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And Ladies' Journal.

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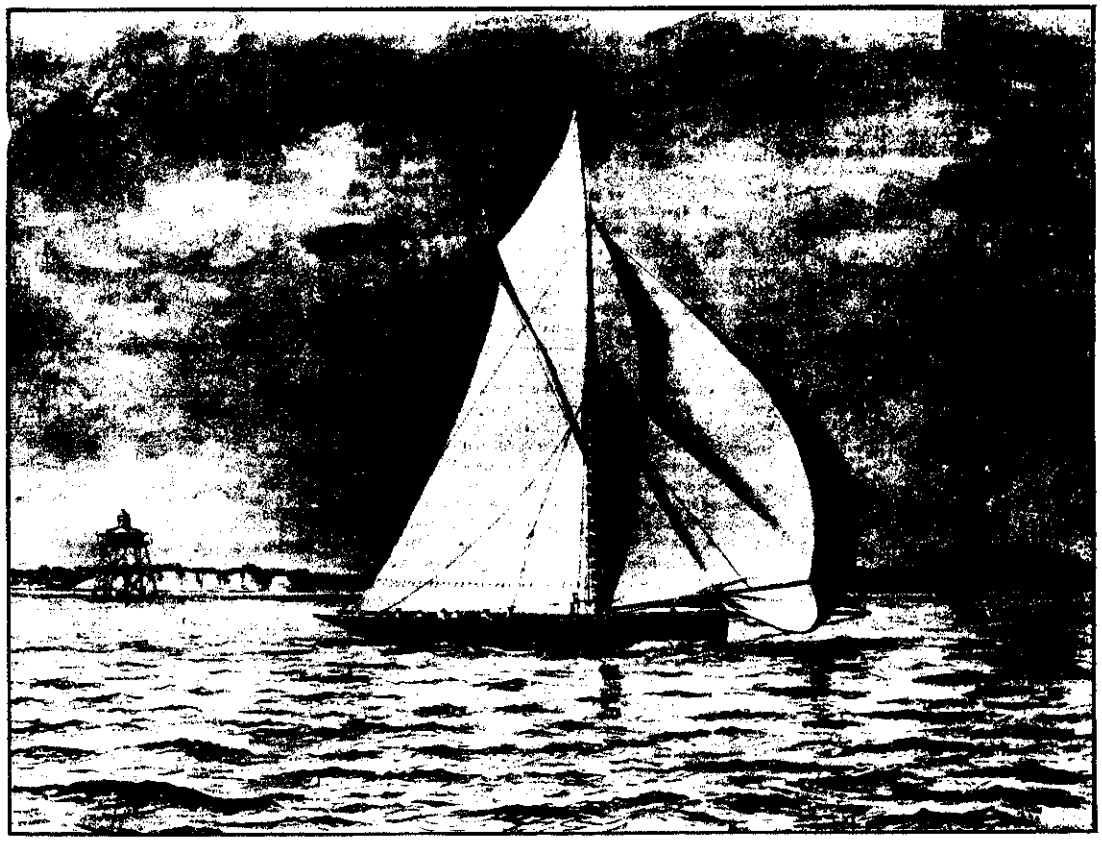
AUCKLAND YACHTS.

THE Volunteer is owned by Mr T. Henderson, manager of the Union Steamship Company. She is the largest yacht in New Zealand waters, being 33 rating. For cruising the Volunteer is yawl rigged, but prior to the recent racing Mr Henderson put the yacht into cutter rig, in which she looks exceedingly handsome when sailing. At anchor the Volunteer has not a particularly attractive appearance, owing no doubt to her straight bow, but her counter is beautifully shaped, and looking at her from astern she looks like a gull in the water.



From a Sketch by T. Ryan.

AUCKLAND YACHT 'VOLUNTEER.'

Largest Sailing Yacht in New Zealand, 33 Rating. Owned by Mr T. Henderson.

She was built on the Parramatta River, N.S.W., in 1888, for Mr W. P. Smairl, of Sydney, but was last year purchased by Mr T. Henderson, of Auckland, owner of the well-known Rita. Amongst her other performances the Volunteer has won the 100 Years Challenge Cup of N.S.W., value £500, on three occasions since her launch in Sydney harbour. The Volunteer is able to set a very large area of canvas, her mainboom being 52ft in length, while her spinnaker boom measures some 40ft.

A sympathy with the pains and pleasures of others is the foundation of our social virtues.

FRENCH POLICE SPIES.

AFTER all that has been said about the vileness of the police system under the empire, which rendered it almost impossible for anyone to be safe from espionage, even in private life, it might well be supposed that the Republic had done away with this machinery for discovering and weaving plots so much more suited to the age of Louis XI. than to the nineteenth century. It remains, however, very much what it was thirty years ago. These things do not change in France.

Governments go, and the forms of government, and these are succeeded by others, but the good old abuses—they must be thought good by some people—cling to the ship with barnacle like tenacity. French official organisation is about the most steadfast thing in the world, although all French people to whom you may speak on the subject agree that it is very bad. It is almost as difficult now as it was under the empire to be certain that a man whom you may meet, either in society or out of it, does not belong to the secret police.

All over the country there are mouchards—a term expressing something stronger than spies. I have been inconvenienced by them myself in the provinces. On one occasion I made a rather long stay in a little place where there were two hotels in fierce rivalry. One day a brigadier of gendarmes came over from a neighbouring town on purpose to make inquiries respecting me.

He did not trouble me, but he questioned various people as to how I passed my time, about how much I spent a day, what sort of meals I had, and whether I appeared to have more money than I knew what to do with. The fact was I was suspected of being a spy in the pay of a foreign Government.

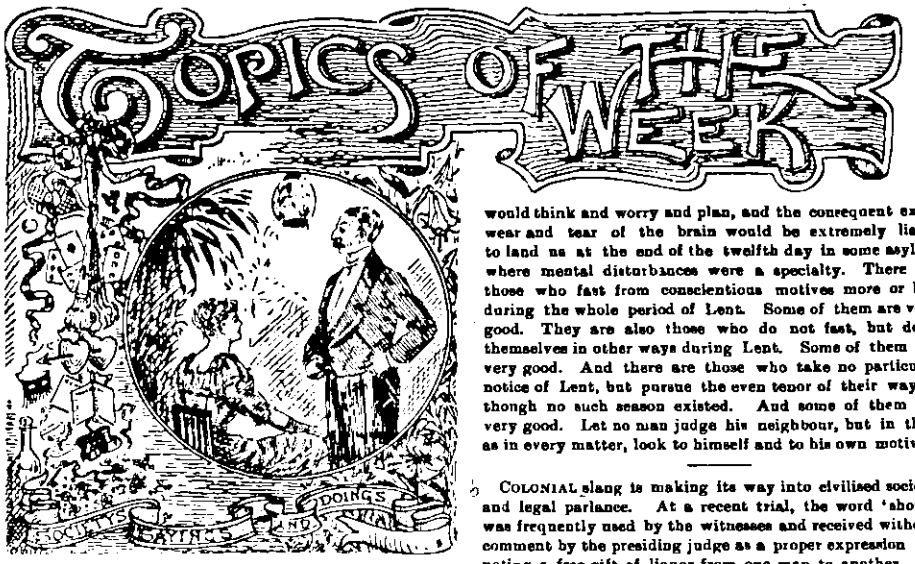
As I consider a bold front to be the best whenever there is anything of this kind in the air, I got myself driven over to the gendarmery, which was about eight miles off, and there had it out with the brave brigadier.

I soon discovered that an informer had been at work, and that the informer was no other than the keeper of the rival hotel, who for years had been receiving pay as a member of the secret police. Situated where he was he must have been absolutely useless in that capacity, but at one time he must have done a service to somebody.

It is especially in Paris, however, that the secret police is supposed to be indispensable. Every Government wishes to be kept well informed as to all that goes on in an enemy's camp. Such information can only be obtained from those who are willing to play the part of a traitor or whose position enables them to observe what is going forward without exciting suspicion. They are technically termed 'indicators,' and may belong to either sex. When the Boulangist movement was convulsing France, the Government had a great advantage over its opponents by handling of the secret fund and the secret police.

Boulanger's footsteps were dogged everywhere, and somehow M. Constance learned all that he wished to know concerning the plans and doings of the conspirators. An important point in this system is to make the 'indicator' feel sure that whatever happens he will not be betrayed.

The money given for dark services is paid from hand to hand in cafés or other non-official places by commissionaires, and the name of no auxiliary outside of the ranks of the regular police ever appears in book.



It would seem, from recent disclosures as to the *modus operandi* of an election campaign, that the openly avowed intentions of the lady electors to remedy some of the abuses and evils connected therewith, are by no means uncalled for nor unnecessary. We all know how different an aspect our domestic hearth wears when gentle woman has taken the brush and swept up the ashes and etceteras, including, of course, that fragment of a letter which we had been trying to burn. And there is no reason to suppose that now that she wields the political besom, her hand will have lost any of its wonted cunning. Nay, already compliments on the great improvement in our members of Parliament are being wafted to us from over the seas, and all the franchised and unfranchised people—particularly the latter—from all parts of the civilised world, give the credit of this improvement to the ladies.

Be it ever borne in mind, too, that this reform, so far as it has gone, was all accomplished in the short space of five weeks, for that was the brief time allowed the ladies from the granting of the suffrage until the actual day for exercising their new rights. Tremble, therefore, O incipient M.H.R.'s who are looking forward to bye-elections, or even to the next general election to proffer your services for the good of your constituency and colony, and think well before you subject your past and present record to the clear, cold, merciless scrutiny of the leaders of the female Franchise Leagues throughout the colony. And tremble still more, present members, for your political careers of the next three years will be watched with deep and penetrating eyes. Already the note-books are being prepared, the dainty pencils sharpened, scissors and paste and a scrap book are added to my lady's toilet table. For hath it not been issued as a command to all the women voters of New Zealand, that they each cut out and carefully preserve every speech made on every occasion by their own particular representative? Armed with these authentic records of their words and their actions, the fair electors will confront the members after each session, and demand in incisive language what such and such expressions mean, and why such and such votes were given for such and such motions and amendments.

His Excellency the Governor spent a few days at Horsley Downs this week, returning to Government House, Ilam. The Vice-Regal party bade farewell to Christchurch for a time, and as the stay in Wellington is to be a short one 'beautiful Auckland' will soon be reached. Lady Glasgow keeps up her interest in the Mothers' Union, and recently invited all those who belong thereto to afternoon tea in the Provincial Council Chamber, Christchurch. This will show her less fortunate sisters that with all her many responsibilities and duties their cares and interests are not forgotten.

The quiet season of Lent is once more upon us, bidding us deny ourselves in some form or another the things for which our soul hankereth. That a day's fast now and again is exceedingly good for the body, few people will deny. One of the great London physicians advocated a day's abstinence once a month. He suggested it should be spent in a recumbent position, and that no food, mentally or physically, should be partaken of. To most of us twelve such days' penance would hardly cure us of our sin. We should spend the time in composing a new dictionary, which it would be advisable to keep out of the hands of young children. Some of us might, perchance, sleep, and so really profit by the enforced inaction, but a succeeding night's wakefulness would effectually destroy all the good obtained from our enforced and unusual rest. Others of us would think and worry and plan, and the consequent extra wear and tear of the brain would be extremely liable to land us at the end of the twelfth day in some asylum where mental disturbances were a specialty. There are those who fast from conscientious motives more or less during the whole period of Lent. Some of them are very good. They are also those who do not fast, but deny themselves in other ways during Lent. Some of them are very good. And there are those who take no particular notice of Lent, but pursue the even tenor of their way as though no such season existed. And some of them are very good. Let no man judge his neighbour, but in this, as in every matter, look to himself and to his own motives.

Colonial slang is making its way into civilised society and legal parlance. At a recent trial, the word 'shout' was frequently used by the witnesses and received without comment by the presiding judge as a proper expression denoting a free gift of liquor from one man to another. In England, some of the sharp cross-examiners would have called the expression in question at once, and had its meaning clearly defined, probably much to the amusement of the Court. Possibly our legal fraternity are in the habit of making trial of the word in a practical manner, and know full well its efficacy and usefulness.

Now that women's clubs are an established fact in London, it remains to be seen how soon the chief city in this colony will follow the example set in the metropolis. A great deal of the success of a club of this kind naturally depends upon the president. It may be that an assemblage of women for the purpose of forming a club will declare that each member is thoroughly independent, and in every respect a free actor. Nevertheless, it is true that the personality of one woman can stamp itself indelibly upon the whole club. This is especially so in the third Women's Club recently started in London—the Pioneer. The general intention of the club is to unite in a bond of social fellowship women who are labouring to improve the conditions of life for their sex. The 'qualifications for membership are an active personal interest in any of the various movements for women's social, educational and political advancement.

What a magnificent chance is now open in New Zealand to any woman who shall come forward as the pioneer of such a club for her own sex! She will be called an advanced female, and will naturally meet with a certain amount of derision. But the way for political advancement has been opened by the various Women's Franchise Leagues which have been so successful in this colony. Socially and educationally, women are here in an excellent position, at least men think so, in their ignorance. But that the gentler sex does not is proved by the fact that the Franchise Leagues are re-forming under—in some cases—new names, with very pronounced ideas and theories on political, educational, and social matters. Hence a club to unite all these women is a probability of the near future, and we would advise some smart woman, with a strong personality, to start it forthwith, and instal herself as president.

Musical Auckland should delight to honour Mr Gee, the amous baritone, who is shortly to take up his residence amongst us. Indeed, there are few artistes, musical or otherwise, whom Auckland does not delight to honour. We have no titled aristocracy to do homage to as in the Old Country—not that we would do them homage if we had. We have no silver kings, and diamond kings, and otherwise bloated millionaires on whom to expend our admiration as have our Yankee brothers; the almighty dollar is so scarce here as to make it hardly worth moiling and toiling for. What more appropriate then than to expend superfluous energy in lionizing wherever real talent—musical, dramatic, or artistic—makes admiration a righteous tribute. So much for Mr Gee. As a teacher of singing, he is almost certain to obtain a large number of pupils, and although entertaining the highest opinion of present local instruction in that art, we cannot but wish Mr Gee every success, as the name and mark he is certain to make here will be thoroughly deserved. While gaining one musician of note, however, Auckland has lost another. Mrs Judson, who is so well known here as an instructress in singing and the pianoforte, left with her daughter a few weeks ago for England *en route* to Germany, where the latter is to study music. Mrs Judson's loss is greatly regretted by a large circle of pupils and friends.

Sequah, like the wild man of Borneo, has just come to town. Not that there is any palpable reason to connect Mr Sequah with the wild man of Borneo, although uncharitable people might say the comparison was a striking one. Mr Sequah's locks are long and luxuriant; his grip is an iron one. He is a second Samson, the difference being that he more often works *upon* than *with* the jaw-bone of an ass. Are you desirous of having a wisdom tooth drawn? For such a purpose you cannot do better than obtain Mr Sequah's services. You are politely entreated to take a seat. You retain confused impressions of some one executing a Maori war dance before you. The ceremony culminates in a dive at your unoffending mouth, a whish, and Mr Sequah emerges, calm, and triumphant, and the band plays Annie Rooney. You step down from the gilded chariot amidst music and applause, walk proudly through the crowd, a conscious hero, and reaching home, discover that the wrong tooth has been taken out, that tooth No. 1 will not speedily forget the insult, and saddest of all there is 'an aching void which only time can heal.' Such are a few of the disadvantages in being operated on to slow music, but they are so trivial as to be unworthy of mention. There is fame, there is glory, to be found in the recesses of that gilded chariot. Let the halt and maimed and blind attend! Sequah speaks.

THE ADULT VOTE.

[A faint and most imperfect tribute of enthusiastic and overflowing admiration for our noblest institution, *Universal Sufferance*—beg pardon, *Suffrage*. Inspired and run into doggerel after rapt contemplation of the printed evidence in the recent Waitemata election appeal.]

Oh, rouse a swelling chorus with a proud triumphal note,
In praise of that great principle, one adult and one vote;
The tyranny of thought is dead, nor education fear,
Crippled they stand in this free land by 'adult votes' and BEER.

One man, one woman, and one vote—still on its beauties think;
Merit and sense may beaten be, by stray half crowns and drink;
Though some may try of worthiness and honesty to speak,
The adult vote will drown their voice with drunken shout and shriek.

How many wrongs it's righted! how glorious 'tis to think
That beneath the voting level 'tis impossible to sink!
That the harlot and the drunkard, and the man who's three parts beast
Is accounted by the Government your equal at the least.

Inestimable privilege! these can nullify the votes
Of damned respectability, with its bank books and black coats;
They can aid the great god Demos whom we all so venerate
To nationalise our property, to rob us for the state.

Ah, who can help but laud it, who remain un-overjoyed,
For has it not appointed as our king the '*unemployed*'!
What though he be a tyrant, what ecstatic joy we feel
As we legislate him upward and he grinds us with his heel.

But one injustice yet remains in sight of man and God—
There is no vote or privilege for those shut up in 'quod,'
The pewter shines not for them now, nor flows the elect'ral beer.
Ah, legislators! right this wrong the convict's heart to cheer.*

So rouse a swelling chorus with a proud triumphal note
In praise of that great principle, one adult and one vote,
The tyranny of thought is dead, nor education fear,
Wisdom and Honour soon will die—*Vivat* the Vote and BEER!

E. Wilfrid G. Rathbone.

February 13th, 1894.

* It must be gratefully borne in mind that this applies only to those actually 'doing time.' The ex-swindler, ex-thief—ex-murderer may be—have, God be thanked, a voice in the Government of this country and in the framing of our laws.

TENNIS TOPICS.

BY 'VANTAGE.'

THE following ladies have entered for the Championship contest:—Mrs Chapman, Misses Atkinson, Bull, Davy, C. Frost, M. Frost, Gorrie, Horne, Laishley, Mowbray, Nicholson, Rookes, and Spiers. The latter holds the Championship at present, and therefore waits out to meet the winner among the other ladies.

MRS C. R. CHAPMAN is a member of Eden and Epsom Club, having joined this Club at the beginning of the present season. Her name has been foremost among the players at the Auckland Club during the past three seasons. In 1891 Mrs Chapman won the Championship of that Club, playing the final against Miss Nicholson. These two ladies held an unbroken record for their Club doubles, won the inter-club contest in 1893, and defeated all opponents in the late New Zealand Tournament. Mrs Chapman does not play a very hard game, but gets back nearly everything. Her returns are apt to be high, but she maintains good length. As with most of our lady players, her weakest

Hanna, photo.

MRS CHAPMAN.
Ladies Double.

play is on the back hand. This year Mrs Chapman has met and won from Miss Gorrie in the first round for the Championship. The match, played at the Eden and Epsom Ground, resulted, 6—3, 7—5.

MISS ATKINSON was originally a member of the Auckland Club, but has joined and plays for the Parnell Club. Has a fast horizontal service, and also takes all forehand strokes with a straight arm. These strokes are made hard; in fact, in the forehand she is the hardest hitter at Parnell. Has no knowledge of back-hand play, and has acquired the reprehensible practice of using both hands for balls on the left. I would urge Miss Atkinson to abandon this, and also to play with a lighter racquet. Miss Atkinson plays almost entirely from the base line, and apparently knows the danger of getting into three-quarter court, being seen there less than most lady players. Has played in the championship singles in 1892 and 1893, being beaten in the former by Miss Gorrie, and in the latter by Miss Bull. The latter player has also scored a win from her this year, the games being 6—3 6—3. In 1889 Miss Atkinson won the Ladies' Handicap Singles at the Auckland club, and with Miss Laishley won the Ladies' doubles last year at Parnell.

MISS BULL is a member of the Eden and Epsom Club. Possesses a tricky service, in most respects identical with that adopted by Miss Dods, the English champion. Want of pace is Miss Bull's weakness, as her powers of return are often astonishing. Strongest on the forehand, but can play from the left, and occasionally volleys. Places well to side lines, but returns too short usually. Gets about the court with great activity, and tries for everything. Won handicap contest for trophy two years ago, and the Ladies' Handicap of her club last year. Defeated Miss Atkinson last week in the first round for the Auckland Championship, winning 6—3, 6—3.

MISS DAVY is a new member of Parnell Club, and a stranger in Auckland tennis circles, this being her first year here. Miss Davy is undoubtedly handicapped, as her tennis in Wellington has been almost entirely on asphalt courts. Her only match experience in the capital was against Miss Trimnell, whom she defeated. Serves overhand, but not severely; places well, and is among the very few ladies who play a good back hand stroke. I anticipate that when accustomed to the grass courts and in practice Miss Davy will be heard of in coming contests.

MISS C. FROST, a member of Onehunga Club. Has a fairly strong straight arm service; understands the value of placing and length, but lacks steadiness. Has great powers of return, and goes for everything. Would improve by steady practice against strong players.

MISS M. FROST is a member of Onehunga Club, and plays a somewhat similar game to her sister. Has a good 'across-court' drive, and returns good length. Is hard to pass except on the back-hand.

MISS GORRIE was, till this year, a prominent member of the Auckland Club, but she now plays with Eden and Epsom. Has a good under-hand service; plays pretty tennis, and takes balls on the left correctly. Loses many strokes by getting in wrong position in court, being neither back nor up. Is not playing up to form this year. Places fairly, but does not hit hard enough.

MISS HORNE plays in Auckland for the first time this year, and with practice against hard play will improve all round. Places well, and returns with certainty on the forehand. Met Miss C. Frost in the first round of the championship, defeating her, 7—5, 6—4.

MISS LAISHLEY, member of Parnell Club. Serves with straight arm; should cultivate a more difficult service, as against strong players her present service, owing to its softness, would likely be killed each time. Holds her racquet too short, and does not make enough of her speed—which is considerable—in 'going' for balls out of reach. Balls that come to her liking—about arm's length on the forehand—receive no mercy, and Miss Laishley might make nearly all her strokes tell. From the back hand occasionally gets a hard telling stroke. Has represented Parnell in inter-club contests—ladies' doubles and combined—for past two years, and has competed successfully in her club's tournaments, having won the Ladies' Handicap Singles in 1892 and 1893. By carefully studying the game Miss Laishley will rank among the first three players before long.

MISS MOWBRAY, member of Parnell Club. The name of Miss Mowbray is inseparately connected with Lawn Tennis in Auckland, as she had an unbeaten record for five years,

Hanna, photo.

MISS C. MOWBRAY.
Ladies C. Double.

winning the Championship of Auckland in 1887, 1888, 1889, 1890, 1891, beating such well-known players as Miss Spiers (the New Zealand present champion), Miss Morse, Miss Whitney, Miss McCausland, Miss Jahn. Owing to an unfortunate carriage accident (which, by the way, occurred when Miss Mowbray was driving home from tennis) she had to drop out of the competition in 1892. Last year, however, Miss Mowbray again entered the lists, but was beaten by Miss Spiers. In 1889, owing to a mistake in framing the conditions, Miss Mowbray played right through, meeting and

Hanna, photo.

MISS NICHOLSON.

defeating four opponents. Since her accident the Parnell champion has not shown the power and sureness that formerly characterized her game, but even yet one sees occasionally a hard across court drive from the right-hand corner, pitching close to her opponent's base line, and playable only by very few. This across court drive was undoubtedly Miss Mowbray's strong attack, and to it she owed much of her success. From the middle of her court she was also able to make a telling well-placed stroke into her opponent's left-hand corner. Miss Mowbray, unfortunately, neglected the back-hand stroke, relying on her marvellous activity and powers of endurance to 'run round' left hand balls. Even since the accident Miss Mowbray plays without sparing herself, and never loses heart or hope while there's a stroke to be played; but as she herself has expressed it, 'I used to be able to place hard across the court and down the side lines, and (mournfully) now I can't. I seem to have lost steadiness, and I'm afraid I'll never play so well as before.' Miss Mowbray and Miss Spiers played together in the Championship tournament, but owing to the similarity of their game did not make a strong combination. Miss Mowbray and Mr Hooper played in the combined, and beat all opponents. I know I express the wish of all tennis players in hoping that Miss Mowbray will yet recover her old form, and be seen playing a better game than ever.

MISS NICHOLSON is a member of Auckland Club, in which she has won numerous events in singles, ladies' doubles, and combined. Played in final for the Auckland Championship last year, being defeated by Miss Spiers, who won from her again in the final for the New Zealand Championship. In many respects plays the best game among the Auckland ladies. Has a fairly good service, hits everything low and clean, takes balls in correct style on the back-hand, and places well. Against anything like soft play Miss Nicholson will score, but lacks certainty of return against hard driving. Rather overdoes waiting for falling balls both in service and returns, and for the style of game adopted by her should play with a more supple wrist and hit harder. Played in past years with Mrs Chapman, making the strongest ladies' double in Auckland. These ladies won the ladies' doubles in the recent tournament.

MISS ROOKES, member of Parnell Club. Has a soft underhand service: altogether plays much too softly, and should cultivate hard strokes. Plays an admirable back-hand stroke, but discounts many advantages by continually getting into three-quarter court. Should resolve never to get nearer the net than the base line. With Miss Mowbray beat Mount Eden Ladies' and Onehunga, but lost against Auckland. With Mrs R. Walker won the Parnell Club Doubles last year. Played in the championship contest of 1893, but lost to Miss Von Sturmer after getting within one stroke of winning. Appears to play a much better game in practice than in matches, this probably due to nervousness.

HEALTH and PLEASURE RESORTS of NEW ZEALAND.

THE SOUTHERN ALPS
(IN TWO PARTS).

No. 10.

THE ascent of Mount Cook is to New Zealand what the ascent of the Matterhorn used to be in Europe before the 'cheap tripper' vulgarized Switzerland, or to be correct, tainted it with his vulgarity. It has been done, but is far and away the most difficult and the most arduous bit of climbing not in New Zealand merely, but in the world. It was first conquered in the year 1870, when the Rev. W. Green and two members of the Alpine Club made several abortive and one successful attempt to scale the giant of the Southern Hemisphere. The account of the successful ascent as told by Mr Green is of such enthralling interest and so admirable in descriptive quality that no apology is needed for quoting it as the most fitting accompaniment to our views, which are reproduced from the plendid photographs of Messrs Morris, and Messrs Benton, of Dunedin, the most successful mountain photographers we know. But before we begin our climb with Mr Green and his plucky companions some idea may be given of

HOW TO REACH MOUNT COOK.

