otherwise, will be inserted free of charge. Correspondents replying to queries are requested to give the date of the question they are kind enough to answer, and address their reply to 'The Lady Editor, NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC, *Auckland,' and on the top left-hand corner of the envelope 'Answer' or 'Query,' as the case may be. The* RULES *for correspondents are few and simple, but readers of the* NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC *are requested to comply with them.*

Queries and Answers to Queries are always inserted as soon as possible after they are received, though owing to pressure on this column, it may be a week or two before they appear.—ED.

RULES.

No. 1.—*All communications must be written on one side of the paper only.*

No. 2.—*All letters (not left by hand) must be prepaid, or they will receive no attention.*

No. 3.—*The editor cannot undertake to reply except through the columns of this paper.*

AUTUMN RECIPES.

BLACKBERRY AND APPLE PUDDING.—*Never mix the blackberries and the apples*; put your blackberries in first, with the necessary amount of sugar; then cover them entirely with a layer of rather thick slices of apples, to which add some sugar and a few cloves. You will find then that after two or three hours' boiling (do not think you can manage with less), the result will be a soft and delicious fruity compound. The usual paste for boiled puddings.

VEGETABLE MARROW JAM.—Peel five or six good marrows, scoop out and throw away the soft woolly centres, cut up the vegetables in pieces about the size of an inch and a half by three quarters of an inch, and lay them in sufficient water to cover them, sufficiently salted. Let them soak for twenty-four hours. Meanwhile prepare a syrup composed of one pound of sugar to a pint of water, allowing half an ounce of lump ginger to each pint of syrup. Boil it well and clear off the scum. Then weigh a pound of cut up marrow to every pint of syrup, and boil until the vegetable becomes transparent and the ginger is quite cooked. The syrup should be thick and clear and rich in colour. As a rule the ginger is left in the jam, which takes several hours to make.

ELDERBERRY WINE.—Though not so plentiful in this colony as in England, yet there are many people who possess an elder-tree; they will find the wine delicious. Although it can be made in simpler ways, still, where no pains are spared in its preparation, the results are highly satisfactory; it will keep and improve, and makes a delicious hot drink in winter. For every 2 gallons of wine required, boil 1 quart of elderberries and of damsons, respectively, in 6 quarts of water for half an hour. Crush the fruit meanwhile with a club, strain off the liquor, and squeeze the pulp through a sieve. Boil the result again with 6lbs of sugar, 2oz. of ginger and bruised allspice respectively, and 1oz. of hops (tie the spice in a muslin). After forty-five minutes strain again, and when cool stir in a teacupful of yeast. Cover lightly for two days. Skim off the yeast which will have risen to the surface, transfer the liquor to a clean cask, and when the hissing sound ceases after about a fortnight, paste a stiff brown paper over the hole. In eight or ten weeks it will be fit to bottle, but it will keep half a dozen years if required. It is usual to hang the spice muslin by a string through the bung hole to keep it from sinking to the bottom. Another wine is made in the proportion of 3lb of sugar and 3 pints of pressed berry juice to every gallon of water, with the addition of chopped raisins, and a flavouring of ginger, nutmeg, cloves, etc. Or again: Bruise half a bushel of berries, boil them with 5 gallons of water for a few minutes and strain; measure whilst hot, and to every quart of juice add ¾lb of loaf sugar, also one gill of yeast. Put this into a cask and fill up with some reserve liquor. In about three months the wine will be clear, and can then be drawn off the lees and bottled. The flavouring may vary according to taste, and should be tied up in muslin and hung inside the cask. All fruit wine should stand untouched till about May, when it can be racked off into another cask previously rinsed with brandy. A month later draw off a glassful, and, unless the contents are clear, fine them with the best isinglass (about ½oz to 4½ gallons). Bottle any time from June to September.

HINTS ON SOUPS.

THAT eminent authority on cooking, Miss Parloa, gives the following directions for making soups which will be of interest to every housekeeper.

There is a number of methods of making soup stocks, and no two will give exactly the same results. One of the simplest and most satisfactory is that of clear stock, or bouillon. By this the best flavour of the meat is obtained, for none passes off in steam, as when the meat is boiled rapidly. The second mode is in boiling the stock a great deal, to reduce it. This gives a very rich soup with a marked difference in the flavour from that made with clear meat kept in water at the boiling point. The third way leaves a mixed stock which will not be clear unless whites of eggs be used.

