

The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

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CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF NEW ZEALAND.

THE annual meetings of the Congregational Union of New Zealand, brought to a close recently, were held for the third time in Auckland since the formation of the Union ten years ago. These meetings were characterised by an earnestness and enthusiasm even exceeding that of previous years. We are enabled to give this week a photo group of the ministers and delegates, from all parts of the colony, to the Council of the Union.

While jealously guarding the individual independence of each church, Congregationalists firmly believe in the strength of perfect freedom to bind together those whose

charged his onerous duties, fully justified the wisdom of his appointment.

A noteworthy feature of these meetings, though by no means a new one in Congregationalism, was the presence of several lady delegates from their respective churches, who took their full share in the deliberations of the Council.

Among the subjects discussed at the meetings, the social problems of the day were not neglected. Such subjects as 'Drink and Poverty,' 'The best means of securing religious instruction for the children of the colony without incurring the perils of Denominationalism,' were earnestly debated; while at the large public meeting in Beresford-street Church on Thursday evening, addresses were delivered on 'The Influence of Christianity on Family Life,' 'The In-

Council expressed its sympathy with this effort, and recommended the churches and individual members to extend to it what material aid is in their power.

GREAT ARTISTS WHO HAVE REMAINED BACHELORS.

It is a remarkable fact that the greater number of most distinguished painters have lived and died free from the thralldom of Hymen. Take, for example, the presidents of the Royal Academy. Sir Joshua Reynolds was a bachelor; Benjamin West, his successor, was a bachelor; so was Sir Thomas Lawrence; so, too, Sir Edwin Landseer, for he, be it remembered, was elected president, and his re-



Hanna, photo., Auckland.

DELEGATES TO COUNCIL OF CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF NEW ZEALAND

opinions and aims are identical. Relying on this principle, the Union not only fulfils the purpose of bringing together ministers and representatives from the churches of the denomination for mutual counsel and encouragement, but is enabled to initiate and carry out schemes of Christian activity which a single church could not undertake. Sacerdotalism has no place in the Congregational polity. The lay element preponderates over the ministerial, and would do so still more largely but for the frequently insurmountable difficulties of time and distance to business men. Ministers and laymen are equally eligible for the honour of presiding over the meetings of the Council.

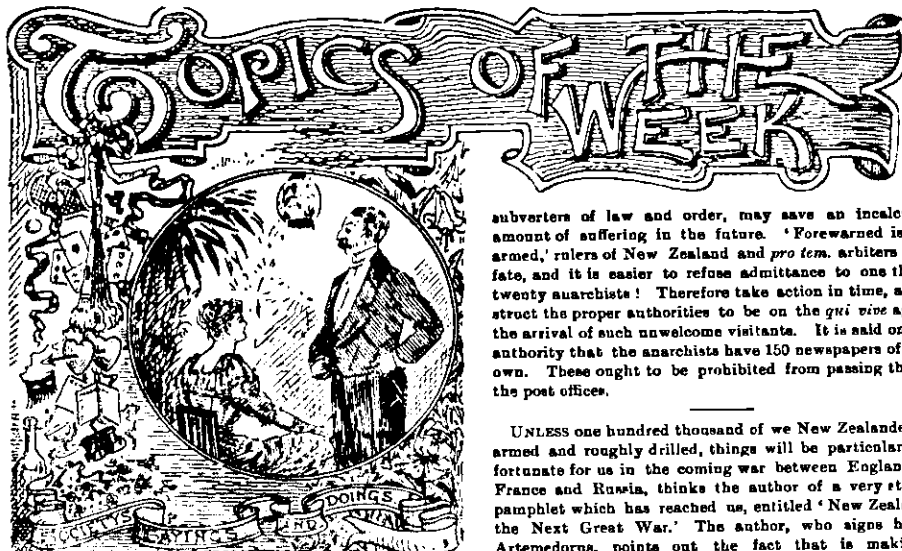
The admirable and efficient manner in which the chairman for the year, Mr A. W. Beavan, of Christchurch, dis-

fluence of Christianity on Social Life,' and 'The Influence of Christianity on Political Life.'

A new departure in Christian activity, so far as New Zealand is concerned, was brought prominently forward in the report of the work of the Revs. C. H. Bradbury and W. A. Evans. These gentlemen, believing that there was need in New Zealand for a similar effort to that of the Mansfield College system in the East End of London, some time ago resigned their charges in Christchurch and Nelson respectively, and commenced operations together in Wellington. The progress of this work will be watched with much interest not only by Congregationalists, but by all who care for the highest welfare of their fellow men. After full inquiry as to the methods and nature of the work the

fuel did not take effect until thirteen days afterward; so, also, Sir Francis Grant, and, as everybody knows, Sir Frederick Leighton. Maclise, too, who was offered the presidency and a knighthood and refused both, was no more amenable to the idea of marriage. Then Turner, Etty, Sir David Wilkie, Sir William Boxall, Sir W. Gordon and Sir W. C. Ross, all of them regarded matrimony with the same aversion as Reynolds, who when he heard of Flaxman's engagement exclaimed, 'Then he's ruined for an artist.' The celibacy of Raphael and Michael Angelo was to him a sacred example, as sacred as it is to the priesthood.

Policeman: 'Do you have to take care of the dog?' Nurse girl: 'No. The misus says I am too young and inexperienced. I only look after the children.'



THE Countess of Glasgow will hold a reception at Government House on the 14th instant from four to six.

MR J. M. BUTT, Inspector of the Bank of New Zealand, takes a well-earned holiday of two or three months shortly. He intends to spend the time chiefly in the Hot Lake district, in the hope of throwing off a somewhat severe attack of rheumatism from which he has been suffering. During his absence Mr Michie, formerly manager at Dunedin, will temporarily discharge the duties of Inspector.

PREDICTIONS as to the exact date when those people then living on the face of the earth shall have to put off this mortal life for some other form of existence have a marvellous fascination for a large number of persons. Over and over again we are assured from the various pulpits and platforms of religious denominations that 'of that day and that hour knoweth no man.' But ever and again some prophet of the last day appears, and declares that the end of the world shall be at a certain date. The latest of these panderers to human weakness is Doctor Falb, the well-known German weather prophet. He asserts that November 15th, 1899, is to witness the destruction of this world. This fatality is to be accomplished by means of the comet of 1866, which in the year 1899 will come into collision with our globe and utterly wreck it. Only five years and a few months left us! Surely would be suicides might bear this in mind, and wait until the comet puts a period to their existence. Probably by that time most of them would want to go on living.

OUR American friends across the water seem to have a somewhat vague idea as to the whereabouts and size of New Zealand. The impression which seems to be stamped on their minds, as conveyed by a recent number of the *Californian Magazine*, is that New Zealand consists of a group of comparatively unimportant islands lying close off the coast of Australia, and subject to what is vaguely termed the 'Australian Government.' Mr Arthur Inkersley, in the same paper, has written an interesting article entitled 'The Land of the Mooris,' which ought to enlighten our friends a little bit. It treats chiefly of Auckland as being the principal home of the Mooris, and one of the first settlements of the whites, and is interspersed with several illustrations, one of which is a good likeness of Sir George Grey.

ONE of the most popular topics of the day is, of course, anarchy. The monomaniacs composing the class of society known as anarchists are being gradually expelled from civilised countries. It is much to be hoped that the well-known liberalism of New Zealand will not tempt them to seek refuge in this colony. Jack is as good as his master out here, and colonials are noted for their hospitality to strangers, and their deliciously open handed acceptance of new-comers with sufficient swagger, or sufficient novelty to excite attention. Like the Athenians of old, they are ever ready to listen to some new doctrine judiciously placed before them. There are, doubtless, many lazy loafers in this colony, who are getting a little tired of unrealised dreams of Socialism, and who would gladly join in any plot which injured the steady workers—whose daily life is a constant reproach to their idleness—or the more wealthy classes, without whose money trade and progress must inevitably be arrested. 'Any man convicted of having a bomb of any kind in his possession ought to be hung without a trial,' said an Irishman. Certainly anyone who by explosives unlawfully threatens the life of his fellow men, ought to have very short shrift indeed. A display of firmness now in dealing with these pests of society, these

subverters of law and order, may save an incalculable amount of suffering in the future. 'Forewarned is forearmed,' rulers of New Zealand and *pro tem.* arbiters of her fate, and it is easier to refuse admittance to one than to twenty anarchists! Therefore take action in time, and instruct the proper authorities to be on the *qui vive* against the arrival of such unwelcome visitants. It is said on good authority that the anarchists have 150 newspapers of their own. These ought to be prohibited from passing through the post offices.

UNLESS one hundred thousand of we New Zealanders are armed and roughly drilled, things will be particularly unfortunate for us in the coming war between England and France and Russia, thinks the author of a very striking pamphlet which has reached us, entitled 'New Zealand in the Next Great War.' The author, who signs himself Artemedorus, points out the fact that is making us all feel uncomfortable, that France and Russia combined are very much more than a match for us so far as naval armament is concerned. He shows how easy a prey New Zealand would be to the invader, and intimates that the Russ would be a most unpleasant visitor, that the war would likely be *sans quarter* and *sans civilisation* (save its devilish engines), and that we should be exterminated and the country laid waste. A most uninviting prospect, and the longer we think the less agreeable we find it. The author has taken a pessimistic view, but it is not an alarmist or an unsound one. The following extracts will give some idea of the author's thoughts.

'It is perfectly plain, in the case of war breaking out between the Dual Alliance and Great Britain, that our Empire would be harassed at its weakest points. *Those points are, as it was with the Roman Empire, her Colonies.* Though we New Zealanders hold dear the prosperity and safety of our sister Colonies in Australia, in the East and West Indies, in Africa and in North America, yet it is but natural that we should consider our own position to be of the first importance. With this plea at the end of my pen, I shall therefore proceed to speak of the defence of this colony against attack, overlooking the other colonies, and considering Great Britain—the dear Mother of us all—safe, beyond all doubt.

'IN the first place, we are comparatively of small importance when compared with other parts of the Empire; and secondly, we are at the very antipodes of the earth—blessed fact! It therefore follows that we have but a comparatively weak defending force stationed so as to protect us from invasion. There are half a dozen gunboats stationed in the Pacific Ocean which might avail us somewhat, but our defence would mainly depend on the Australian fleet.

'BUT why do I assert that an attacking force, which had eluded our cruisers, might acquire a footing in our country? In the first place, I argue that there are some eighteen undefended ports and harbours in New Zealand, containing various depths of water—two at least containing a depth of water and a circumference sufficient to hold the whole combined fleets of France and Russia—and these ports would have to depend for defence upon the badly-equipped and few volunteers that might be collected in their immediate neighbourhoods. I would mention Tauranga, Napier, New Plymouth, Timaru, Oamaru, Nelson, Akaroa, Kaipara, Kawhia, Picton, Westport, and Greymouth, as places not sufficiently defended against attack, and at which a force might effect a landing in spite of the exertions of such volunteers as might be ready to oppose it.

'THIS fleet consists of one ironclad and eleven cruisers and gunboats, whose duty it is to protect the coasts of New Zealand and Australia, some nine or ten thousand miles of coast-line in all. We should therefore have something like one ship and a half to defend the whole of New Zealand after the other Australian colonies had been provided for, and supposing the fleet to have been divided. Supposing the fleet to work in a body, it might, with great possibility, be assiduously guarding, let us say Sydney, whilst the enemy's squadron was bombarding Auckland, or *vice versa*—since nothing is more difficult than to find an enemy's fleet at sea.'

THE author then proposes the arming of one hundred thousand men or thereabouts in the following manner:— 'I would advocate the formation of a large Defence Association, which would import arms and munitions of war with which to equip the men of this land. And I would suggest that the Association be enrolled without delay, since it might become impossible to procure the required arms after

any such time as war had broken out, and that it be formed of all such men as are capable of carrying a weapon. The guns imported should become the property of members of the Association, and each member should receive good value for the money he subscribed—some £2 or £3—which should give him membership to the Association and a weapon for defence.'

We give in this issue the portrait of Miss Leila Adair, the intrepid young lady who has made over three hundred parachute descents from high altitudes in various parts of the world. Miss Adair is one of the few ladies who have entered this dangerous profession and have continued for



MISS LEILA ADAIR.

years in it without any serious accident. Unfortunately, through unforeseen circumstances, the Auckland public had not an opportunity of witnessing her skill and courage on Saturday last. She has, however, arranged for an exhibition on Wednesday, which will be free to all comers.

THE Auckland Society of Arts' Exhibition was opened by the Countess of Glasgow, Her Excellency making a very neat and *apropos* inaugural speech. One's first impression of the Exhibition is decidedly the best—the most favourable, that is to say. At first sight the average of work strikes the critical observer as being decidedly higher than usual. This is probably the case. There is certainly a smaller percentage than usual of absolutely inexcusably bad work hung, and on the first visit the impression thus created is hopeful. But the more one studies the canvasses exhibited, the more does the saddening conviction gain ground that art is at a standstill in these colonies, if not actually on the down grade. If the array of paintings—not half a dozen can be called pictures—exhibited in Auckland represents the artistic capabilities of the northern provinces, let alone island, the sooner its votaries take to some employment for which they are more qualified, the better. We venture to say, with absolute confidence that our verdict will be upheld by any fearless and competent critic, that there are not more than two exhibitors who have the slightest mastery of correct drawing. There are certainly not four pictures which would have been accepted by the hanging committee of any of the better provincial galleries in the old country. It is, indeed, impossible to formulate a standard for criticism. Much of the work is by men who consider themselves professionals, who actually set themselves up as teachers and masters, and who would desire to be noticed as such. With two exceptions the work of these men cannot even be criticised as 'student's work,' since they have never themselves been properly taught. They have but picked up a certain facility for covering a canvas with paint, and having reached a point when an intelligent publican guess, with the aid of a catalogue, what they intend to convey by it, set about to teach others to follow in the same facile path. The dead level of inoffensive mediocrity maintained by certain local artists year after year is disheartening in the extreme. The one artist who has made a sensible advance is Mr Payton. His portrait of Dr. Pugh is infinitely the best piece of work he has yet done. The lighting is bizarre, the face being a great patch of reliefless light from the dark background, but the pose is happy and natural, and the portrait lifelike to a degree. Mr Payton's landscape pictures are also good, and show what no other landscapers in the Exhibition do—an artistic appreciation of beauty. Lack of a sense of what is beautiful, beautiful in form, in colour, in line, in grouping, in atmospheric effect, in everything in fact, is indeed the keynote of failure in the rack of exhibits. Not half a dozen—nay, we doubt if three landscapers in the Exhibition—are in any way beautiful. Here in a country where the wealth of loveliness is positively bewildering we are absolutely without artists who have eyes to see that

beauty. The knowledge of light and shade, the science of grouping, the faculty of happy selection, who that has examined the pictures at the Auckland Society of Arts can claim that our professed artists, the men who dare to teach the young idea how to paint, have even a vague conception of these things?