The Government railways are patronised to Timaru, where a halt may be made for a day or more, and the journey is then continued to Fairlie by rail. From Fairlie to the Hermitage, 2,200ft above the sea level, the journey is by coach. The service is one of the best, if not absolutely the best in the colony. Tourists stop in great numbers at the Hermitage, and are usually contented with a day's journey amongst the everlasting snows. Those who do meditate an ascent will do well to read Mr Green's book. At the point where our account begins, the preliminary part of the ascent has been accomplished on the preceding day, and the party have been camped all night in a cosy nook scraped in the snow.

Shortly after 4 a.m we were awake, but on peeping out found the outside of the waterproof wet with a drizzling mist. It was still very dark, so we waited a little, and then came the pale light of dawn through the fog. We got up, made tea, and a little before six o'clock it was clear enough to move upward. Great banks of clouds had settled in the valley; out of which the mountain peaks rose like islands, clear cut against one of those pea-green skies so peculiar to New Zealand. Other fleecy masses had sailed aloft to the summits of the higher range, and we tried to think that our virgin peak was putting on her bridal veil.

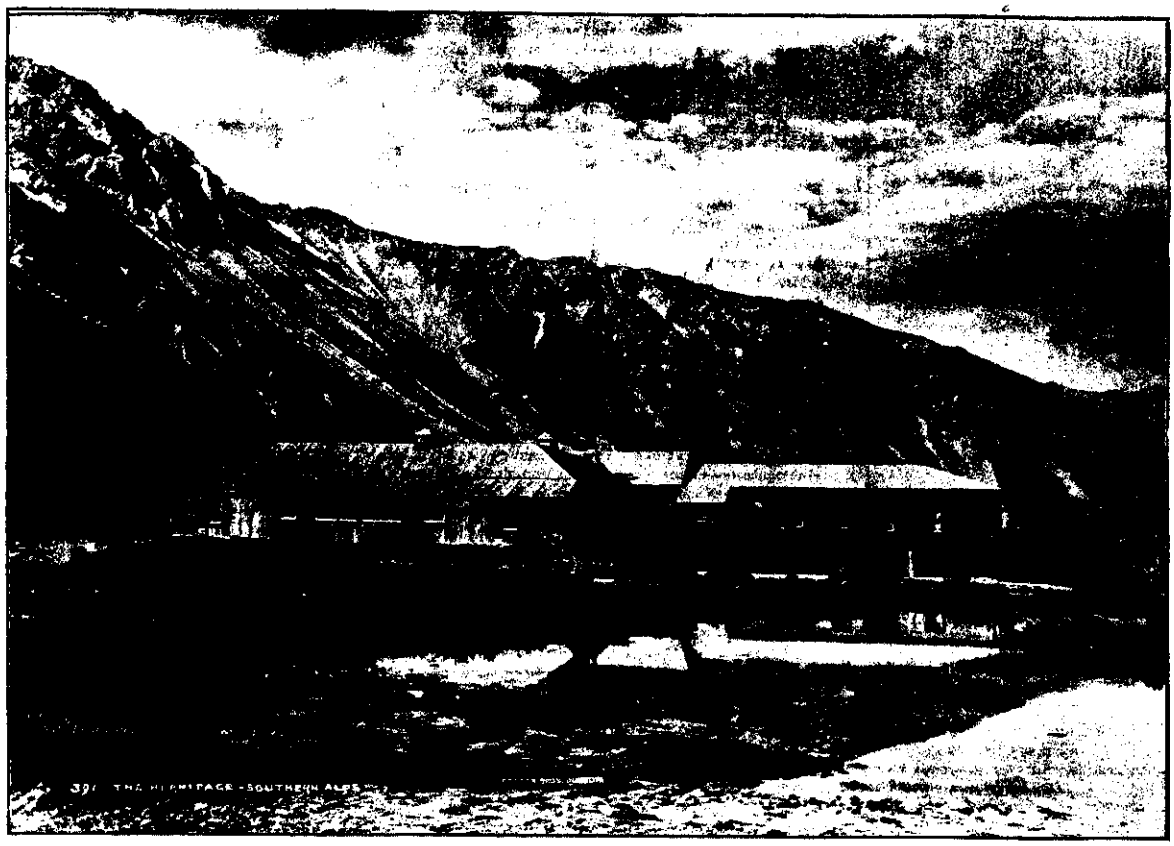
We had encountered no difficulty so far, and it was encouraging to think that after our weary climbs the way ahead was at last open.

A few minutes from our *gite* brought us to the snow slope, which we ascended in zigzags, then bearing round the head of the glacier to our right crossed a bergschrund without difficulty, and as the snow was in splendid order we struck straight up for the crest of the ridge. So far we had enjoyed the keen night air, but as we cut steps up to the rock of the ridge we were struck by a sudden glare of light and heat, and looking eastward saw the sun just appearing over the sea of mountains, which rose ridge beyond ridge like billows in an ocean of golden light. We quickly adjusted our blue goggles and peeling off our coats tackled the ascent. The steep bit was very short; a few steps and the ice curved off to the dome-shaped ridge which we had seen from below, and as we gained its flattened summit the most splendid prospect which we had yet seen opened before us. We overlooked the great plateau; on our left we could just see the top of the Hochstetter ice-fall; before us the great peak of Mount Cook, and then the cliffs of Mount Tasman, between us and which spread out this wondrous field of ice. It must have been nearly two miles wide and about six long, and seemed perfectly flat, though in reality it was a shallow basin. There were no large crevasses except where the ice began to round off to the Hochstetter fall; but some long narrow ones, which we afterwards found to be immensely deep, crossed the field in parallel lines. These, however, gave us no trouble, and we came to the conclusion that it would be a safe place on which to spend the night, with plenty of room for exercise should we find it impossible to regain our bivouac.

What here absorbed our interest most of all was a glacier coming down between Mount Cook and Mount Tasman, which I have called the Linda Glacier. It was much crevassed and broken, but its upper portion wound round into a couloir between the rocky ribs of Mount Cook, and promised a practicable route by which we might reach the upper part of our arête. By this time every cloud had vanished from the sky and the northern arête, from summit to base, was in sight; so I paused to take a photograph while my men scanned the ridge and the glacier alternately, in order to select the most promising route. Should the glacier prove practicable it was obviously the better line of ascent, but now was our chance of becoming acquainted with every crag of the arête, in case we should be driven to attempt it as a forlorn hope. This northern arête looked a very inaccessible pile of ice-seamed rocks, but as it forked into two gradually diverging ridges we had a choice of difficulties. About half way up the rocks rose vertically in steps; great towers of rock 200 or 300 feet high, and with deep clefts between. Then came some snow, an isolated speck of rock in a bergschrund, and then the ice-cap of the summit. To reach the snow arête above the rocks was the difficulty to be faced. We gave the arête connecting Mount Cook with Mount Tasman but little attention, as we saw no chance of getting on to it, and its upper portion was hidden behind the nearer ridge.

We had to cut steps downwards for a short distance, and then stepping over a small bergschrund we reached the level plateau, and struck across the snow-field towards the Linda Glacier. The crevasses were numerous, but the séracs were not dangerous; and though we lost time in zigzagging about amongst them and looking for snow bridges, we met with no great difficulty. We were as yet undecided whether we should stick to the glacier or try the rocky buttress on our left. However, as we advanced, the rocks looked worse and worse; so just pausing for a minute Kaufmann took off his goggles to have a good look, and then wheeling round, led away straight up the glacier without giving the rocks a second thought. We followed, assenting to his decision by taking the steps as fast as he could cut them. Some of the séracs were very steep, some of the snow bridges so treacherous that we had to creep across them on all fours. Many of the crevasses were not bridged at all, so we had to cut down below their brink and, from a firm step, make a stride across the abyss, judiciously paying our rope to each other as the leap was made.

By ten o'clock the most broken portion of glacier was passed, so we called a halt for breakfast on a little level place, above which the glacier rose in another maze of crevasses, and made a sharp angle in its course to the southward, and seemed to promise us good travelling to the base of the final peak. We were now close up to the foot of the arête which connects Mount Cook with Mount Tasman



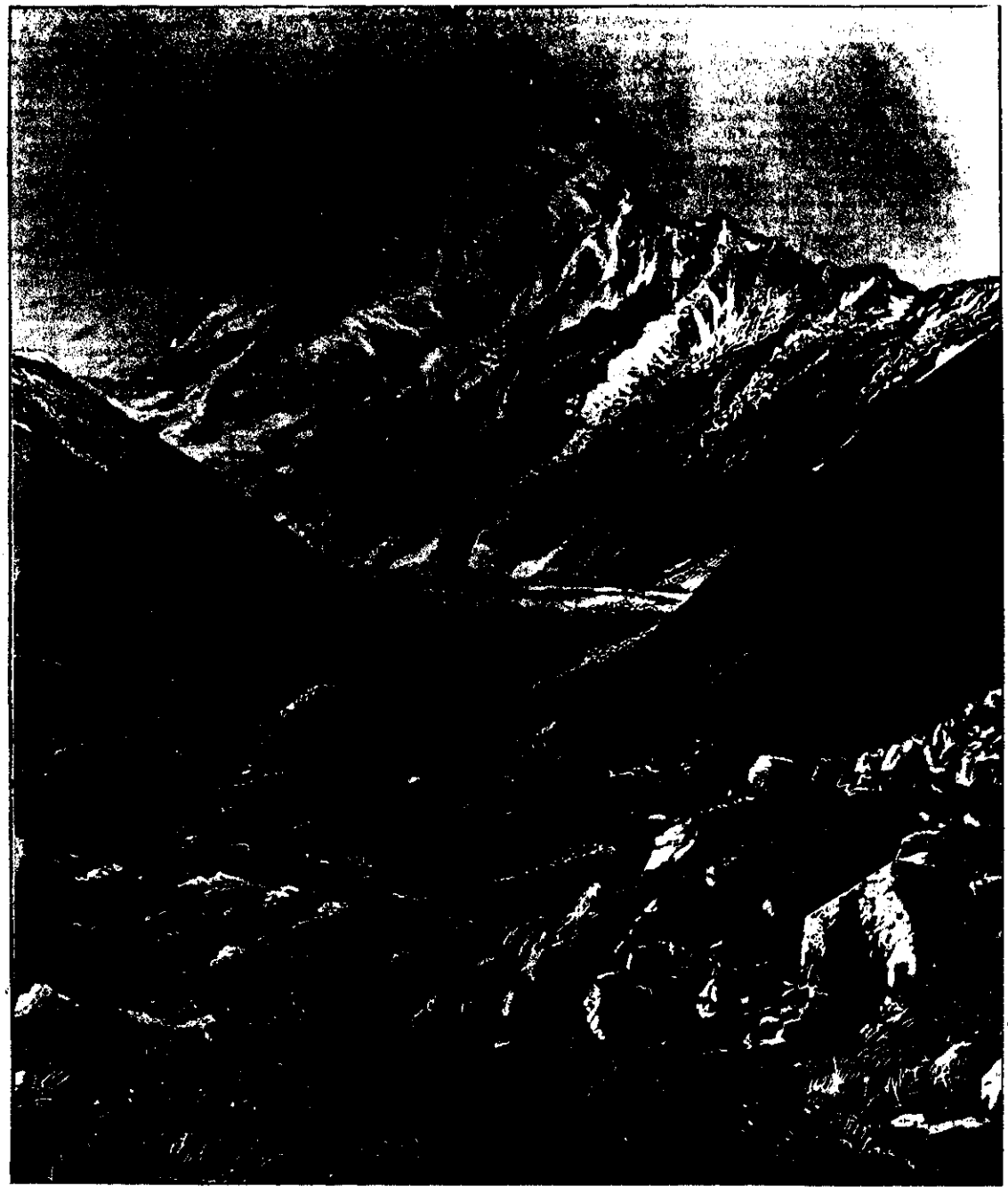
Burton Bros., photos., Dunedin. THE SOUTHERN ALPS OF NEW ZEALAND.—THE HERMITAGE, 2,200 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

We were highly elated at our success, and indulged in the most sanguine hopes for the rest of our climb. The wind, however, had changed ominously to the north east, and thin filmy clouds began to form in the higher peaks; along the northern horizon dark cumuli were piling themselves up beyond the distant ridges. The sun still shone with great power, bringing down innumerable avalanches from the ice-cliffs of Mount Tasman, and the heat was very great, as we were surrounded on three sides by cliffs catching and reflecting all the sunshine. The view towards and beyond

summit could not be much more than 3,000 feet above us, but it was certain to be a stiff climb, and the lighter we could travel the better. There was no use in taking the camera, as the prospect of a view was small indeed, though at the present moment no part of the panorama was obscured except the tips of the higher peaks. The blue sky overhead was cloudless, and as we had come so far without our coats we thought, for a moment, of leaving them with the camera, but by the time we had finished eating we were sufficiently cooled down to abandon this

lower down; besides being very wide, they extended right across the glacier, and compelled us to make many a long detour in order to find a bridge which could be trusted. The delay thus caused was increased by the deep snow being in that most unpleasant of all conditions, having a crust just strong enough to bear our weight until we prepared to make a step, and then letting us through over knee deep.

So far we had encountered no serious difficulty. Now, however, the step cutting became heavy work, as the ice



Morris, photo., Dunedin. THE SOUTHERN ALPS.—MOUNT COOK, THE HIGHEST PEAK IN THE RANGE—12,349 FEET.

the head of the great Tasman Glacier was more extensive than any we had yet obtained, and fine glacier peaks, probably Mount Tyndall, Mount Forbes, and the summits of the Hector Range, were in sight over the ridge between Mount Beaumont and Mount Darwin, which had, until now, bounded our view in that direction.

During our short halt the cloud on the top of Mount Tasman increased, and to our dismay, wreaths of mist began to form round Mount Cook. There was no time to lose. The

idea. We dared not dispense with the spare rope, which Boss carried round his shoulders, but as the knapsack containing the provisions and the flask would be great incumbrances in climbing, we determined to do without them; so placing them on a conspicuous block of ice which had fallen from the arête, we took note of their position and started up the steep glacier in a direct line for the summit. The crevasses in the upper portion of the glacier assumed a different character from those we had met with

was too hard to yield to the adze side of the axe, and from this to the topmost ridge every step we advanced had to be cut with the spike. On leaving the head of the Linda Glacier we ascended a steep slope, and crossed a ridge to the foot of a couloir leading upwards between two rocky ribs, nearly parallel with the main northern ridge. On this slope the steps had to be cut very deep, and the greatest caution had to be observed, as it ended below us on the brink of a profound abyss.

Kaufmann paused a moment to ask me which couloir I preferred to take—the one near us, or that next the main ridge As there was nothing to be seen of the upper portion of either, owing to the mists which were now driving over the ridge from the north west, I said, the nearer one; and as some blocks of ice came down while we were speaking, we cut our way as quickly as possible up to the shelter of the rocks. The rocks being quite inaccessible, we continued our way up the ice slope, keeping close to the rocks, and when a report from above the mists told us that an avalanche was coming, we clung in to the crags as the ice-blocks splintered themselves on the sides of the gully. Some blocks whizzed over our heads with a scream like a shot from a 35 ton gun. The ice in the lower part of this couloir lay at an angle of about 45 deg. getting steeper near the top, where we left it for the rocks on the right. But in a few yards we came to their upper termination and found ourselves enveloped in dense driving mists. Just before entering the clouds we got our first and last view of the western sea over the Mount Tasman arête, which we were then high enough to overlook.

Matters now took a serious turn. It was past 3 p.m. The rocky ridge we were on extended no further; but an ice slope stretched from where we stood to the blue wall of a great bergschrund, which we could see looming through clouds and extending round the mountain to the right. To cross this couloir seemed too dangerous; we preferred to attempt the ice-rampart above. We cut steps up to its base, and shoving Kaufmann up, followed him with the help of the rope, but found ourselves over what was only an outwork of the great ice-cliff, built of loose séracs from which the avalanches came, and which was perfectly insurmountable. Cautiously we retraced our steps to the rocks and held a short council of war.

The rocks on the opposite side of the couloir extended upwards and might 'go.' Should we risk the couloir?

My men asked me, did I see the danger? I said, of course I did, and feared we must turn back. This would have been a sore disappointment to me, and, as I saw by their faces an equally great one to them, I asked them were they ready to chance it. They replied that on leaving home they expected to meet some danger; here it was, and they were ready, but I must give the word.

'We will top the peak if we go on,' said Boss; 'to turn now is to give it up altogether.'

The 24,000 miles of travelling also rose in our minds as a strong argument against retreat; and as the sun had gone in, which lessened our risk, and no avalanche had gone down for some time, I said 'Forwards.'

A large avalanche block had stuck just midway in the couloir, and afforded us shelter when half-way across; so with anxious glances upwards, Kaufmann cut away with all his might. No time was lost; and reaching the rocks in safety we once more breathed freely.

Unfortunately, however, the rocks proved inaccessible; the most we could do was to scramble through a notch, and after the nastiest bit of climbing in the whole ascent, we reached the ice-slope beyond.

A partial break in the clouds revealed to us that there was still heavy work before us; and the anxious question was once more discussed whether we should proceed or return. Hitherto we had calculated on being able to get back to our provisions, and possibly to reach the great plateau, before dark. Now, however, if we advanced there was no hope of this. To go on meant to spend the night on the peak without food; to go back meant a delay of a week or probably much longer before we could again reach the point where we stood—for our supplies were so nearly at an end that we would be obliged to descend to the lower camp, obtain a sheep from Birch Hill, 'swag' it up the glacier again, and all this possibly in broken weather.

These thoughts flashed rapidly through our minds. There was no mistaking the aspect of the weather; a bad night was brewing. It was 4 p.m., we were about 11,000 feet above the sea. A partial clear showed us the top of the slope before us rounding off to the summit; and as the last rock of the main northern arête, which we recognised easily a short distance above us on the left, gave us exact knowledge of our whereabouts, I asked Kaufmann how long he thought he would take to cut up the slope. He said an hour at last. They asked me was I ready to spend the night on the peak. I said I was; so at it we went, Kaufmann sending the ice flying about our ears at every blow of his axe. A rapid thaw had now set it, and as we broke through the thin crust of frozen snow which lay on the ice, water spurted out, filling the steps and soaking our clothes, as we could not avoid resting our knees or arms occasionally against the slope.

While coming up the lower couloir we had noticed showers of hail sweeping down the slope; and we had now to face a continual stream of this disintegrated ice, some pieces being so large as to hurt our hands through the mittens. To avoid this annoyance as much as possible, as also to make use of any grips which might be available, we cut our steps close in to the rocks on our right. On any portion of this slope we might, if advisable, have made a traverse and gained the main arête, but there was no object in doing so until the highest rock, and the bergschrund proceeding from it, were passed.

At 5 30 we reached the highest rocks, from which an easy slope led up to an icicled bergschrund, which, starting from the cornice of the arête, ran round the cap of the summit from left to right, and Boss remarked, 'If we had taken to the Mount Tasman arête that would have cut us off.' The wind now for the first time struck us with full fury; we had to shout in order to make each other hear. And though we had ocular demonstration that it was not actually freezing, the blast seemed bitterly cold.

We bore away to the left to avoid the highest part of the bergschrund above us, and surmounting the cornice without any difficulty, at 6 p.m. stepped on to the topmost crest of Ao-Rangi.

Our first glance was, of course, down the great precipice beneath us toward the Tasman Glacier—the precipice upon which we had gazed so often—but the dark grey masses of vapour swirling round the ice-crags shut out all distant view.

A look backwards, down into the dark, cloud-filled abyss, out of which we had climbed, was enough to make us shudder, it looked fathomless; and this white icy ridge, on which we stood, with torn mists driving over it before the fierce nor'-wester, seemed the only solid thing in the midst of chaos.

Mount Cook was now practically conquered. We advanced rapidly along the cornice; which rose at an angle of about 20deg. toward what was mathematically the highest point, now and then cutting a step for greater security, but in most cases trusting to the grip gained by the nails in our boots.

Sometimes a blast would come upon us with such force as to compel us to crouch low and drive in our axes firmly, to guard against our being blown off into space. Fierce squalls would shatter the icicles of the cornice and send them down the slopes up which we had climbed. Descending with a swishing sound, they soon pounded themselves to pieces, and so accounted for the showers of coarse hail which had proved so disagreeable on the final ice-slope. Now the mists would vanish, giving us a clear view of the summit. Again the inky black clouds would come on, almost obliterating Kaufmann from my sight, although he was only eight yards distant. From the moment we had gained the arête, anxiety about beginning the descent had filled our minds—as should darkness overtake us on the summit of the mountain, our chances of ever returning to the haunts of men would be but slight. The weather was settling in for a thoroughly bad night. The storm at present blowing was sufficiently unpleasant; if it came on to blow any harder we would not be able to hold our grip. There was no chance of a view. We were hundreds of feet above any rocks, so that we could build no cairn, or leave any record of our ascent. We were all agreed that we were fairly on the summit of the peak, and that we ought to commence the descent. Ten minutes more and the last bit of snow would be under the sole of my boot, when there came a sudden gap in the cornice. A bergschrund broke through it. There was no open crevasse, but a step down off the cornice of five or six feet, a flat, and then a step up of eight feet.

To go round it to where Kaufmann pointed with his axe would have been easy enough, as the summit of the mountain was now comparatively flat. But when little more than an hour of daylight remained, we dared not risk the loss of twenty precious minutes, for what seemed a mere matter of detail. So, pulling out my aneroid, I took down the reading of 19 05 in my note book, scribbled a sketch of the ridge, and, shouting the word of retreat, we commenced the descent. Owing to an unfortunate accident having happened to my thermometer I was unable to take the exact temperature; that it was above freezing point was, however, evident, as the ice was wet, and our clothes, which had been soaked coming up the last slope, were still soft. In similar situations in Switzerland I have often had my clothes and beard frozen hard; but now, though our fingers were benumbed and painful, I believe the temperature was not lower than 35 deg., and it may have been as high as 40 deg.

The slope beyond the gap where we turned, was about thirty feet higher, and this would make my measurement, when compared with the simultaneous observation at sea-level, coincide almost exactly with the trigonometrical height of Mount Cook—12 349ft.*

The great problem we had hitherto longed to solve was: Could we get up Mount Cook? That question was now settled. A more anxious problem yet awaited solution: Could we get down?

*The barometrical reading for the position of Mount Cook at sea-level on the afternoon of March 2nd was 30·02"; temp., 65°. These observations were kindly furnished to me by Dr. Hector, F.R.S., from the office of the Meteorological Department, on my sending him the observations I had taken on the mountain. Taking the temp. of summit at 35°, which is the lowest possible, owing to the thaw visibly going on, the result worked by Bailey's tables is 12,317ft. A higher summit temperature would increase the figure.

Burton Bros., photos., Dun din.

MINARETS AND MT. ELIE DE BEAUMONT—10,200 FEET.

YOUR CHARACTER.

THE Roman nose shows the greater character; the Greek nose the greater taste.

Half shut eyes show great natural shrewdness, together with a lack of sincerity.

A long, thick chin is commonly found only in persons of low mental organization.

A small mouth, with nose and nostril also small, shows indicision and cowardice.

A round, bullet head shows obstinacy, often combined with many petty meannesses.

Individuality is indicated by a prominence of the forehead just above the eyebrows.

A head flat on the top indicates lack of reverence and deficiency of moral qualities.

Slow-moving eyes are always found in the heads of persons of prudence and ability.

An irregular, knotty forehead is a sure sign of a bold, original, and investigating mind.

A very short upper lip indicates liveliness of disposition, though not always kindliness.

Strong eyebrows betoken not mental, but physical, power; when shaggy, lack of culture.

Parallel, oblique wrinkles in the forehead are always signs of a weak, suspicious mind.

Combativeness is indicated by a swelling of the head just above and a little behind the ear.

Disproportion of any kind between the upper and under lip is always an unfavourable sign.

A mouth without lips, a mere slit in the face, belongs to a cold hearted, selfish character.

The perfect forehead ends with almost horizontal eyebrows clear, heavy, and well defined.

Smooth, fine hair, of whatever colour, always shows some degree of taste and refinement.

A red complexion is bad, indicating coarseness of temperament, if not a tendency to drink.

Eyes with long corners and thick lids that cover half the pupil are always indicative of talent.

Delicate features are never found in the faces of men of low organisation or coarse habits.

The greater the angle made by the eye in profile, with the mouth, the greater the stupidity.

YACHTING ON THE WAITEMATA.