In following the first method we buy clear beef specially for the stock, and know from the beginning just how much stock there will be when the work is completed. By the second method we are not sure, because more or less than we estimate may boil away. The third stock, being made from bones and pieces of meat left from roasts and from the trimmings of raw meats, will always be changeable in colour, quantity and quality.

This is, however, a very important stock, and it should always be kept on hand. No household, even where only a moderate amount of meat is used, should be without a stock-pot. It can be kept on the back of the range or stove while cooking is going on. Two or three times a week it should be put on with the trimmings and bones left from cooked and uncooked meats. This practice will give a supply of stock at all times, which will be of the greatest value in making sauces, side dishes and soups. Meat, if only slightly tainted, will spoil a stock; therefore great care must be taken that every particle is perfectly sweet.

Vegetables make a stock sour very quickly, so if you wish to keep a stock do not use them. Many rules advise putting vegetables into the stock-pot with the meat and water and cooking from the very beginning. When this is done, they absorb the fine flavour of the meat and give the soup a rank taste. They should cook not more than an hour—the last hour—in the stock. A white stock is made with veal or poultry. The water in which a leg of mutton or fowl has been boiled makes a good stock for soups and gravies. A soup stock must be cooled quickly or it will not keep well. In winter any kind of stock ought to keep good a week. That boiled down to a jelly will last the longest. In the warm months three days will be the average time stock will keep.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

TO DESTROY BEETLES.

FOR beetles, which are the most objectionable form of pest in a house to my mind, I believe plenty of borax strewn about their haunts destroys them very quickly.

FOR THE EYES.

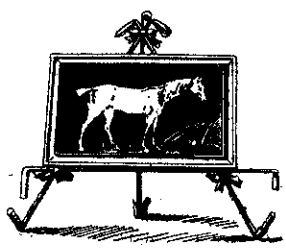
An excellent cooling lotion is a mixture of four grains of alum dissolved in an ounce of rosewater, with which the eyes should be bathed several times a day. But once more I must tell you that over much reading by artificial light, and, above all, reading in bed, is most injurious to the eyes.

STONE STEPS AND HALLS (TO CLEAN).

The following is an old-fashioned recipe from an old MS. I have seen it in use, and know it is successful. Whence it is taken, or whether it is original, I cannot say: 'Boil 4lb. of pipeclay in a gallon of water and a gallon of small beer (if sour, it does not matter); then add enough stone blue to make it a good colour. Wash the stones well with this mixture, and, when they are dry, rub them with a piece of flannel and then with a hard brush.

AN EASEL.

What, I wonder, accumulates so rapidly as walking sticks or riding-whips? And, if hunting is added, any personal anniversary is the signal for one or other of our relatives to present us with a hunting crop. You may be sure of one thing—that once a man has decided on his favourite amongst the collection, all the others may go to the wall,



and many wives are quite puzzled to know what to do with them. Four, at any rate, may be used in the fashion suggested in my sketch; this kind of 'easel' is put together very quickly, and can as quickly be undone if need be, and in the meantime affords a very suitable resting place for the portrait of a favourite hunter or some sporting picture.

AT HOME WITH THE LADY EDITOR.

Under this heading I am very pleased to reply to all queries that are genuine and helpful to the querist and others. Kindly write on one side of the paper only, and address to the Lady Editor.

'A PUZZLED ONE.'—You have been so long making inquiries about the corset cover mentioned in our London correspondent's letter in the GRAPHIC of October 21st., that I have had some difficulty in tracing the subject. I will make what inquiries I can. 'Heloise' has not again referred to the subject, and I do not think our tailor-made London women have adopted the pretty idea. Under a tight bodice, I fancy it would not be nearly so suitable as the well-made and comfortable slip bodice. This Paris affair has no sleeves, the arm-holes are appliqué or button-holed. The ribbons which secured it, as described in the GRAPHIC, round the bust, are very likely to slip out of place, despite the running. If I can hear of a pattern, I will get it put in this paper. At present I have not seen one. I fancy the shape is formed much like the Figaro jackets, rather longer, and pleated over the bust to fit where the ribbon crosses. I am sorry I cannot help you further. I trust 'Heloise' can, only it will be a very long time to wait.