It is impossible to regard the expenditure of hard and conscientious work represented by the majority of the painted canvases hung without genuine sorrow. The intention of all is so good, the work so conscientious, and often so meritorious in painstaking finish, that one's heart aches over the utter misery of the result. Apparently the artist has sat down on the first dry place available and drawn whatever was before them, elaborating with infinite pains what was immediately before their eyes. No doubts as to whether it would make a picture; no care as to effects of atmosphere or light, just the mere mechanical (and faulty) reproduction of a spot before them with an absolute indifference to its surroundings and their effect on the spot under operation.

MR STEELE'S excellent picture of the Maori tattooing is the finest work in the Exhibition, and we regret we have not more space at our disposal for a description of this painting, which is in the usual ultra finished style of this famous artist. Mr Payton's water-colour sketches, and then his portraits, are probably the next best exhibits. Mr Blomfield exhibits a series of pot-boiling canvases which cannot help but sadden anyone who remembers the good work he did once on a time. Mr Drummond has improved, and has one picture which shows distinct effort at atmospheric effect. Mr Wright has some really good water colours, but even he won't choose the most beautiful subjects. Mr Gregory, Mr Trenwith, Mr Hollard, Mr Ball, and many, many of the others show canvases which only serve to convince us that there is a lot of good student talent in them waiting to be pro-

duced by some one who will teach them how not to paint as they do at present, but how to recognise and appreciate the beautiful, and in most cases how to draw.

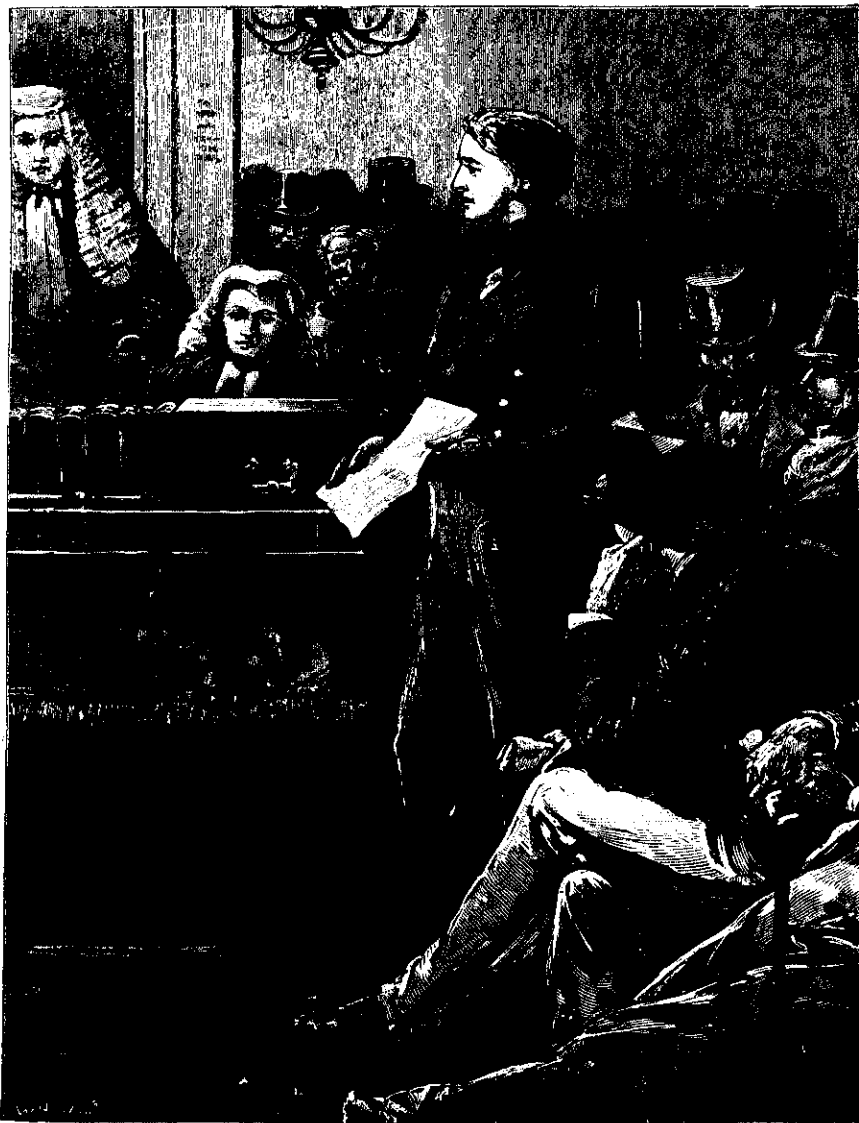
THE retirement of the Premier of England, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, could scarcely fail to prove the principal topic of conversation amongst thinking people since it arrived. Even those who have differed from him most widely in his political opinion cannot regard without emotion the retirement of a foeman with whom it has been an honour to engage. Unquestionably the finest orator of his and our time, Mr Gladstone is also, in the opinion of a very large percentage of the English-speaking community, the first statesman of his age. That his financial and domestic policy has never been excelled in proved wisdom, few of even his bitterest enemies have the hardihood to assert. They confine their objections to the statesman's foreign policy. But this is neither the time nor place to discuss the wisdom or otherwise of Mr Gladstone's legislation. The results of that legislation remain, and speak far more eloquently than words.

Our illustration shows the now aged statesman in the earliest days of his youthful Parliamentary career making his first speech in the Commons. This speech differs, his biographer tells us, completely from the melodramatic first speech of his great rival Disraeli:—

From the first the young member for Newark appears to have favourably impressed the House. Modest in demeanour, earnest in manner, and fluent of speech, he at once commanded the respect and attention of his fellow-members. His earliest effort was in connection with the Slavery question, but the speech was delivered neither in the course of a great debate, nor upon a motion on the one topic then occupying the public mind. During the debate on the Ministerial proposition for the emancipation of slaves, which was brought forward on the 14th of May,

1833, Lord Howick, ex-Under Secretary for the Colonies, had referred to an estate in Demerara owned by Mr Gladstone's father, for the purpose of showing that a great destruction of human life had taken place in the West Indies, owing to the manner in which the slaves were worked. It was in reply to this accusation that Mr Gladstone delivered his maiden speech on the 17th of May, the occasion being the presentation of a petition from Portarlington for the abolition of slavery. He challenged the noble lord's statement respecting the decrease of seventy-one slaves upon the estate of Vreeden Hoop, which had been attributed to the increased cultivation of sugar. The real cause of the decrease lay in the very large proportion of Africans upon the estate.

Mr Gladstone's gesture is varied, but not violent. So said a writer at the time sixty years ago. When he rises he generally puts both his hands behind his back; and having there suffered them to embrace each other for a short time, he unclasps them, and allows them to drop on either side. They are not permitted to remain long in that locality before you see them again closed together and hanging down before him. Their re-union is not suffered to last for any length of time. Again a separation takes place, and now the right hand is seen moving up and down before him. Having thus exercised it a little, he thrusts it into the pocket of his coat, and then orders the left hand to follow its example. Having granted them a momentary repose there, they are again put into gentle motion; and in a few seconds they are seen reposing *vis-à-vis* on his breast. He moves his face and body from one direction to another, not forgetting to bestow a liberal share of his attention on his own party. He is always listened to with much attention by the House, and appears to be highly respected by men of all parties. He is a man of good business habits; of this he furnished abundant proof when Under-Secretary for the colonies, during the short-lived administration of Sir Robert Peel.



MR GLADSTONE MAKING HIS MAIDEN SPEECH IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, MAY 17TH., 1833.

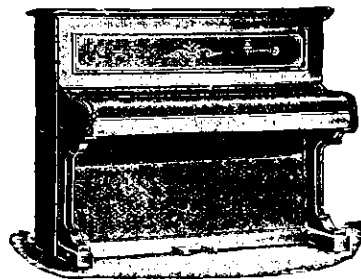
NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC
SKETCHING
PRIZE COMPETITION
RESULT.

THE result of our sketching competition is fairly satisfactory. The number of studies forwarded was very large. The quality was, however, scarcely as high as we expected and desired. The judges were Mr Hemus, of Auckland, Mr A. H. Hunter, and the editor, and the judging was by marks.

The following are the results *subject of course to investigation of the rule disqualifying professionals*. If either of the prize-winners should be considered by us professionals in the sense laid down in our rules the prize will be given to the next in order of merit. The first four are as follows:—

- 1st. WALTER BOWRING, Wellington-street, Auckland.
- 2nd. LILLIE ROBINSON, Queen-street, Westport.
- 3rd. MISS C. M. BLEAZARD, Mount Eden.
- 4th. MISS BUCHANAN, Devonport Hill.

W. G. THOMAS,
WHOLESALE and EXPORT PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURER
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THE AMAZONS.

THE PLAY AND ITS STORY.

MIRIAM, Marchioness of Castlejordan, had been disappointed in her marriage, for she and her husband had ardently longed for male children, partly through primogeniture feeling, but in the main because, being robust creatures and keen on sport, they despised women. Their first-born was a girl, and when he heard this the unlucky Marquis remarked: '— it, Miriam, you've lost the whole hunting season for nothing.' The second was a girl, and also the third. Then, poor man, he gave up the strife with de-

spised at their mother's ideas, and called one another 'old fellow.'

For a time all seemed to go well, and the Marchioness hoped that she had almost set straight her 'melancholy maternal muddle,' but, of course, her scheme failed as utterly as that of Thetis when she brought up Achilles as

but Noeline ran away, and in a few minutes fell fainting into a young man's arms. He was her cousin Barrington, Viscount Litterly, whom she had never seen, because her mother was jealous that her brother-in-law and his wife—two puny creatures—should have had a son, and a fine, athletic young fellow into the bargain.

Litterly, out of good nature, took Noeline to his rooms and carried her to the first floor, up seven-and-twenty stairs; and, seeing what a splendid young creature she was, the feat may be compared with that of the hero of Daudet's 'Sapho.' When Noeline became conscious her cousin gave her a new cap to replace her hat, and she bolted without even a 'Thank you.' Piqued at this, he followed her to her resting-place, and, watching the house next morning, found, to his surprise, that he had befriended a handsome girl—so handsome a girl, that, without hesitation, he fell in love and followed her down to Great Overcote, the station near the Belturbet estate. We look on the fact that he had not discovered her sex sooner as showing that Barrington was a young man of blameless life, specially designed by



LADY WILHELMINA,
(Miss Noble).



LADY WILHELMINA (Miss Noble) LADY THOMASIN (Miss Gibson).



LADY NOELINE
(Mrs Brough).

Miss Pyrrha. Three catastrophes happened almost simultaneously. First, Wilhelmina had an offer of marriage from a Frenchman, André, Comte de Grival, and then Thomasin was proposed to by the Earl of Tweenways. These two troubles happened when the girls were staying, dressed in skirts, at the house of a friend. Now, their mother's longing for a son did not extend to a desire for grandsons, and she promptly intervened. Noeline's case was even worse than her sisters'. One evening, when staying in town, she determined to see something of life in the West End—the worst end, where even a self-respecting cat will not venture at night—so she set out disguised as a man, and was soon horribly bored, and turned to go home, when she saw a man about to strike a woman. She promptly hit out, and he went down like a log. Then she felt faint. It was all very well to box with gloves on, but horrible 'to get home on a strange man's chin' with your bare fist. A crowd quickly came round to get up a fight,

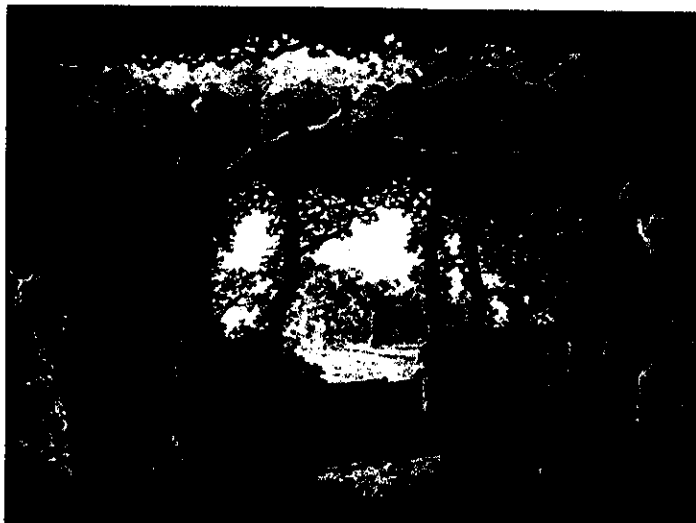
nature as a mate for Noeline, and intended to continue with her the race of creatures of superb physique. When he found himself at Great Overcote, Litterly re-

slay, and retired to ponder over the ways of Providence in the family vault. The widow brought up her three girls—Noeline, Wilhelmina, and Thomasin—as if they were boys. She employed a woman called 'Sergeant' Shutter, relic of a soldier, to teach them boxing and gymnastics, and also had them taught to ride, shoot, fish, etc. Nor did she stop there, for, when at home or on the Belturbet estate, she had them dressed as lads in knickerbocker, jackets and stockings. Three handsome, fine set girls they were, who



LADY NOELINE
(Mrs Brough).

solved to venture into the huge forest-grown estates of the family and try his fortune. Now, it chanced that De Grival and Tweenways on that very day had come to see



1ST ACT OF 'THE AMAZONS.'

what luck they would have, and so the three met. Such a trio! Barrington, bluff, curt in speech, healthy and powerful, fine sample of the British bulldog, but gentleman-like; Tweenwayes, thin-limbed, pigeon-chested, shoddy-built aristocrat, as full of vanity as a Jaffa orange of juice, and a coward into the bargain; De Grival, French by birth, with a coating of English by education, type of that poorest kind of Frenchman, the Anglomane—a hybrid creature, possessing the bad qualities of two races without their virtues. How these two had found their way into the hearts of the bouncing, manlike Wilhelmina and her more womanly sister Thomasin, Mr Pinero, who created them, must explain, for the task is beyond us.