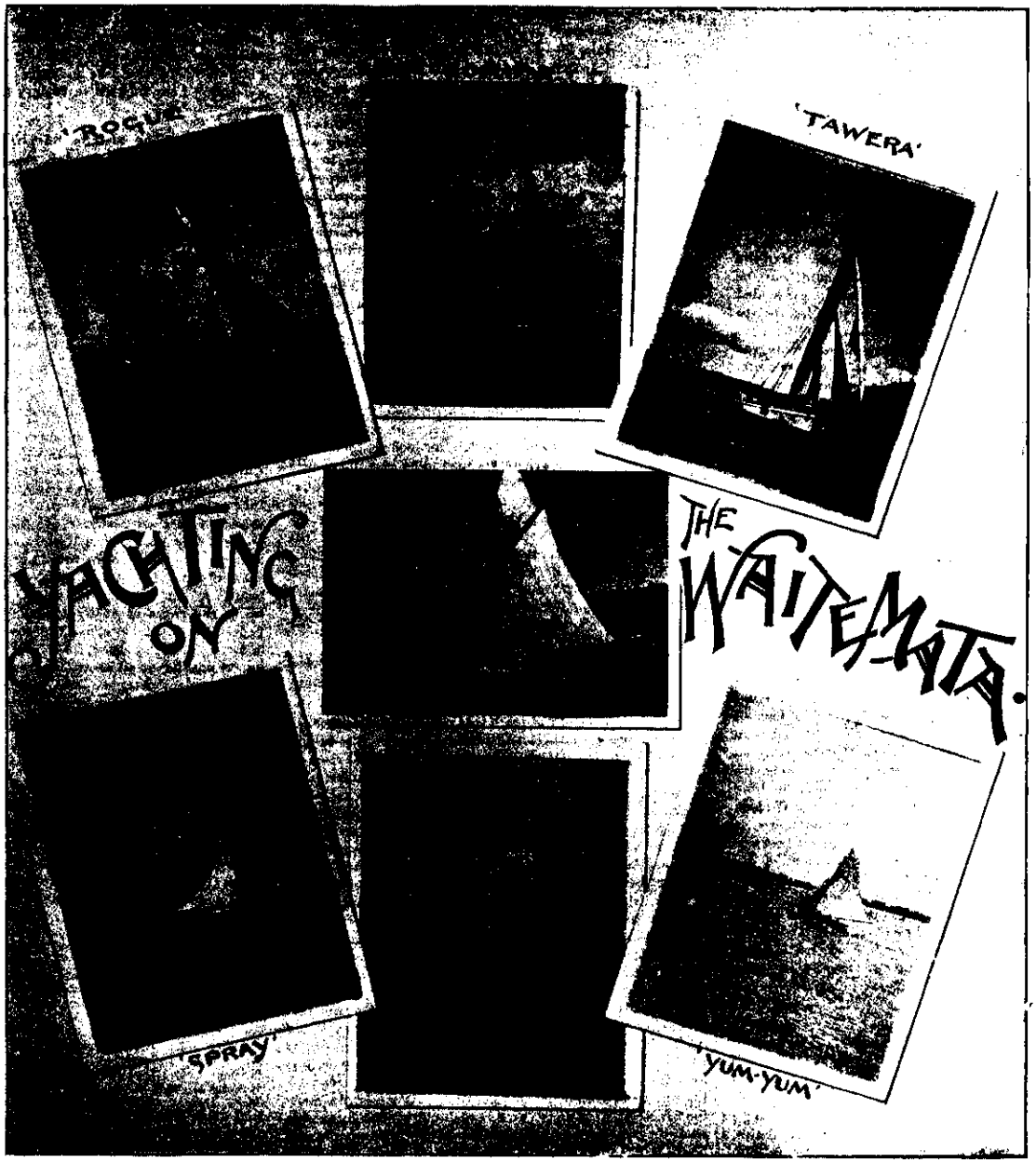
THE group of yachts represented in our picture are very fair representatives of the famous white-winged fleet of the Waitemata. The picture is reproduced from a series of splendid snap-shot photographs taken by Mr Cyril Bell, of Auckland, a gentleman who has a real talent for photographic work. One of the youngest of Auckland's amateur photographers, he is probably by far the most successful. This summer Mr Bell has made a study of yachts in motion. All photos loose something in reproduction, but the excellence of Mr Bell's work can be instantly detected from our reproduction. These photos were taken on Regatta Day, mostly in the midst of heavy squalls, and one or two in rain storms. The time of exposure was, we understand, from 130th to 150th part of a second.

The Rogue is a smart 2½ rater built by Bailey in the 1892-93 season. She was on the stocks at the same time as the famous Gloriana, and at the time excitement ran high as to which boat would prove herself the better craft. Although the Rogue has not proved so speedy as her rival at birth, she is not by any means a slow boat, and has excellent sea qualities.

The Corina is *the* fastest sailing fishing boat on the Waitemata, and has made a great name for herself in recent regattas. She is a typical specimen of the large type of fishing boats.

Perhaps no yacht in Auckland is better known than the old Tawera—a steady-going cruising yacht, comfortable and with a fair turn of speed. She is now away on a northern trip. She is owned by Mr H. Haton.

The Spray may be called the veteran yacht of the Waitemata, and her owner, Captain Gibbs, is certainly the veteran yachtsman. For years it has been the ambition of builders to launch something to beat the Spray, but that has only just been accomplished, and even now the old crack can show the best of them her heels when leading.

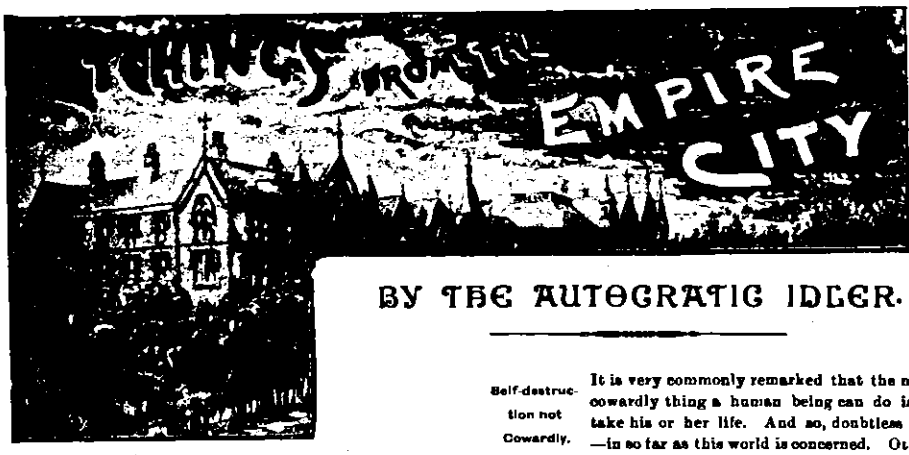


From amateur photos. by Mr Cyril Bell, Auckland.

POLO SPORTS.

THE programme for the polo sports, published elsewhere, gives promise that this enormously popular fixture will not be behind its successful predecessors in point of attraction. The motto of the Polo Club is, 'Whatever we do let's do it well,' and to this precept they stick. As a consequence, when they announce a ball, 'an afternoon At Home,' or some sports the public flock for tickets or manœuvre for invitations. It is to be hoped the present glorious weather will favour the 24th. If so all who attend will have a real good time. The events include the popular Cigar Race, in which competitors start with coat off, and saddle on the ground, and unlighted cigar; Polo Ball Race, Hurdle Race, Ladies' Bracelet (presented by Captain and officers of H.M.S. Curacoa); Bending competition, Steeplechase, and Auckland Polo Cup.

The one answer to all criticism, the best test of all work, is—result.



BY THE AUTOCRATIC IDLER.

Suicide.

Almost every second day, for days past, some corpse has been fished out of the harbour, or found suspended from a beam, or stretched peacefully in bed in an eternal sleep—the inevitable and wished for result of eating two boxes of lucifer matches. Sometimes a man, or maybe a woman, does his or her best to make an end of trouble: but the gash is not quite deep enough, or the aim sure enough, or the poison not potent enough,—and the tired and utterly weary human being, in that case, appears before a magistrate to answer for a crime. Had the would-be-suicide succeeded, the offence could not be punished; so that it may be very fairly contended that the breach of the law lies in the failure to get rid of existence in a thorough and workmanlike manner. It does seem to be a most illogical proceeding to punish an individual for attempting to take his own life. First of all, for the reason that the life in question is now almost invariably worth nothing, either to the creature whose life it is, or to anybody else. Nor does the punishment for failing in the attempt deter anybody from making another. He simply says he will proceed in a manner more likely to lead to success. Thirdly, the crime—if crime it be—is one of those of the nature, circumstances, and criminality of which one judge alone is capable of judging. It is a matter between man and his Maker.

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Is 'Muggy' Weather the Cause?

Various reasons have been given for this recent outbreak of a longing for eternal rest,—or, as the newspapers call it, this suicidal mania. The weather of late has been 'muggy,' and there are some who think the depression on the barometer has something to do with that terrible depression of spirit which compels a man to seek an eternal repose. It used to be said that the November fogs of London were the cause of numerous suicides. Statistics in such questions are merely accidental, and there is really no significance in them; but, as a matter of fact, there are more suicides in London during the leafy month of June than at any other period of the twelve months. We lose sight of the circumstance that as civilisation advances, as population increases, as the struggle for existence becomes keener and crueller, and as the turmoil and trouble of life grows—to the poor and the troubled—more unendurable and unending, the number of persons brooding over self-destruction is continually growing more numerous. A mania for suicide is distinctly a product of civilisation. We seldom hear of such a thing in very ancient times, or amongst savage races, and the recorded instances of self-destruction are nearly all traceable to causes which civilisation intensifies.

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Places Selected.

I read, somewhere, a few days since, that, up to this time thirty persons had already sought and met death from the higher regions of the Eiffel Tower. It is said that a man named Govett, in the early days of New South Wales, walked to the Blue Mountains in order to precipitate himself into that stupendous chasm, four thousand feet deep, to this day known as Govett's leap. A more weird, solemn, silent, and all-entrancing spot than this to end one's days in, could hardly be found in this world. But the Dunedin gentleman, who shot himself in a church, thinking that he might go to Heaven by dying there, although as treasurer of the church funds he hadn't been altogether straight; wasn't so poetical as Govett, albeit more practical. In another thirty or fifty years the Bridge of Sighs and London Bridge will fade into insignificance before Prince's Bridge, Melbourne. Even the Adriatic and the Thames must give way to the Yarra Yarra in the ghastly histories murmured by the turbid, slimy, slow-flowing waters of that fearful river—already listening to the sighs of thousands of orphans, and salted with the tears of countless women!

Self-destruction not Cowardly.

It is very commonly remarked that the most cowardly thing a human being can do is to take his or her life. And so, doubtless it is—in so far as this world is concerned. Otherwise, and putting this world out of the question, it is an awfully brave act—too defiantly brave an act for any truly reasonable and reasoning man even to think of. It is admitted that no perfectly and absolutely sane being ever commits self-destruction. Something is unhinged in the working mechanism of the brain; something is warped or strained. Nevertheless, there are cases in which apparently altogether sane persons have proceeded with methodical deliberation to end their own career. A calm and determined case of this sort is instanced by De Quincey, who commenced to write a paper on suicide, but rambled on to talk of the degradation of corporal punishment instead. The case quoted by him is as follows:—'A young man of studious turn, who is said to have resided near Penrith, was anxious to qualify himself for entering the church, or for any other mode of life which might secure to him a reasonable portion of literary leisure. His family, however, thought that under the circumstances of his situation he would have a better chance for success in life as a tradesman; and they took the necessary steps for placing him as an apprentice at some shopkeeper's in Penrith. This he looked upon as an indignity, to which he was determined in no case to submit. And accordingly, when he had ascertained that all opposition to the choice of his friends was useless, he walked over to the mountainous district of Keswick (about sixteen miles distant)—looked about him in order to select his ground—coolly walked up Lattrig (a dependency of Skiddaw)—made a pillow of sods—laid himself down with his face looking up to the sky—and in that posture was found dead, with the appearance of having died tranquilly.'

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A Curious Instance.

Quite as curious an instance was that of a medical gentleman known to the present writer. He was a young man, who at the time of his death was medical superintendent of an immense hospital for the Insane in one of the inland towns of Victoria. Of remarkable ability, he had risen to one of the most important offices in the Government service while still scarcely thirty years of age. Not being married, he had no family cares; he had a large salary; money in the bank; splendidly furnished quarters to reside in. In the year 18— he came down the country to see the Melbourne Cup run. He attended the races in the best of spirits; was not seen to bet, and did not drink: he was perfectly himself, and apparently perfectly happy. On his arrival in Melbourne from the racecourse he called into a chemist's shop and purchased a bottle of some particular preparation of chloroform (which he asked especially for), and some lint. He proceeded from thence, on foot, to the bank of the Yarra directly opposite the Yarra Bend Asylum—of which institution he had previously been medical officer—and there he was found dead. He had drenched the lint with chloroform, put it on the grass, and applied his face to it. In his pocket was an affectionate letter to the Inspector of Asylums requesting him to break the matter gently to his mother in Scotland. No earthly cause or reason for this strange suicide was ever ascertained; but it was remarked that suicide was one of the doctor's subjects of conversation, and that he always spoke of it as both cowardly and detestable.

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Niobe.

In any assembly of say two thousand average people, at least one thousand of them will know nothing at all of Niobe, and a large proportion of the remainder will have derived the little knowledge they have of that ancient Rachel from an acquaintance with Shakespeare. In 'Troilus and Cressida' Troilus says:—

> 'There is a word will Priam turn to stone,
> Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
> And statues of the youth ——'

'Troilus and Cressida' is not, however, very much read in these days, and is not acted now. But 'Hamlet' is; and everyone remembers the Prince of Denmark's bitter reflection on his mother:—

> 'A little month, or ere those shoes were old
> With which she followed my poor father's body,
> Like Niobe, all tears ——'

And it is these latter lines that have familiarised the people with the association between 'Niobe' and 'tears.' The general idea is that Niobe was turned into stone for weeping over the loss of her children. As a matter of mythological fact, she turned herself into stone. She was the mother of a very numerous and promising family, and she scoffed at Leto because she was the mother of only two children. This sort of feminine sparring is not altogether Grecian. Instances of it repeat themselves very constantly even in our day by British matrons, and I have heard a New Zealand child say, 'We've got two dolls; you've only got one doll!' However, these two children of Leto's were not going to tolerate Niobe's insults. They were equal to the occasion, Apollo, one of them, slaying nearly all Niobe's children with his arrows, and Artemis, the other hopeful, finishing off the rest. Niobe, like a true mother, made a valiant attempt to defend her offspring, but being unable to do so, wept over them until she became a rock which—we are told—still weeps incessantly. Where that rock is, I'm sure I don't know; but if Niobe was a stately woman, a magnificent woman; tall, graceful, dignified—'in form and action like an angel; in apprehension like a goddess'—I can find her in twenty minutes!

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Mrs Brough.

The idea of mingling ancient Athens and modern London together would hardly, I think, be the irresistible success that it is, without Mrs Brough. I may say at once that anything more indescribably humorous has never been seen on any stage; but throughout all the scenes, and from beginning to end, Mrs Brough, as Niobe, was not humorous—she was simply magnificent; and such incomparable acting was worth going twenty miles to see. It was curious to find an audience absolutely convulsed with laughter, and at the same time glowing with admiration at one of the most artistic and finished performances ever seen anywhere.

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At the Theatre.

Perhaps it may be as well to give in a nutshell the plot of this mythological farcical comedy (which was written, as I need scarcely remind you, by the Messrs Paulton). The whole of the three acts are in the drawing-room of Peter Amos Dunn (Niobe thinks he is Pitramos), the agent of an Insurance Company. An art enthusiast becomes possessed of a classic statue of Niobe and insures it in Dunn's Company for £10,000—but Dunn, during its owner's absence from town, removes it to his own drawing-room for safety. This statue becomes a living being in an accidental way—a workman, in fact, being the cause of it by attaching electric wires to the pedestal while introducing the electric light into Dunn's house. Then we have, of course, a living Niobe, who knows nothing at all about modern London and everything about ancient Athens; and the family and relations of Dunn and various other persons who know modern London quite well, but who know nothing of Ancient Greece—and you can imagine the intensely ludicrous complications that ensue. There are also other plots within this larger one—but these you must shortly see for yourselves. The attitudes, motions, bearing, of Niobe are all refined and majestic; nothing seems to puzzle her more than the walk of the young lady of this period. She speaks, I may remark, most excellent English—how she acquired the knowledge is not explained: anyhow, it would not do for her to speak Greek in this play. This was the first occasion of the representation of the comedy in Wellington; and however it came about I can't say, but everybody appeared to be on the tiptoe of expectation, and the opera house was packed. On the second night there was a regular scramble for seats, and crowds had to be sent away. Nevertheless the play was only performed on the two occasions; but I understand that, so great has been the success of the Brough and Boucicault season, the theatre has been taken for an extended term, so that the many persons disappointed in not seeing the most humorous production of this decade, may after all have another chance of doing so. Mr Titheradge does not take a part in Niobe. Mr Brough enacts Peter Amos Dunn; Mr Boucicault that of Jefferson Tomkins (the art enthusiast), Miss Romer, Miss Temple, Miss Noble, Miss Major, and Miss Gibson, all being cast and filling their several parts with uncommon ability. Although I know nothing about such things, allow me to whisper that I hear everybody admiring the robes and general rig-out of Mrs Brough, and I am told that her dresses are surprisingly magnificent. The lady looks superb anyway: as for her acting I shall always think of her when I meet the word 'Niobe' in any book, or print, whatever.

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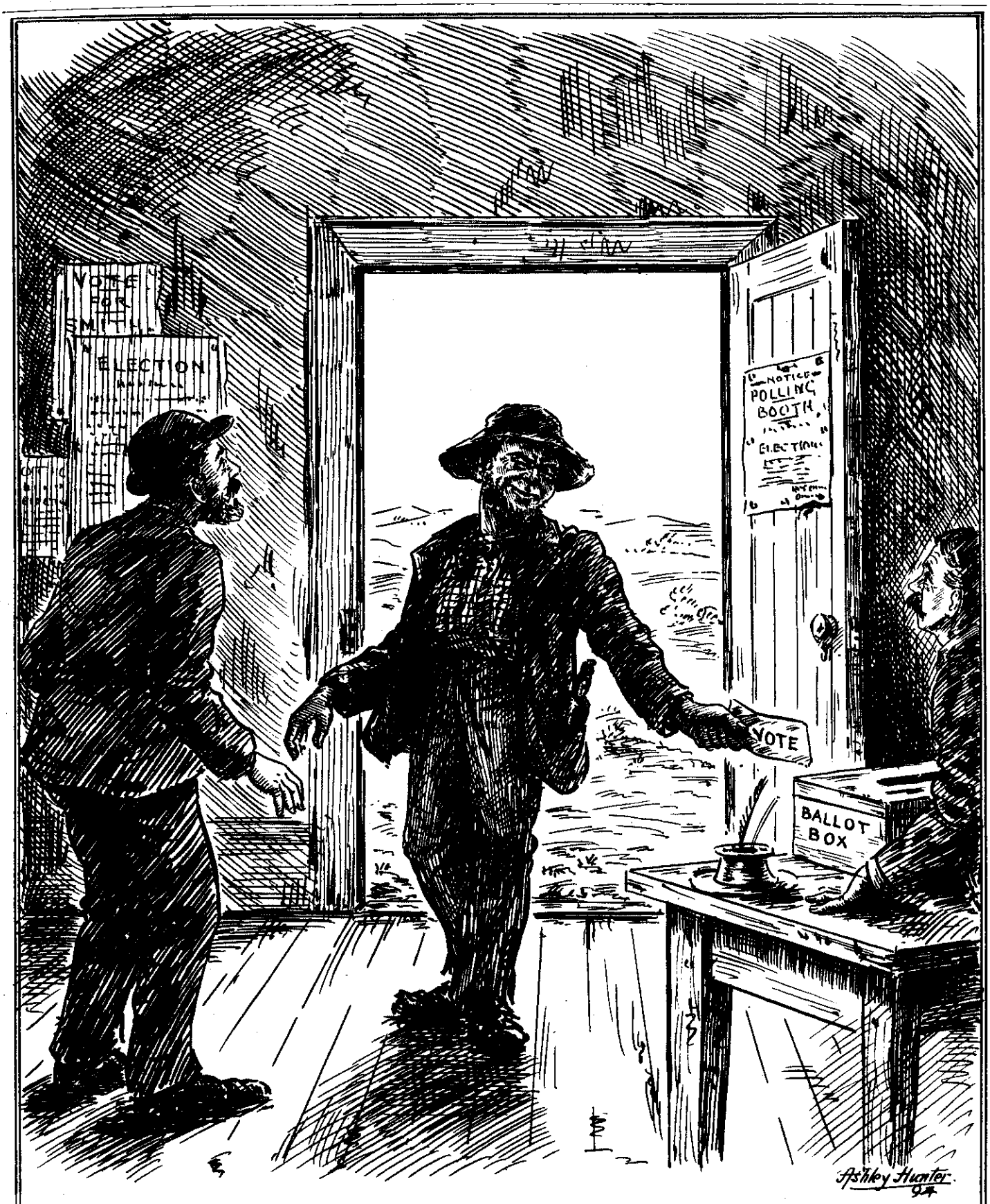
'Sophia.'

Fielding's Tom Jones (which Thackeray considered the best novel ever penned up to his time) cut up into three acts and toned down to suit our more refined and cultured tastes, was Brough and Boucicault's next treat. I only mention it to say that Mr Ward as Tom Jones and Miss Gibson as Molly Seagrim distinguished themselves so well and so much in these parts—the latter a difficult and unpleasant one—that I think they deserve special mention in the GRAPHIC. Mr Titheradge as Partridge was simply immense; and Miss Noble as Sophia could hardly be improved upon. The scenery of this famous play is beautiful, and reflects the greatest credit on Mr Spong.



PECULIARITIES OF THE FRANCHISE.

(INTELLIGENT AND HONEST CITIZEN) "*Who'm I?* Why, I'm the 'BARE MAJORITY,' I am!! It's MR wot wins a lot of the elections!! *Drunk?* Well, I may be drunk, and I may be a lot of worse things besides; but I'VE GOT A VOTE, same as the best on 'em!! *Perlitical Principles?* Oh, cuss yer principles: give us some BEER."

(Proceeds to vote for anybody or anything. Suggested by some evidence in the recent Waitemata Election Case.)

NOTABLE PEOPLE

MARION CRAWFORD.

HIS LATEST NOVEL.

FROM Rome, from Italy, from a delightful circle of friends whom we have met more than once in his novels, the Saracinesca, Corona, Spicca, Nino, and assuredly not least those last delightful characters, Laura, Arden, and Pietro Ghisleri—from all this and these does Marion Crawford take us in his latest novel which has just arrived (Macmillan's library) in this colony. In following the fortunes of Marion Darche (one of those names which one must be chary about pronouncing, for is it Darché or Darch, as in starch?) one meets none of those delightful aristocrats in whom Mr Crawford and his readers so greatly delight but people who should be even more interesting, since they are mainly those with whom most of us who read Marion Crawford and other latter

MARION CRAWFORD.

day novels of the better sort are cast in our daily occupations and realizations. The story of Marion Darché is interesting; it is scarcely possible, indeed, to conceive a book written by this author which would not possess interest, and it will in this cheap edition be bought and read by the novelist's countless admirers. It is as well perhaps that the storyteller should occasionally change the scene, and though we frankly confess we like Marion Crawford better in Italy and amongst Italians, yet he also keeps us interested amongst New Yorkers and in Wall-street. The story of Marion Darché is that of the wife of an unscrupulous scamp—not even a gentlemanly scamp—whose dishonesty culminates in a sentence of five years for forgery. His wife's trustee, Brett, has been a lover of Marion's before marriage, and is still secretly desperately in love with her when we first find him as the friend of the house, though of course his lips are sealed. On the supreme occasion when he has to break the news of her brutal husband's disgrace to Marion the secret comes out. Later implored by Marion he connives at the escape of her husband from justice. The story from this point increases rapidly in interest, for news soon arrives that Darché is dead and the path of true love seems smoothing out, for Marion has loved Brett for years, but the story being yet several chapters off completion, happiness is not yet. There are rumours, and worse, that Darché is alive. What impediments Mr Crawford creates to prevent the marriage of Marion Darché and Brett it would be hardly fair to tell. Needless to say they vanish at the last two pages, and one lays Marion Darché down with the comfortable reflection that she is going to have, in American parlance, 'a good time' in the future. She certainly deserves it. There is an agreeable undercurrent telling of the loves of a pair of minor but interesting characters, and how they prospered. 'Marion Darché' will probably achieve popularity, though not to the same extent as certain others of Mr Crawford's characters mentioned in the first few lines. The book was received for review from Wildman and Lyall, of Auckland.

EXPERIENCES OF A POST-OFFICE DETECTIVE.

BY W. COEN.

THE following interesting details, obtained from trustworthy official sources, are the actual experiences of a post-office detective.

Although we are glad to say that the majority of the officers of the postal service are reliable men of tried integrity, there are always a certain number of individuals working among them who are otherwise, and it is for the detection and conviction of such that the post-office detective perforce exists. The work we are engaged to do, though often most unpleasant, is decidedly essential in the interests of the department as well as of the general public, and is a profession demanding unusual tact and ability. The special centres in which we operate are the big district offices where large numbers of men are necessarily employed, though now and again we are called upon to visit a suburban office. To ensure success in our operations, we are obviously compelled to conceal our identity from the men, and very few of the rank and file of the service really know us. I will now give a brief summary of our duties. Whenever a letter containing money or other valuables is sent by post and fails to reach its destination, certain primary investigations are instituted by the local and district officers, who made it their duty to carefully question the men through whose hands the letter would duly pass. In the event of these inquiries proving unsatisfactory, the case is transferred to our branch, officially known as the 'C.I.' or 'Confidential Inquiry' branch—and then our work begins. After carefully considering the particulars furnished, we place a strict watch upon any of the men we may have reason to suspect. This is effected in a variety of ways. If the individual we suspect is a sorter in a head office one of our men, disguised as a sorter, and posing as a 'new hand,' will work beside the suspect for a while, discreetly observing all his movements.

A trifling matter will betray a man under such circumstances. If he is seen to hold a letter up to the light or to finger the letter in an unnecessary manner, suspicions are of course strengthened. Should he be observed secreting upon his person our man at once reports the matter, and prompt measures are resorted to. Inquiries are also made in suitable quarters with a view to ascertaining what kind of company the man keeps when off duty; whether he is a betting-man, etc. When, in our opinion, the case in hand assumes a serious form, we obtain authority to search the man's lodgings for missing letters. In many instances such a step has led to the prompt exposure of the culprit concerned. It sometimes happens that a sorter in a district office will boldly and adroitly pursue his dishonest practices for a considerable length of time without being detected, and even cast suspicions upon his innocent brother officers, by means of which, in some cases, the unfortunate suspects have been compelled to resign. But in the long run the true culprit is sure to be discovered, and suffer justly for his guilt. Do we ever recover stolen money? Yes, sometimes in considerable amounts. Of course, in case of registered letters containing coin being stolen, the contents are readily disposed of, but the cashing of postal and money orders, bank notes, cheques, etc., often furnishes us with valuable clues leading to the ultimate conviction of the offender.

I will give an example of this. Some time ago a sorter in a certain London district office laid himself open to suspicion. A large number of money letters which would necessarily pass through the hands of this young fellow failed to reach the addresses. We soon ascertained that he was living far above his legitimate income, and spending money lavishly on all hands. We therefore placed a watch on his movements. Somehow he got wind of our proceedings, and growing cautious, employed accomplices to convert his confiscated paper into cash. For a few weeks we relaxed our efforts. Then he grew bold, and commenced again to cash the notes and orders he stole.

This led to his arrest. One evening, acting upon information received, one of our men took up his position in a little suburban office in the north of London and there waited events.