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'CONSTANT READER.'—The hot curling tongs are disastrous to the hair. Your pretty hair seems nearly ruined. Try to restore its vitality and its natural oils, by rubbing into it a mixture made by stirring into half a cupful of castor oil, and the beaten yellow of an egg, one teacupful of alcohol or cologne, or half this quantity of rum. Beat the egg and oil well together, then add the alcohol. This must be perfumed for comfort with essence of any scent you fancy. Of course if you use the cologne you will not require the other scent. This is really an excellent remedy, and I most strongly advise you to persevere with its use. Those curling pins do not injure the hair one-quarter so much as the hot tongs. I do hope you will recover your locks.

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'SWEET SEVENTEEN.'—I wonder what you want the invisible ink for? You say for fun, and you are not going to engage in any underhand correspondence. Well, then, I will tell you how to make it, and, my dear girl, remember that other people may also see this answer, and perhaps make use of it. Here is the formula which I must own, I have not tried myself. The cheapest invisible ink is onion juice and milk. This writes colourless, but turns yellow when heated. 'Love's own ink,' which writes invisible, and turns red coloured when heated, is made by putting a little nitre in a solution of acetate of cobalt. The colour fades as soon as it is cool. A pretty hand-screen for the fire can be made by painting on satin or paper a rose and its foliage—the flower of the acetate of cobalt, and the leaves of nitro-muriate of cobalt. The painting will be invisible until the heat of the fire makes the rose a pretty pink, and the leaves a delicate green, causing much surprise to the visitor who holds the little screen between her face and the fire.

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'E.A.S.'—I hope these initials are right, as your letter was very difficult to decipher. If your lover is in earnest, he will find some way of letting you know. I would not take any forward steps myself, if I were you. He does not seem bashful, and he may be only in fun like so many are. If one girl is willing to flirt and amuse a man, he often jumps to the conclusion that all girls are the same, and makes love in a more or less pronounced fashion, according to his temperament, or the young lady's coquetry. As a rule, when these male flirts *do* marry, it is not the girl who allows them to coquette with her as much as they like. They usually select some nice, quiet girl, and they would be very much disgusted with her, were *she* to attempt to flirt. You see, my dear girl, that there is, and always will be, one law for the men, and one for the women. A man thinks a line of conduct (even when it involves women) quite right for himself, but were a girl to behave in similar fashion he would repudiate her, and bitterly condemn her conduct.

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'HENRY R.'— Why do you want to lighten your hair? They say that using kerosene oil will have the effect. Washing it in soda and water, or frequently in ammonia and water is also recommended. These two latter make it very dry, and tend to spoil the hair. I like your colour for a man, and you must excuse my saying, I think you are foolish to try and change it.

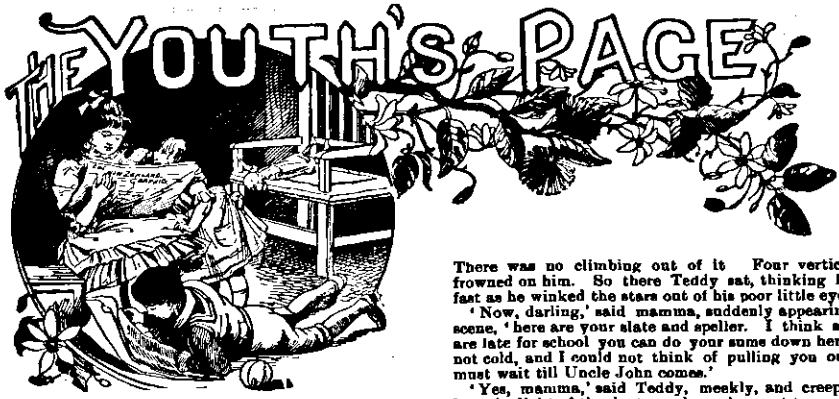
WHY MAIDS WILL WED.