The three conspirators were in luck, for the mother had gone to town for the day, so they had the field, or rather forest, to themselves. The young ladies soon turned up in

since she offered no resistance when he kissed her. Then the others came up and they all had tea. Now, the other two couples, strange to say, had got on very well together, though the girls thought marriage impossible, and, anxious not to drop the flirtation, the two men were invited to pay an irregular evening call, and written instructions how to break into the house were given to De Grival, who lost them. They were found by Litterly.

At seven o'clock that night the three men slid down a rope from the skylight, and found themselves in the girls' gymnasium. A merry romp they had, though 'Sergeant' Shutter protested, till she found that Litterly was her foster-brother. A merry romp, though poor Tweenwayes hurt himself in trying gymnastic feats, and got terribly 'blown' in dancing. But though the mice may play when the cat's away, she generally turns up in the end, and sure enough

THE MODEST SCORPION.

THE eight legs with which the creature walks, or rather scuttles along, for his gait is ungraceful, come behind the nippers. These last are used for catching and holding the prey alone. In the evening, when all is quiet, then sallies forth these sons of Belial, with insolence, and bane. They creep slowly and noiselessly from behind, like eight-legged garrotters, upon the grubs, moths, and flies which constitute their prey; and as they do so they cock up their flexible tail over the back of their body, very much after the fashion rendered familiar to us by the attitude of that common English beetle, the devil's coach horse. By this manoeuvre, the scorpion manages to get his sting nearly as far forward as the back of his head, and to bring it into position for killing his expected booty. When the prey is fairly reached, he seizes it by the aid of his great claws, holds it fast in his grip, and quickly stings it to death by an injection of poison. The sting itself is an interesting object for examination, but only when sewed off from the animal which originally possessed it. *In situ*, and during life, it had best be carefully avoided. It consists of a round swollen joint, containing two glands, both of which alike secrete the poisonous liquid. It ends in a sharp-pointed hook, sufficiently keen to pierce the skin even of considerable animals like sheep and antelope. Sharp as it is, however, the end is doubly perforated, a separate duct conveying the poison from each of the glands to the point as if on purpose, so that if one failed, the other might succeed in killing its quarry. So beautifully does nature provide—but there! I forgot; perhaps I am looking at the matter a little too exclusively from the point of view of the scorpion. In their domestic life, I regret to say, our present subjects do not set a good example for the imitation of humanity. We may 'go to the ant' for advice, but not so to the scorpion. Birds in their little nests agree; scorpions differ. Nay, more, if you put two of them together under a single stone, they set to work at once to fight out their differences, and the victor usually proceeds to kill and eat his vanquished opponent. Indeed, they are extraordinarily solitary animals. During many years of scorpion hunting, I never remember to have seen two individuals living together in amity; and even their most tender relations are tainted at times with the unamiable habit of cannibalism. The males are decidedly smaller than their mates, whom they approach accordingly with the utmost caution. If the fair innamorata doesn't like the looks of her advancing suitor, she settles the question off-hand by making a murderous spring at him, catching him in her claws, stinging him to death, and making a hearty meal of him. This is scarcely lover-like. On the other hand, if a dubious wife, the female scorpion is a devoted mother. She hatches her eggs in her own oviduct, brings forth her young alive (unlike her relations the spiders), and carries them about on her back, to the number of fifty, during their innocent childhood, till they are of an age to abide for themselves in the struggle for existence.



ANDRE, COUNT DE GRIVAL (Mr Boucault).

LADY WILHELMINA (Miss Noble).

shooting costumes, looking like three pretty boys in their knickerbockers, and the three pairs promptly separated. For a long time Barrington got on badly. Poor Noeline, thoroughly ashamed of her adventure, vented her spleen on the man who had befriended her, though for a time he was discreet enough to pretend not to recognise her. However, he was compelled to abandon this attitude in order to restore to her a treasured family ring which she had dropped in his rooms. Then she took it, and marched off rudely, but they soon met again, and he persisted in his efforts to please her. He perceived on her wrist a tattooed 'N,' and she told him that the girls had done it; that they all had disfigured themselves in a similar way—indeed, poor Tommy was a mass of tattoo, and in consequence was unable to appear in low cut dresses. He asked her to tattoo an 'N' on

when the revels were at their giddiest in marched the Marchioness. Of course there was a shocking scene, but what could she do? Noeline declared that she would play boy no longer—she had grown to know womanhood and love—and the others were equally rebellious; then, too, she found that Barrington resembled her dead husband, and her heart began to yearn for him. After all, she thought that fine young fellow might be the son she had longed for.

'Take off the knickerbockers,' she said, 'and put on skirts and petticoats, for girls you are, and I can't make boys of you.'

So off the young ladies hastened, and in a few minutes, after a quickest change on record, reappeared in girls' dresses, and all the quaint 'happy family' went down to dinner.

ANECDOTES ABOUT BANK NOTES.

MUCH of the writing found on old bank notes is due to the love of scribbling possessed by many persons. Much of it is ridiculous rhyme unworthy of repetition; but occasionally it is smart, and apposite to the purpose of bank notes. A sample or two of such writings may be given. On an English pound note appeared the following:—

'Ye ugly, dirty, little scamp!
To look at, hardly worth a rap;
And yet I'll give my hearty vote
None can produce a sweeter note.'

Another inscription is:—

'It's odd that any man should wish
A dirty scribble like this;
Yet many a one would cut a caper
To get a when aic bits o' paper.'

A contribution to bank-note literature is found in Lockhart's 'Life of Scott.' Lady Louisa Stuart sent the great novelist a copy of some lines which were written on a guinea note, then in possession of Lady Douglas. They were as follows:—

Farewell! my note, and whoso'er ye wend,
Shun gaudy scenes, and be the poor man's friend.
You've left a poor man's, so to one as poor,
And drive despair and hunger from his door.

Sir Walter expressed himself as very much pleased with these lines. Bank notes are not now so long an existence as formerly; they are withdrawn from circulation whenever their external appearance is unsatisfactory, and are consigned to the flames, the close retort being most commonly used in their destruction. Several banks have big occasional burnings; while others have numerous burnings for smaller amounts. When notes are presented for payment in a defective condition, from whatever cause, it is the practice of some banks to pay according to the proportion of the note which is presented. Notes are destroyed in various ways. Dogs, cattle, sheep, and cats chew them. Laundresses have been known to wash their patrons' garments containing notes, reducing them in the process to a sad state of pulp. Hens have pecked at them, pigs have gulped them, mice have nibbled them.

An odd story is told in this connection. Not long ago a twenty-dollar note was sent to the United States Treasury for redemption. Accompanying it was an affidavit saying that the owner had put it in a cigar box, where mice had got at it and nibbled it. The note was a counterfeit. Not only that, but it had been through the treasury here at some previous time and had been stamped with the word 'bad' in letters cut out of the paper. But the alleged mice had almost obliterated the letters by nibbling around them. It was a queer way for mice to behave, to say the least of it. A detective of the service was sent to look the matter up. He investigated the case fully and reported that it was all right—in short, that the note had been submitted for redemption in good faith. The owner, it appeared, was an old German sailor of respectable character. Nevertheless he would go on an occasional spree. Waking up in the morning after a night of dissipation he found all his money gone except this note for twenty dollars. Somebody had snatched it off on him. He noticed nothing odd about it, and had put it into the cigar box which he kept not only his ready money, but also bird seed for his pet canary. Mice, attracted by the bird seed, visited the box and incidentally chewed up the note. On finding it partly destroyed the sailor forwarded it to the treasury at Washington. The case is interesting chiefly as an illustration of the way in which an appearance of fraud may sometimes mislead.



3RD ACT OF 'THE IDLER.'

his wrist, and, of course, she refused, but he constrained her by making it a condition for his telling her something that happened at his rooms when she was unconscious. Carried away by her curiosity, she pricked the little holes in his arm with needless energy—in fact, as the public say, she 'gave him the needle,' and then rubbed in the juice of a plant. Two minutes later she was told that she had used the wrong plant and had poisoned him.

Naturally, she begged him to rush off to the doctor. He refused unless she would tell him that she did not dislike him. She gave way, and said so, and rather overdid it,

The moral of the story is that 'you cannot make silk purses out of sows' ears.' In saying this we apologise for the invidious reflection on the tobacco-consuming sex.

'The Amazons' has aroused universal enthusiasm wherever played by the Brough and Boucault Company. It will be played on Thursday and Friday in Auckland. The booking is already phenomenal.

'Give me a kiss, dear girl.' 'I can't,' she replied; 'I don't mind lending you one, but I must have it returned to-morrow.'

TENNIS TOPICS.

BY 'VANTAGE.'

THE final match between Mr J. R. Hooper and Mr C. E. S. Gillies for the Auckland Championship for 1894 was played on Saturday, the 3rd inst., at the Eden and Epsom Club's grounds. Tennis has attracted more attention and aroused more interest in Auckland this year than ever before, and the events are doubtless the final of the ladies' and men's championship contests, hence the large attendance at the match on Saturday. The weather was almost perfect, the only drawback being the northerly wind, though this was but little more zephyrous. The light was good, and the court true and fast, the most disappointing feature of the afternoon being the match itself. I don't refer to the results, but to the play shown by Mr Gillies, who certainly, from want of form, played much below his reputation. Mr Hooper was never asked to exert himself at any point in the game, and as he was evidently in rare form, those who came to see were deprived of what likely would have been a brilliant exposition on the part of the champion.

GILLIES delivered the first service at a quarter to three, the first being a fault. Of the second Hooper made a good length return, but too softly, Gillies replying with a low one to Hooper's right. The attempted half-Lawford by Hooper was a failure; score, 15-0. Gillies' next service was a hot one, but Hooper reached it. Gillies' return, however, beat him; 30-0. Hooper scored off the next, bringing the score to 30-15, but got no farther in the game, as his opponent got in two tricky, hard, well-placed services, winning the first game.

HOOPER's first service of the second game was driven out over the base line by Gillies, giving the server the first point in the second game. The same fate attended his next attempt, to be varied in the third by passing the left side line instead of the base line, and reverting to his first return gave Hooper a love game; one all.

THE third game opened with a double fault by Gillies, 0-15. His next was his well-known reverse service, which fairly beat Hooper; 15 all. Off the next Hooper returned well to Gillies' left, who failed to lift it enough; score 15-30. Off the second of the following services Hooper drove back-hand and came up, leaving a lob as Gillies' only escape. The attempt was not successful, the ball dropping well out of court, making the score 15-40. Off the next deal a brief interchange of returns—the first—was seen, to be finished in Hooper's favour by his placing prettily in Gillies' left hand corner; score 2-1. Hooper leads.

SO far tameness, intense tameness, had been the character of the game. Gillies found the court much too small, and the score had been mounting up in Hooper's favour, not so much by his own play as by his opponent's mistakes. This condition of things altered in the fourth game. The first of Hooper's services was returned out by Gillies. A piece of good placing by the latter drew Hooper well over the left side line, his return being smartly placed by Gillies in the right corner; but the active Hooper reached it, and scored by getting past his player on the left. The score being now 30 love, the next point was his with a half-Lawford, and it seemed as if another love game was to be chronicled. In following up his next service he paid the penalty of rashness, Gillies passing him on the fore-hand by a brilliant return; 40-15. He scored off the next by meeting his friend's return on the volley, placing quietly on his left line; score 3-1. Hooper leads.

THE first service of the fifth game was one of Gillies' special, and scored for him by being driven out by Hooper, and 'thirty-love' was called when the same thing happened off the second. Hooper returned the next, which came back hard and low from the server, and tacked Hooper up in the left corner, and 'forty-love' was heard. Things were improving, as, since the first game, Gillies had not reached 'forty.' Off the service Hooper returned weakly, and Gillies' return caught him on the run in 'three-quarter court.' Theoretically Hooper was beaten; actually he wasn't. His eye was in, and he brought off a really brilliant 'half-volley' hard low over the net that passed Gillies on the left, landing inside the base line by a few inches; score 40-15. Hooper's next return was netted by Gillies, 40-30. The next serve was planted by Hooper to the server's left, who failed to return; score 'deuce.' Hooper replied to the next serve with a good length one to the middle of the court, and followed up to the volley mark. Gillies' lob was short, and went back hard, but was well got, the lob this time, however, irrevocably smashed by Hooper, giving him the vantage. Much the same game was adopted by the

players in the next rest, Gillies lobbing and getting them short, Hooper volleying to his opponent's base line. The game finished in Hooper's favour by Gillies lobbing into the net. 4-1. Hooper leads.

HOOPER took next service and stuck to the volley, scoring the first two points. He then attempted his half-Lawford and failed; did it again, with the same result, thus bringing the score level. A good place on the base line by Gillies put him ahead, the score being brought to deuce by smash from Hooper, who annexed the 'vantage' by a hard back-hand drive, passing Gillies on the volley. The succeeding volley return of Hooper's was put out by Gillies, the umpire calling '5-1, Hooper leads.'

GILLIES' first essay in the seventh game was a double fault, 0-15. Off the next some pretty play was born, each player driving hard and low, and getting good length and place, Hooper finishing the rest against himself by putting out. He placed the next service in the net, score 30-15. Again Hooper got on the volley line, but Gillies getting better length on his lobs, drove him back, and from the base line another good interchange of strokes was seen, Hooper eventually scoring by a fierce drive that passed Gillies on the fore hand. Hooper remained loyal to the volley game, however, returning Gillies' next service well to the left line, and coming up and meeting the return lob with a clean volley. Gillies returned cleverly, but Hooper's reach again enabled him to get on to it, but not with much strength, and again Gillies returned. This time, however, Hooper 'got the wood on,' coming down on the ball with a free and final smash that was greeted with well deserved applause, the murmurs of approval dying away to listen to the call, '6-1, Hooper wins first set.' The time occupied for the set was barely a quarter of an hour, as the first service of the second set was sent down exactly on the stroke of 3 o'clock.

HOOPER took service in the first game of the second set, and it almost seemed as if the position of the players was to be reversed, as Gillies followed up his return, forcing Hooper to lob. The striker out, however, was not in volleying form, and his stroke landed in the net. Hooper attempted a Lawford next return, but failed, but beat Gillies in the succeeding rest by a good length one. The next score was taken by Gillies, who got in a neat, low volley placed out of Hooper's reach. With a stroke gained by each the cry of 'deuce' was heard, then vantage. Hooper brought off a good one that beat Gillies, and 'deuce' was again called amid applause, Gillies then made a splendid drive to Hooper's right. Failing to return the next service, and driving the following one out, gave Hooper the first game in the second set.