In about half-an-hour the culprit walked boldly in and presented two money-orders to the clerk-in-charge. Our officer stepped up behind him, examined the orders presented, and at once charged his man with that and previous robberies.

The guilty one made a bolt for the door, but was intercepted by another of our officers waiting outside. Then he gave in. He was duly convicted, and sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

In the case of suspected letter-carriers, 'test' letters are employed to ensnare the culprit. A bogus epistle, containing money, is addressed to some person in the immediate locality, and is dropped into a pillar-box where the man will collect. If, when the local letters are examined, the test letter is missing, the man is at once arrested and searched. The letter being found upon his person, he is dealt with in a very summary manner.

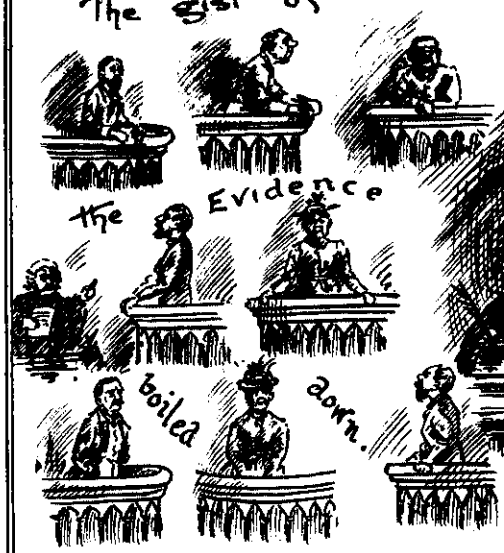
Do such examples tend to deter men from running the risk?

Probably so in some cases, but some men become so utterly regardless of consequences that, in spite of our unceasing vigilance, and the severity with which the law invariably treats such offenders, they continue their nefarious practices until sudden discovery encompasses their downfall and covers them with lasting disgrace.

RANGITOTO MOUNTAIN AND CHANNEL.

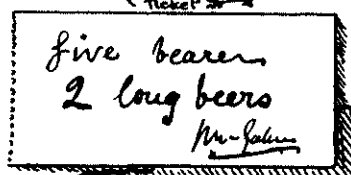
(FROM THE LAKE SHORE.)

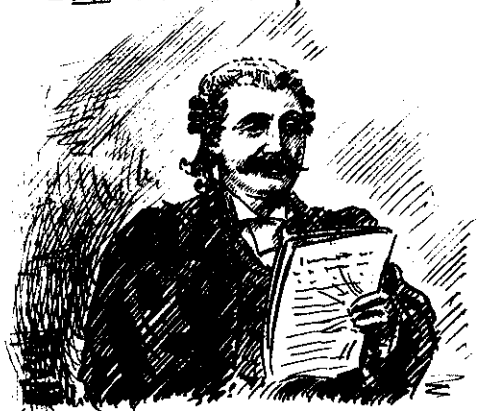
The Waitemata Election Petition.



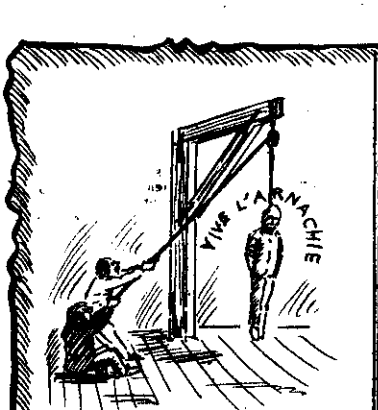
"I also voted on the day of the Election and I also received a ticket for beer"

(Judge Conolly) "There is a great deal of rubbish in the decisions of the House of Commons, absolutely contradictory to law and common sense"





(Mr Baume, for the Petitioner) "There are decisions of the House of Commons on that point, m'lud."



Strained relations between M. Vaillant and the French Govt

"On the Brain"
Sir Maurice O'Rorke

"No marm! T'aint match 'eads: 'e's been an' bolted a'ole penny ice without a'chewin' of it, marm.!!"

Th. Wale-head Maria.

"What it will have to come to — A penny box of matches? All right my dear, just sign your name in the Poison-book."

Ashley Hunter 94

RECENT EVENTS.

Cameos of Colonial Life and Character.

BEING THE REMINISCENCES, RUMINATIONS, AND ROVINGS OF AN OLD COLONIST.

BY THE AUTOCRATIC IDLER.

No. III.—A DIOGENES OF THE PACIFIC.

WHETHER the hatred of man, the love of woman, or downright laziness, drove him where we found him, nobody can very precisely tell. There he was, anyway: there he has been for fourteen years. And, I can assure you, he looked as if he had suffered grievously, not from any one of these complaints, but from all three—and more especially the last, which perhaps, is the most deadly of the various maladies specified, as well as the most anromantic.

* * * * * *

We didn't go to see him (as people in general do) in a four-horse drag, along a road not at all bad, as roads in New Zealand go. As it was a beautiful Sunday afternoon we took to the hills, from the summit of some of which one gets a charming view of three boroughs, to say nothing of a suggestion of a large city—all within a very moderate space, by no means well populated. Island Bay, indeed, enjoys the privilege of being a ward, all by itself, in the Borough of Melrose. There are, I think, a dozen ratepayers in the whole ward, and if they don't enjoy the blessings of Home Rule and self-government—why it is the simplest thing in the world to split the ward into two. Of course, as we were in search of a short cut to our destination, we missed our way more than once; and it was five o'clock in the evening when we heard the murmur of the ocean, and got round to the rocks by the sea amongst which is the Hermit's Cave.

* * * * * *

How this cavern came into existence is no more clear than how the hermit came to take up his abode therein. The hermit himself, I venture to say, never made such a spacious hole anywhere in the earth's surface, in his life; the sea, evidently, did not make it; the Maoris did not make it. The entrance, for all the world looks like the commencement of a miner's tunnel, the front of which had got somewhat battered by the wind and the rain; but, inside, the cavity extends itself in an irregular manner, to a height of from 6 to 12 feet, for a distance of maybe 15 feet or so. There it stops, and I see no reason why it shouldn't. Water trickles down through the stones above; the floor is of sand. On looking into the cavern one at first sees nothing but black darkness. Presently a not unpleasant voice invites us to enter if we will—and as we do so an outstretched arm in the distance indicates a seat like a carpenter's trestle. In five minutes or so, we are able to see distinctly the hermit himself, who sits opposite to the entrance to the cave on a seat somewhat similar to our own. There is literally nothing else visible in the cavity beyond what has been mentioned. The hermit sleeps, no doubt—indeed, he told us that for fourteen years during which he had lived his lonely life, he had, every night slept well for some hours. But no bed or bed clothes are visible, nor yet a stick of firewood, nor washbasin, nor table, nor pannikin, nor kettle. He said he was fond of reading, and read a good deal. But not a solitary scrap of paper was about the premises; and when we offered to send him an occasional copy of the Wellington *Post*, he said he was already full up of that stupendous publication.

* * * * * *

In general appearance, I am sorry to say, the hermit reminded me of 'General' Booth. He looks as General Booth might look if the General resided in such a cave, for fourteen years. He has the same hawk face, that the General has, and otherwise strongly resembles him. But his eye is more restless, and his beard more shaggy and unkempt. The General, too, is a much older man—the hermit is not much over fifty years of age. What his name is, or history, no one, I think, knows. The man is, evidently, not an ordinary working man: in fact he is no working man at all, and very likely never has been one. About ships, and the Royal Navy he seems to know a good deal: but he can speak tolerably fluently on other subjects too—and more especially on religion and politics. With regard to the latter he conversed freely; expressing the opinion that politicians in general were humbugs—'Sir William Fox said so—himself a humbug,' he reflected. It was curious to hear him speak of Mr Seddon as 'Dick'—I thought that was a privilege confined to the stalwart men and miners of the West Coast. But he said 'Dick' had fought for his position and deserved it, 'if for nothing else but the way in which he had stuck to his party.' In the Government Buildings he manifested a considerable interest, but seemed somewhat surprised when we assured him that it still occupied the same site as ever it did. What he, no doubt, expected was to learn that Mr Seddon had shifted the gigantic structure some distance in the direction of the harbour, with a view to its ultimate submergence in the bottom of the sea. We asked him if any of the Governors of the colony had ever visited him. He said he had seen none of them but one: 'Jervois passed by the cave several times but took no notice. The fact is,' he continued, 'Governors have no curiosity to examine a cave with only a man in it; what they like to see in a cave is stalactites. But if a Governor did come in I shouldn't trouble one way or another.' There is about half a mile from the cave, on the road round by the rocks, an hotel, and we suggested that perhaps if only for the sake of occasional recreation and human society, he sometimes called in there? He said he did so at first, but the kindness of the persons he found there became a nuisance to him and for years he had not done so. Besides, although no member of any temperance organization, he was a teetotaller, and did not even smoke. Many persons, however, visited him, especially on Sunday, in his retreat. Some of these found fault with him for spending his life as he did. But he harmed nobody, 'asked nothing from no one;' nobody was taxed for him, or was troubled in any way by him, and surely he was entitled to say that his mode of existence was his business? It wasn't, certainly, the sort of life that had attractions for many. In winter the south wind blew in there, and the sea occasionally washed into the cave. But he preferred to pass his days so—and that was enough for him.

* * * * * *

By this time the sun was getting low down in the west, and we left our cards in a hole in the wall and left the hermit to prepare his tea—that is, if he does prepare his meals, or if he has any meals to prepare. There was no evidence of food anywhere; but even hermits must live, and this one must get food somehow; also clothes for that matter—bed clothes as well as day clothes. The former may have been stowed away in some dark recess: we saw none. The clothes he stood, or rather sat in, for he never rose, were of the most unpicturesque description. They appeared rather seedy and entirely too loose, for the man who got into them. It is certainly true that our friend not only does not ask, but positively refuses, gifts from people. Money is left in the cave for all that, and there is fish in the sea—and no doubt this is how the nameless one continues to keep the wolf from the place where there isn't a door. He occasionally, but at long intervals, visits Wellington. It is not so easy to ascertain how he gets firing. There isn't a sign of a stick of timber anywhere at all near—nor yet far. The more one probes into these little difficulties the more unromantic grows the hermit. Still after all, the man must be a character, if not clean cracked, who lives in this extraordinary way; who dwells alone in a cave by the sea for years and years! Such a cave too—there is no beauty about it; the rocks around are not picturesque, and, in fact, the general aspect of the immediate locality is unpleasant. On a stormy winter's night the wind I am sure must howl around the region in the wildest manner, and the roar of the ocean, at such times, must be dismal. But, winter or summer, what does he *do* with himself during the twenty-four hours; how does he pass the day—to say nothing of the night? Well, I'm sure I don't know—nor does anyone else. He does no work, that's certain—but perhaps he thinks. What about? I'm really afraid he hasn't got anything very serious or deep to brood over. There isn't any mystery, I think, nor yet romance, in his history. I am prepared however to declare that the hermit is an Irishman—and that accounts for ever so many strange things. He did not tell me that he was an Irishman, but I knew it when he spoke his first sentence. That he has spent some time at sea is probable: that he is not enamoured of hard work, any work, is still clearer. However, we won't call him lazy—we don't know enough about him to judge. He may be suffering from some physical incapacity, or even some mental malady, or from both. Anyhow, he is one of the curiosities of, and indeed, the chief personage at, Island Bay.

* * * * * *

Just notice, before you lay down this paper, notice once more, how history repeats itself, and how true it is that there is really nothing new under the sun. I mean to say that there is a good deal of resemblance between Diogenes who lived in a tub B.C. 412, and the Island Bay recluse. In the first place, Diogenes (in a Pickwickian sense of course) was a humbug—and our hermit is something of that kind, in a very meek way. Secondly, Diogenes wasn't scrupulously clean in his tastes and habits. Thirdly, he declared that if people could live without him, he could get on quite as he liked without those people. Also Diogenes discarded utensils and furniture, suitable clothing and strong drink. Nor is there very much difference between an Athenian tub and an Island Bay cave—as a place of residence. Furthermore the ancient cynic bid Alexander to get from between him and the sun, as the only favour he could confer on him, while the modern gentleman will let Glasgow know—if he gets the chance—that he, Glasgow, can do nothing for him. I can't say, to be sure whether Diogenes bore any outward resemblance to 'General' Booth. Probably he did: at all events he resembled the General in some ways, if not in features. And isn't it strange that a man at all resembling the Great Captain of the Salvation Army should live in a cask or cave. Mentally, anyway, General Booth is constructed on entirely different lines. I'm really sorry for the whole three myself; and I can assure you there isn't a man amongst all of us, who could tell positively and with absolute certainty, which of the three was the most genuine man. My own opinion is that the Athenian who lived 400 years before Christ may have been—but this is a mere opinion. If you, on the other hand, prefer General Booth—take him. I am afraid no one will pin his or her faith altogether to the Island Bay hermit, who, after his fourteen years of retirement from the world, deserves better treatment.

SOME CLEVER BRUTES.

A STUDY OF INTELLIGENCE IN QUADRUPEDS.

THE extraordinary being has yet to come into existence who, possessing any kind of an animal, will not attribute to it enormous powers and intelligence. It is true animals show reasoning faculties beyond belief, but people are often compelled to accept the statements of owners with large pinches of reservation. Yet in the course of experience I have seen genuinely marvellous instances, proving positively that animals do think, communicate ideas and act in concert either for defensive or offensive purposes.

A DOG OF THE DESERT.

Anybody who has lived in the desert during the past five years will remember the huge dog owned by G. W. Durbrow at Salton. Of all the vicious, vindictive, worthless brutes he was the worst. He had a standing quarrel with the world at large, and it may be safely said that the world at large had a standing quarrel with him. He laid no claim to beauty, and except for his phenomenal pluck and tenacity of life, he had no quality to recommend him. Readers of fiction will remember Marryat's story of the dog fiend which the sailors tried in various ways to kill, and how, after each endeavour, the miserable canine showed up safe and sound, till the belief gained ground that he bore a charmed life.

Durbrow's dog must have been a lineal descendant of that famous cur. He carried enough bullets in his carcase to have slaughtered a score of men. Many an exultant brakeman and conductor told his suffering colleagues at Yuma and Los Angeles how he had done for Durbrow's dog, but Durbrow's dog was always waiting for the valorous brakeman and conductor, yearning for a meal of good Southern Pacific meat.

'That dog,' said a well-known conductor to me, 'had the devil in him, sure. Talk about miracles! Well, I'm blessed, if he wasn't a walking miracle. Every man on the road took a shot at him, and yet that blamed dog lived on. I know a brakey who put a whole magazine of bullets into him, and yet it never fazed him.'

One day Tyke's (that was Durbrow's dog's name) pups were all bloody and much ill used. Tyke smelt them, licked their wounds, played with them and next day Tyke and the pups were missed from Salton and heard of at Walters, nearly thirteen miles distant. The dog belonging to the section foreman there had mauled the pups and the father trotted down with his amiable cubs to kill the offender. The murder being satisfactorily performed the delighted trio marched back to Salton and resumed the peaceful tenor of their slaughtering way.

I must not be too harsh on the

MEMORY OF THIS WICKED DOG.

He had one use. There were a good many Chinese employed on the marsh then, who, like most Celestials, took every opportunity to loaf. When Durbrow discovered any Chinese disposed to take life on the marsh (160 degrees in the sun) after the manner of a millionaire, he would set Tyke to watch him, and the progress of the work under this terrifying espionage was highly satisfactory.

I know not the end of this dog. I have no desire to write an epitaph on his malodorous memory. To other and more gifted men I cheerily resign this task, notably to Conductor Curtis and his fellow sufferers of the Yuma division of the Southern Pacific Company, whose agility in mounting trains when Durbrow's dog came along has left too deep an impression on their minds to permit them to forget the many virtues of this 'dog of the desert.'

I have a musical friend who has turned vitieniturist, and, strange to say, is a successful one. My learned friend undertook to train

AN ALLEGED PUP OF THIS SALTON DOG

He read up all the available books on the subject, and asked much advice. With the perverseness of his sanguinary progenitor, the pup took a dislike to his master and a liking to everybody else. The musical man thrashed the dog each time he caught him far from home, and still the evil was uncured. The musical man had a dread of the dog being run over by a train, and so when the stage passed his gate would secure the dog by a chain to a stout post. A few days afterward the pup was missing about stage time, and the musical man, seeing the coach leave without his dog in hot pursuit, informed his friends how he had broken his pup of following strange vehicles. The musical man learned later of the contrariness of dog nature, for one day when on the stage he saw his pup lying in wait a mile out of town, but noticing his master's beaming countenance on the front seat he emitted a terrified roar and left a cloud of dust behind him to mark his homeward trail.

A correspondent who inspired the preparation of this article writes me of

A KLEPTOMANIAC CAT

owned by a friend. This cat's nature, he says, is so warped and so destitute of anything like a moral sense that he wishes him to be held up as an example to cat lovers. 'Though this cat is fed on the best that the markets can afford, including the bones of quail when in season, fresh milk and cream, he persists in practising theft. He would rather steal sour cream and decayed fish than honestly drink sweet milk and eat a freshly opened can of sardines.'

Though I am the possessor of some very superior cats—physically as well as morally—I cannot yet determine

WHETHER A CAT HAS ANY MORAL SENSE OF OBLIGATION.

I hardly dare believe in the affectionate nature of a cat. To my thinking they are probably the most ungrateful creatures in existence, and their sense or remembrance of gratitude only lasts about an hour, and that in the hour following feeding time. They will then follow me with the assiduity of dogs and play around me, but after that I may call never so sweetly, and the only recognition I will receive is an arched back, a stiffened tail, a supercilious yawn and a walk in the opposite direction.

THE MULE, THOUGH GENERALLY DESPISED

and regarded as inferior in intellectual capacity to the horse, is oftentimes quite as knowing. They are clever in lifting latches, and will show as much ingenuity in stealing watermelons as the people of that nation who are popularly supposed to have an especial fondness for that delicate fruit. I knew a donkey which could not be kept out of the house during meal hours, and would thrust his head through the open window and bray so vigorously that the biggest pie would be given him to insure peace. If windows and doors were closed he would take his position by the frail wooden walls and raise a clamour till he was propitiated with bread and sugar.

Harry Carpenter, of Yuma, is probably the most veracious authority we have in the west on the unbounded intellectual capacity of the mule. The following story, told by Mr Carpenter, will forever

SETTLE THE MENTAL STATUS OF A MULE.

It occurred during watermelon picking, which commences in Yuma about the middle of February. Mr Carpenter was shipping these prodigious vegetables from his ranch to the depot with eight mule teams.

'We had loaded up a waggon with fruit,' said Mr Carpenter, 'and though the driver yelled and lashed, not one of those eight blamed mules would stir a foot. Not one foot, sir.

'"The mules saw this wagon before they were hitched up," I said to the freighter, who was a new man in the business.

'"Yes, sir."

'"Unhitch," I said, "and lead them 'round the wagon and throw off a melon."

'We hitched up again, but it was no go. Not before eight watermelons were thrown off did the mules start. Fact, sir; fact. If you don't believe me ask Sam Gillespie.'

'How much did the watermelons weigh?' asked an innocent young man from Denver.

SOME CHRISTCHURCH GENTLEMEN.

OH, the Ga a llants of Christchurch !' sing it with pro. longed emphasis and a big *G*. The city of the Plains can boast something besides its cathedral spire ; it rears young men who truly rejoice in 'the grand old name of gentleman.' Wherein the gentlemanly conduct consists in sticking churlishly to seats that through an oversight had not been reserved for the Government House party, placing the latter (who, after all, are the representatives of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria) in the painful position of helpless bystanders, while the usher politely requested, and the said gentlemen with more emphasis than was absolutely necessary, refused, to give up their places on the stand, is not perhaps apparent at first. To the initiated explanation is superfluous. 'Played out,' saith the Christchurch youth, are those old fashioned notions of gentlemanly courtesy which would protect a party numbering ladies in it from the annoyance of a public scene, despite the unpardonable crime of their rank. Antediluvian is the code of Him who said, 'Give unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's.' We have our own ideas of good manners and what is what in the colonies, and they are rather more up-to-date, don't you know. *Vive la liberté.* Let women, with their sentimental notions of the respect due to royalty and representatives of royalty, give up their seats. We (*i.e.*, Christchurch) have reached that advanced state of social good breeding when the 'You pays your money and you takes your choice' maxim is inviolate, outweighing every common consideration of etiquette or kindness. Independence must be maintained at all costs, you know, dear chappie—glorious colonial independence ! Hear, hear, maintain such independence at all costs—the heavier the better. I daresay it will not greatly disturb the thick skinned equanimity of these young gentlemen if the story finds its way home and we are credited wholesale with a character for colonial boorishness. Still, independence is a noble characteristic, and I would urge upon the young men in question not to forget to practise it the next time some wealthy patron or 'our boss, you know,' with capabilities of a £60 rise in his capacious pockets, arrives late for the 'show,' and there is an opportunity to obligingly and politely offer him a seat. The irritating part is that they will forget it, and every other lofty motive, in contemplation of that £60 rise. So much for these Christchurch snobs.

POETICAL FAME.

FLEETING FANCY OF THE PUBLIC.

IF one casts a glance at the history of English literature or takes the trouble to run through in the most cursory manner 'Chambers' English Poets' he will be most painfully impressed with the evanescence of what is called literary reputation. In perusing the collection of Chambers, which includes nearly 200 names, among which are not found those of the English dramatists of any epoch, and is not brought down even to the end of the last century, he will often be led to wonder not alone why so many poets should have been forgotten, but also why so many should have been remembered. As illustrating the evolution of the English language and the mutations of literary taste, such a work is invaluable, but to the ordinary reader, who realizes the brevity of life and is electric in his studies, it is tiresome, not to say useless, that which he needs of it being found in more succinct form elsewhere. It is evident from a general survey of the field that the half a year accorded by Shakespeare to the memory of the good man is a favour not to be extended to the poet. If the student reads Chaucer to find out what the English language was 500 years ago or for the pleasure he may derive from his works, he will not probably extend his labours to Gower, who was his contemporary. The language had acquired a certain fixity

IN THE TIME OF SPENSER,

who lived nearly two hundred years later, and his works can be read by any lover of poetry with a degree of pleasure, but only scholars will turn the leaves of Drayton, his contemporary, or of Cowley, who flourished not long afterward. If Ben Jonson, Greene, Marlowe, Beaumont, and Fletcher, and some other dramatists of the time of Elizabeth and James I. had not been overshadowed by the genius of Shakespeare their plays would be more generally read in these days ; as it is their names are only known to the professional litterateur.

Milton is

THE ONLY POET OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY WHO CAN REALLY BE CONSIDERED AS IMMORTAL,

but we have also during the same period, or nearly, Suckling, Butler, Waller, Dryden, Gay and Congreve, of whom most readers have heard, even though they may know nothing of their works, and a hundred others, some of whom are accredited with a certain amount of poetical genius, whose names would surprise by their strangeness if given here. Addison, Gray and Pope are of the latter part of the seventeenth century and the beginning of the eighteenth. Gray only survives in the memory of the present generation by his 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard,' and

ADDISON IS REMEMBERED FOR HIS PROSE RATHER THAN FOR HIS POETRY.

If the didactic poems of Pope are not now much read his apothegms will doubtless be found for many years to come in the dictionaries of poetical quotations. Of the Scotch poets of the close of the last century, some of whom wrote charming verses, we only hear now of Burns, and of Burns rarely except among the canny Scotch exiles, who love their country but have left it, enticed by the fleshpots of this more favoured land. And of the poems of this gifted son of Caledonia it appears to be, that is it we can judge by the celebrations of the Caledonian Club, only 'Tam o' Shanter' that is deserving of eternal repetition. We are then justified in seriously asking, who reads now any one of the nearly 200 poets whose works are comprised in the Chambers collection, to say nothing of the hundreds more who have had their day of celebrity, from Chaucer down to the year 1800? Shakespeare and Milton may be excepted, with perhaps included in the exception some detached poems found in the anthologies and the lines and stanzas of the dictionaries of quotations.

It is not, however, necessary to go back beyond the last sixty years to prove the shadowy and evanescent nature of poetical reputation.

POETRY, LIKE THE ARTS, PROCEEDS BY EPIC PERIODS.

It has its epochs of renaissance, or revival, and its epochs of decadence, depending generally on great social upheavals or national calamities. Such was the Italian Renaissance, which changed the condition of the whole of Europe and the times that produced Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, and the poets of the beginning of the present century. Each of these revivals was contemporary with or succeeded periods of great political and social disturbance which were their cause or their melancholy inspiration. Literary taste varies from generation to generation, and enters naturally as a factor into the durability of literary reputation. From the dawn of English literature down to the time of Scott the writers of poetry in general drew their inspiration from the Greek and Latin poets, or framed their productions on classical models. If they did not directly imitate Homer, Virgil, and Horace and the writers of pastorals and of verse of various kinds of both nations, they modelled their poems on those of Dante, Tasso or Petrarch, who had themselves gone to these sources. Thus trammelled it required the genius of Chaucer, Spenser, and Milton to rise above the dead level of artificiality, caused by these traditions. It was a sort of slavery from which English literature was not entirely emancipated till

SCOTT CAME WITH THE 'LADY OF THE LAKE,' 'ROKEBY' AND 'MARMION'

to give the ease and naturalness without which poetry is the expression of sentiment more or less false, and little better than a dead language. It was this artificiality which simply reflected antiquity, or was, as in the case of certain dramas of Shakespeare, warped by the literary foibles and fashions of the poet's epoch which contributed so largely to the evanescence of their fame.

But while

ARTIFICIALITY KILLS,

it is to be remarked that the poems which live are constructed with a certain amount of artistic completeness, and this, joined to their happy inspiration, helps to transmit them to posterity. The art should be secondary and the inspiration never wanting. As in music it is the false note that spoils the morceau, so in a poem it is the prosaic passage or the inharmonious verse. Why could not Gray have written other poems as good as his 'Elegy,' from which no one would wish a line omitted ; or why should Wordsworth, who could write his 'Ode on Immortality,' have given the world his interminable 'Excursion,' with its rare flashes of genius in a wilderness of verbiage? Only certain rare ballads of Browning that show a decent respect for the English language will be read ten years hence.