A GOOD wife rose from her bed one morn,
And thought with nervous dread
Of the piles on piles of clothes to be washed
And the dozens of mouths to be fed.
'There's the meals to get for the men in the field,
And the children to fix away to school,
And all the milk to be skimmed and churned
And all to be done this day.'

It had rained in the night, and all the wood
Was wet as it could be,
There were puddings and pies to bake
And a loaf of cake for tea;
And the day was hot, and her aching head
Throbbed wearily as she said,
'If maidens but knew what good wives know
They'd not be in haste to wed.'

'Annie, what do you think I told Ned Brown?
Called the farmer from the well—
And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow
And his eyes half blushingly fell.
'It was this,' and coming near he smiled,
'It was this: That you are the best
And the dearest wife in town.'

The farmer went back to the field,
And the wife, in a smiling, absent way,
Sang snatches of tender little songs
She had not sung for many a day.
And the pain in her head was gone, and her clothes
Were as white as the foam of the sea,
And her butter as sweet and golden as it could be.
The night came down—
The good wife smiled to herself as she said:
''Tis so sweet to labour for those we love
It is not strange that maidens will wed.'



CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I am very hungry at present. Just as I was going to have my dinner our big dog Ponto rushed in and nearly swallowed my little kitty; I suppose he thought it was a rat. I had such fun yesterday, we were on the water all day; but I am so sunburnt to-day. We get the GRAPHIC every week. I hope this is not too long and that you will put it in.—NAN.

[I hope, Nan, that you will have something to eat before this reaches you; you must take care that Ponto does not get kitty. A good cure for sunburn is butter-milk applied at once all over the face.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—We are all so interested in the children's page. Please will you put this one in. We have just come home from the farm in the country where we went for the holidays. There was a big bull, and once when it got loose, we were all shut up in the house for two hours whilst my uncle and the men tried to drive it back into the proper paddock; we were all so scared. One of the dogs fell into the creek and was nearly drowned in a hole.—Your loving ELLEN S.

[Thank you for your letter. I am glad the bull did not hurt you. Did you enjoy your holidays?—COUSIN KATE.]

FAIRY LAMPLIGHTER.

AFFECTION often inspires ingenuity. In a recent life of Joseph Severn the narrative of the artist's care of the poet Keats in his last illness includes a new and graceful incident.

Keats, dozing and waking restlessly through the long nights, was often troubled with sick fancies and visions, and would open his eyes with a look of terror and distress, which gave place to one of peace as they rested upon the face of his friend or the familiar furniture of the lighted room.

But Severn, worn out with watching tireless service, would sometimes drop asleep and allow the candle to go out, thus leaving the sick man in the darkness which he dreaded. Realizing that this was liable to occur, he hit upon a happy device to keep the light still burning.

One evening he fastened a thread from the bottom of the candle, already lighted, to the wick at the top of another unlighted one set ready near by. Not being sure that the experiment would succeed he had not mentioned it, and when, later on, he fell napping as the first candle was burning low, the invalid was too considerate to awake him, but lay patiently awaiting the extinction of the flickering flame.

Suddenly, just as he expected gloom and blackness, the connecting thread—too fine and distant for him to see—caught fire, and a tiny spark began to run along it. Then he awakened the sleeping nurse with an exclamation of joyful surprise.

'Severn! Severn!' he cried. 'Here's a little fairy lamplighter actually lit up the other candle!'

But it was only the good fairy of many sick rooms, loving forethought, that had lighted the candle, and made one more bright spot in the ever-touching story of the devotion of the faithful artist to the dying poet.

TEDDY BUT WHY.'

'MAMMA, may I take Tessie Gray an apple? A big one, mamma, oh. *please!* We played philopena, and she caught me.'

Expecting the yes he thought sure to follow, Teddy laid his hand on the latch of the cellar door.

'Not this morning, dear,' said mamma, tying on sister Dell's hood.

'But *why?*' asked Teddy, crossly.

'Oh, fie!' said grandmamma, 'Who let litt'e But Why into this room!' and she smiled merrily at Teddy.

'If I don't take her that philopena, all the boys will say I'm a mean fellow!' cried Teddy.

'And so you shall take her a big apple this noon, dear, but the bin is too high in front for you to reach, and mamma has no time now to go down cellar.'

'But why can't I reach?' insisted Teddy.