THE next game also worked up to deuce, Gillies showing better tennis than he has yet done. Hooper, however, responded, and after a fine exhibition of close volleys drove Gillies back, who again sought refuge in lobbing. Hooper was there, and his opponent, dropping them rather short, found them coming back hard to each corner in turn, losing the second game. In the third game Gillies collapsed, Hooper scoring a love game. The fourth game brought out really good play from both, the pace, length and placing being admirable. Gillies was evidently making an effort, and, but that his opponent was in really brilliant form, and playing with great sureness, would have landed a winner in his attempt. Two vantages were called. Each in turn was driven back by the other till both met on the volley, and sharp, hard, from left to right, right to left, the ball left each racket in telling stroke. The rest ended, however, as had many of the earlier ones. Hooper's placing drove Gillies off the line, and a short lob from the latter terminated the proceedings by being smashed past all recovery by Hooper, and '4-0, Hooper leads,' was the cry.

THE fifth game was so nearly similar in character as not to call for special description, volleying being indulged in by both. The result was in favour of Gillies, who wore Hooper back, smashing the latter's returns, and annexing the game by Hooper lobbing out. '4-1, Hooper leads.' The next game the Auckland champion fairly revelled on the volley, Gillies failing to get enough length on, and scoring only one ace in the first part of the game by a brilliant Lawford, and reaching 30 when Hooper attempted a similar stroke unsuccessfully. Hooper's smashing was particularly free and sure, and met with hearty recognition by the onlookers. In the next game Gillies 'let out,' getting great speed, and scoring the first point by a telling Lawford that was reached by Hooper, but put out. A well-placed service by Hooper brought the score level, and the next Gillies put in

the net, who repeated the mistake in his next essay. The game and set finished by Hooper scoring off his service. Score, 6-1, and Hooper two sets to his opponent's love. The time occupied in playing this second set was exactly fifteen minutes.

THE third set opened by Gillies scoring off his service, the next falling to him also by being driven out by Hooper. Off Gillies' following second service Hooper played a perfect half-Lawford, unreturnable by any man living. In attempting the same thing the following service the net got in the road, and Gillies placing cleverly down the left side line, won the game. His success was cordially welcomed, and everyone got ready to watch things expectantly. The next game Hooper went off with a lead of 30-0, Gillies being credited with the next by Hooper lobbing out, 30-15, the latter, however, redeeming his position with a telling drive. An exciting rest on the volley looked like a point for Gillies, who had worked Hooper into an awkward position. The latter got out of his difficulties with the most brilliant stroke played during the match. Gillies, from his right corner, had drawn Hooper well on to 'his right,' and meeting a weak return from Hooper, placed down the latter's left side line. Hooper had apparently anticipated this, as with a marvellously quick recovery he just met the ball on the volley, placing his return stroke about a foot inside his opponent's service line, and close to his left side line. It was so quickly done that Gillies, who could not reasonably be expected to have anticipated that the ball would be reached by Hooper, much less so cleverly returned, was left standing on the spot from which he had made his stroke. Score, 1 all.

IN the next game Gillies' service failed him, two double faults and a smash by Hooper giving the latter a heavy mortgage on the result. A bad place by Hooper was the only point credited to Gillies, who lost the game, making the score, '2-1, Hooper leads.' In the fourth game Gillies was up and volleying well, running up the first three scores, then failing on the volley, giving Hooper 15, and driving over the left side line, bringing the score to 30-40, but winning the game by a double service fault from Hooper. Score, 2 all. The next game also came Gillies' way, who played his back hand strokes with power and precision, and placing beautifully along both lines. Hooper made every effort to get into his old volleying ground, but his antagonist's placing was too brilliant, and hearty applause went up at the call, '3-2, Gillies leads.' This was the beginning of the end, as it was also the end of the beginning, for Gillies apparently could not repeat his effort. Hooper got up on the volley and fairly smashed things, winning the game 40 to Gillies' 15. The next he played in the same way, only more so, and made it a 'love' game, bringing the score to 5-3. The ninth and last game witnessed a partial revival by Gillies, but Hooper was always 'there,' and the former's lobs dropping short, were treated mercilessly by Hooper, who played his last stroke in defence of the Cup at thirty-five minutes past three.

AN analysis of the game shows the following interesting facts:—Hooper won 32 volley strokes, of which 11 were hard smashes, won 1 stroke by half-volley, won 13 points off his services, made 17 Lawfords (half and three-quarter), of which he lost 10 and scored with 7; gave one double fault. Gillies won 5 volleys, and failed in 7, these failures being nearly all over-head volleys. Served 8 double faults, won 4 points with his service.

MR HOOPER has now won the Cup outright, being the first player to achieve this. The previous champions were:

1886	W. E. Barton
1887	W. B. A. Morrison
1888	W. E. Barton
1889	E. P. Hudson
1890	W. P. Goodhue
1891	W. B. A. Morrison
1892	J. R. Hooper
1893	J. R. Hooper
1894	J. R. Hooper

AUCKLAND is certainly showing its best weather side to His Excellency the Governor and the Countess of Glasgow. The Government House party are availing themselves to the full of the opportunities it affords for improving their acquaintance with the lovely scenery in the neighbourhood of the city. Fishing and picnic parties are organised. The Private Secretary, Captain Elliott, and the A. D. C., Captain Stewart, seem quite as pleased as their predecessors in office with the facilities for sport. A piscatorial expedition on Friday afternoon was a great success. On Saturday evening Lady Glasgow and party went to the Opera House.

OWING to its being the season of Lent, the hospitalities at Government House can only be of a mild character. His Excellency gives a dinner party on Friday next, and the previous day Lady Glasgow will present the certificates to the Ambulance Corps. On Sunday the Vice-legal party was represented at St. Paul's Church in the morning, and St. Mary's, Paruelli, in the evening. On Monday night the specially reserved seats at the Opera House were occupied by His Excellency and family.

→ WELLINGTON COLLEGE. ←

It is impossible to enter Wellington without remarking the imposing structure that forms the subject of our illustration. As you approach the wharf you see it a mile away to your left, standing out boldly on a commanding site, backed by a dark green belt of pines and the grassy slopes of the range that rises towards Mount Victoria. The striking facade and lofty tower attract the notice of every visitor.

Wellington College is not a thing of to day. Its beginnings date from 1853, when Sir George Grey, the then Governor, affixed the seal of the colony to a Crown grant as

Pending the erection of suitable buildings, the classes were conducted in one of the old historic barrack rooms, situated on the Thorndon Reserve. The place was old and devoid of convenience, but it was, of course, only a temporary habitation for the School. It is noteworthy that the second boy enrolled was Mr A. de B. Brandon, now Mayor of Wellington. At length the new buildings on Clifton Terrace were completed, the College changed its quarters thither, and the result was a great increase in the number of boys and the reputation of the institution.

But the College had not yet found a permanent home. In 1874 it became clear that additional accommodation was absolutely necessary, and the Board of Governors (incorporated as such two years previously) managed to secure the present site, a splendid property comprising some seventy acres in area. There the first portion of the existing building was erected in 1876, and Mr Kenneth Wilson, M.A., took charge as headmaster in that year. He held sway till 1881, when Mr Joseph Mackay, M.A., one of the most successful teachers and organisers ever known in New Zealand, was appointed headmaster, a post which he held till Christmas, 1891, to the great advancement and prosperity of the College. On his resignation, the choice of the Governors fell upon Mr J. P. Firth, B.A., the present headmaster, educated at Nelson College under Mr Mackay (already referred to). Mr Firth accompanied that gentleman to Wellington as an assistant master, and soon became noted for the thoroughness of his teaching. In 1886 he left Wellington College to take up a position offering greater advantages at Christ's College, Christchurch, where he remained until he accepted the responsible position he now holds. A ripe scholar, a rigid disciplinarian, and a grand organiser, Mr Firth is the *beau ideal* of a successful headmaster. His conversational powers are not less brilliant, and to a ready tact is added a keen sense of the humorous, which is irresistibly attractive to all coming in contact with him. Tall of stature (considerably over 6 feet), and of splendid physique, he has in younger days excelled in all branches of athletics, and if he is now somewhat past his prime as an athlete, he still takes the keenest interest in all manly sports, and is ever ready to impart his intimate knowledge of matters relating thereto to those who seek instruction. But Mr Firth has more to communicate to boys than scholarship and athletics. It is his aim to inculcate in them the spirit of truth, rectitude, and courtesy—in other words, to turn out men in the highest and best sense of the term.

The boarding establishment is under the personal supervision of Mrs Firth, who, it will be readily understood, has no light task before her as the temporary mother of a

howling herd of hungry boys' (as Calverly puts it) to the number of forty odd. Mrs Firth is very tall, active, and graceful, and in brief in every way a most fitting helpmate for a husband of such lofty aims and untiring energy.

Mr Firth is assisted by an able staff, consisting of Messrs W. F. Ward, M.A. (honours in languages), J. Bee, M.A. (honours in mathematics), A. Heine, B.A., H. S. Cocks, B.A., A. H. Wall and C. C. Naverne. Mr A. D. Riley imparts instruction in drawing. Shorthand is also taught. The school is subjected to a rigorous examination by outside examiners every Christmas, and we are pleased to state that the examiners' reports in December last were exceptionally favourable, Professor Haslam, of Christchurch, who examined the Upper Forms in Latin, and who was looked on as likely to be the sternest critic, characterising the work submitted to him as 'scholarly' and 'monotonously correct.' The present number of scholars exceeds 160.



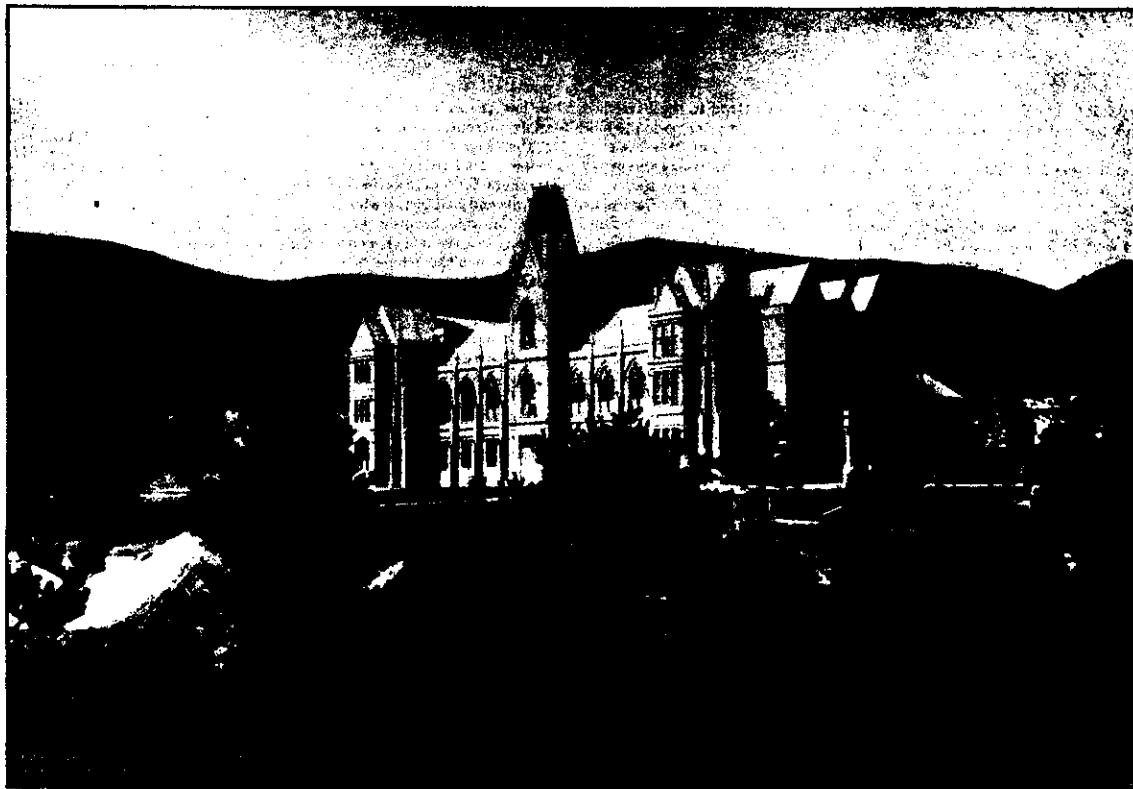
Wrigglesworth & Biers, photo., Wellington.
MRS J. P. FIRTH
(Wellington College).



Wrigglesworth & Biers, photo., Wellington.
MR J. P. FIRTH
(Headmaster Wellington College).

an endowment for the maintenance and support of a Grammar School in Wellington. Not until 1867, however, was the school actually established. The Rev. H. E. Tuckey and Mr W. S. Hamilton had opened a school under the name of 'The Wellington Grammar School,' and their efforts were attended with an amount of success so gratifying as to induce the College trustees to formulate a plan by which they might assume control over it. Accordingly to give effect to their decision the title of the School was altered, and it was henceforth known as 'The Wellington College and Grammar School.'

In front of the building lies the cricket ground, which has been recently enlarged and improved by old boys and other well-wishers of the College, and only needs still further enlargement to be one of the finest in the colony. Tennis courts, a rifle range, exercise and drill grounds are all within a stone's throw of the school buildings, and the gymnasium is situated immediately to the rear of the classrooms. The Cadet corps is strong and efficient, and was honoured by being selected to form a Guard of Honour to His Excellency the Governor at the last opening of Parliament.



Bentley, photo., Wellington.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE.

A STEAM PALACE.

R.M.S. GOTHIC.