KEATS AND SHELLEY

had both a certain artistic sense that would have been more pronounced had they lived longer. In Tennyson this sense was finer in his youth, and it is probably fragments of his earlier verse, with lines here and there from his late works, that will live longest in the anthologies. In looking over the poems of Campbell one wonders now why he should ever have been so popular, they seem so artificial and out of fashion. Of all the list of poets who graced the early part of this century—Scott, Byron, Southey, Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley—one is tempted to ask who reads them now, the literature of the present day is so abundant and absorbing. Most of these, it is true, still find readers, but they are of the scholarly class and consequently exceptional. One returns from time to time to the descriptive poems of Scott, as to his novels, and finds in them something of their original freshness, and the rest are sure of a certain fragmentary immortality.

But there are

A HOST OF OTHER POETS

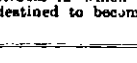
who have during the last twenty-five years enjoyed a certain vogue whose names are now not even mentioned. Among these are Mrs Hemans, Eliza Cook, Elliott, Miss Landon, Bailey, Alexander Smith and many others, the mention of whose names would not evoke a souvenir in the mind of the average reader. Mrs Hemans, who wrote with a surprising fluency harmonious verses, was as extensively read in her day as Byron. Eliza Cook in the 'Old Arm Chair' simply touched a chord of the human heart.

MACAULAY MIGHT BE INCLUDED

whose prose is brilliant but whose ballads are rather martial music than poetry. When Alexander Smith published his first dramatic poem, nearly forty years ago, he was hailed as the poet of the future. What can be said of the later poets, who during the past twenty-five years have given to the world from time to time verses which were not always without merit? Scarcely had their volumes appeared and been received by the press with praise more or less qualified, than they returned to the obscurity from which they had emerged. If poetical fame has been thus evanescent in the past, when the appearance of a volume of poems was a comparatively rare event, what will it be fifty years hence, when culture will be universal, and the poet, one of its natural products, will be the rule instead of the exception? The

INCREASE OF LITERATURE IS ABSOLUTELY APPALLING.

From the slender stream in which it flowed a hundred years ago it seems destined to become a deluge that will drown the world.



Lands and Survey Office,
Auckland, February 10, 1894.

NOTICE is hereby given that Section 1, Suburbs of Howick, advertised for Sale by public auction, at this office, on the 21st inst., is withdrawn from such sale.

GERHARD MUELLER,
Commissioner Crown Lands.

District Land and Survey Office,
Auckland, December 27, 1893.

IT IS HEREBY NOTIFIED that the undermentioned Rural Land will be offered for Lease by public auction for a term of fourteen years, at this office, on WEDNESDAY, the 21st day of March, 1894, at 11 a.m. :—

HOKIANGA COUNTY.—Omapere S.D., Block V., Secs. 1 and 2, 121a 3lp ; upset annual rent, £2. Open land on the Waihou and Whakanekeneke Rivers, and known as the Experimental Farm Reserve.

Terms of Lease—14 years without the right of renewal. Rent payable yearly, in advance. No compensation for improvements will be paid during either the currency or at the termination of the lease ; but the lessee will have the right to remove all fences and buildings prior to expiration of term.

GERHARD MUELLER,
Commissioner Crown Lands.

District Lands and Survey Office,
Auckland, Dec. 27th, 1893

NOTICE is hereby given that the undermentioned RURAL LANDS will be offered for Sale by auction at this office on WEDNESDAY, the 21st day of March, 1894, at 11 a.m.

COROMANDEL COUNTY, PARISH MAHAKIRAU.—Sec. 1A 151 acres. Upset price, £7 12s 6d. One half ti-tree and mixed forest land, situated on main road, 6 miles from Mercury Bay. Subject to £50 for house and outbuildings.

OTAMATEA COUNTY, PARISH OF OMARU.—Sec. 160, 711 acres. Upset price, £1,070. Undulating forest land of good quality, containing about 1,500,000 feet green kauri, and about 500,000 feet scorched kauri. The kauri is situated near the eastern boundary, and about ½ mile from the Mangonui River. The section is about 12 miles from the Tokatoka P.O.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-fifth of the purchase money, and full amount of valuation for improvements, to be paid on the fall of the hammer, and the balance, with Crown Grant Fee, within 30 days thereafter, otherwise the deposit will be forfeited, and the contract for the sale of the land be null and void.

GERHARD MUELLER,
Commissioner Crown Land.

AUCKLAND POLO CLUB'S ANNUAL SPORTS AND RACES.

To be held at

POTTER'S PADDOCK,

ON SATURDAY, 24TH FEBRUARY,

First Event taking place at 1.30 p.m.

1. POLO BALL RACE, for Trophy. Ball to be hit from starting post round flag, and back through goal posts. Ball to be hit from right to left round flag.
2. HURDLE RACE. Six furlongs. Weight for inches. Over four flights of hurdles.
3. CIGAR RACE. Competitors to start with coat off, and saddle on the ground, and unlighted cigar ; to mount and go once round the post, and finish with pony saddled, coat on, and cigar lighted.
4. AUCKLAND POLO CUP. Four furlongs. Weight for inches. Winner of Hurdle Race to carry 5lb penalty.
5. LADIES' BRACELET, presented by the Captain and Officers of H.M.S. Curacoa. Ponies to be nominated by ladies. Competitors to start with ribbons, gallop to and dismount at hurdles, lead ponies up to nominators to have their ribbons threaded through needles, remount and gallop round one furlong post from right to left, and finish with needles threaded.
6. BENDING COMPETITION. First stake 20 yards from starting point. Stakes 8 yards apart, and 18 stakes in course. Any competitor knocking over one stake to be disqualified. To be run in heats.
7. STEEPLECHASE. One mile and a half. Weight for inches. Winners of Hurdle Race or Cup to carry 5lb penalty.
8. CONSOLATION RACE. For all ponies that have taken part in the races of the day except winners of the Cup, Hurdles and Steeples. Catch weights. Post entries.

Entries for Cup, Hurdles, and Steeples, 10s ; other events, 5s each. Entries must be in the hands of the Hon. Sec., Government Insurance Chambers, Queen-street, by SATURDAY, 17th inst., accompanied by fees, names, description, and height of pony, and rider's colours.

Admission, whether with carriage, or horse, or on foot, 1s. Admission to Grandstand : Gentlemen, 2s 6d. Ladies, free.

W. READ BLOOMFIELD,
Hon. Sec. Sports Committee.

The Captain Cook Brewery, Kyber Pass Road, Auckland.

AN 'UP TO DATE' BREWERY.

BEER is an important industry in all the countries containing the great Anglo-Saxon race, and provided it is pure, and brewed according to the various climatic conditions of countries, it is about the most wholesome drink extant.

Brewing is an interesting subject, and one of the most important in this colony. Moreover, the great beer question has been much to the fore so it was decided that an article on Hancock's Brewery would not be out of place. It was founded in 1862 by Mr Hancock, who afterwards took his son-in-law, Mr S. Jagger, into partnership. Mr Moss-Davis, the present proprietor, came into the firm as a partner in 1886, afterwards buying from the executors of the late Mr S. Jagger their share of the business, and thus became sole proprietor. Mr Davis' unceasing industry and business tact have greatly increased the trade, and now the 'Captain Cook Brewery' is one of the largest and most complete in the colony. At the time of our visit some 400 hogsheads of beer were being racked off in the cellars, cleanliness, order, space, and convenience being conspicuous in every operation and floor of the brewery. The beer is brewed from the best malt and hops grown in New Zealand. In fact, all articles used are a colonial product, and as these are abundant, there is not the slightest temptation to use any extraneous substance in the brewing. New Zealand barley is well-known for its good quality, and Nelson hops are at least equal to the famous production of the Kentish hop-ground.

The brewery is arranged upon the most modern principles, the aim of the proprietor being to obtain the very best results by the simplest means. In all large works, the shifting from floor to floor of heavy materials in the best way is a problem to be solved. In many cases the very existence of a profit upon the manufacture may depend upon this apparently simple operation. In the Captain Cook brewery this is attained by hoisting or pumping all materials to the topmost floor, and letting them descend by their own gravity to the desired floor as required. This system is a great economiser of labour, besides enabling the proprietor to send out a better article, for rapidity and certainty of manufacture must necessarily enhance the quality.

That necessary article in a brewery—water—is derived from wells bored in the lava of Mount Eden. Analysis proves it to be of a high quality for brewing purposes. During the making of one of these wells a large tree partially burnt was found under an immense block of lava. It was excavated and proved to be perfectly sound in the interior, notwithstanding the enormous heat it must have been subjected to by the molten lava. The water from the wells is pumped up to the top of the brewery tower into concrete tanks, and then into a 4,000 gallon iron tank, and is there boiled by steam, which passes through a series of coils in the tank. It afterwards by its own gravity flows into a sprinkler. The latter is a series of small pipes pierced with holes, which by a rotary motion distribute the water evenly over the ground malt contained in the mash tun underneath. The water before falling out of the sprinkler is considerably below boiling point, or it would coagulate some of the constituents of the malt instead of dissolving them. The infusion in the mash tun is now called wort, being charged with the strength of the malt, and flows again by its own gravity into a large copper. By an ingenious and original arrangement the wort is prevented frothing over the side of the copper. Hops are now added to the wort and the whole is boiled for one hour.

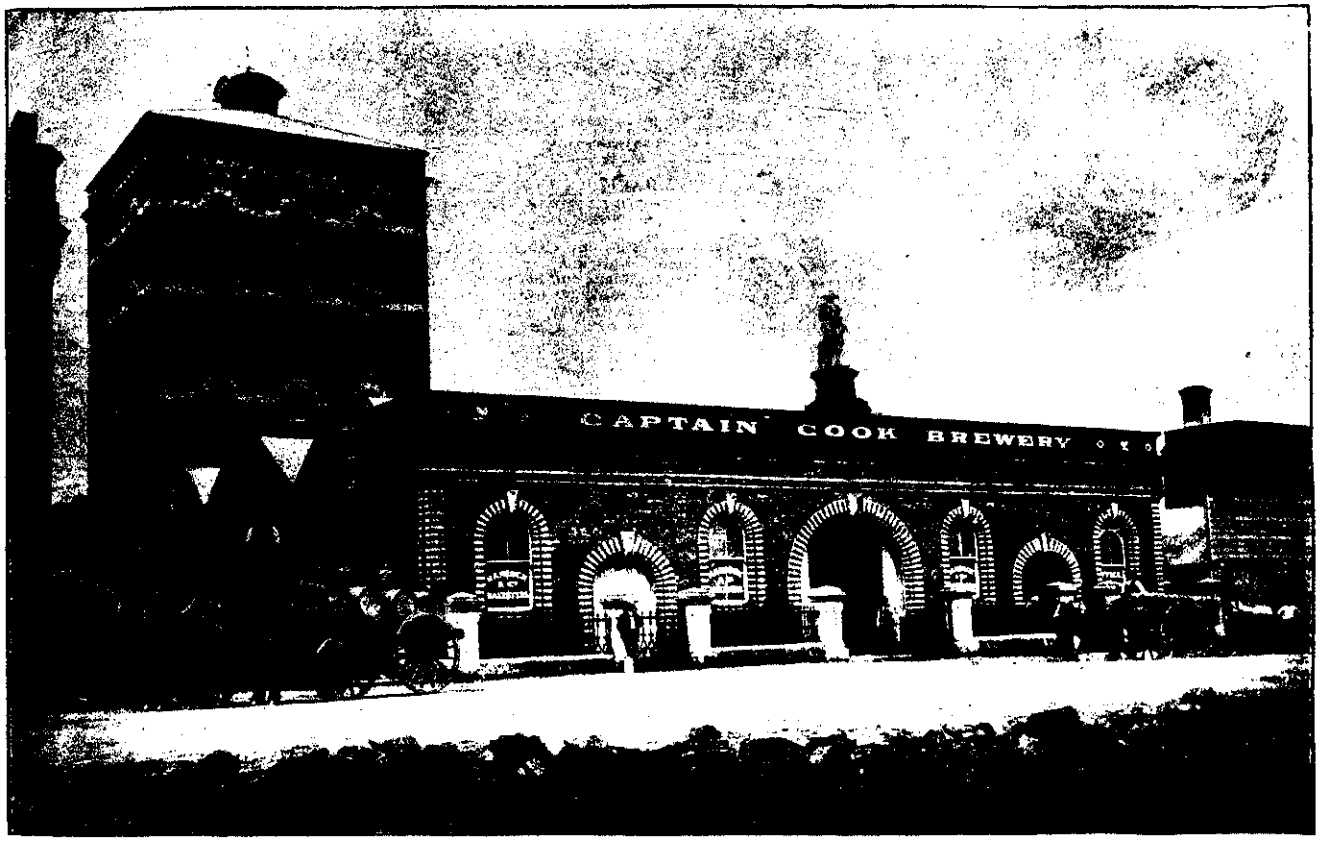
When ready for cooling, this highly necessary process is expeditiously performed in the following manner. The liquid flows into a large shallow vessel in the floor beneath, from there passing over the refrigerator. The latter is a series of pipes ranged one above the other, and all connected together to allow cold water to flow into the bottom pipe and successively through all the others and out of the top one into the waste pipe. The object of this arrangement is to keep the pipes cold so that the infusion of malt and hops flowing downwards over the outside of the pipes, may be cooled as rapidly as possible. If this were not done effectively and rapidly, an acetous fermentation might set up and the beer be spoiled. The liquor afterward flows into large vats called gyles, and is fermented, run into the tunners where it undergoes further fermentation, racked off into hogsheads, and is then ready for use. The whole process is of the simplest, a conspicuous cleanliness being noticeable in every department. This result is not attained without due sacrifice of time and labour, for Mr Davis gives the brewing business his constant supervision. Mr Spooner is the brewer, and has been with the firm a great many years. The extensive bottling department is conducted upon the latest and best principles, and the system adopted calculated to give the best result in a climate like ours.

Only one quality of ale is brewed, that known as Hancock's celebrated XXXX ale. This brewery do their own malting and make their own barrels, and about the only foreign material used in the establishment is the cork bung. We believe the cork tree does not grow here, it favouring a dry climate. Spain seems to enjoy the lion's share of the cork industry.

The malt-house is exceedingly spacious and well arranged, the system adopted being known as 'Stopes' Patent.' The object of the system is to malt as expeditiously as possible, and transmit the malt into the brewery without exposing it to the air. The old clumsy method of wooden spade and sook is entirely abolished, the grain being first hoisted to the top floor and afterwards conveyed along the floor to the required spot by an Archimedean screw working in a trough, thus avoiding all unnecessary handling. The same method is employed in conveying it to the malting floor,—viz., gravity or Archimedean screws. Of course, perfect appliances of this kind cost large sums of money, but a large and rapidly increasing business is the result.

It is gratifying to find in a new country like ours, so far removed from Europe and the great centres of population, that our manufacturers are unsatisfied unless they have the best appliances for the production of high-class products. This is true commercial wisdom, and brings its own reward.

We were much gratified by our visit and the courtesy shown us, and while a portion of mankind like something stronger than water, we think there are few more innocent beverages than New Zealand beer.



THE CAPTAIN COOK BREWERY.

OUT OF REACH.

THE discomforts and disadvantages of excessive obesity are many. A curious and pathetic example is thus recorded by an exchange:

'What has become of the big man who used to beat the bass drum?' the leader of a military band was asked.

'Oh, he left us more than three months ago.'

'Good man, wasn't he?'

'Yes, first rate; but he got so fat that when he marched he couldn't hit the drum in the middle.'

By TUA-O-RANGI.

CHAPTERS I. TO XII.

THE word '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 Pigneroles, 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.

The two Maori paticuts rescued from the war canoes recover. One of them given up by the doctor, is saved by medicine of Arnaud's, the secret of which he refuses to give to the French doctor.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Arnaud makes great friends with his revived Maori. The custom of *tapu* is partially explained to the Frenchmen, as their guests always throw their dishes overboard. Land is reached and the young chief invites Arnaud to go ashore with him, whilst the other chief, Taranui, proffers hospitality to the Captain and officers.

CHAPTER XIX.

Captain du Fresne chaffs Monsieur d'Estrelles on various visions which he complains have much disturbed his rest during the voyage out. Arnaud, his valet, is now ashore, but the trouble continues. The ships cast anchor, and Maoris in canoes approach, and are delighted to welcome back Taranui. The other chiefs of note to return the strangers' kindness to their friend, invite them on shore, particularly Te Whatu Moana.

CHAPTER XX.

The Frenchmen land, and are much astonished and impressed by the Maori whares and by the customs of the inhabitants, which are fully described. The Gauls do not care much for the grand banquets and are horror stricken at the *tangi* held over the dead warrior, who had been lost in the war-canoe. They are lodged outside the Maori stockade, and fear no treachery.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE RETURN VISIT—RAU-KATA-MEA—MUTUAL AMENITIES.

THE following day Captain du Fresne was honoured with a return visit from Te Whatu Moana and his people, who came off to the ships chattering gaily, and, as they drew nearer, chanting what was supposed to be a song of amity. The canoes on this occasion, instead of containing, as on the previous day, a double row of nearly nude warriors, held an almost equal proportion of the female element, with a sprinkling of youngsters, all, save the last-named, robed in handsome wrappers of native weaving, and wearing feathers and other adornments.

As the first canoe came alongside, Te Whatu Moana stood up, and holding aloft a freshly cut green bough, uttered some cabalistic words, and then gently struck the ship's side with it several times, after which ceremony—which the voyagers took as signifying friendship—his people swarmed aboard like so many bees—bees, too, which carried their honey with them, for, as if resolved not to be outdone by the *pakeha*, they had brought a regular cargo of such edibles as they had the day before observed the strangers select at the island banquet.

The chief, with the captain and a party of officers and *rangatiras*, made the tour of the vessel, Te Whatu and his followers interested but impassive. Their phlegm did not, however, extend to the *wahines*, who were open-mouthed and vivacious in their expressions of surprise and pleasure at everything they saw, Ma-rika-rika, the beautiful wife of Te Whatu, not excepted. This young woman was accompanied by her sister, Rau-kata-mea (leaf that ever laughs or makes music), a damsel whose attractions as far surpassed her own as the golden sunlight the pale moon's beams. Decidedly the belle of the party, she engrossed the regards of all on board, and the attentions of such of the voyagers as were by their rank entitled to consort with *rangatiras*. She had not been at the island the day before, as she lived within her father's *kainga* on the mainland, and was now only on a visit to her sister. They were both, it turned out subsequently, daughters of Takori Hiko-o-te-rangi, and Rau-kata-mea his youngest and favourite child. If beauty gave her any claim she certainly deserved the distinction, for although the majority of the young *wahines* were fine creatures, she unquestionably carried off the palm. Scarcely darker than a European gipsy, she was of fine though massive proportions, carrying herself with a stately grace entirely natural. Wholly enveloped in the soft folds of a finely-woven wrapper, nothing of her form was visible save her plump and shapely left arm, but her soft dark eyes, rosy smiling lips, and enticing ways were quite enough without the aid of rounded limbs, to set the ship's company by the ears. Contrary to usual native custom—as evidenced in her associates, who all wore their ebony tresses

Rau-kata mea was decidedly the belle of the party; she engrossed the regards of all on board, and the attentions of such of the voyagers as were by their rank entitled to consort with rangatiras.

streaming over their shoulders—her curling locks were cut short, and clustering about her well-formed head and dark handsome face added a piquancy to her alluring beauty that was perfectly irresistible. At least the French gallants found it so, and wondering much how such a splendid specimen of Nature's unvarnished handiwork had escaped the bonds of matrimony—for the absence of *moko* from her ruddy lips proclaimed her, they were told, as yet unappropriated—they clustered about her, each one eager to monopolize her regards. She, however, received the attentions of all with equal favour, showing not the slightest preference for one over another. Her pleasant smile and rippling laughter, easily excited but never loud, proved her pretty name no misnomer, and while it piqued the Frenchmen that her favours were so equally dispensed, her good nature left everyone reason to hope.

But there was one among them who had marked the beautiful Maori maiden for his own, and he was one not used to let trifles stand in the way of his designs. Who should this be but the gay Monsieur d'Estrelles, whose reputation as a lady-killer had been jestingly referred to by Captain du Fresne by way of warning against thoughtless intercourse with the native women. But Monsieur d'Estrelles was not so much thoughtless as reckless. For self-gratification he would dare all risks, leaving to the chapter of accidents and his native wit his safe emergence; and, indeed, were the truth all told, his experience hitherto almost justified his bold self-confidence. The fact that Rau-kata-mea received his attentions with exactly the same charming smile she bestowed upon the least considerable of her admirers did not disquiet him. He had, in his time, carried much more difficult citadels than the heart of this child of nature was likely to prove, and had learned by experience that, other things being equal, agreeable pertinacity would eventually carry the day against intermittent fervour. So, without obtruding himself, he contrived to keep by her side during her people's somewhat lengthened visit, taking in all her visible graces, and learning from her laughing lips many a Maori idiom, quite unconscious that there was one who marked his behaviour with a smile indicative of mingled satisfaction and contempt, and, divining his intentions with unerring precision, registered a secret vow to thwart his purpose on the eve of its fulfilment. Could he have looked into the heart of his accomplished valet, could he even have caught the expression which flitted over that functionary's visage as he so resolved, Monsieur would soon have curtailed his attendant's power of mischief; but he was more agreeably employed, and dreaming not of pitfalls, regardless of consequences, thought only of conquest.

During the remainder of the day, which was all too short for antipodean curiosity, both ships were besieged with visitors, all coming in a friendly spirit, having doubtless heard a good account of the *pakeha*, and as every canoe was laden with produce designed for gifts or barter, the strangers had every facility for a radical change of diet. The aboriginals, however, did not greatly appreciate French cookery, of which the condiments sometimes occasioned a humidity of eye scarcely in keeping with *rangatira* immobility. As for wines and liqueurs, they were, except to a very few, unendurable, and this repugnance continued during the Frenchmen's stay. But it was soon found that those who 'took to' the ardent beverages of civilisation became troublesomely fond of them, their thirst growing with supply until it became insatiable.

Subsequent intercourse between the two races was of the most intimate character, and the exchange of civilities and commodities continuous. The vivacious foreigners became prime favourites with at least the softer moiety of the population, and before long most of them were as well acquainted with the interiors of the *whares* as with their exteriors, visiting their new friends as inclination prompted, without apparently a single thought but that these pleasant relations might last for ever. Delighted with the natives' amiability, they imagined their good nature limitless, and confident in their own luck and resources, they not seldom, as time wore on, committed indiscretions calculated to sorely try the patience and test the amity of the darker race, whose institutions the majority were at small pains to study, though every day acquiring more proficiency in the language.

One there was, however, who lost no opportunity not only of discovering the full significance of every unwritten law of his dusky hosts, but also of quietly ingratiating himself with them. Female attractions were lost upon Arnaud. He would sooner squat on the sunny side* of some tattooed† old *tohunga* (priest) of boasted celestial origin than rub noses with the fairest *wahine* of the *kainga*, and his unostentatious attentions were not lost upon the old rascals. His ready tact and understanding of their language, his quick perception of their metaphors, and his daily increasing knowledge of their institutions, combined, perhaps, with his tawny skin and odd compelling gaze, to please and fascinate them. However it was, he rapidly advanced in their good graces, and in a short time no other of the ship's company, not even the genial and confiding captain, was so entirely *en rapport* with the more influential *tangatas* (men). Naku-roa, now the head of his tribe, had retained his affection for, and his powerful friendship was fully appreciated by this strange being, who also found him a never failing spring of information on Maori matters, his youthfulness rendering him less wary and more easily wrought upon than the old *tohungas*, who were somewhat chary about talking of some of their institutions. But Naku-roa, himself an hereditary priest, was much less reserved, and many a chat the two had together, and many a compact entered into, the details of which would have caused some eye-opening had they been known.

But this is anticipating. Things had not quite reached this stage on the day after the visit of Te Whatu Moana and his company, and the third of the French arrival in the Bay of Islands. On this day the captain and suite had promised to pay a formal visit to the settlement of Takori Hiko-o-te-rangi, which was situated some distance up a small stream debouching into the bay.

'You accompany us to-day, D'Estrelles, do you not?' enquired the commandant gaily of that personage, who with glooming eyes stood idly watching the party's preparations. He had returned from Wai-iti, where he had passed the night with Arnaud, whose services as interpreter the captain had requested.

'No,' he replied, shortly, 'I don't feel inclined.'

Du Fresne, looking at him in some surprise, noted a worried look on the handsome face, which shadowed in irritation at his regards.

'As you will, *mon ami*,' he said lightly, and turned away, not wishing to annoy his sensitive passenger.

Arnaud, who, standing in the background, had overheard the remarks, chuckled softly. '*C'est bien*, Monsieur,' he said inwardly, but his face was as expressionless as that of an ancient *tohunga*.

Both ships were besieged with visitors, all coming in a friendly spirit, having doubtless heard a good account of the pakeha, and every canoe was laden with produce designed for gifts or barter.

CHAPTER XXII.

D'ESTRELLES' LUCK—NATIVE INDUSTRY—A PRESERVED HEAD—TE WHATU'S TRANSFORMATION—A MISAPPROPRIATED PRESENT.

THE captain's party was scarcely lost to view when Monsieur d'Estrelles, who had watched them off leaning indolently over the bulwarks, hired one of the numerous light canoes lying alongside to paddle him to the Island of Motu Arohia. This was why he had declined to make one of the party he had previously promised to join, that, free from unseasonable interruptions, he might do the agreeable to the captivating Mademoiselle Rau-kata-mea. But Monsieur had reckoned without his host, and when, after propitiating the ruling powers of the *kainga* by liberal donations, and doing the amiable to them until his patience was nearly exhausted, without 'Laughing Leaf' appearing—he ventured guardedly to inquire after her, he discovered that she was the daughter of the very chief the captain had gone to visit, and had returned to her father's *kainga* to be present at the *pukehas*' reception. His dark face flamed with angry mortification at his 'ill-luck,' as he was pleased to consider it, but he endeavoured to carry the matter off lightly, and perforce consoled himself with the company of 'the pleasant' wife of Te Whatu and her handmaids, with whose help, after lounging some hours in the warm sunshine, which streamed full on the verandah of the *whare-nui*—apparently the *rendezvous* of the *hapu*—he set off to inspect the curiosities of the settlement.