'It's plain to see that little But Why has our Teddy by the ear this morning,' sighed grandmamma, with a comical little twinkle in her eyes.

Teddy slipped down cellar. He climbed up the front of the apple-bin by means of a peach-basket upturned on a bushel measure, and looked over at the apples. Oh, such quantities of juicy, speckled pippins, in spite of the fact that they were getting rather low; and a long wintry sunbeam falling aslant them lit up a particular beauty.

'Reach for that,' whispered naughty But Why.

Teddy reached down, and stretched five eager fingers toward the golden apple. Then there was a somersault. Teddy's little red legs whirled through the air, and he sat up, rueful and dismayed, in the middle of the apple-bin. There was no climbing out of it. Four vertical walls frowned on him. So there Teddy sat, thinking hard and fast as he winked the stars out of his poor little eyes.

'Now, darling,' said mamma, suddenly appearing on the scene, 'here are your slate and speller. I think since you are late for school you can do your sums down here. It is not cold, and I could not think of pulling you out. You must wait till Uncle John comes.'

'Yes, mamma,' said Teddy, meekly, and creeping over into the light of the dusty sunbeam he went to work.

'Will you please hand me up a dozen apples?' asked grandmamma, a while after. 'We did not expect to have any until Uncle John came.' Teddy handed them up in shamefaced silence.

'Dumplings for dinner,' remarked grandmamma, with a relenting sound in her voice. Never was there a more welcome sound than the clatter of Uncle John's boots.

'Hollo, Apple Dumpling!' he cried, lifting Teddy with a great sweep to the cellar floor. 'Grandmamma says you've been spending the morning down here with little But Why.'

'Yes,' said Teddy, 'but he's gone.'

'It's a lovely apple!' cried Tessie, as Teddy paid his philopena that same afternoon. 'But why were you absent this morning?'

'That's just the reason,' laughed Teddy, with a very red face. 'It was But Why.' And sister Dell did not tell Tessie who But Why was.

LILLIAN L. PRICE.

WHICH RHYME IS YOURS?

"Pickles and vinegar, lemons and limes,
If I studied my tables ninety-five times
I never could learn 'em—so what is the use!
I'll ask my mamma to write an excuse."
(Pickles and vinegar, lemons and limes,
Such a bad little girl needs the sourest of rhymes.)

"Sugar and caramels, honey and dates.
Over and over I've bounded the states;
I'm learning the capital cities by heart,
Geography's nice when you get a good start."
(Honey and caramels, sugar and spice,
For a good little girl there is nothing too nice.)

JUVENILE MODESTY.

THERE is a story of a certain benevolent gentleman who visited a certain reformatory institution, and while going over the place engaged one and another of the inmates in conversation.

The good man was quite unmindful of the fact, known to all who have seen much of that phase of life, that people in such places do not enjoy being questioned as to their personal history. At last he came to a very demure-looking youngster, and his heart went out toward the unfortunate waif.

'Well, my little man,' he said, 'and what are you in here for?'

'Please, sir,' said the little fellow, instantly, 'I'm here to set the other boys a good example.'

Somewhat of the same sort is a story lately told in a magazine.

'Aren't you a big boy to have a nurse?' asked an elderly gentleman of a boy whom he had met in the park.

'Oh, no,' said the boy. 'She doesn't look after me, anyhow. She's here to take care of the boys I play with, and see that I don't hurt them.'

FACTS ABOUT THE EARTH.

NO one can watch the advance of science in any direction without being impressed by the fact that real knowledge is only acquired by successive steps, and that some of the steps appear at first sight to be backward ones. But even correction of error implies an advance of knowledge; and so, after all, there is no going backward.

When men first began to believe that the earth was shaped like a ball they evidently thought of it as a true sphere. More exact knowledge showed that it was not a sphere, but its real shape was still misapprehended. Many scientific men in the eighteenth century believed that the globe was drawn out in the direction of the poles, instead of being flattened at the poles and swollen at the equator. Afterwards the fact was established that the earth is thicker through the equator than from pole to pole.

Then it was supposed to be a regular oblate spheroid, that is to say, a sphere somewhat flattened at the poles. But further investigation showed that great irregularities existed, by virtue of which the equator was not a circle, but a more or less irregular elliptical curve. Of course these irregularities are small in proportion to the size of the earth, and yet they are large enough to make a difference of several miles in the diameter of the globe taken in different longitudes.