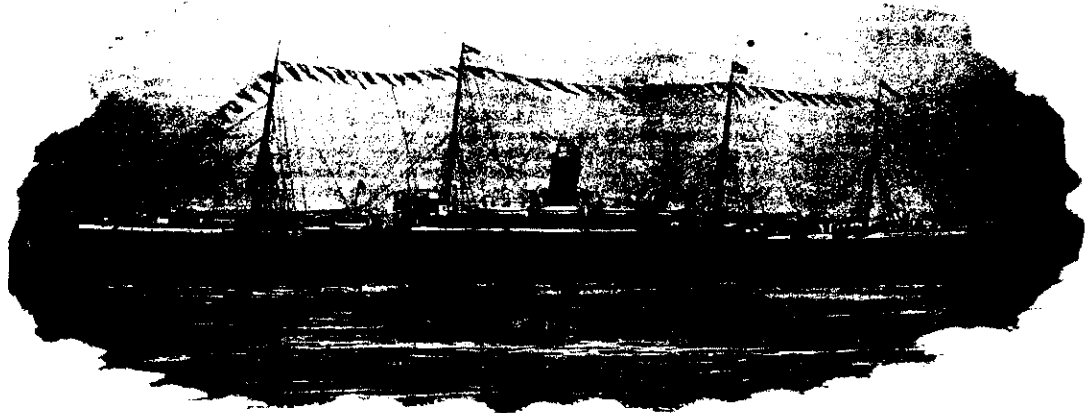
THE magnificent Steam Palace Gothic, of which a picture is given, is thus described by the 'Autocratic Idler,' of Wellington. This valued correspondent also sent an account of Captain Jennings' 'At Home,' which has had, unfortunately, to be sacrificed.

Captain Jennings, R.N.R., issued invitations to many hundred—sixteen hundred I heard some persons say—citizens of Wellington to an 'at home' on his huge ship Gothic from four to six p.m. The captain and Mrs Jennings received the immense throng of visitors at the gangway, and the cordial reception accorded to the guests by the hosts made everybody absolutely 'at home' for the evening. I believe it would be almost as easy to name who were not present as to attempt to specify the names of the half of the people who were, and I will dismiss the attempt to do so with the remark that from the Premier down to the Labour Bureau no representative of rank or file was omitted. One or two of the latter, indeed, put on many more frills than the former, who generally wore none at all. As for the Hon. Richard John, he simply went about as affable, as genial, as full of humour, and I might say as jovial, as that rare old salt Captain Jennings himself. Everything, of course, was done to promote the enjoyment and the comfort of the great assembly. The great disadvantage of the gathering was that the crush was so great that, big as the Gothic is, she is scarcely large enough to afford convenient saloon space for

penetrated deep down into the very depths of the ship. I saw her come alongside the wharf a week or so ago; and this was the thing that, perhaps, surprised me most of all. The ease with which the gigantic structure was moved into position and berthed without the smallest jar or hitch, was in itself a wonder. Afterwards I spent Saturday afternoon and a great part of the afternoon of the following Sunday on board this luxurious and immense steamer. On both these occasions a charge was made for admission, the proceeds being for the benefit of the Wellington Hospital. Nearly three thousand persons paid one shilling each on the two occasions together, the result being that, with the Government subsidy, a sum of about £300 was realized. The slightest and most cursory examination convinces one at once that no such craft as the Gothic has ever before visited Australasian waters. She is a beautiful model of naval architecture to look at; has very little rigging, low masts, and one funnel. Her saloon seats 104 persons with the greatest ease. There is no second-class accommodation, but the large portion of the ship not required for cabin passengers, and called, I suppose, the steerage, affords quite as good accommodation as is found for second-class passengers in many first-rate steamers. Some of the best of the first-class berths are not at all like berths—they are quite as large, as airy, and as luxuriantly furnished as bedrooms in mansions. The library is a costly and sumptuous apartment, containing a large number of well-selected volumes. The smoking-room, however, seems to be admired more than any other part of the Gothic. Large and magnificent sea pieces, illustrating the ships and mode of navigation in past ages, adorn the walls of this chamber. One, by T. E. Taylor, represents the return of the renowned Captain Drake, circumnavigator and pirate, from his expedition against the Spaniards in 1686. Another shows us

THE BRAIN AND MEMORY.

WHAT is the brain like, in its capacity of storehouse? and what should we see if we could reduce our stature to infinitesimal proportions and travel along the corridors of the brain? Does it contain galleries of pictures? Is it furnished with shelves and pigeon-holes for the classification and care of records and messages? It is impossible to conceive what kind of apparatus or fittings can at once be suitable for storing up pictures and sounds, and all the varieties of impressions received from all the senses, writes a contributor to *Cassell's Family Magazine*. Nor can we discover any curious machinery, even with the microscope, for the structure of the grey matter is so minute as to defy the powers of the lens; and all that we can detect is an agglomeration of minute cells. A calculation has been made regarding the number of these brain cells. It is assumed that every thought or perception is a separate lodger in the mind, requiring an apartment of the brain to itself; and the cells are the apartments. We have to provide accommodation for all the incidents of our everyday life, for all we read in the daily papers, for all that our schoolmasters crammed into us, and all that we have learned since. How is this possible in one small skull? Our conception is assisted by photography, which can print the Lord's Prayer so small that it requires a powerful microscope to read it. Surely, then, minute portions of the brain may contain a great deal? The cells vary in size from one three-hundredth of an inch in diameter to one three-thousandth; and, this being known, it is not difficult to estimate the entire number of them in the brain. Dr. Hooke, the mathematician, said 3,155,760,000; but, according to M. Snerret's calculation, the number of cerebral cells is only 600,000,000. Seeing that the doctors differ, let us use the slate and pencil ourselves. The thinking power of the brain is believed to reside in the grey matter of the surface. This is a sheet of cellular nerve substance, which is crumpled into convolutions through being



F. C. Gould & Son, Photos.

R.M.S. 'GOTHIC.'

almost 'a whole city full!' The decks, however, are delightful promenades, and the advantage of them is this, that when one gets tired of one, there is another, and still another. The weather was magnificent, and a very large crowd congregated on the wharves to witness what was taking place on board. Excellent music was afforded by the Garrison Band. The saloon and the library were most beautifully adorned with ferns and flowers—not an oppressive display, but just sufficient to show that the most refined taste had suggested exactly what would please the eye best and most. All the officers, and men also, were assiduous in their efforts to guide the visitors through the vessel, and to explain the somewhat intricate mysteriousness of the machinery. This latter is not an easy task, and I do not know that it could be successfully done under the circumstances. But it is by no means difficult to admire and even to be struck with amazement at the lavish splendour of that part of the ship reserved for first class passengers. Even to see this last fully, and to become quite aware of all that has been thought of and done to promote the convenience, comfort, and well-being of those who can afford to travel in this part of the vessel, cannot be at all realized or understood in a couple of hours. The visitors went away with a clear perception of the hospitality of the Captain, and altogether certain that they had thoroughly enjoyed themselves in a rather novel sort of way. But I would not go so far as to say that they had acquired a familiarity with all the magnificence of the Gothic during the time they were aboard. Most of them took their departure with a dreamy sense of splendour; and I heard one lady remark on going down the gangway: 'This is enjoyment—but, oh, to travel in her, that must be delicious!'

THE GOTHIC.

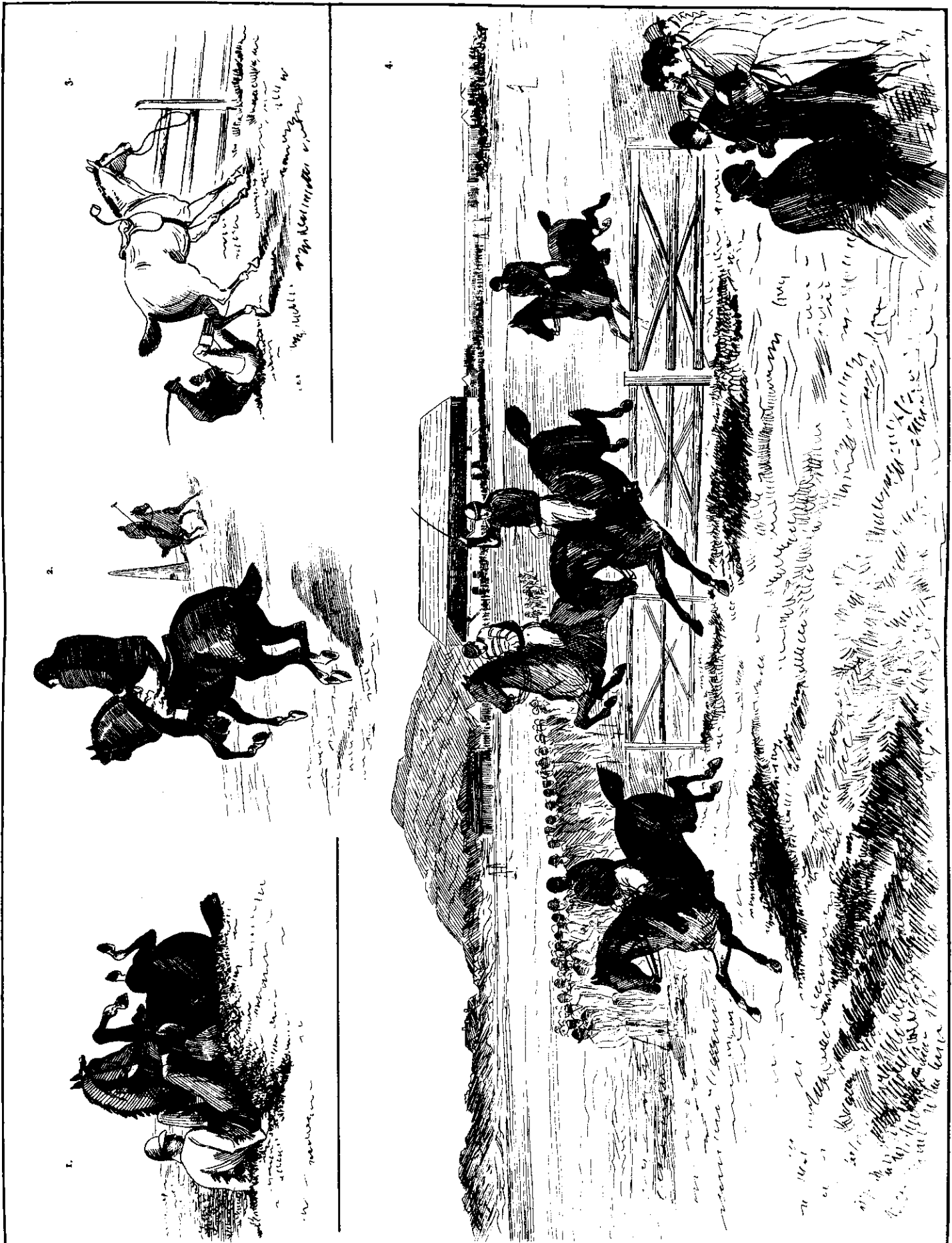
I have been over the Gothic, now, many times, and have

Lord Hood in the Riviera in 1793, but the rude sea method of a long prior period is more forcibly presented in a picture of Pytheas of Massilia exploring the coast of Britain B.C. 300; while Murray gives us a painting of Leonardo Donato on his mission from the Venetian Signora to Pope Sextus V. A.D. 1589. The fretwork of the walls and roof of the whole of this part of the Gothic are in admirable keeping with the rest of the rooms and furniture; and the effect, more especially when the electric light (by which the whole ship is lighted) is turned on, is exquisite. Shampooing saloons, lavatories, bath rooms—every requisite that money could buy or luxury suggest, is found here. There is a fine printing press on board, and it was able to turn out the invitation cards for the 'At Home' quite as creditably as they could be done in any establishment in the city. The engine-room is a bewildering place to gaze down on. Below are the refrigerating chambers, capable of holding 80,000 carcasses of mutton—the stock of a small station, in fact. I went through to the very lowest accessible part of the ship; in places I was reminded of being down at the bottom of a mine. The engineer tried to explain many quite recent improvements in the gigantic machinery. The ashes, for instance—and what a quantity of ashes the coal burnt must produce!—are blown through a tube out to sea as they accumulate, and immense labour is thus saved by a current of wind, which costs nothing whatever. About 120 persons are necessary to give the ship her full complement of officers and crew. She is a little over 200 feet less in length than the Great Eastern; but, except in size, the Gothic bears no resemblance whatever to that cumbersome and unmanageable structure. There is, the sailors say, no more perfect sea boat than the Gothic. I am afraid I shall never be able to satisfy myself on this point by the experiment of travel in her saloon. I would, however, much like to do so! And so, I dare say, would you.

confined within the narrow limits of the skull. If it were spread out flat, it would be found equal to a layer one inch in thickness, and 12 in. long by 11 in. broad—or slightly more—giving a total of 134 cubic inches. If all the cells were one three-hundredth of an inch in diameter, there would be room for 27,000,000 of them in one cubic inch, and, therefore, for 3,618,000,000 in the whole, but since many of the cells are smaller, the total number must be greater. Let us, however, be content with the 3,618,000. What is a million? The Bible, Old and New Testament together, is said to contain about three and a quarter millions of letters; we should, therefore, have to pile up 1,113 copies of the Scriptures to get a heap containing as many letters as the brain contains cells. As each cell may accommodate one idea or thought, probably even a smaller storehouse would suffice for the wants of the average human creature. On the other hand, when great thinkers require more accommodation, they may, perhaps, be able to grow more brain cells; and Webster did tell a great American scholar that he had to change the size of his hat every few years.

USEFUL INVENTIONS.

FOR a long time past M. de Vlamincq, a distinguished professor of music, has been endeavouring to perfect an instrument which should combine the sonority and power of expression of the violin with the mathematical precision of the piano. After numerous experiments M. de Vlamincq has at last produced such a combined instrument, and claims for it that it is in every way a completely satisfactory invention. It is an apparatus which can be applied to stringed instruments, substituting the action of the player's left hand by mechanism brought into action by touching the keys of a small clavier-de-piano. It is an invention that will probably have its uses, but it will do away with those fine gradations of tone of which the violin is capable in the hands of a master, and so necessarily reduce its power of expression. It should be useful, however, to the student, if not to the finished player.



THE AUCKLAND POLO SPORTS.



WILL IT FLY?

"What do you think of *that* for a kite?" he said.
I answered that I thought it was a beautiful one.
"I made it! we'll go and fly it you and I," said Mr Dick.

—"DAVID COPPERFIELD," Chap. xiv.



The very latest solution of the Unemployed difficulty. More Inspectors wanted!!!
 We read, - The liquors vended by bottles and publicans are to be liable to inspections by officers who are to report to the Colonial Secretary.

Mr. W.H. Preece's discovery

(Hon. R. S. - dictating letter) Dear Mr. Preece, I am charmed with the idea of your intentions for transmitting sound to any distance without wires; it is the very thing the N.Z. Liberal Govt. require for spreading their news on things in general. Indiummunt however would require to be made strong so as to be able to convey pretty tough statements occasionally.



The Inspector a word - Give us another pint of that there - 49 part, it struck me as the best best tasted a bit logwoody.