From the gay, unoccupied demeanour of such natives as the Frenchmen had met, and who seemed, so far, to have literally nothing to do save bask in the sun, it had been rather hastily concluded that they were a people averse to labour. This assumption D'Estrelles now found to be quite erroneous. As he sauntered through the *kainga*, he noticed on all hands groups of busy workers. Slaves bringing water or dragging wood; freemen scraping the outsides of their canoes with knives of flint or obsidian, shaping paddles, tying up fences, forming weapons, mending nets, etc. Women building fires, scraping potatoes with *pipi* shells, weaving ropes or garments, cleaning fish, plaiting food baskets, beating the flour from the woody fibre of the dried fern root and so on *ad. lib*

But these toilers had very little interest for the luxurious foreigner, who, like most people who live by the sweat of other brows, cared very little for the sweaters. His roving eyes very soon found more entertaining

* Many of the priest chiefs were so sacred that their very shadow would *tapu* whatever it fell on.

† The *moko*, though produced by a different process, resembles tattoo, and is so called by Europeans.

objects, these being nothing less than the head-like balls stuck on poles, which, on the day of their arrival, had been noticed at intervals of the palisading. He arrested his steps in front of one with a particularly lean, ill-favoured countenance. The head was of good form, the features, save the eyes, complete, the tawny skin, the *moko*, all there; the perforated ears, the hair even, gathered up into a feathered top-knot. Native art never fashioned that head, or the frightful caricatures around him were libels on the artists. His curiosity was excited. 'Were these the heads of enemies?' he wondered, 'and what had happened to the bodies?' He was not nervous in the least usually, but of a sudden a creepy feeling ran through him. He shook it off, however, and asked the smiling Ma-rika-rika for particulars. But his Maori was limited, and he was benefiting but little from her explications, when, in the nick of time, he espied *petit* Jean skulking along one of the narrow lanes which separated the *whares*. The rascal was doubtless on pleasure bent, but D'Estrelles at once impressed him, and with his a d learned presently that his conjecture as to the humanity of the head frowning down upon him was correct. It was one of a number brought back by Te Whatu a fortnight previously from the Northern coast. It was customary, Ma-rika-rika explained, for the victors in battle to decapitate the bo lies of fallen foes whose rank rendered them worthy of the distinction, and, being preserved by a certain process, to bring them home to grace their own triumph. They were stuck up round the pah (fortress or fortified village), and as if the death penalty were not enough to exhaust the bitterness of hate, jeered at and taunted as the individual would have been had he fallen alive into the hands of his enemies.

'And the preserving process?'

Ma-rika-rika had never seen heads cured. The custom was to prepare them on the field of battle, but she understood that after removing the brain, tongue, and eyes, the cavities were filled up with fern, flax, or dried grass. A piece of wood was then inserted in each nostril to preserve the form of the nose, the lips were stitched together, and the skin of the neck sewn round a small wooden hoop that it might not shrink. The head was then boiled, then plunged into cold water, and afterwards baked. This caused the muscles to shrink, but features, hair, skin, and *moko* remained intact. The heads were finished off by being smoked, or dried in the sun or wind.

Very interesting this. D'Estrelles again caught himself speculating as to the fate of the headless bodies. He would like to make a closer inspection. 'Was it permissible to take the thing down? Might he handle it for a moment, or, would they sell it?'

Ma-rika-rika hesitated. 'She could not say, but Te Whatu would tell him—and see here he comes,' and sure enough the chief, who had for some time been invisible, was approaching the party, and as he drew near with stately step and head erect, Monsieur d'Estrelles could not help admiring his noble mien. There was a quiet thoughtfulness in his expression which spoke of mental capacity, and a kindliness of eye which indicated a benevolent disposition. To his young wife he was evidently fondly attached. His glance as it rested on her spoke volumes of affection. He was also a kind father, and, if physiognomy were to be trusted, a faithful, generous friend. He seemed just a thought surprised to see them all there gazing up at the trunkless head, but when Ma-rika-rika acquainted him with D'Estrelles' desire, a swift change transformed his visage. From kind tranquillity it passed instanter to vindictive fury. The mild eyes, suddenly ablaze, rolled wildly, and brandishing aloft his club he yelled in furious accents:

'What? You would rob me of my *utu*? What? You would carry away my best, my favourite head—the head of my hated enemy, Kai-tangata?'

He had come so very near in his apparently ungovernable rage, and used his weapon so threateningly, that his visitor involuntarily drew back a pace; but suddenly turning his eyes upon the bodiless cause of his excitement—

'Ha, Kai-tangata?' the irate chief exclaimed, tauntingly, 'you are a great warrior, you! Verily I tremble before you! Where is your club, man, and what has become of your arms? And your legs, so good at running, where are they? Are you called Kai-tangata, you? E, ha! You flew before my *mere*, did you? And your arms let fall your weapon. And your legs, your fleet legs, they were food for my warriors! E, ha! And your thighs, your sweet thighs, lie entombed in my belly!* E' ha! You are a *kai tangata*, you! A *tino tangata*, you! A *toa tangata*, you! E, ha! E, ha! E, ha!' And thrusting out a prodigiously long tongue, the amiable Te Whatu, flourishing his club, went through a series of the most extraordinary and frightful grimaces.

Fortunately for Monsieur's comfort, the foregoing horrible jibes were uttered in choice Maori, which the chief's rapid articulation rendered quite unintelligible to *pakeha* ears. Te Whatu's fury now seemed exhausted, and quietly relapsing into his ordinary manner, he gravely said:

'It is a very good head. What will you give for it?'

For a moment the ready-witted Frenchman was taken aback. The torrent of vituperation addressed to the unfortunate Kai-tangata's smoke-dried poll had been so much gibberish to him. What it meant he had not an inkling, but he had thought there was no mistaking the gestures, and these proclaimed the warrior chief incensed to the last degree. And now the storm had become a calm, and with a cuteness which indicated latent commercial talents, the great *rangatira* was asking what he was prepared to pay for the object of his desires. Now it so happened that his largesses on his arrival had left him nothing save the gift with which he had designed to propitiate the lovely 'Laughing Leaf,' and this was—could the reader guess it?—nothing less than his own shaving glass! His experience had convinced him that youth and beauty usually loved nothing so much as its own sweet reflection, therefore, he felt assured, that no present could be more suitable or acceptable to Kau-kata-mea than a *looking glass*! But, as many of these commodities would probably find their way into the *wharé* in the way of barter, he decided to present the reigning beauty with an unique specimen, and no doubt the dusky maiden would have received it with pleasure, for it was just such a dainty toy as a French beau with a full purse might be expected to indulge in. D'Estrelles did not half like misappropriating it to the purchase of the mummified head up yonder, but he was in a dilemma, for not to offer a price after begging leave to purchase was to belittle himself terribly in native eyes. So, with a grudge and a sigh, he proffered the plaything. It was accepted with avidity, and notwithstanding Te Whatu Moana's exaggerated estimate of his old enemy's *caput*, Monsieur d'Estrelles carried it off in triumph to his *wharé* on Wai-iti.

(To be continued.)

* The ancient Maori was not a cannibal from choice. He merely eat his enemy for *utu*, as the last evidence of his hatred and contempt. But he found baked human flesh savoury, and esteemed the thigh as the most delicate part. The thigh was therefore always reserved as a tid bit for the foremost chiefs. Women were not allowed to eat human flesh except in rare instances.

THE COLONIAL AT HOME—HIS IMPRESSIONS.

BY ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY.

PEOPLE who are accustomed to lunch quietly at home where the meal is usually conducted with some show of decorum would learn a good deal by going into the City about one o'clock, which is a favourite lunch-time there, and taking a look round an average chop room. The experience would be useful, particularly for anyone wishing to overcome an abnormal appetite. When I first went to the City a few years ago I took with me a really fine appetite, that had been brought up in the country and was prepared to do some pretty rough work; but now I go to the old luncheon place from mere force of habit, or to meet a friend, and am glad to get back to my office again. I don't want to be hard on the City man. I want to speak generously and tolerantly of the man who is compelled to lunch in a hurry, because I can quite understand that the eternal rush in some businesses leaves no time to stand upon the finer points of etiquette; and that is why I feel there is, no doubt, a good deal to be said for the unfortunate person who rushes into a lunch-room and hastily fills his mouth with scalding fragments of pie, which he subsequently returns to his plate in a mutilated condition to cool down a bit. You can't, of course, expect ceremony in little matters of this kind during the flurry of business. In a great many lunch rooms in the City to-day people who don't feel comfortable if they have to eat standing up, are provided with tables about a yard wide, which are intended to seat customers on both sides of it. If you arrive late and find that the gentleman opposite requires, in addition to his fair half of the table, extra accommodation for his newspaper, which is supported by the cruet, you are obliged to take your lunch under somewhat cramped conditions. But then you can't, of course, expect to find every little detail studied in a public place of refreshment; and, besides, it will frequently happen that the intervention of the newspaper as a temporary screen is a sheer mercy, especially if the gentleman behind it is given to gnawing bones in great haste, and with a view to economising on the cost of a serviette, avails himself liberally of the corner of the table cloth.

One of the most surprising entertainments in this way is derived from sitting opposite to a magnificent gentleman with a very large moustache, of which, for some reason, he is very proud. I admit I have no moustache myself; but I do not write this in a mad spirit of jealousy in consequence of this failing, I assure you. A moustache is, as far as I can learn, an absolutely gratuitous performance on the part of nature, and is not the result of any praiseworthy industry on the wearer's side, or even an indication of superior merit; and yet you will often find a man prouder of his moustache than of his day's work. I suppose it is because, with the moustache, there is something to show. But this is a digression. The gentleman with the moustache will arrive, perhaps, just as you are commencing a modest chop. He seems to remark in a moment that you have no such thing as a flowing moustache, and he at once unrolls his serviette and commences to caress his precious appendage vigorously. Having set his moustache well back, and feeling a little more certain of the latitude and longitude of his mouth, he orders—soup. Now if there is one thing more than another that a man with a large moustache ought to consume in perfect solitude, surely it is soup. I know it is difficult, in the few moments snatched from the working hours of a busy day, to be as particular as usual in little matters of this sort; but it seems to me that to lean half-way over a narrow table, and keep the route to your mouth clear with one hand while you splash soup into it with the other, is a little rough on the neighbours. The great advantage of the moustache is that much of the soup can be temporarily stored up in and around it and sucked off at leisure while waiting for the next course. To see a gentleman suddenly gather in the best part of his moustache with a comprehensive sweep of the tongue and clear it out again after a short interval, is, of course, peculiarly appetising.

Many city men have a queer habit of sitting or standing at lunch and pecking at their plates with a fork in one hand while the other hand is kept throughout in the trousers pocket. There is, of course, nothing to offend the most inveterate grumbler in such an attitude, and I only mention it by the way. I used to think at first that lunch was a terrible bore to these men, and they were resolved to lounge through it as comfortably as possible; but when I afterwards learnt that the luncheon rooms I have in view are frequently visited by leading financiers, I concluded that these men recognised the company they were in and kept hold of their pockets accordingly. It is usual, I believe, for most of these places in the city to provide accommodation for a customer's hat if he thinks fit to remove it while lunching; but now and again you will come across the man who for some reason prefers to place his hat on the table near him. An experience of this sort, I confess, does nothing to add to the comfort of my lunch, especially if, as is usually the case, the hat and myself seem to be very nearly of an age. I cordially recognise that it is necessary at an essentially business meal to forego some of the more exacting courtesies; but one's view of this matter depends mainly upon one's proximity to the hat. A man with an uncontrollable cough has as much right as I have to take lunch in a public place; but when that man is lunching and coughing alternately within a foot of me, I may perhaps be forgiven for inclining to a more arbitrary opinion.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

ETON—JAGO.

ON Tuesday last an event which has been looked forward to with interest for some time was celebrated in St. Matthew's Church, Masterton, when the Rev. W. E Paige, M.A., joined in the bonds of holy wedlock Mr Edward Harry Eton, eldest son of Mr H. E. Eton, J.P., to Miss Lettie Jago, second daughter of Mr T. T. Jago, both of Masterton. The weather was all that could be desired, bright sunshine and a cool atmosphere following a night's heavy rain, and the appearance of the painted church with its memorial and stained glass windows and chancel decorated with flowers was charming in the extreme.

THE bride, who was given away by her father, was attired in beautiful cream silk crêpon dress with wreath of orange blossoms and veil, and carried a handsome bouquet obtained from Cooper's, of Wellington.

THE bridesmaids — Misses Tottie, Amy, Olive, and Eileen, sisters of the bride—were dressed, the first two in pink cashmere trimmed with bronze velvet and lace, with hats to match, and the latter two were a charming picture in cream cashmere and lace dresses, with cream drawn hats to match. Each young lady carried a bouquet and wore a gold brooch, a gift of the bridegroom. The latter was ably supported by his brother, Mr Edgar George Eton.

The bridal guests included, Mrs Jago, who wore black silk, black and gold bonnet; Mr and Mrs Eton, the latter in black silk trimmed with Honiton lace, black lace bonnet with violets; Mrs Herrmann, black and white silk trimmed with lace, hat to match; Mr and Mrs Millington, the lady in black silk trimmed with pink, bonnet to match; Mr and Mrs Grimes, the lady in black silk, and black and amber bonnet; Mr and Mrs Whitton, the latter in black and blue, hat to match; Mr and Mrs Nichol, the lady in brown silk, brown and pink bonnet; Miss Nichol, blue crêpon, white hat and feathers; Miss Yates, black silk, white hat and feathers; Mrs W. Perry myrtle green silk, bonnet to match; Mr and Mrs Hogg, the lady in brown velvet trimmed with gold, hat to match; Mr and Mrs Wegg, the lady in prune cloth, hat to match; Miss Short, pink delaine, hat to match; Messrs J. Brown, Owen, and others.

THE service in the church was a full choral one, the beautiful 'Wedding March' being played upon the organ by Mr Ford. As the bridal party emerged from the church they were greeted with showers of rice from the crowd which lined the side walks. They drove to the residence of the bride's parents where a wedding breakfast of a truly *recherche* character followed, about thirty guests participating, and in the evening the event was celebrated by a festive re-union which lasted up to the small hours of the morning. Quite a crowd of people were on the railway platform to bid God-speed to the happy couple, who left by the 3 o'clock train for Wellington on their honeymoon trip.

Society Gossip.

AUCKLAND.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 13.

Despite the very hot weather, we are extremely energetic, and polo and tennis are most indefatigably played. I am sure great credit is due to us for our pluck in facing the broiling sun, though perhaps, 'tis a pity 'tis not in a worthier cause that we thus risk our lives. On the

AUCKLAND LAWN

a match was played between Miss Bull (Mount Eden) and Miss Atkinson (Parnell). The former was much the stronger player. Atkinson (Parnell). The former was much the stronger player. and wore dark skirt, blue blouse, cream hat with red poppies; Miss Atkinson, dark green cloth skirt, white blouse, sailor hat. Amongst the knot of interested spectators I noticed Mrs Atkinson, fawn cashmere, black lace mantle; Miss — Atkinson, pretty pale salmon pink profusely trimmed with ecru lace, sailor hat; and her sister, biscuit-coloured skirt and zouave, pink crêpon blouse; Miss Mowbray, cornflower blue French twill trimmed with cream lace, white hat with ostrich feathers; Miss Nicholson, cream skirt, blue plaid blouse, grey hat with yellow flowers; Miss Gorrie, navy skirt, white blouse; Miss M. Gorrie, lilac muslin; Miss Eva Colebrook, dark skirt, Gobelin blue blouse, and her sister looked exceedingly well in white; Miss Davy, white cambric, and her sister, fawn skirt, white blouse; Miss McLaughlin, brie, and her sister, fawn skirt, white blouse; Miss Paton, black; pink twilled sateen black hat with feathers; Miss Paton, black; Miss Ella Hall, navy skirt, white blouse; Miss Horne, cream.

THE ATTENDANCE AT POLO ON WEDNESDAY

was not, of course equal to that on Saturday. However, a fair number of workers and wet-hers were there. Amongst the players I noticed Dr. C. Purchas, Dr. Forbes, Messrs Bloomfield, Fenwicke, Lockhart, Heywood, Wynyard, Tonks, and several officers of H.M.S. Curacoa. Amongst the onlookers Mrs Buddle looked well on horseback; Miss Wilkins, brown holland with black bands; Miss Morse looked pretty in a navy skirt, white blouse, white hat; Mrs (Dr.) Scott, biscuit-coloured tussore silk skirt, white muslin blouse; and her friend in fawn Liberty silk; Miss Forbes and Miss Rookes were similarly attired in white; Miss Power was *chic* in dark skirt, terre blouse; Miss Ettle Ireland, navy skirt, white spotted blouse, hat with red; the Misses Emily and Mary Firth, navy skirts, white blouses, white sailor hats; Miss — Moss Davis was mounted on horseback.

Perhaps the

AFTERNOON TEA AT POLO

presided over by Mrs Buddle and Miss M. Firth, attracted a greater crowd of visitors later in the week. At any rate, I have more to tell you about it. Colonel Dawson wore a handsome fawn tussore silk; Mrs Dr. Bewe, elegant white flowered delaine with shot nil green silk sleeves and vest; Mrs Kilgour, stylish gown of terra cotta silk and black velvet trimmings, black lace bonnet and pink roses; Miss Rookes, white muslin; Miss Forbes, white cambric and flowered hat; Miss Buddle, blue muslin, black feathered hat; Miss Worsp, striped grey and white zephyr, becoming grey straw hat with red roses; Miss Bull, becoming white gown, sailor hat with red ribbon; Miss H. Worsp, white holland and gem hat; Misses Shirley Baker, in pleasantly cool white brocaded drills; Miss Girdler, fawn with white vest; Miss Kilgour, natty embroidered white gown; Mrs Lyell, striking gown of lilac; Miss Moss, pretty figured white muslin; Miss Wilkins, lovely embroidered white cambric, black hat with lizard green ribbon; Miss Bennett, fawn; Miss Percival, white with red trimmings; Mrs Elliott, black costume; Miss Elliott, blue and white striped zephyr; and her cousin in pale lilac delaine; Mrs W. Philson, cornflower blue zephyr; Miss Bursill looked nice in white muslin; Miss Chambers, vieux blue drill with white vest; Miss Devereux, apricot coloured skirt, white blouse; Miss Moss Davis, black skirt, pink blouse; and her sister in navy spotted print; Miss Firth, white holland; and her sister in brown skirt, pink striped blouse; Miss Hesketh, pretty pale canary-coloured zephyr; Miss Cogswell, navy skirt, blue blouse; Miss Power, black skirt, fawn blouse; the Misses Thorpe, pale pink and white striped cambrics; Miss McLaughlin, pretty mode grey and white costume; Miss Hay, simple brown holland and linen; Miss Fenton, fawn costume with white vest; Miss Morse, white muslin; Mrs Hope Lewis, grey tweed with pink vest. Among the ladies on horseback were Mrs Buddle, Mrs W. Bloomfield, the Misses Firth and Percival.

The gentlemen who played polo against the officers were Dr. Purchas, Messrs Gilmore, Wynyard, Stubbs, Bloomfield, Colegrove, Lockhart, Fenwick, Purchas, Buddle, Prince, and Dr. Forbes.

Now I must pass to tennis

ON THE EDEN AND EPSOM LAWNS.

The various matches which have been played during the week attracted quite a crowd of interested spectators. Tennis is evidently still intensely popular, and deep interest was taken in the progress of the different combatants. Amongst the visitors I noted Miss Paton, in black cashmere, white gem hat with black band; and her sister, a neat fitting navy; Miss Rosa Bull, navy serge skirt, white blouse with red tie, large hat with red poppies; Miss B. Bull, navy skirt, white shirt, small hat; Miss Ella Hall, navy skirt, white shirt; Miss Spiers, navy skirt, white shirt, pretty burnt straw hat with navy ribbon; Miss Batger, black cashmere, picture hat profusely trimmed with white ostrich feathers; Miss King Davis, pink; Mrs McFarlane, black skirt, white blouse; of the Misses Hesketh (three), one wore navy skirt, white blouse, another canary-coloured crinkly zephyr, and the other pale grey trimmed with a darker shade; Miss Garland, navy skirt, white blouse; Miss Hardie, navy; Mrs Goodhue, black flowered delaine; Miss Mowbray, navy serge, white vest, grey hat; Miss Horne, cream crinkley gown; Miss Nicholson, short white muslin, crinkley hat with flowers; Miss Gorrie, navy skirt, white blouse, small hat; Mrs Chapman, navy skirt, pink striped blouse; the Misses Frost (two), navy skirts, white blouses; Miss Davy, cream flannelette with cardinal sash (colours of Parnell lawn), and her sister, cream crêpon striped with blue; Miss Rookes, fawn skirt, pink cambric blouse, black lace hat with pink roses; Miss Hesketh, pretty blue crinkley gown; Miss Florsy Whyte, stylish combination of grey and pink.

ONEHUNGA.

On Thursday there was quite an excitement amongst the school children when the

PHONOGRAPH CONCERT COMPANY

erected at the Public Hall door, a large bell worked by electricity. Some of the more mischievous vainly tried to stop its clanging by 'holding its tongue.' In the evening the entertainment was very well attended.

The curacy, rendered vacant by the departure of Mr Hewlett, has been filled by Mr Wilson, who enters upon his new duties in St. Peter's Anglican Church on Sunday.

Miss Picken, who was formerly a teacher in the Public School here, is going to the Old Country for a twelve months' trip.

Last Wednesday was the thirty-first anniversary of the loss of H.M.S. Orpheus, which was wrecked on the Manukau bar.

PHYLLIS BROUNE.

WELLINGTON.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 8.

There is very little going on here socially, of course, with the exception of the Brough-Boucicault Company, so I will begin my letter by telling you who I noticed

AMONGST THE AUDIENCE AT THE OPERA HOUSE

last night, when 'The Amazons' was played for the first time. Mr and Mrs Wardrop were there, the latter wearing a very pale blue silk gown trimmed with brown velvet, white opera cloak; Mr and Mrs Martin (R.M.) the latter in black relieved with white flowers; Mr and Mrs Jellicoe, the latter wearing a handsome terra-cotta opera cloak; Mrs J. Joseph, in royal blue silk and black lace; Lady Campbell, in a gown of heliotrope striped satin and cream lace; Mrs (Dr.) Collins wore black; Mrs H. D. Crawford, black velvet gown with a pretty white lace fichu; Mrs A. Crawford, a white gown and cloak; Mrs Loughan wore a black silk gown trimmed with yellow satin veiled with black lace; Mrs Tolhurst, handsome black gown, huge ostrich feather fan; Miss Tolhurst, white gown trimmed with white lace and pale pink roses; Miss Dransfield, black silk and lace; Mrs Fell, black skirt, pretty white silk blouse; Miss Gillon, black velvet gown with sleeves of yellow satin; Miss Henry, pretty white silk gown with chiffon frills; Miss Knock, black gown, pretty cream cloak; Miss Holmes also wore black; Miss Warburton, rich brown silk and brocade gown; Mrs Allen wore a soft white gown and cloak; Mrs Gore, black gown trimmed with jet; Miss M. Gore wore black, and her sister cream; Mrs Eberle wore a pale fawn gown trimmed with dark velvet and lace; the Misses Ashbolt were pretty white gowns trimmed with narrow bands of black velvet; Miss Williams wore a pretty salmon pink silk blouse; her sister wore white; the Misses Hardy wore black evening gowns. Others who were there were Mrs and Miss Trimnell, Mrs and Miss Mason, the Misses Wigglesworth, Duthie, and Mrs Hardy, who wore a pretty black velvet gown; etc.

COMING AND GOING.

Miss B. Cooper has returned to Wellington, and is looking very well after her long stay up country. Her wedding is fixed for the sixth of next month. Miss Cooper also has returned from the Rangatikei district.

Miss Reeves, of Christchurch, has been staying with Mrs Rhodes of the 'Grange.'

Miss Gertrude Russell has been staying with Mrs T. C. Williams. I saw her in town the other day wearing a pretty holland costume trimmed with white braid, white sailor hat with red band.

Miss Hilda Johnston has gone to pay a round of visits in the Wairarapa district.

Mr and Mrs Sprott and family have returned to town, looking all the better for the thorough change and rest they have been enjoying in the country.

Sir John and Lady Gorst are expected here either to-day or to-morrow, when they intend remaining about a week, during which time they will be the guests of Mr and Mrs H. D. Bell.

Mrs E. J. Reid entertained Mrs Brough at

AN AFTERNOON TEA

one day last week. I am sorry to say I arrived rather late, and so missed meeting one of the cleverest, if not *the* cleverest and most popular actress that has yet visited Wellington. Miss Cargill (England) was helping to entertain her visitors and guests, among whom were Mrs and the Misses T. C. Williams, Mrs and Miss W. Johnston, Mrs Newman, Miss Pearce, Miss Graham, Mrs and Miss Barron, Miss Izard, etc.

CROQUET THE FASHION.

Croquet seems to be coming quite into fashion again. For myself I must say I prefer the more energetic game of tennis, but for those who haven't the energy for tennis it is a most fascinating pastime when thoroughly gone into. Mrs J. P. Maxwell has been giving some very pleasant croquet parties this summer, also Mrs T. C. Williams and Mrs W. R. Brown.

OPHELIA.

CHRISTCHURCH.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 8.