In a similar way our knowledge of the internal structure of the earth has advanced and is still advancing, by successive steps, the results of which do not always seem consistent at first sight. M. Defforges has recently described in France a careful series of pendulum experiments, which show that some singular differences of density exist in the interior of the earth.

These experiments demonstrate that the force of gravity is greater over the ocean and less over the land than theoretical considerations demand, and M. Defforges suggests, as a reason for this difference, that where the crust of the earth has shrunk, as it seems to have done in forming the ocean beds, its density has, as a consequence, been increased, and there the attraction of gravitation manifests the greatest power at the surface.

With so many curious facts about the shape of the earth, the heat and density of its interior parts, its magnetism and the suspected irregularity of its rotation on its axis, daily coming to light, it is evident that we have yet a great deal to learn about the rocky ball on which we are riding through space.

ABSENT-MINDED SCHOLARS.

WE have all heard the story of the Scotch scholar, who, when told that his house was on fire, quietly informed his servant that he did not wish to be disturbed by household affairs; or the equally famous tale of the German scholar who walked up to his own door, rang his own bell and inquired if he himself was at home. Such absorption is by no means desirable; it narrows the mind, while the chief object of study should be to expand it.

THE YEARNING OF LOVE.

SWEETLY I dream of a dear, pretty creature,
Glowing with beauty and teeming with grace,
Joy in each accent, and love in each feature,
Light in her eye, and a soul in her face.

But oftener still do I dream of a dozen,
As fair as the one that I dreamed about first,
And wonder if ever, 'mong sweetheart or cousin,
I'll settle on her who is sweetest or worst.

But no; 'tis in vain that my unrestrained passion,
Which drives me in sympathy hither and there,
Can sober itself in a pure, proper fashion,
And find one alone all its throbbings to share.

Oh, where in this world can a heart in its chases,
With feelings so wild and so grand in its scope,
Be loved in the plural, and meet the embraces
Of darlings unnumbered, all waiting to slope?

Ah, sweetly I dream of a land sentimental,
Beyond the cold regions of dollars and cents,
Where, wrapt in the splendours of life oriental,
Are bosoms all heaving with fondness intense.

If joys there be elsewhere, oh, do not compare,
To ecstasies whispering over the seas;
Oh, mine is a nature that pines for a harem,
To dote on a thousand affectionate 'she's.'

'IF HE'D 'A' SED DUCKS!'

SAMBO, the typical Sambo, joined the church, and the shepherd of his soul thought it best to look after him.

'Have you stolen any chickens, Sambo, since you met with a change of heart?' said the shepherd one day.

'No, massa; oh, no. I hasn't stole no chick'ns 'tall.'

'Any turkeys?' persisted the pastor.

'Oh, no, massa! I hasn't took nary a turkey.'

'Well, Sambo, I am glad to hear it—very glad. Watch and pray?' And the good man went on.

'Golly!' chuckled Sambo, peeping inside his coat, 'if he'd 'a' sed ducks he'd 'a' hed me!'

A BOY'S REVENGE.

ARTHUR, who is forbidden to speak at the table, had his revenge the other day. As dinner began he was uneasy, and finally said:

'Ma, can't I speak just one word?'

'You know the rule, Arthur.'

'Not one word?'

'No, Arthur, not until your father finishes the paper.'

Arthur subsided until the paper was finished, when he was asked what he wished to say.

'Oh, nothing; only Nora put the custards outside the window to cool, and the cat has been eating them up.'

HAD TO ECONOMISE.

HE (*shortly after the introduction*): 'Excuse me, but do you think you could ever love me if—well—if you should try?'

SHE: 'Well, I must say this is——'

HE: 'Oh, don't be offended. It cost me more than £100 to find out whether the last one loved me or not, and I've got to economise, you know.'