The Report

To the Colonial Secretary honored sir i am just got over a bad attack of the tremors and i now asew to make my report about the howlity of the licker in my district unfortunately I cant make head or tail out of my notes wot I took but as far as I remember the licker was very good all round bar Smiths otel which is licker was decidedly weak P.S. excuse ritin as my and shakes



AT THE AUCKLAND SOCIETY OF ARTS EXHIBITION

(HE) That's rather a gory looking sunset, aint it?
 (SHE) Yes, I suppose the artist has been following Opie's celebrated advice, and had mixed the colours with his brains.



For pips sake hold me back.



Religion, or what?



The Daily Chronicle says - The Queen and the Prince of Wales who much rumourous and anxiety about the present state of fiction and have urged the Lord to prevent a conflict with the House of Commons and the People.

A. H. M. 94

THE FASTEST TRAIN IN THE WORLD.

ACCORDING to an article by Mr H. G. Prout, editor of the 'Railroad Gazette,' in the *North American Review* (Brentano's), the train entitled to this distinction is engaged in the 20 hour service between New York and Chicago, established by the New York Central and Hudson River and the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroads.—

At three o'clock on the afternoon of Sunday, May 28, I left New York for Chicago, and the next Tuesday, at 11.15 in the morning, I was again in New York. I had travelled 1,928 miles in 44 hours and 15 minutes, and out of that time had spent four busy and useful hours in Chicago. This was not done as a *coup de théâtre*, but as a simple matter of business. I slept in peace and dined in quietness, and that is more than one can often do in trains making but 30 miles an hour. It must be remembered that while the schedule time of 20 hours for 964 miles from New York to Chicago gives an average speed of 48.2 miles an hour, this includes nine stops, of which seven are long enough to change engines, and inspect the running gear. It includes also slackening of speed to take water or at grade crossings and through large towns. The average, therefore, of 48.2 miles an hour does not give the average speed in motion, nor does it give any measure of the maximum speed that must be made for short distances by a train making 964 miles in 20 hours. A great many miles must be run at over 60 miles an hour, and some miles are run considerably faster than that. In the west-bound journey, of which I am speaking, two of us timed 25 consecutive miles at an average speed of 70 miles an hour, and we timed one of those miles as having been run in 43 sec., or at the rate of 84 miles an hour.

This 20 hour service, the writer goes on to say, is a 'brilliant and unprecedented feat in railway operations,' and he compares it with 'the railway race to Scotland' which some of our own companies attempted a few years ago.—

In the summer of 1898 the two great lines from London to Edinburgh, the West Coast, 404½ miles, and the East Coast, 322½ miles, suddenly reduced the time to eight hours, making the speed over the longer route, including three stops, 50 miles an hour. This lasted one month, and the close of the month was marked by one run at 52.7 miles an hour, including five stops. Then, at the end of August, a treaty of peace was made, and the speed was dropped to 47 miles an hour, where it stands yet so far as I know. This 'race of the Scotch expresses' was much talked of on two continents. It certainly was an important step in the development of fast long distance running; but the trains weighed from 175,000 to 225,000lb against about 400,000lb (or 495,000lb with the dining car) for the 'Exposition Flyer.' All these weights are exclusive of the engines. The distance run, too, was only about 42 per cent. of the run of the new 20 hour train. But these trains were a demonstration and a stimulus. There was much outcry about the danger of such speeds, but there were no mishaps and few delays. The trials proved that with light trains, good tracks, adequate signals, and infrequent stops, a journey speed of over 50 miles an hour could be kept up for 400 miles without any revolution in machinery or methods.

PAPERED WITH STAMPS.

IN a certain old-fashioned house in London there is a room about twelve feet square, the walls of which are completely papered with postage stamps. It is estimated by Mr Palmer, who is the largest stamp dealer in the world, that these stamps would be worth \$5,000,000 but for the unfortunate circumstance that they are not genuine.

Mr Palmer extracted these forgeries from collections which he has bought from time to time. As a rule he says the people from whom he bought them did not know they were forgeries. No forged stamp, however, is likely to pass as genuine when it falls under his scrutiny.

This crazy patchwork shows a specimen of every known stamp in the world. There are 70,000 stamps on the walls of the room, and it took almost thirty years to collect them.

To make wall paper out of them kept four pairs of hands busy for three months. They are pasted upon canvas, so that it will not be necessary to remove the building in order to remove the stamps. Paste, not gum, was used, because gum discolours stamps. Having been fastened to the canvas, the stamps were treated to a coat of shellac and then varnished.

ONE IN TEN THOUSAND.

DURING the recent run on one of the banks in Australia, an event occurred which did not find its way into the papers, but which nevertheless ought not to be allowed to pass unnoted.

A line of men and women stretched from the doors of a bank for more than a block. Every face expressed anxiety. The line was made up for the most part of hard-working men and women whose savings, perhaps for years, might be swept away in a moment should the bank suspend payment before they could reach its doors. There was little, if any, conversation. Most of the faces were stern and forbidding. Some of the women were crying.

On the bottom step of the short flight leading from the sidewalk to the bank door stood a man who had been in the line since four o'clock that morning. He looked haggard and weary. Not more than a dozen men now stood between him and the teller's window, and he could catch a glimpse of money piled up behind the grating, and hear occasionally the pleasant clink of coin as it was passed out. Only a few more minutes, then his turn would come, and he would hold in his hand his hard-won earnings. His face lighted up a little in anticipation as he mounted the next step.

On either side of the line of depositors was a crowd of people, drawn to the spot by curiosity or sympathy. In many cases the families of the depositors stood by the side of the father as he moved slowly towards the open door, eager for his turn to come.

The man on the steps felt some one pulling at his coat, and looking around, recognized a workman, evidently an old acquaintance.

'Ah, Jim! That you? Didn't know you was about.'

'Just came to town last night. What's the chance? Will the bank hold out?'

'I don't know. Even if it'll hold out till I get my money, I've \$50 in there. It's all I've got, and it'll be mighty hard to lose it. You better be glad you're not like the rest of us.'

'But I am. \$75 of my money is in there.'

'Why don't you get in line, then? What you waiting there for?'

'There's no show. The line goes clear round to—Street, and my rheumatism cuts like a knife. I couldn't stand half an hour, and I'm 'most done up, anyhow. Mary here's takin' on pretty bad. She worries, and says these hard times are bad enough, and if we lose this money it'll be no bread and starvation for the young ones.'

Mary, the man's wife, stood by his side holding a little baby in her arms. Her face was drawn and anxious, and the tears would come in spite of her efforts to restrain them as her husband spoke.

The man on the bank steps looked at her as he moved up one more step.

There were a few moments of silence; then he who had moved up suddenly turned and called out softly: 'Jim, here! Come here into my place!'

'I won't do it. It ain't fair.'

He looked at his wife and baby. The lines of his face relaxed. The generous offer touched his heart, as the tears came to his eyes.

'It's all right, old boy. You've got Mary and the babies, and don't ye see, I've neither wife nor a chick in the world. Come, man. I'm strong, and it's little that ye can do. Creep in here. Do ye hear? Creep in here. It's all right, man. Come on.'

The line moved forward again, and he was forced up one more step.

'Jim' still hesitated.

His friend above reached down a stalwart arm and pulled him to his side, then cautiously drew himself out of the line, and as carefully wedged the other man into his place. After this he stepped quietly upon the sidewalk, walked back to the end of the line, and took up his position as the last man.

An hour later the bank suspended payment. Scores of waiting men were unable to draw their deposits, and among them the noble soul who had 'loved his neighbour as himself.'

Who will say that there are not some things in this world beside which money is valueless—some qualities in men that poor, untaught workman exemplified that day that are odlike!

ORANGE CULTIVATION.

The orange was originally a pear-shaped fruit about the size of a common wild cherry. Its evolution is due to 1,200 years of cultivation.

Pears' Soap

A SPECIALTY FOR INFANTS

Specially prepared for the delicate Skin of Ladies and Children.

Imparts and maintains a soft, velvety condition of the Skin, and prevents Redness, Roughness, and Chapping.

Professor SIR ERASMUS WILSON,
(Late President of the Royal College of Surgeons, England.)

"The use of a good Soap is certainly calculated to preserve the skin in health, to maintain its complexion and tone, and prevent its falling into wrinkles. PEARS is a name engraven on the memory of the oldest inhabitant; and Pears' Soap is an article of the nicest and most careful manufacture, and one of the most refreshing and agreeable balsams for the skin."

The independent testimony of Scientific Experts and the most eminent Skin Specialists award it the first place among Toilet Soaps.



Our Railway Commissioners—Past and Present

SOME INTERESTING FACTS AND FIGURES.

THE Railway Commissioners is a subject that has attracted a large share of public attention of late, owing to the term of office of the Commissioners appointed in 1889 terminating in January, and expectation ran high as to what action the present Government would take with respect to filling the offices then expiring by effluxion of time. All sorts of conjectures were abroad, the main of which proved very wide of the mark when the decision of the Government became known.

In this issue we present our readers with portraits of the two ex Commissioners, Messrs Maxwell and Hannay, together with a few facts respecting their career, which we are sure will prove of interest to a large number of our readers both in New Zealand, Australia, and elsewhere. Also with facts and figures relating to the Department generally.

It is not our intention in so doing to discuss the action of the Government with respect to either those dismissed or appointed, but confine ourselves to matters referring to both as public men. As showing the widespread interest taken in the recent appointment of Commissioners, it forms the subject of a leading article in the Melbourne *Argus* of January 27th, from which we make the following brief extract:—'Those who have watched the course of events since the railways were placed under this Board, will be inclined to say that, however doubtful the experiment may have appeared at the outset, it has worked well. The Commissioners preserved their independence and their impartiality in the teeth of the most menacing pressure brought to bear upon them at the time of the strike, immovably upholding the principle that the railways of the colony were not to be made an instrument of the boycott at the dictation of one particular class. Their attitude undoubtedly won them the approval of all who value firmness and rectitude in public affairs.'

THE PAST FIVE YEARS' RECORD.

That the record of the retiring Commissioners has been an exceedingly good one can be seen by the official reports of the department, from which we take the following particulars: In 1879-80, the year preceding Mr Maxwell's appointment as General Manager, the revenue had fallen considerably, while the expenditure had increased. The following year, with 105 miles of additional line, the revenue increased by £74,000, while the expenditure decreased by £58,000. Ever since, during the management of Messrs Maxwell and Hannay, as General Manager and Assistant General Manager respectively, and while the department was under Ministerial control, there was still a steady improvement in every branch. At the appointment of the Commissioners in the beginning of 1889, the net earnings from the railways represented a return of £2 12s per cent. on the capital cost. The next year this had risen to £2 19s 5d, and at the end of the fourth year it was £3 1s per cent. As a comparison the average results of the four years preceding the control of the Commissioners and of their four years of administration are given. The average for four years—

	Revenue.	Expenditure.
1886-1889 =	£1,109,561	£580,946
1890-1893 =	£1,128,556	£705,537
Increase =	£118,995	224,591

An average of 110 miles more railway has been worked during the latter four years. The capital expenditure has been augmented by £1,260,283, and the interest earned has also increased as stated above. In spite of this, however, the cost of administration was not sensibly increased, nor has it been necessary to raise the rates of carriage to obtain these results. On the contrary, the Commissioners state in their last report they have endeavoured to conform to the spirit of the age, believing that the railways should be worked for assisting the development of the resources of the colony rather than in a narrower commercial spirit which has in view the extraction of the uttermost farthing from the producer. In pursuing this course they have also been guided by the Government Railways Act, in which Parliament has laid down that due consideration should be given to the promotion of settlement and the encouragement of industries. On these grounds they have made it one of their objects to reduce rates and charges affecting colonial products extensively. The extent to which this had been done was shown by returns presented to Parliament during the last two sessions—and that the principle had been applied prudently and advantageously is shown by the progressive character of the railway traffic and revenue.

During the late Commissioners' term of office the lines and appliances have been thoroughly maintained, and their character and capacity have been improved in the process of maintenance from working expenses, and concurrently with the lowered charges, improved revenue and economical administration, the Commissioners have been able to show

beyond doubt that the railways are better, both in capacity and equipment, the carriage and waggon stock is more extensive and convenient, and the engine and brake power are greater and better adapted to the traffic than when they took office. The time-tables also have been very materially improved, and the train times quickened on all the larger sections. The stock of stores in hand has been increased in value during the Commissioners' term of office by £7,778. In handing over charge of the railways last month, the Commissioners do not fail to express their gratification at being able to bear testimony to the loyal and intelligent services rendered to the colony by the large staff of officers and men during their tenure of office, and everyone who is acquainted with the fine body of men who compose the railway service in this colony will admit the justice of this remark. That this state of affairs is in a large measure due to the careful administration and control of the Commissioners themselves cannot be denied, and they have good reason for saying as they do, that the system introduced in 1880 (by Mr Maxwell) of engaging lads only in different branches of the service and training and educating them for the various duties, and the system of classification of pay, and promotion from the lower to the higher grades, have answered excellently. The service is now manned by officers and men for the most part trained to railway and telegraph work on the colonial railways, under the regulations and scale of pay and promotion referred to; and it may be added, a very large proportion of those so trained are of New Zealand birth. The total mileage of new lines opened during the past five years is 172.

The permanent way has been improved by re-laying to the extent of 134 miles in 53lb steel rails, and a large number of bridges and structures originally constructed of soft woods have been more permanently reconstructed in masonry, iron and hardwood timbers. The aggregate power of the locomotives has been increased by rebuilding improved types. Out of working expenses alone the power has been increased 81,356 lbs, equal to about 5 per cent., representing rather more than 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ locomotives. Two powerful locomotives are now being constructed from working expenses, and two are being compounded. A large number of improvements have been effected in details of the engine, and a system of boiler inspection has been perfected. By rebuilding and improving a much superior class of vehicle has been secured, while the seating accommodation has been increased by over 7 per cent., representing 27 of the largest class 'A' carriages in use. The aggregate waggon capacity has been greatly increased, and many improvements made in detail. No less than 1,683 vehicles have been fitted with improved draw gear. The brake vans and brake power have been increased by rebuilding. Five years ago there were only six bogie brake vans, now there are forty-two. The effect of the improvements to rolling stock and engines has been to reduce failures and delays to a minimum, and promote economy. Important improvements have been made in the workshops, amongst these being a complete hydraulic riveting plant and first-class boiler constructing machinery, as well as milling machinery. During the five years tools and machinery of the most recent type to the value of £7,000 to £8,000 have been added to the workshops out of working expenses, enabling the department to construct its own new locomotives, carriages, waggons, and everything required on the railway. For new mileage, some 172 carriages, trucks, etc., have been provided out of capital account, and 31 carriages and trucks and two locomotives are being constructed for the same purpose.