The Cricket Match at Lancaster Park has absorbed every other sport or recreation. Even Polo did not come off on Saturday, and Mrs Williams' garden party was postponed on Thursday, much to our regret, for the weather proved delightful after so many disappointments with the wet, but of course we wended our way to

CRICKET.

armed with pencil to make a careful note of all the scoring on the new 'up to date' cards, and very nice they are. Everyone appreciated Mr W. D. Meares' generosity and forethought. These were printed on the ground at the fall of every wicket, and were a great help to the onlookers, the ladies especially, who are about as clear over cricket as politics, but we are improving. Lord and Lady Glasgow were present, accompanied by Mrs Johnstone-Stewart and one of their younger daughters, but only remained a short time, the dust raised by the raging nor'-wester being anything but pleasant. The wind lulled after a time, and we were able to look about a little. Lady Glasgow was wearing a cream flannel skirt and jacket striped with pale blue, and heliotrope bonnet; Mrs Stead, French muslin with pale green floral design, tiny bonnet with green velvet strings; Mrs Rhind, white drill costume, small white hat with black and white quills; Mrs Macdonald, brown gown, deep yellow vest, pretty brown bonnet with yellow strings; Mrs Harley, dark smoke-coloured satin, bonnet to match; Mrs C. Clark, bright purple satin, black lace mantle and bonnet; Mrs Cowlishaw, handsome black silk, lace and jet mantle, black and gold bonnet; Miss G. Cowlishaw, shot brown and blue crêpon, picture hat with pink roses; Mrs Palmer, rich black silk gown, lace mantle, black and cream bonnet; Miss Palmer, white, with pink silk vest and belt; Mrs Ogle, white, burnt straw hat with lace butterfly and pink trimming; Mrs Wilding, cream costume, and large hat with feather; Mrs Denniston, cream soft silk with bandeaux of black velvet, black lace hat; Miss Turton, blue and white silk trimmed with white lace; Mrs Heaton Rhodes, in black skirt and zouave, white blouse, with small black sailor hat; Miss Gould, a pretty pink crêpon, brown hat with pink roses; Mrs W. D. Meares, handsome brown satin and velvet skirt, white blouse, small burnt straw hat; Miss Meares, white drill costume, brown hat with yellow roses and foliage; Mrs Tabart; Miss E. Tabart, white, with red band on her hat; Miss — Tabart, blue drill skirt and jacket, white blouse; Misses Helmore, cream delaine frocks trimmed with yellow silk, black and yellow hats; Misses Wynn-Williams, navy serge skirts, white blouses, and sailor hats; Mrs P. Laurie, réseda green dress with trimming of chocolate velvet; Mrs Louisson, handsome shot grey and pink muslin with epaulettes, the bodice trimmed with lace, large hat with floral sprays; Miss Harris, black, with sleeves and corselet bow of green striped silk; Miss Raphael, pretty shot gown with pink silk vest veiled with lace, pink floral hat; Miss Roberts (Dunedin), very pretty electric dress with puffed yoke of paler silk and cream lace, large hat with cream feathers; Miss Way, cream delaine with slate floral pattern, black lace hat with pink wreath; Mrs Pyne looked very pretty in fawn dress, burnt straw hat with pink rosettes and black quills; Miss Connal, black dress and mantle, violet floral bonnet; Mrs F. Graham, purple and green shot gown with epaulettes of shot velvet, black lace hat with pink flowers; Miss Graham, navy skirt, black and white striped blouse, black lace hat; Mrs Kinsey, navy blue cream lace-trimmed, white hat and feathers; Mrs F. M. Wallace, fawn gown trimmed with lace, hat to match; Mrs Fergusson, navy and white floral gown trimmed with white lace, black hat; Mrs W. C. Hill, black costume, bonnet relieved with white; Mesdames Robison, W. P. Reeves, Appleby, Walter, Ollivier, Bruges, Lascelles, H. Cotterill, Misses Banks, Guy, Campbell, Lingard (two), Beswick, Stead, were some of those present.

On Friday evening Mrs Bishop, wife of the Resident Magistrate, gave

A SMALL DANCE

at their residence, Fendalton, which proved very enjoyable notwithstanding the inclement weather.

His Excellency the Governor, Lady Glasgow, Lady Augusta Boyle, Miss Waurhope, and Captain Clayton were most hospitably entertained by Mr John Grigg at Longbranch, and returned to Ilam on Thursday evening, journeying by special carriage.

COMING AND GOING.

Among the recent departures for England is Miss Kate Moltas, formerly of Christchurch. It will not be a long holiday, as she meditates taking up the cares and responsibilites of a home of her own shortly.

I hear Captain and Mrs Hunter-Blair leave for Melbourne next week *en route* for England, and that Captain Hunter-Blair will eventually rejoin his regiment in Ireland.

Mr and Mrs Studholme will be in residence at Merivale again shortly, as Mr and Mrs Malet purpose joining their daughter in England again and travelling about for a time.

A very enjoyable evening was spent by

THE VISITING CRICKET TEAM,

the local clubs and their friends in the Chamber of Commerce on Thursday, when Messrs Hart and E. W. Seager gave their lecture and views of 'Old Canterbury.' Mr Mannering also exhibited some of his Alpine scenery, and various friends filled in the time pleasantly with songs.

DOLLY VALE.

PICTON.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 6.

Last week Mr James Hebberly (commonly called 'Old Worser'), of Waitawa Road, Picton, celebrated his 85th birthday. He is believed to be

THE OLDEST LIVING COLONIST

in New Zealand, having landed at the Bay of Islands in 1825. In 1850 he came to Queen Charlotte Sound, and there pursued his avocation of whaling, and took unto himself a Maori woman as wife. As an old resident of Wellington, also of Nelson, he was invited to the jubilee of both places, and looks forward to being an interesting person in the Jubilee of Marlborough, fourteen years hence. The old man has kept a diary of events from the time of his landing, which ought to be valuable to historians.

AN EXCITING OCCURRENCE.

The passengers on board the train conveying part of the circus paraphernalia to Picton on Thursday last were treated to an equestrian performance free *gratis* by the way. Two young ladies riding out to Blenheim were met by the train, and the horse of one shied violently at the elephant's trunks waving about in the air. Horse and rider rolled over together into a ditch, and after much struggling therein the horse came up the bank. The train was slowed off, and some of the circus people jumped off to render assistance to the unfortunate rider, but to the surprise of everybody who witnessed the occurrence, the girl 'bobbed up serenely,' calmly mounted her obstreperous steed, and rode away.

CAMPING.

Mr and Mrs Moore of Blenheim, with their family, Mrs Chalmers (Wellington), and Miss McLaren (Kaikoura), who have been camping on Pig Island, passed through Picton on Tuesday last *en route* for Blenheim. They all expressed themselves delighted with their outing, having enjoyed the boating, fishing, and scenery immensely.

A DELIGHTFUL PICNIC

was held at Shakespeare Bay, Picton, on Tuesday. Captain Bowen, of the Arctic Steam, kindly providing boats. Ferns were collected to send to England, also supplejacks for walking sticks, and then the whole party went in for games, rounders being the favourite pas time. On the way home the party called at Echo Bay to hold converse with the spirit of the woods, and much fun was caused by the prompt mocking with which every sound was thrown back at the noisy crew in the boats. Among the party were Misses Western (two), Greensill (four), Allen (four), White, Duncan, McIntyre, Millington, Mrs Allen, Messrs Fox, Seale, W. Baillie, J. Greensill, Chalmers, Gibson, Calder, Captain Bowen, etc.

JEAN.

NELSON.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 7.

There is a great scarcity of news from Nelson this week. The Christmas holidays are over, and Lent has begun, so for some time now we shall have few amusements. Last Thursday was Anniversary Day in Nelson, and so was a public holiday. It was one of Nelson's bright summer days—very hot, but with a cool sea breeze. The Friendly Societies had sports, etc., in the Botanical Reserve, which attracted a good many people. There were two picnics, one to Cable Bay, which proved most enjoyable, and Mr and Mrs Pitt gave one to the Maori Pah, to a few of their friends.

Mr and Mrs Raynor, of Stoke, had a

PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE EVENING

on Thursday, at which Mr and Miss Lyell, Mr and Mrs Thornton, Miss Lunn, Misses Duff (two), Miss Pike, Miss Saxton, Messrs Broad, Pike, Duff, and Saxton were present, besides the house party of the host and hostess, Miss Raynor, Miss Roberts, Miss Hyams, and Miss Wood. Miss M. Duff and Mr Broad won the first prizes, the booby being Mr Lyell and Miss Hyam. A very enjoyable time was spent by every one, and the time for departure came all too quickly. The evening closed with a most *recherché* little supper.

ABOUT OUR PEOPLE.

Miss Richmond has gone to Wellington for a short holiday.

Miss F. Sealy looks exceedingly well after her Christchurch trip, which she seems to have enjoyed very much.

Miss Lunn has left our midst and returned to her Southern home. She made many friends while in Nelson, and became a great favourite here.

Dr. and Mrs Mackie and family leave shortly for England.

PHYLLIS.

FALSE ALARM.

A CAMBRIDGE gentleman was asked to buy a ticket to the firemen's ball, and good naturedly complied. The next question was what to do with it. One of his two manservants would probably be glad to use it, but he did not wish to show favouritism. Then it occurred to him that he might buy another ticket, and give both of his servants a pleasure.

Not knowing just how to proceed he inquired of a policeman where the tickets were to be had. 'Why don't you go down to the engine house?' said the officer. 'The men all know you.'

So the old gentlemen went to the engine house; but when he entered, there was no one in sight. He had never been in such a place before, but was perfectly familiar with the use of electric signals. On the side of the room was a button, evidentally connected with a bell, and, naturally enough, after waiting a minute or two, he put his thumb upon it.

The effect was electrical in every sense of the word. From the air overhead—so, at least, it seemed to the old gentleman, in his bewilderment—men began to rain down, completing their toilets as they fell. The horses rushed out of their stalls, and, in a word, all the machinery of a modern engine-house was instantly in motion.

Amid all this turmoil stood the mild-mannered and innocent old gentlemen, who, even now, did not suspect that he had touched the fire-alarm. The men rushed upon him for information as to the whereabouts of the fire, but when he opened his mouth, it was only to say, in the mildest accents:

'I should like to buy another ticket for the ball, if you please.'

The situation was so ludicrous that no one could be angry, not even the men whose nap had been broken into, and the old gentlemen bought his ticket and departed in peace.

SOFT FLANNEL GARMENTS.

It is strange that more people do not realize the comfort and safety of some garment of soft flannel, to be worn at night over the regular night dress of muslin.

Many ladies have different sets of gowns for different seasons—thin ones for summer and thicker for winter; but it is an understood fact with observing persons that the thicker grades of muslin ordinarily used for such purposes do not wear as long as the thinner softer goods. It is wise to make gowns of light grades of muslin for all seasons; then, on the approach of cold weather, put on a gown of some wool fabric. One may be as dainty and fastidious as one likes about such article. A young woman of good taste uses white veiling for her over-gowns; another uses cashmere; but this is not an economical material, for it is likely to shrink badly even with perspiration, and is not to be recommended.

There are ready-made gowns of woven goods that are much liked by many persons. They are serviceable and very comfortable. Those who have never used them can scarcely appreciate the luxury of such garments, and especially in houses where there is no steady heat, they are not only comfortable, but of great advantage to health.

If the entire gown is not liked, a matinée of flannel is of great value. Persons who are restless at night often wake with the arms over the head and the shoulders entirely uncovered. With a garment of moderately heavy flannel, the exposure consequent on such restlessness is entirely done away with. The cost is but trifling, and, especially with children and delicate persons, may save a doctor's bill or prevent a long illness. Invalids of all ages will find this idea of great importance to them. Men who are travelling and are much at strange hotels sometimes wear these gowns, and consider them indispensable.

A WOMAN'S HEADACHES.

THE FOUR KINDS AND THEIR CAUSES—SPECIAL EXERCISES FOR THEIR CURE.

A wearied brain is the seat of an overcrowded convention of blood-cells. What has called the crowd together? Perhaps the brain is too overfull of ideas. Perhaps it is too empty. Possibly some state of the eyes is to blame. Or, it may be the ears. There is many a chance that catarrh has caused the mischief. And, as for the heart, the stomach, the intestines, etc., any one of these excites the brain to aching when its own cells fail to do their whole duty. A woman who has headache long has probably asked her family physician the cause. He may have given her bromides or opiates, or phenacetin, or pills of caffeine, and she may have been blistered, cupped and leeched, and even then she may have suffered for days with torturing headache. I have not found that remedies 'to be taken' cure headaches without fail. I group headaches into four chief classes: Neuralgic, congestive, reflex, headaches from eye strain.

CONGESTIVE OR NEURALGIC.

The neuralgic is often rheumatic, comes from a sudden cold, perhaps is the result of a draught on the side of the head. Sometimes it rises from an irritation of the filaments of that great cavernian ganglion which sends nerves and branches to all parts of the face, and which sometimes becomes so irritated that it screws the facial muscles into knots with spasmodic seizures.

On the other hand, a congestive headache is the effect of lack of tone of the muscular coat of the arteries. These muscles become stretched, lose their elasticity, then dilate more and more to accommodate the blood pumped into them. Unless something is done at once to relieve the over pressure, to turn some of this blood into larger vessels, there will result a stoppage of the circulation and apoplexy or paralysis. The question very seriously should be asked, 'Can a dose of medicine be taken inwardly which shall act only upon the arteries and veins of the brain?' In my own practice I have found it a thousand times better to prescribe exercises which shall so tone the whole muscular system that every artery shall be made to contract with precision.

REFLEX HEADACHE.

What is a reflex headache? It is any headache which is caused by an irritation in some other part of the body.

The pain in the head may be the one and only sensation; but somewhere there is a pressure, an irritation of nerves, whose only way of showing their discomfort is through the central office in the brain. Stars of all colours fall in showers before the eyes; things around reel and spin. Or perhaps one side of the head resounds to the blows of imaginary hammers, while the other side is free from ache. Or splitting pains dart from side to side. Or dull heavy pains come and stay persistently.

WHEN IT IS FROM AN EYE STRAIN.

Eye-strain is the cause of most of the headaches of children—some are directly due to indigestion. Astigmatism and hyperæthesia of the internal structures of the eyes cause intense pain in the brow, but if the sufferer is a child, and reads without difficulty, the mother or teachr may not suspect the true cause. Children who study by artificial light in a badly ventilated room, and women who sit and sew all the evening may well suspect eye-strain to be the cause of their headache. If pain is constant they should consult an ophthalmologist.

Of course there are headaches not directly resulting from any of these causes, but from reasons as obscure as if the headache Sphinx had sent them as riddles. There are a few general instructions that fit nearly all cases of women's headaches. If the deprivation of tea or coffee for a meal causes headache, she has a proof that her system has come to depend upon the stimulus. Milk, water or cocoa should be used instead. If her headache comes from bodily fatigue she must go to sleep, though household cares be never so pressing. If eye strain or mind-fatigue is the cause of the pain she must go for a long walk in a quiet place. Usually a hot foot bath, a mild cathartic and a liquid diet are needed in treatment; these are better than many of the new remedies for headache. 'Let things go,' is a very good motto for a housekeeper with a headache. Sleep in pure air, eat and work in pure air. Have good inlets for pure air in all rooms and as good outlets for the air which has been used.

A woman may resort to special exercises to relieve headache.

EXERCISE FOR HEAD NEURALGIA.

She should have massages. If she does not know anybody who can give her massage, she can manipulate her own head; stroke it gently from the centre down the sides; press it hard between her palms with a rotary motion; pinch the little superficial nerves of the eyebrows. After that she is ready to take a few medical gymnastics with head and arms.

(*a*) Position, hands at the side, heels together. Slowly bend the head backward and forward until the neck feels as limber as a rag doll's.

(*b*) Arms outward extended parallel with shoulders. Rotate the arms slowly, rising on the toes and taking a long breath during the upward part of the rotation.

EMIN PASHA'S ROMANCE.

The story of Emin Pasha's life is a sad one. Some of its aspects have been made known in public record, but the romance that underlies the appearance of the prosaic spectacled German has never been told. Emin's real name was Edward Schnitzer.

After he had resided in Turkey some years he made the acquaintance of Ismail Pasha, not the ex Khedive, but a famous Turkish soldier, who held the Governorship of Scutari. He became the Pasha's intimate friend and family physician. One day Ismail, overcoming, in the extremity of the hour, the prejudice of the Turk, admitted the young German doctor into the harem to attend on his wife, who seemed sick unto death. Schnitzer discovered in the patient the Hungarian girl to whom in boyhood he had given his heart, and whom he still fondly loved.

In course of time, by one of those bouleversements common enough in the career of Turkish officials, Ismail Pasha was deposed from his Governorship and carried off to Trebizonde, where he was lodged in a dungeon. Schnitzer, then in his thirtieth year, took charge of the young wife, and the two proceeded to Constantinople, where Schnitzer devoted himself to the task of obtaining the pardon and release of his old patron. This was brought about after a long delay, Ismail Pasha being taken into favour again and made Governor of Janini, in Albania.

He did not long survive the horrors of his imprisonment, and on his death Schnitzer for the first time confessed his love to the Hungarian, and in 1875 married her at Constantinople. That nothing should be needed to the completeness of the domestic tragedy, she died in childbirth, and Schnitzer, who had now assumed the name of Emin, closed his account with the civilised world.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

DINNER DRESS.

THERE have been some developments in headgear of late, one of the newest hats being made with a deep fall of lace over the hair at the back, almost in the style of a Charlotte Corday cap, though in front it is of the ordinary pattern. The hat which serves as our first model this week is in black felt reversed with white on the underside, and edged all round with a white lace insertion. The rest of the trimming consists of a white satin rosette, and two small black ostrich tips, placed erect, their stems being hidden by the rosette. The liking for 'sunburned' straw as the deep Tuscan tint is now generally named, seems stronger than ever. The most fashionable way to trim them is with black velvet and feathers, or black moiré ribbon, with one or two small rosettes matched to the tint of the gown and its trimmings. For instance, if worn with a white muslin trimmed with sky-blue—a very favourite kind of dress just now—the sun-burned straw will be turned up at the back with a sky-blue rosette, and perhaps have one tucked under the brim as well in a position that is chosen as the most becoming to the wearer. A very pretty costume, seen at Scarborough

last week, was in the new Redfern sail-cloth of a soft tan colour, trimmed tastefully with brown braid, and worn with a shirt of cream-coloured China silk with a jabot of cream-coloured lace. The hat was in sunburned straw, with a couple of wings in cream-coloured lace, a band of brown velvet round the crown, and a tan coloured ribbon rosette at the back. With long suède gloves to the elbow, brown open worked stockings and tan shoes, this was a very charming and seasonable dress, as well as a very becominone.

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My second sketch shows a costume of cream coloured cloth made in a new and attractive fashion, with a front and sleeves of black satin. The latter are very much puffed at the shoulders, but tight from above the elbows to the wrists. The front is drawn in at the waist under the skirt, and so managed that it encircles the whole of the waist, giving it a very slender appearance. In front it is drawn up over the cloth bodice in a point and held by one of the indispensable rosettes, another of which covers the junction

of the satin at the back of the waist. The cloth bodice buttons down the back. The small bonnet consists of a jet cone with two cream coloured rosettes and a black feather. The strings are hooked under a rosette just below the left ear.

Just now comes the announcement that the immense shoulder ruffles and the voluminous waist trimmings of the immediate present and the recent past have become so obtrusive that their room is far more desirable than their company. There is always a reaction after an extreme, and the next pronounced one is said to be coming in the shape of the most rigid simplicity and the carrying of the tailor made idea to its most strictly tailor-made conclusion. For the present day dress, though complicated and awfully becoming, is easily made. This is the rock on which the fashionable ship is to split. Designers and dressmakers are in league with a sentiment that is to bring back into popularity some style that only an expert can do credit to; a bodice, skirt and sleeves that require an artist of the artists to put together in proper shape, and to finish after the most approved manner.

In pursuance of this idea the close fitting basque is to come in, the basque with its curves and lines of beauty and its long seams that are alike the pride of the expert and the despair of the inexperienced amateur.

To make the coming dress for the coming woman one must study dressmaking by geometric laws and unite the grace of the finished draftsman with the strength of an athlete and the patience of Job.

One of the most successful dressmakers of the day used to finish her fitting with a needle. She worked so accurately that when the final trying-on came, the customer was placed upon a stool, and, with needle in hand, madame smoothed and patted, taking up two threads here and three threads there, and she often ripped out a long seam to smooth out the fulness made by one single extra thread of the fabric. It was not taken in by fingers either, but by lifting up and drawing in the single surplus thread with the needle's point. And this is the sort of bodices and the fashion of fitting them that are promised us in the near future. It therefore behoves the amateur to furbish up her knowledge of dressmaking and to try her hand at fine fitting and finishing, the latter being quite as much needed as the former.

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Just now, when everything is draped and shirred and folded, the facing and bindings may go on 'every which way' and pass muster; but with severe styles this will never do. The tailor's fine hand-sewing must go with the elegantly simple styles; and as only by fine sewing can the best finish be secured, it follows as a matter of course that a little preliminary education in the use of the needle is eminently proper.

But let us be happy while we may. Let us revel in our blouses and puffs and ruffles and take delight in our loose sleeves and comfortable waist-gear generally, for we know not how soon the day of the close fitting basque will confront us, or how soon we will be expected to appear on all occasions in dresses that suggest being melted and poured into the ready-prepared dress-body.

Among the tight-fitting garments that are promised are long coat bodices, some with tails almost as long as the dress skirt and short, cutaway sides, bodice fronts, rolling collars and moderate lapels. Some of them are tolerable, but the more pronounced are for some reason suggestive of waiters' suits. But as they are difficult to make and, therefore, very expensive, their reign will by no means be general.

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Tea gowns are worn open at the neck during this hot weather, and many people are wearing collarless bodices even out of doors. At the seaside it is orthodox to wear pearls, as the sea air—their native ozone—is said to be so beneficial to their tint. Tea-jackets are made of chiffon and silk muslin, and bodices of these aerial fabrics are worn

in the morning and afternoon, with skirts as cool and light as can be devised. Brocades are banished for the moment as being too hot and heavy, and dinner-gowns of light-tinted satine are as far as anyone gets in the direction of warmth and sophistication. To dine in a light and pretty jacket is to fall in with the universal view of what is expedient. Some of these are made on foundations of muslin in order to render them as cool as may be. They are open in a V at the throat for dinner wear, and very often for ordinary use as well. The V. extends for not more than three inches from the neck downwards. The dinner dress shown by our artist in sketch No. 3 is in primrose silk, with a belt of Byzantine gold embroidery. The deep cuffs, as well as the loose pieces pendant from the shoulders, are in the same embroidery, and impart quite an Eastern effect to the gown. The sleeves above the elbow are in primrose-tinted silk muslin made transparent, and they have a very cool and pleasing effect, especially if, as our artist suggests, a few pale yellow roses or a very deep-tinted carnation be worn with it. These little æsthetic touches add surprisingly to the effect of a pretty dress, minute and even trivial as they may appear to the novice in such matters.

For dinner at the hotels or in the villas I have seen écru muslin embroidered and worn over pink silk or light-coloured silk broché with roses, with wide lace on the square cut bodice, the full sleeves ending at the elbow with a lace flounce, and a profusion of satin choux placed about on the corsage.

A pretty dress was a pink damask, trimmed with mousseline de soie, embroidered with gold and small enamelled sequins. Many of the dresses were white gauze or mousseline de soie over coloured silk, but made in various ways. Very few were to be seen in the Empire style; tiny lace Figaros of guipure embroidered with gold and sparkling beads were worn with low bodices.

The young girls wore light dresses of pink crêpon or light muslin, trimmed with narrow galons embroidered with silver, fulled bodices with a Figaro, or else a Marie Antoinette fichu.

Of the newest autumn gowns I saw a very elegant dinner dress, a combination of the Louis XV. and 1830 styles. The skirt was pale blue brocart with small pattern, made rather long; the bodice had a small basque, and was open in front, with long revers of pale green velvet; these went round the back in a heart shape, came over the shoulders, and diminished towards the waist, a high guimpe and mass of lace filled in between the revers in front; large 1830 sleeves with velvet revers at the wrist. A scarlet plush dress, with satin train, had a cuirass bodice covered with black jetted net, and descending in front as a tablier; collar and cuffs of sable, and a band of the same fur went across the chest to simulate a jet yoke.

HELOISE.

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.*

RECIPES.

A SMART DINNER.

POTAGE A LA DUCHESSE.—Pound the white flesh from the remains of a boiled fowl in a mortar, reheat the water in which the fowl was boiled and stir in the pounded meat; when hot, pour the soup into a tureen, slip in some custard dice and serve with dice of fried bread.

BOILED TURKEY WITH CELERY.—Chop half a head of celery very fine. Mix with it one quart of breadcrumbs, two scant tablespoonfuls of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, two heaping tablespoonfuls of butter and two eggs. Stuff the turkey with this, sew up and truss. Wring a large square of white cotton cloth out of cold water and dredge it thickly with flour. Pin the turkey in this and plunge into boiling water. Let it boil rapidly for fifteen minutes, then set back where it will simmer. Allow three hours for a turkey weighing nine pounds, and twelve minutes for every additional pound. Serve with celery sauce. The stuffing may be made the same as above, only substitute oysters for celery, and serve with oyster sauce.

COTELETTES D'AGNEAU A LA BELLE VUE.—Trim the cutlets neatly and lard them with thin strips of tongue, then lay them in a stewpan with two ounces of butter and cook them for a few minutes, turning them once only; leave till cold, then set them in a mould of aspic. When turned out, garnish the base of the mould with little heaps of cooked vegetables and shredded tongue.

BEIGNETS DE PECHES.—Remove the skin from the peaches, divide each peach into four parts, and take away the stone. Leave them to soak in some pale brandy for a couple of hours; then dip them in the following batter, taking care that each piece is well covered; fry them in boiling lard till they are of a light golden colour, put them in front of the fire to drain, trim them neatly and dress them in a pyramid on a napkin; dredge plenty of castor-sugar over them and serve as hot as possible.

BATTER.—Put about three ounces of flour in a basin and mix with it well a gill of milk, a tablespoonful each of olive oil and brandy, and a pinch of salt. When it is perfectly smooth add the yolks of two eggs; it should now be of the consistency of thick cream, but if it is not sufficiently thick a little more milk may be added; lastly, add the whites of the two eggs whisked to a stiff froth.

APPLE FRITTERS.—Peel, core, and cut up a couple of pounds of apples, put them in a stewpan with three or four ounces of moist sugar, a very little water and a squeeze of lemon juice, and a couple of ounces of well-washed currants. When soft beat the mixture to a pulp, then mix a couple of eggs and sufficient fine white breadcrumbs to form a consistency. Form the mixture into small cakes with two tablespoons and drop them into boiling fat, fry them a nice colour, drain and pile them on a dish and strew them with fine sugar.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

THREE WAYS OF CLEANING PLATE.