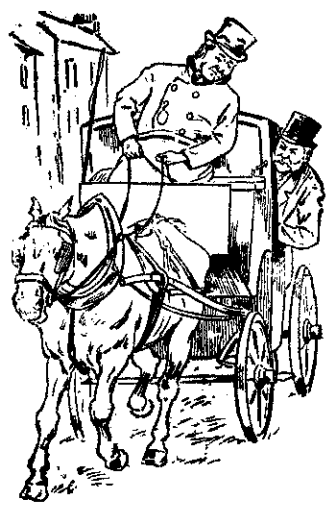
QUID PRO QUO.

IT is reported that one day when Lord Brougham had driven to the House in the vehicle of his own invention, which Robinson, the coachmaker, had christened after him, he was met in the robing-room by the Duke of Wellington, who, after a low bow, accosted him thus:

'I have always hitherto lived under the impression that your lordship would go down to posterity as the great apostle of education, the emancipator of the negro, the restorer of abused charities, the reformer of the law. But no—hereafter you will be known only as the inventor of a carriage!'

'And I, my lord duke, have always been under the delusion that your grace would be remembered as the hero of a hundred battles, the liberator of Europe, the conqueror of Napoleon. But no—your grace will be known as the inventor of a pair of boots.'

'Confound the boots!' said the Iron Duke. 'I had quite forgotten them. You have the best of it.'



SARCASM.

FARE: 'I say, cabby, hang it all this isn't a funeral.'

CABBY: 'No, nor it ain't a blooming fire engine.'

GETTING A SWEAT.

IT is well-known that the veterans who preside at the examinations of surgeons question minutely those who wish to become qualified. After answering very satisfactorily to the numerous inquiries made, a young gentleman was asked if he wished to give his patient a profuse perspiration, what he would prescribe.

He mentioned many diaphoric medicines in case the first failed, but the unmerciful questioner thus continued:

'Pray, sir, suppose none of those succeeded, what step would you take next?'

'Why, sir,' rejoined the enraged and harassed young Esculapius, 'I would send him here to be examined, and if that did not give him a sweat, I do not know what would.'

THE DIFFERENCE.

'So that distinguished looking lady is your wife, eh?'

'No, I'm that distinguished looking lady's husband.'

A PICTURE WITH A MORAL.

'DO not yawn too freely behind those gauze fans.'

TRY TO SMILE.

A FEARFUL POSSIBILITY.

O, let us hope that women ne'er
Shall wrest the barber's trade from men!
For, talked to death now in the chair,
What would our awful doom be then?

* * *

NOTHING LEFT.—Wife: 'Wake up! There are thieves in the house!' Husband: 'Go down and show them your new bonnet, and they won't waste any time looking for money here.'

* * *

ONLY A DREAM.—Scribe: 'I had the finest dream the other night.' Spacer: 'What was it?' Scribe: 'I thought we were paid as much per column as the advertisers are charged.'

* * *

THE LAST DROP.—Magistrate: 'If you don't stop drinking, it will lead you to the gallows.' Prisoner (nonchalantly): 'Yes, one drop often leads to another.'

* * *

HE KNOWS.—The bibulous person who said he had 'a bright prospect' before him was told that it would always be there unless he swore off or chalked his nose.

* * *

HE FORGOT THE DOG.—At a natural history examination. School Inspector: 'What is the animal capable of the closest attachment to man?' Scholar: 'The leech.'

* * *

AN INDEPENDENT INCOME.—Smith: 'You have an independent income, haven't you?' Brown: 'Independent? Well, I should say I had. It has utterly ignored me for years.'

* * *

Here rest the bones of one, alack!
Who all his life was dumb,
Until he tried to drive a tack
And hit instead his thumb.

* * *

DID HE HUG?—Ethel: 'Isn't your friend Sculliski a Russian?' Amy: 'Yes; how did you know?' Ethel: 'While I was in the conservatory with him last night he acted like a bear.'

* * *

'MY dear Rose, I dreamt of you last night.' Rose (*vivaciously*): 'Indeed! And what dress did I have on?'

* * *

THE hen that sits on a porcelain egg may not accomplish much, but she has on nest intentions.

KNEW HIS BUSINESS.

BENEVOLENT GENTLEMAN: 'My little boy, have you no better way to spend this beautiful Sabbath afternoon than by standing in front of the gate idling away your time?'

Boy: 'I ain't idling away my time. There's a young man inside with my sister who is paying me sixpence an hour to watch for pa.'