The Chief Engineer's report on the condition of the lines states that their mileage is now 1,948 miles 52 chains. They have been very considerably improved during the past five years. Rails have been relaid over 134 miles 20 chains—40 and 30lb iron rails over 110 miles 20 chains, 40lb steel over 1 mile 40 chains, and 52lb iron over 22 miles 40 chains, have all been replaced with 53lb steel rails. The standard number of sleepers per rail length has been increased during the last 15 months, involving the use of 30,000 extra sleepers and giving additional stability to about 70 miles of main line. Some 651,000 8in x 5in sleepers have been put down during the past five years, replacing 7in x 5in. The considerable improvements effected during the past five years cover every detail of the permanent way and works, buildings, bridges, and water supply. All these have been paid for out of working expenses, and represent an increased aggregate value of £74,000.

The Stores Manager reports that the value of stores in hand on 9th December, 1893, was £104,373, as against £96,595 on 31st March, 1889. The stock is in good order, sufficient for requirements, and it has been carefully inspected annually.

The systematic consolidation and standardising of the

accounts, regulations and instructions has also formed a prominent feature of the administration of the last fourteen years, and New Zealand can now boast of the possession of a system which has received unqualified approval from railway managers and experts of the highest reputation.

THE LATE COMMISSIONERS.

MR J MCKERROW.

Mr James McKerrrow, F.R.A.S., Chief Commissioner of New Zealand Railways, was born at Kilmarnock, Scotland, on 7th July, 1834. He was educated at the new and old academies of his native town, and at the University of Glasgow. He arrived at Dunedin from the Home country in 1859, and having passed the examinations of the Survey Department, was appointed a member of the Otago staff, under the late Mr J. T. Thomson. For two years he was



Wigg'sworth and Binn, photo. Wellington.

MR JAS. MCKERROW, F.R.A.S.

engaged on road and settlement surveys. Towards the end of 1861 the urgent necessity arose for extending a reconnaissance survey over the interior mountainous part of the Otago Province, now known as the Lake Districts, so as to enable the Government to deal with the inflow of the sheep squatters and miners, who had by this time occupied large areas on what was then a blank *terra incognita* on the map. A knowledge of practical astronomy was a necessary qualification for this work. An opportunity was given the field officers of the staff to submit to a test examination on that subject, resulting in Mr McKerrrow, the junior officer, being entrusted with the work, which he completed within two years, having surveyed, mapped, and reported on 8,000 square miles of a very rugged country to the entire satisfaction of the Government. Sir Roderick Murchison, in his annual presidential address to the Royal Geographical Society of London, classed this survey as one of the most important additions to geographical knowledge of the time. From 1863 to 1866 Mr McKerrrow was engaged on the Geodesical survey, and thereafter until 1873 he was Inspector of Crown Lands and Goldfields Surveys, when he was appointed Chief of the Otago Survey Department. On the abolition of Provincial Governments in 1876 their functions were assumed by the General Government. Mr Thomson was appointed Surveyor-General of the colony, with Mr McKerrrow as his Chief Assistant, the latter also holding the office of Secretary for Crown Lands and Goldfields. In 1879 Mr Thomson, having completed the organisation of the Survey Department, retired from the public service, when the appointment of Surveyor-General was conferred on Mr McKerrrow, which he held with the other Departments named until January, 1889, when the Government of Sir Harry Atkinson offered him the position he now holds of Chief Commissioner of Railways. This appointment was a surprise and even a disappointment to many, as the public had been led to expect that a railway expert from some of the Home railways would have been selected for the post. For, although all recognised the ability and success with which Mr McKerrrow had managed the departments charged with the survey and settlement of the colony, no one thought of him as a railway manager. Nor did the Government select him for any technical knowledge of railways (that was well provided for in the appointment of the other two Commissioners—Messrs Maxwell and Hannay), but for his intimate and thorough knowledge of the resources and wants of the various districts of the colony, and above all for the excellent record he had established of being able to exercise great official powers with firmness, tact, and moderation. Very great powers were conferred on the Chief Commissioner by the Government Railways Act, 1887, and no such powers were ever conferred on a public officer in New Zealand before. That they have been used wisely and well during the past five years few will deny, and the best confirmation of that is, that the present Government, although objecting, it is understood

on constitutional grounds, to a continuance of the power wielded by the Chief Commissioner, have nevertheless re-appointed him for other nine months, pending the consideration by Parliament of the whole question of the future control of the railways. New Zealand has been singularly fortunate in the high personal character of her public officers, and in none more so than in the subject of this sketch.

MR W. M. HANNAY.

Mr William Mowat Hannay was born in the parish of Tongland, Kirkcudbrightshire, Scotland, on 3rd August, 1848. His father and many preceding generations on both father and mother's side were farmers. The family is an old Galloway one. Mr Hannay received his education at the parish school of the district, which was at that time conducted by a very able teacher, who used to boast of the number of lads he sent direct to the University, and who afterwards highly distinguished themselves. He afterwards received private tuition. In March, 1864, when not quite sixteen years of age, he joined the Glasgow and South Western Railway Company as a traffic cadet, and during the first few years was at various stations learning thoroughly traffic work in all its branches. He was then removed to the general goods manager's office in Glasgow, where he became District Agent. His training in Glasgow proved exceedingly valuable to him, for he there learned what the traffic of a large city meant, and how it was conducted. There was a considerable mileage of single line on the Glasgow and South Western, and (unlike many well-trained men on the larger British railways, who have little experience of single line working), Mr Hannay learned the working of this thoroughly, and the experience then gained has been of great advantage to him in New Zealand. He landed in Dunedin on 1st May, 1876, and having first class credentials, was immediately appointed to the Goods Department of the railways in that city. The following year he became chief clerk to the Traffic Manager there, and a few months later was appointed to a similar position in Christchurch. In June, 1878, he became assistant traffic manager in Christchurch, and in October, 1878, Secretary of Middle Island Railways. For three months early in 1879 he was in charge of the Middle Island Railways, owing to the illness of the then Commissioner, and for his services at that time he received the special thanks of the Government and a cheque for £200. In August, 1879, he was appointed District Manager at

Ministry appointed him to report on the Brogden claims, a work of great importance, after which he was employed performing Inspecting Engineer's duties in the North Island. The Hall Government appointed him General Manager of Railways in 1880, by which a saving in expenses of some £60,000 a year was effected. He was the first to design trucks for and carry on the railways frozen meat. Refrigerating trucks, where large quantities of ice were avail-



Hermann, photo, Wellington

MR J. P. MAXWELL.

able, had long been used in America, but the New Zealand railways were the first to carry frozen meat. In 1887 Sir Robert Stout sent him to Milan to attend the International Railways Conference, and to report on English and American railways (his reports are embodied in the Parliamentary papers in 1888), and on his return he was made a Railway Commissioner in 1889. He initiated and introduced the English system of daily return tickets with extended time now in use, and the American system of commutation season tickets. He also introduced milling machinery into the workshops, which effects a saving of 50 per cent. in labour over the machinery which it replaced. By the extension of accommodation and machinery Mr Maxwell brought about the exclusive manufacture of locomotives and rolling stock in the Government workshops.

Mr Maxwell was personally responsible for introducing and initiating lower coal rates, lower rates for small lots of agricultural produce, game, fruit and poultry, for equalising and reducing the special rates on the district railways, and on the Napier, Taranaki, and Wellington lines, and for doing away with the excessive fares on the Picton, Westport and Greymouth railways. He is also the designer of the improved gallery carriages now so largely used on the New Zealand railways, and for the improved cattle and sheep trucks, which have met with so much approval. He also initiated and carried out great improvements in the time-tables which have been made throughout the colony by the Commissioners during the past five years.

Mr Maxwell has rendered most valuable services to the colony during his twenty years of arduous and useful work in connection with the New Zealand railways. During the last fifteen years he has been a constant attendant on Parliamentary committees, and his reports and evidence were always regarded as of great value. He is the author of many technical papers which have been recognised by the professional press in England and America. He was last employed by the Seddon Government to report on the proposed abt incline on the Midland Railway.

AUCKLAND AMUSEMENTS.

IN another place will be found pictures and letterpress concerning the Brough and Buncleant Company, whose season in Auckland is drawing to a close. No better company have ever been seen in New Zealand, and the great audiences that have witnessed every production congratulate themselves on the fact that a return tour for November next has been already arranged.

ON Saturday next the Auckland Athletic and 'Cycle Club Autumn Carnival will take place in the Domain. The programme of events is excellent, and the arrangements are certain to be as perfect as usual. Mr Halyday and his committee will take care of that.

ON Monday evening next Francik, a violin virtuoso of repute, will give a concert in the Choral Hall. A musical treat is promised, and His Excellency the Governor and Countess of Glasgow will be present.

ERRATA.—The admirable photo of the interior of Wellington Congregational Church in last week's issue was wrongly credited to Wrigglesworth and Binne, Wellington. It was a most capable amateur photographer, Mr Dumbell of (Wellington), to whom credit is due.

PUZZLE COMPETITION.

IN further extension of our system of Prize Competitions we print this week the first batch of a series of original word puzzles, and we invite all our readers, young and old, to forward solutions in accordance with the regulations given below. As an encouragement to them to do so we offer the following prizes:—For the greatest number of correct solutions—

WEEKLY, 5s. MONTHLY, 20s.

RULES.

- (1) The coupon published on the cover of every copy of the GRAPHIC must in all cases be filled in and returned with the solution.
- (2) No competitor will be allowed to win two weekly or monthly prizes in succession. He may, however, after winning a weekly prize send in answers the following week to be credited to him on account of the monthly prize.
- (3) Competitors must send their real names and addresses, together with the *nom de plume* they intend using throughout the competition.
- (4) All answers must be clearly written and numbered in accordance with the numbers attached to the puzzles. They must be addressed to 'The Puzzle Editor, GRAPHIC Office, Auckland,' and reach the office not later than the date specified in this column week by week.

RESULTS.

'Scotty,' 6; 'Vigilant,' 5; 'Rosemary,' 4; 'Try Again,' 3. We have not thought it worth while to record the *nom de plumes* of those competitors who have guessed less than three puzzles correctly.

Our prize this week goes to D. Stewart, care of J. Burns and Co., Customs-street, to whom we have forwarded a postal note for 5s. It is evident from the fact that the winning competitor has gained but 50 per cent. of the possible marks that we have made our first batch of puzzles somewhat too severe. In our next issue we shall accordingly lay a simpler bill of fare before our readers, in the hope that we may meet with better results.

We have allowed the answer *Triangle* to the conundrum in this competition, as it fits the question equally well with the correct word, *Castanet*.

PUZZLE COMPETITION.

NO. III.

(Answers to reach the office not later than March 19th.)

SQUARE WORDS.

- (1) This was the ash by sudden lightning's stroke, As they who saw may first, 'twas third enough My lost, walk in and see; but here's the joke— Four times in all I've writ a fourth above.
- (2) To place. A breakfast dish. To collect tea point. Changes. Fright. A kind of dog (transposed).

CHARADE.

- (3) My first is a bird, my second a fish, my whole an insect.

TRANSPOSSED PROVERBS.

- (4) As as eg h i l l m n n n o o o r r s s s t t t
- (5) A a c e c u h i l l m n n n s s t t t v
- (6) A a a a d d e e e g i i n n n n n p p s s v y y
- (7) A a b b d d c c h i h h i i l l n n n o o r r s s t t t t u u w w
- (8) A a d e g g h i l l i n n o o r r s s t t t t

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

- (Primals and finals give the name of a celebrated novelist.)
- (9) Satisfied. A common French Christian name. Pertaining to the north polar region. Degree. A machine used by turners. The poem by Keats which contains the line, 'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.' Strain.

CONUNDRUM.

- (10) Why has a bell no need of a mirror?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLE COMPETITION NO. I

(February 24th.)

- (1) SQUARE WORD.—*Note, area, tear, rain.*
- (2) CHARADE.—*Cinnabar.*
- (3) CRYPTOGRAM.—

*Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
Its glowing sword
Framed that fearful symmetry!*

ANAGRAM.

- (4) *Algernon Charles Swinburne.* (5) *Robert Herrick.* (6) *Abraham Cowley.* (7) *Alfred Tennyson.* (8) *Mark Akenside.* (9) *Thomas Chatterton.*

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

- (10) *Johnson and Howell.—Job, Othello, Hiram, Narcissus, Science, etc. Agent of nautical.*
- (11) *ENIGMA.—Yawn.*
- (12) *CONUNDRUM.—Castanet.*

We supply the following hints for the information of those of our readers who may not previously have attempted the solution of some of the puzzle forms given above:—

SQUARE WORD.—The following is a sample of a square-word. It will be observed that every word can be read in a p r t two ways—horizontally and perpendicularly. The puzzle is a 10 a might stand:—A fish, a succulent plant, to bellow, saucy, | r o a r In this case there are four words to be supplied, therefore | p e r t each word must be of four letters.

CRYPTOGRAM, as the name denotes, is a secret writing. In the above specimen every letter stands for another letter. The reader in attempting solution of this form should first look for anagrams, single letter words, or any peculiarity of arrangement which may afford him a clue. Thus a letter standing alone can represent only A, I, or O, and in that order of probability. Failing these, he should look for such common words as *the, and, in, to, etc.* Attention to these hints and a little patient endeavour should enable every competitor to send a correct solution to the simple cryptogram given above.

CHARADE.—A charade is formed when the syllables of a word are themselves either orthographically or phonologically distinct words.