(1) Often plate is not properly washed between the times of cleaning. We have used Goddard's plate powder for years, and have our plate always bright; but it is washed with silver soap, and rubbed up with a chamois leather every time it is used. If kept properly washed and properly rubbed up (that is the secret), very little plate powder is required.

(2) Wash the plate or plated ware first with hot water and soda, to remove all grease; then have prepared whiting and whisky made into a paste; rub it on the silver, and leave it until dry; polish it off with a soft chamois leather. This is better than any plate powder.

(3) An old manservant of ours who was very successful, first washed everything in boiling water with a little soap, but no soda. They were then put into clean lukewarm water, and well dried with a leather. Some pieces that had become much tarnished by being stored away were actually boiled in a large saucepan over a fire, in soap and water. When the washing, and thus the cleaning process was accomplished, he commenced the 'burnishing.' For this he had a little rouge in powder, and he took from under the grate as much of the finest white ashes as would cover a half-crown. He mixed these together well, making them slightly damp, and smeared it over each thing with his hand or a piece of flannel. For the chased and highly ornamented silver, he put it on with a small brush, and then with a thin brush rubbed until bright. For the plainer things it remained on for a quarter or half an hour, then he proceeded to rub it off with dry flannel, and finally burnished it by making the plate hot before the fire. I have even seen him close it in the oven for a few minutes, and giving it a rubbing with his leathers. This process was taught to several successive parlour-maids, with the one strict injunction to me, 'See that daily washing after use is never neglected, and if they put on too much powder make them wash it off before they use their leathers.' We have never found his plan fail, and always have bright silver.

DRAWING-ROOM FLOWERS.

Dropping in for tea and gossip with a friend a few days ago, I was charmed with an arrangement she showed me to do away with the ugly appearance of mould in a flowerpot used for household decoration. She had filled the pot with coarse moss in the same way that it is usually filled with earth, and some weeks ago had planted a cutting and a few seeds therein, which had sprung up quite successfully. For drawing-room purposes I defy any floral arrangement to be prettier. She confessed to me that the idea was not her own, but it was none the less attractive. In such a situation plants grown in moss will thrive better than in garden mould. Another advantage pointed out was that moss would not retain more moisture than precisely the quantity best adapted to the absorbent powers of the root, a condition which can scarcely be obtained with any certainty with the use of earth. I thought the idea was lovely, and announced my intention of copying it immediately upon my return.

MOTHERS' COLUMN.

CURE OF SPEECH IMPEDIMENTS.

BY EDWARD ECK.

As soon as the child afflicted with speech impediments is old enough to enter school, and becomes conscious of its defect, its life becomes unquestionably one of great suffering and constant mortification. The unfortunate habit of a stammering child will often cause interruption during the instruction hours, and make the other pupils restless and cause incalculable harm. In many cases the teacher has not the ability, patience or disposition to lessen the timidity of the unfortunate child. Encouraged by the careless parent they excuse themselves by saying: 'Let the child alone, the habit will some day decrease.'

How wrong this is! From such neglect the future career of the child will undoubtedly suffer. Finding himself excluded from the most desirable careers, he will be forced to strike out for himself in some new path for which, perhaps, neither his talents nor inclinations fit him. What shall we do to prevent stuttering in early youth? Being a teacher for eleven years of the cure of speech impediments, let me say this: By careful observation, a mother can in many cases perceive slight indications of it in the first attempt at speech made by the child. Sometimes we meet three or four year-old children who already stutter. Parents do not consider the matter of sufficient importance, and the bad habit becomes a lasting defect.

When parents perceive that their child has the habit of repeating syllables or letters, or pronouncing them incorrectly, they should with the greatest calmness, slowly and distinctly utter in a correct manner the wrongly pronounced letter, syllable or word, and let the child repeat it in like manner until it is able to pronounce it correctly. If they fail to understand the little one, then let it repeat the words again, forcing it to pronounce the vowels in a long-drawn manner; for instance: 'Good night,' 'sleep well,' "dear mama, please give me some cake.' Avoid, by all means, speaking too suddenly or abruptly to the child. Persons whose task it is to instruct such children must never become impatient or speak in an angry manner, for the future of the afflicted child is decided by the treatment it receives the first nine years of its life. If the child by the negligence of its parents is not cured when ten years old, then it will have to undergo the troublesome cure with a specialist, which requires often a long time. I will give some main points in the methods to be used in remedying this defect:

1. Let the child stand passively erect, hands and arms hanging loosely; let it inhale and exhale slowly and quietly, without raising its shoulders. The child should not catch the breath suddenly through the mouth while exercising. The inspiration must take place through the nostrils, the expiration through the mouth. Repeat this exercise fifteen to twenty times. If dizziness ensue, discontinue for a few minutes.

2. Let the child stand passively erect, the back perfectly straight, with hands upon its hips, inhale slowly, filling the lungs; exhale through the mouth, and gradually with the sound of ha, holding this as long as possible.

Then: ha, he,
ha, he, hi,
ha, he, hi, ho,
ha, he, hi, ho, hoo.

Then: ah,
ah, eh,
ah, eh, ih,
ah, eh, ih, oh,
ah, eh, ih, oh, ooh.

The consonants must be repeated clearly and distinctly by their sound, not their name. Make combinations of the vowels with consonants, for instance: *all, egg, ice, or, use,* etc, after which you may proceed to more difficult words and sentences. Never forget that the vowel is the carrier of the word.

THE BRIDAL WREATH.

NO wreath has ever been so sung by poets and rhymesters as that which graces the head of the bride on her wedding day, and in most countries the myrtle is closely associated with the bridal wreath. The latter has become a symbol of true womanliness, of purity of mind and soul, and even Schiller is amongst those who have sung its praises. Already in the time of the Old Testament, the Jews saw in the myrtle a sign of what, for them, was most beautiful and precious—the promised land, for which they were always longing. Later on, among the Greeks, the myrtle and the rose were considered the favourite flowers of Venus, the goddess of love, and gardens of myrtle were planted in her honour, with beds of roses, the red rose and the green myrtle representing the union of love and virtue.

Nowadays the myrtle has, however, several rivals. In England, in France, and in Poland the orange blossom reigns supreme; in Italy the white rose has taken the place of the evergreen and fragrant myrtle wreath; in Spain, the red rose, and in Portugal the carnation have supplanted it. In many parts of Germany there are several distinct customs to be observed. The sprigs from which the wreath shall be twined must in some places be taken at a fixed hour of the night between certain holy days. In some countries or districts the veil is used without the wreath. In the province of Dalarne, in Sweden, the bride wears a white cloth round her head; and in several countries the bridal wreath has, in the course of time, taken the shape of a more or less elaborate headgear or wedding crown. This is the case in Norway and in several places in Germany. In Altenburg it takes the shape of a red velvet cap, round which run thirteen silver rings, from which are suspended a number of silver and gold plates and coins. A veil and a profusion of floating silk ribbons in gay colours complete the bridal crown. In Denmark the myrtle is universally used for bridal wreaths, together with a long white veil. Many families possess myrtle trees, which have for quite a generation or more furnished the myrtle wreaths for the brides of the family.

THE WORK CORNER.

A PRESENT FOR A MAN.

To find a small present for a man is always a great difficulty. Many of us have experienced the difficulty, and few have overcome it. The other day a new idea was suggested to me. Patent leather boots are troublesome to pack. If wrapped in silver paper, more often than not the paper sticks to the leather. Neat black silk bags are now in request, upon which the owner's name or monogram is nicely embroidered in silks. The black silk keeps the patent leather in good condition. Bags of this description are appreciated at fancy bazaars in the country.

PAPER LAMP SHADES.

To make these, composed of three distinct colours one above another, the crimped papers should be obtained in three well assorted tints. They are to be bought, made expressly for lamp shades, in one circular length. They are best arranged on the wire placed over the lamp. It minimises the trouble of stretching upwards to place the lamp on a milking stool. Slip the paper over, draw it together at the top, leaving a good heading, and then tie it loosely with string round the wire, by which means you can regulate the fulness carefully till it is equal all round, and then tighten the string. In the same way place the two other papers separately over. The lowest paper is then bent under about two inches above the edge, the next is formed into a couple of waves, and the upper one drawn up in waves above, so that it makes about five vandykes all round. The paper remains as you press it, and the result is a most pretty, graceful shade.

THE SMALLEST SOLDIER IN THE CERMAN ARMY.

A FEW years ago a little girl named Mabel went with her mother and sisters to spend the day at Sans Souci, the old palace of Frederick the Great, at Potsdam, Germany.

On one side of her rose the Alte Schloss, which Frederick had abandoned for his one-storied pagodalike little palace of Sans Souci. Mabel ascended the long flights of steps in the terrace leading up to the latter palace. Marble statues rose at every turning of these large stone stairs. Grapes were ripening against the walls of the terraces, just as they had done in the time of Frederick.

A great arm-chair particularly interested Mabel, and at it she gazed long and reverently, for in her eyes it was a sacred thing. In this same arm-chair another Frederick, more beloved than his great namesake, and called by his loving subjects 'Unser Fritz' (Our Fritz), had sat in his last illness.

At last they came to Voltaire's room, richly decorated by Frederick for his favourite. It must have been in this very room that Voltaire made the remark for which Frederick never forgave him.

'He has given me his dirty linen to wash,' said Voltaire, when a friend found him correcting some of Frederick's manuscript.

On leaving the palace a long circuitous walk led them to the New Palace, now occupied by Emperor William. As they were walking along a road leading through the park, they saw that a wire had been tied across the way which was their direct approach to the palace. Not liking to turn back or to go out of their course, they stood there debating what to do. As they were talking they saw a woman come down the drive, pushing before her a baby carriage in which sat a child of two years dressed in white, and on his head a hat with a long white ostrich feather. One of Mabel's sisters asked, in her best German,

'Will you tell us the way to the New Palace?'

The woman answered in English: 'You cannot come this way. These are the private grounds. If you will walk over to that guard who is stationed yonder he will direct you.'

They were just turning away, when Lucy said, 'Pardon me, but will you tell me who that baby is?'

'Certainly,' said the nurse. 'It is Prince Oscar.'

'Who?' said Mabel.

'Prince Oscar, Emperor William's youngest son,' repeated the nurse. At this they all crowded nearer in wonderment.

The nurse pushed the carriage a little further off, as if in terror, and said, hurriedly, 'I am forbidden to speak to anyone, and am in great danger if they should see me talking to you.' Then she added, 'But it is a great privilege to speak to some one.'

All the time that the nurse had been talking, Mabel's eyes had been fastened on the royal infant, who looked at her in wonderment and delight.

But the governess was growing nervous, so they bade good-bye to the frightened woman, and waved their hands and called 'Day! day!' to Prince Oscar.

He responded by waving his little hand, and calling in a loud high-pitched baby voice, 'Dah! dah!'

Turning down a side path, they saw the sentinel whom the nurse had mentioned. A broad drive led past him to the palace.

While they were waiting the guard said: 'Do you want to see the little princes? There they are, playing,' pointing to a group of children in the distance. Mabel looked and saw five children. The three older ones were playing with a velocipede, one riding and the other two running after him. They wore dark blue suits. The fourth prince was dressed like Prince Oscar, and walked by his nurse, holding her hand. Little Prince Oscar was in his coach.

Mabel watched them as they walked up to the palace and lingered on the porch to have a last look at them. But they were too far off to satisfy her desire to see their faces.

Nearly four years have elapsed since Mabel was favoured with this glimpse of royal children at play, and already life has come to have a serious aspect for at least one of these little princes. William, the eldest, will, if he survives his father, some day be the German Emperor, and the education of an Emperor is a serious business. The ordinary boy would find little to envy in the strict discipline and dull daily routine to which this future monarch is now subjected.

Every day in summer as well as winter the princes rise at seven o'clock, and take breakfast — consisting of tea and rolls—three-quarters of an hour later. Never more than fifteen minutes are allowed for this meal.

Punctually at eight o'clock lessons begin. The princes are generally instructed separately, but in some branches the two older brothers are together. Crown-Prince William is very diligent, and far ahead of the others in most of his studies.

At 9.45 a lunch is served of sandwiches, red wine, and 'Fürstenbrunner' mineral water—now generally used at the Emperor's table. After lunch, studies are resumed for a short time, followed by riding lessons. If the weather permits, these are taken in the open air; otherwise a *manège*, erected expressly for the purpose, serves for their equestrian exercises. The little Crown Prince now rides his white horse 'Abdul,' a birthday gift from his father.

Sometimes a drive in a pony carriage takes the place of the ride. This vehicle is drawn by a white pony, whose harness is hung with silver bells.

The princes dine with Major von Falkenhayn or their tutor, Herr Kessler, at a quarter past one. Soup, fish, a roast, potatoes and other vegetables, dessert, cheese, and fruit form the bill of fare. About half-past two o'clock the boys go into the park to play. Generally on these occasions the Crown-Prince may be seen on a tricycle, which also was a birthday gift from his father.

While the Emperor and Empress were at the 'Marble Palace,' at Potsdam, the princes walked or drove over there at four every day to see their parents and younger brothers, and returned home at six o'clock, after having taken some milk and rolls. Upon their arrival supper was served; on alternate days warm and cold. Till eight the princes romp about: then they are bathed and go to bed. So one day passes like another. On Sunday morning there is service in the palace or the princes drive over to the garrison church

It is the custom in the Hohenzollern family to make every royal Prince lieutenant on his tenth birthday, and at the same time he is decorated with the order of the Black Eagle. So on May 6th of last year the 1st Regiment of the Guards was drawn up in parade, and the Emperor, surrounded by members of the royal family and a brilliant suite of officers, presented his son to his regiment, and the little Prince was entered in the list of officers.

NOT A TRUE STORY.

THERE is a funny little girl, who reads me every day
The most surprising travels from a volume worn and grey,
In lands where monkeys buy and sell, and talk and go to school;
And there are lions, numerous as fishes in a pool,
And dreadful savage men who build great cities out of bones,
And dwarfs, whose woods are bits of moss, their mountains pebble-stones.
But the book in which she reads about these travellers of renown
Is the Family Receipt Book, and she holds it upside down.

HE LOST HIS FISH.

PRIVATE SAMPSON was spending his first summer in Montana, where he had ample opportunity to indulge in his favourite sport of trout fishing. One afternoon he had been unusually successful, but just as he was setting out for camp with a heavy string of fish, he caught sight of a great pine which had blown down and was lying with its top in the water; just the place for hooking a monster trout.

He had been fishing up a deep and rapid mountain stream, the banks of which were thickly grown with brambles and berry bushes, among which he had to thread his way, his rod in one hand and his heavy string of fish in the other.

Pushing along to the fallen pine, he climbed upon it by dint of hard scrambling, holding on as best he could with both hands full. The tree was close to the bank, and the stream was boiling.

He was in the midst of the branches, crowding onward, when, suddenly, just over the roaring torrent, something on the other side of the tree rose up close beside him—an immense she-bear, with her cubs beside her.

There was no time to hesitate. To run was impossible, and she was coming toward him, growling savagely. On the impulse of the moment Sampson dashed his string of trout full in her face! In so doing he lost his balance, and the next instant there was a tremendous splash and he disappeared in the boiling water.

He emerged some distance further down the stream. He scrambled to the bank and looked back. There on the pine sat the bear, intently watching the hole where the man had disappeared.

Sampson did not go back to inform her that he was not there, but made for camp at good speed.

CHILDREN'S SAYINCS.

ONE day Ralph used some naughty words to mamma. He said, 'Shut up.' Mamma punished him, and told him he must not use those words again. The next day it was rainy, and Ralph came home from school with his umbrella up. The catch bothered his little fingers, and he wanted to ask mamma to *shut up* his umbrella for him. 'Mamma, won't you—I don't mean the naughty words, mamma, but won't you—*pull the stick down*.'

Two little girls were playing at keeping house when a dispute arose as to who should be the wife, both wishing that part. After some discussion, Bessie was heard to explain: 'But, you see, you *must* be the husband, 'cause you're the biggest and the bigger you are the *husbander* you are.'

'You didn't sleep a wink last night, and you kept me awake, too,' said little Bess in a complaining tone. 'You should never go to bed after supper.' 'But when am I to eat my supper?' master Fred wanted to know. A puzzled look overspread her face for a second, and then she said in the tone of one having solved a problem: 'The next day, I 'spect.'

One day a little St. Louis boy was taken out to a park by his aunt. He soon became interested in a pond of water where a number of pretty ducks were swimming, and eagerly exclaimed, '*O auntie!* Just look at the chickens a-slidin' on the water.'

When Katherine asked if she might go out of doors, her mother said, 'Not now,' 'May I go in a few whiles?' said Katherine.

AN ENCLISH TOM THUMB.

A NAME quite as famous as Tom Thumb's is that of an English dwarf who lived in the last half of the seventeenth century, one Jeffery Hudson. It is said that when he was seven or eight years old and only eighteen inches in height he was presented to the Queen in a very novel manner.

The Queen was at dinner at Burleigh on the Hill, the seat of the Duke of Buckingham. A cold pie was brought on, and on its being opened, the little fellow stepped out of it and immediately was given over to the Queen, who retained him in her service.

He did not grow much until he was thirty years old. Then he shot up to three feet and nine inches. He served as Captain in the Royal Army in the Civil War, and in 1644 attended the Queen into France. Here he fought a duel with pistols, and killed his opponent.

After the Restoration Jeffery returned to England, but was almost immediately thrown into prison on suspicion of conspiracy. Under this close confinement he died at the age of sixty-two.

MARVELS OF THE UNDER-WORLD.

THE mystery of the under-world appeals with irresistible force to the imagination. Tales of the wonders concealed in caverns and hidden under the ground have always interested the inhabitants of every country. And the strange and splendid scenes frequently discovered in such places as the Mammoth Cave, the Luray caverns, the sea caves of Bermuda and the Blue Grotto of Capri have lent wings to the fancy which pictures still more marvellous spectacles 'underneath the ground.'

As a matter of fact it is probable that we are as yet acquainted with but comparatively few of the spacious caverns that exist at no great depth beneath the earth, and which, filled with air, are capable of being explored by men. The explorations of Mr E. A. Martel in France have recently added very largely to our knowledge of what has been called the 'subterranean geography' of that country. Similar work in other countries would undoubtedly produce many surprising revelations of what the earth contains.

It is well known that a vast quantity of water exists beneath the surface of the ground, and that even considerable streams are flowing there. Mr Baldwin Latham has lately called attention in England to a very interesting method of tracing the courses of these underground streams.

At certain seasons, especially in September and October, peculiar lines of fog may be observed close to the ground, and he says these indicate where streams of water are flowing at a considerable depth beneath the surface. During the greater part of the year some of the strata between the surface of the earth and the underground water are sufficiently cold to condense the vapour arising from the water and thus prevent its appearance at the surface. But in the autumn the soil is frequently warmed so deeply that no condensing stratum of cold exists, and then the vapour reaching the surface forms lines of fog following the course of the concealed streams of water underneath.

It is suggested that here is another of those curious provisions of nature which benefit the living forms inhabiting the earth; for the vapour which proceeds from streams deep underground, being ordinarily condensed not far under the surface, may serve to sustain the life of plants during seasons of drought.

Mr Latham thinks that this is the case on the great chalk downs of England.

VALENTINE.

WRITTEN BY A MARRIED MAN.

INTO my presence came just now
A little child—I know not how.
Familiar, too, he seemed; and yet
I could not tell where we had met.

His mien was innocent and mild,—
I never saw a fairer child,—
And yet, in most unseemly glee,
He cocked one wicked eye at me.

I knew him then. The pretty boy
Took aim with the same silver toy
That slays its thousand. 'Wait!' cried I;
'Don't shoot at me, my son; oh, fie!'

'For you forget it was your dart,
Sent once with your own matchless art,
That made me like the rest—a fool.
Since then, alas, I've been at school!

'For she, ah, yes! she still is fair,
Untouched by grey her dusky hair.
Once she was loving; now you see
She rules the house, and she rules me.'

He said no word, but just took aim.
Straight to my heart the arrow came.
'Forget me now, sir, if you dare!'
Cried Cupid, running down the stair.

Deep in my heart there is a pain—
Methinks I am in love again!
Sweet, sweet, my pet, it is not true;
Those foolish words I deeply rue.

I wonder if you are in league
With Cupid? Is it love's intrigue?
I know not, care not, but I'll sign
Myself your humble Valentine.—*Mary Tenney.*

'THIS SIDE UP.'

WE saw Jake nailing up a box the other day containing some article which he intended sending by express. From the nature of the contents, we knew it was essential that the box should not be inverted on the passage, so we ventured the suggestion to Jake to place the much abused 'This side up,' etc., conspicuously upon the cover. A few days after we saw Jake.

'Heard from your goods, Jake? Did they get there safely?'

'Everyone broke,' replied Jake, sullenly. 'Lost the hull lot! Hang the Express Company!'

'Did you put on "This side up," as we told you?'

'Yes, I did. An' fur fear they shouldn't see it on the kiver, I put it on the bottom tew—confound 'em!'

VERBALLY SPEAKING.

TECK: 'Woman is a creature of mood.'

Peck: 'True; and my wife's mood is the imperative.'

FISHING.

THE GROOM (very wealthy): 'Why did you marry an ordinary chap like me?'

The Bride: 'I haven't the slightest idea. Mamma managed the whole affair.'

FABLES FOR THE FEEBLE-MINDED.

THE OPINIONATIVE FLEA.

A FLEA once contracted a great affection for a dog, but it is doubtful whether the latter felt even flattered by the attachment; nevertheless, as the flea was so insignificant a weight, and as, moreover, it had been brought up with him from its infancy, the dog felt some compunction about casting it adrift upon an unsympathetic world. So the flea rode on his back wherever he went, and as it could not see out of the forest of fur that encompassed it, not even by standing on tip-toe, its knowledge of the world was inconsiderable. But despite this, as the flea grew up it also grew opinionative, and, though not badly off, began to grumble, and getting other fleas to join it, organised processions and demonstrations. Now no dog could be expected to stand that sort of thing, and the long-suffering beast sharply bade the procession move off.

'Not till we have our rights,' said the opinionative flea; and with that he raised his battle-cry, 'The land for the fleas.' For the idea had got into his poor muddled head that the dog corporeal was a planet of erratic course, designed especially for the habitation of his kind, and ruled by an arbitrary despot—the dog spiritual—against whom it was only right to rebel.

But the dog did not care to be let out in allotments. However, he spoke kindly to the flea. 'I have put up with you so long,' he said, 'that I suppose it is too late to contest your right of occupation. Keep the "land," but remember that property confers risks and dangers, as well as advantages;' and thereupon he rolled over on his back and squashed the flea flat, together with all its expectant fellow-demonstrators.

Moral: Keep out of demonstrations.

A CLOSE MATCH.

HUSBAND (introducing friend): 'You remember Mr Jinks, my dear, that was engaged to Miss Minks?'

WIFE: 'Oh, yes!' And did that match end in a tie, Mr Jinks?'

MR JINKS: 'No, it ended in a draw—she drew out.'

AT THE RECEPTION.

THIS new one is told of a man who lives in Auckland.

At a reception at one of the fashionable houses in Remuera, a gentleman asked him who the lady was standing near the mantel. He answered:

'Why, don't you know? That is Mrs Conduit-Smith.'

The gentleman made a few well chosen remarks and then said:

'I must say I admire Mrs Smith very much.'

'Gracious,' said his friend, 'you must not say Mrs Smith; it is Mrs Conduit-Smith. Why, she even has it on her visiting cards, with a syphon between.'

HE: 'I'm a great believer in Stokes' system of committing things to memory. For instance, the mental picture of a policeman in flames would suggest the name of Bobbie Burns.'

SHE: 'Or Robert Browning?'

ADVANCED TUITION.

SCENE: Lawyer's office. Enter little girl, sobbing bitterly.

Lawyer: 'Why, little one, what's wrong?'

Little Girl: 'Are you Mr Blank, the lawyer?'

Lawyer: 'Yes. What is it you want?'

Little Girl: 'I want—sob—I want—a divorce from my pa and ma.'

SCENE: MUSICAL EVENING: TEMPERATURE 99°.

MRS DE JONG (to lady friend just introduced): 'For heaven's sake, look at that elderly individual behind us; he has drunk twelve glasses of punch one after another!'

LADY FRIEND (drily): 'Ah, indeed? That is my husband.'

MRS DE JONG (rising to the occasion): 'Is it possible? Let me congratulate you, lucky woman, for having a husband able to drink twelve glasses of punch without growing tipsy. Why, if my husband drinks two, he gets simply roaring. You fortunate thing, how I envy you!'

TRY TO SMILE.

SHORT, BUT NOT SWEET.—A young man, who has just had to pay two hundred pounds for breach of promise of marriage, briefly sums up his experience as follows: 'Courting—caught—courted!'

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SLEPT ON HIS BEAT.—Hogan: 'Did yez say yer health is bad, Mr Donovan?' Donovan: 'Yis. O'ive been walkin' in me slape.' Hogan: 'Och, begorra, if Oi c'u'd on'y have done that same, Oi wouldn't be aff the force now.'

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UNCONSCIOUS WIT.—A friend said to a grocer who had retired from business, 'My dear fellow, you are looking thin! Idleness does not agree with you.' 'Well, no,' innocently responded the grocer, 'I don't weigh as much as I did.'

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HE (earnestly yet timidly): 'Miss Jones, I've been thinking of you all week long.' She (blushing sweetly): 'Have you really—of poor little me?' He: 'And I've been looking forward to this meeting—eh—ah——' She (reassuringly): 'How nice of you to say so!' He: 'With mingled hope—and fear!' She (gently): 'I am sure you need fear nothing.' He (more bravely): 'Well, every man has one ruling passion in his life, and mine, I think, you must have guessed at by this time.' She (archly): 'I think I have.' He (eagerly): 'Well, dear Miss Jones, I came to-night, wondering if I dare ask you—if I could persuade you——' She (tenderly but firmly): 'I think you could persuade me to do anything.' He (radiantly) 'How kind of you to say so. Well, then, will you—can I rely on you to—to—coax your brother Tom to join our cricket club?'

MASHING THE SLAVEY.

DE RIPPE: 'D'you know, Betsy, you are awfully pretty!'

PARLOR MAID BETSY: 'You would say so even if you did not think so.'

DE RIPPE: 'I know I would, and you would think so if I didn't say so.'

(Then the cornet sounded for the schottische.)