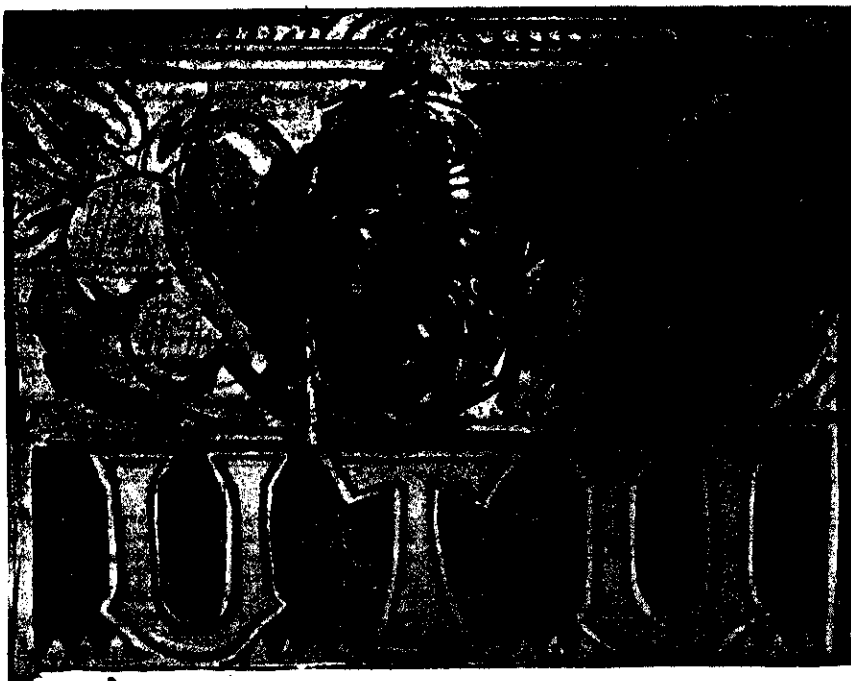
Price and Co., photo, Wellington.

MR W. M. HANNAY.

Oamaru, and in October, 1880, Assistant General Manager of the New Zealand Railways, residing in Dunedin, and having special charge of the traffic on the Hurunui Bluff section till May, 1884, when he was removed to Wellington to perform the duties of assistant to the General Manager, Mr Maxwell. During Mr Maxwell's absence in Europe in 1887-88, Mr Hannay acted as General Manager for seven months, and was appointed a Railway Commissioner in January, 1889. It will be seen from the above sketch that Mr Hannay has had almost thirty years' experience of the most varied kind in connection with railway management.

MR J. P. MAXWELL.

Mr J. P. Maxwell, M. Inst. C.E., entered a manufacturing firm in the west of England about 30 years ago, but having a taste for engineering, he subsequently served his time with Mr T. Page, M.I.C.E., an eminent marine engineer, the architect of Westminster Bridge and other well-known works. On completing his articles he accepted the position of contractor's engineer on the extensions of the London and South Western Railway system, with which his father had been connected as a director. After some years on this work he was selected by the late Dr. Featherston and Sir J. E. Bruce for service under the New Zealand Government, and became District Engineer in Christchurch in 1874. In 1876 he was promoted to Wellington in connection with the working railways, and was appointed on the abolition of Provincial Government in the same year to formulate the scheme of accounts, statistics and management for the Government railways taken over from the provinces. Changes of Government having occurred, the Grey



By TUA-O-RANGI.

CHAPTERS I. TO XXVI.

THE word 'utu,' meaning in Maori, revenge, is the keynote of the story. The heroine, Eleonor 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 Eleonor, and being annoyed at another lover, Captain O'Halloran, 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 Eleonor's hand. Mr Roger declares she is also his daughter and Jacques' sister. Jacques still says he will marry her somehow. Roger dies, owing his daughter, leaving her his vast wealth. Eleonor lives with a Miss Toogood. She meets a French Count, De Fignerolles, who manages to break off by forged letters the engagement between her and Captain O'Halloran. Eleonor marries the Count and goes abroad with him. He wants more of her money, and shows her the letters he has forged to end 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 Eleonor that he is really her brother, gives her a casket containing the apparently freshly killed heart of the Captain, administers a poisonous gipsy poison to the fainting and terrified girl, and leaves England. The scene now 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, 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 monkey, his lachrymose eyes being very staring. Arnaud is to accompany the expedition to menage Maori savages. 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. The first object to attract attention is a New Zealand war canoe, drifting along helplessly about, full of bodies. The venturers 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.' The two Maori patients rescued from the war canoe recover to find 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. Arnaud makes great friends with his revived Maori. The custom of the French 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, Arnaud, professes hospitality to the Captain and officers. Captain du Fresne chafes 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 Tararui. The other chiefs of note, to return the strangers' kindness to their friend, invite them on shore, particularly Te Whatu Moana. The Frenchmen land, and are much astounded and impressed by the Maori wharves and by the customs of the inhabitants, which are fully described. The Gauls do not care much for the grand banquets and are horrified at the eating of the *tarangi* he says, and Maoris who had been lost in the war canoe. They are lodged outside the store, and, and fear no treachery. The Maoris pay a return visit to the French ship. The beautiful wife of Te Whatu is accompanied by her sisters, and a number of ghostly visitors and noises, the French gallants, and M. d'Estrelles resolves to win her affection, whatever the risk. The following day the French officers pay a visit to a settlement up the bay. D'Estrelles excuses himself. Arnaud switches his interest to fix upon the Maori belle, and is disgusted to learn that she is actually the daughter of the chief whom the other officers have gone to see. He buys a smoked and preserved humphead from a Maori chief in exchange for a small looking-glass. The visit up the bay is not a success. The old chief has a cure, which the medicine man fails to cure. Arnaud, however, administers an effective drug, and wins the lasting favour of the old chief. About a week after, Captain du Fresne when on shore sees the natives trying to resuscitate a half-drowned man by holding him over clouds of smoke. The Captain and D'Estrelles drink cognac in the latter's wharves. He again complains of ghostly visitors and noises, the Captain says they are due to Arnaud and the brandy. The Frenchmen stroll to the rear of the *kainga*, where they are horrified by the sight of a tender of corpses. Arnaud smiles grimly. The Maori maiden, Naukaia, falls in love with D'Estrelles, but is very coy and will not let him know. He tells Du Fresne that he has quite made up his mind to carry the girl off, as he is in love with her. She still has a vindictive and hears long-dead voices. Arnaud and Pierre have a private chat and renew protestations of revenge upon D'Estrelles. A huge Maori festival is held, when D'Estrelles and two Maori girls slip away to his wharves for *hononga*, followed by Pierre and Arnaud. The girls and the Frenchman are laughing about the dried Maori head over D'Estrelles' door, when suddenly it speaks. Will with terror, the Maoris flee, and D'Estrelles, drinking copiously of brandy, flings the head into a crater. It says, 'You are a bad one,' and the Frenchman rushes out into the night, as two figures disappear.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ON THE POOP—IN THE FORECASTLE—A TERRIBLE PROJECT.



D'Estrelles tells Capt-in Du Fresne that they must find gold at once. A fossicking party is arranged. Meantime Arnaud and Pierre are making their little plans. D'Estrelles sleeps at Motu Arohia that night. When his bad dreams drive him from the whare, Pierre is to kidnap him.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ON THE POOP—IN THE FORECASTLE—A TERRIBLE PROJECT.

N SOU for your thoughts, D'Estrelles,' cried Captain du Fresne gaily some days later, slapping that personage lightly on the back, and with arms crossed on the taffrail, he appeared lost in contemplation of the briny fluid beneath. An oath, but half suppressed, betrayed how the sudden salutation had startled its recipient, and the good-humoured captain quickly apologised, mingling gall with his honey, however, by adding:

'I really forgot for a moment, *mon ami*, how nervous you have grown.'

D'Estrelles angrily repudiated the imputation, declaring his nervous system perfect.

'Yet you start, like a woman, at shadows.'

An ungrateful response followed, and then Monsieur D'Estrelles, who seemed in a thoroughly bad humour, divulged in no very studied language the chief subject of his recent musings.

'This new *el Dorado* has not yet produced any gold,' he said, morosely, 'and I was just thinking, *mon ami*, that it was about time some serious attempt was made to discover whether we have not been deceived out to these cannibal islands on a fool's quest.'

An angry flush rose to Du Fresne's brow, but controlling himself, on observing the haggard looks and blood-shot eyes of his passenger:

'Monsieur forgets,' he said mildly, 'that several prospecting parties have already made careful explorations without success.'

'Already!' retorted the other, grimly. 'Why, we've been lying here nearly a month, sufficiently long, one would think, to have explored the whole island. But, as I have already said more than once, prospecting parties in which the natives themselves predominate are a farce. It is to their interest to mislead us, and their espionage prevents all freedom of action.'

'But you forget, *mon ami*, that in a country so new we must, for our safety, have guides, and further, we would without them always be in danger of in some way violating this incomprehensible law of *tapu*, which seems so all-prevailing.'

'D—n the *tapu*! The gold, if they know of it, is most likely *tapu*, but that would not hinder me from filling my pockets with it if I had the chance. Let us survey the country without native help—or rather hindrance—and if we find indications, defy the *tapu* and those who would enforce it. We have ships and stores, men and guns. A handful of men with muskets could easily put to flight a host of these savages, whose flaxen armour would scarce repel our bullets. Let us imitate Cortes and Pizarro, at least in their courage, if we fail of their success; or—he added, sullenly—let us weigh anchor and return to civilization. We have been here too long.'

† The Maori warriors sometimes wore over their *cligna* defensive armour of dressed flax thickly woven.

'God forbid,' cried the humane commandant, 'that I should seek to emulate Cortes and Pizarro, at whose inhumanity Europe even yet shudders.'

'Pardieu!' exclaimed D'Estrelles, with a sneer. 'I understood you were ambitious, Monsieur, and desired to distinguish yourself by adding to French possessions.'

'You are right, Monsieur. That I regard as a laudable object, and it is my purpose ere we depart to annex these islands in the name of His Majesty. But I desire to do so without strife and bloodshed, and even should we at the outset fail to find a golden treasure, they are a sufficiently fair possession in themselves to add prestige to the French name, and to gratify our Royal master.'

'Pardieu!' returned the other, angrily. 'I am as ready as yourself to cry *vive le roi*, yet, nevertheless before His Majesty's gratification I place my own, and nothing short of gold will satisfy me, Du Fresne. 'Twas for that I came out to this land of savages, and, *pardieu!* there'll be the devil to pay if I have to return without it.'

It is needless to detail the whole conversation. Suffice it that the captain, whose temper was under excellent control, and who wished—while respecting the rights and institutions of the native—to mollify one who had a large stake in the venture, gradually talked his passenger into a better humour, and it was finally arranged that a picked party should set out before dawn the following morning for the head of the stream, upon which was situated the *kainga* of Takori. Native espionage would thus be avoided, and a long day's undisturbed fossicking in the gorges of the locality ensued, while the early habits of the natives would, it was reckoned, enable them to return past Takori's *kainga* unobserved, spite of the moon-light.

One stipulation the captain made, and that was that Arnaud should be left behind.

'If we are unaccompanied by natives,' he said, 'we shall not require an interpreter, and I mistrust the sleek rascal, whose extraordinary influence over some of these people I neither understand nor approve.'

While this conversation was proceeding on the poop, another of very different character was going on in the fore-castle, where several seamen were engaged in various duties. Somewhat apart from the others sat the sailor Pierre, his shock of red hair tumbling about and partly hiding his scowling visage. He was mending a sail, and, apparently uninterested in the noisy chat and frequent laughter of his comrades, worked away in sullen silence as if his sole object in life was to finish his task. He raised his head, however, as a shadow fell upon his work, and saw standing at his side the valet Arnaud, whose soft footsteps had, as usual, failed to announce his approach.

The giant returned his salutation roughly, and barely accorded him permission to take a seat by his side. But Arnaud's equanimity was in no way ruffled by his reception, and making himself quite at home, he, in a few well-chosen words, called the huge sailor's attention to the beauty of the lovely landscape around him. A deeper scowl and a muttered oath evinced Pierre's appreciation of the beauties of nature.

'I know a sight that would please me better,' he grunted.

'I am coming to it, Pierre,' answered the other in low, quiet tones; 'and I wish to say to you, *mon ami*, that what you would do must be done quickly now, for we shall not be much longer here.'

'Who says so?' demanded Pierre, in surprise. 'I have heard nothing of the kind.'

'Probably not. But between ourselves, Pierre, there are indications that the natives are wearying of the excesses of our people, and of their reckless disregard of native customs and prejudices. We have some friends in and about the bay, but those a little further off regard us and our doings suspiciously, and lately some of our people have seemed bent on changing covert dislike into open animosity. Te Whatu Moana is our only real friend here.'

'Te Whatu?' interrupted the other. 'I thought it was Naku-roa you were so fond of.'

'Naku-roa is my personal friend, but I was speaking of our people. Te Whatu likes us genuinely, likes the *pokeha* for himself. Tararui likes us for our cognac. Others tolerate us for our presents, for we have not been niggardly. But there are some who watch our doings with hostile eyes, and any day our stay here may unpleasantly terminate. Therefore, I say if you would effect your purpose *here* you have no time to lose.'

'Le *viable!* Have I not been waiting for a sign from you?' retorted Pierre, angrily.

'Softly, Pierre. 'Tis indiscreet to attract attention. But, *arropes* of our subject, thirst you still for blood? The question was put too low to reach other ears than those of Pierre, and he answered in his throat:

'I have sworn to have his life.'

'C'est bien. See you yon wooded cliffs away there frowning down upon the sea?'

'Well?'

'None of our people, save myself, have ever wandered so far from the attractions of the *kainga*. It is a lonely spot. The only sound one hears is the wash of the tide and the rustling of the forest leaves. How, think you, Monsieur d'Estrelles would feel if, chained on the brink of the precipice, his hungry eyes should see frigates unfurling?'

'Par *de diable!* I should not envy him. But, my good Arnaud, how shall we get him there?'

'He sleeps at Motu Arohia to-night. At midnight the devil drives him out to promenade. You, watching your opportunity, must seize, gag, and bind him. I shall be in waiting with a canoe, and ere the moon begins to wane we shall have him at the foot of the cliff.'

'But how is he to be got to its top?'

'Thou hast little ingenuity, Pierre. From a tree on the brink hangs a rope which passes through a pulley fixed in its strongest fork.'

'Thou art a clever rogue, Arnaud.'

'C'est bien, Pierre.'

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A MOONLIGHT PROMENADE—A NEFARIOUS BUSINESS—PIERRE'S REVENGE—A DREADLY EMBRACE.

As Monsieur d'Estrelles' valet had foretold, when the *kainga* lay wrapped in slumber that personage came out from his *chambre*, and, seeking the beach, wandered to and fro, like one possessed. The night was beautifully clear and light, but silence brooded over the scene, and the moon cast eerie shadows. But Monsieur d'Estrelles, though somewhat unhinged by lack of sleep and excess of brandy, was of a practical type, and no fear of moon-made phantoms mingled with his disagreeable thoughts. Backwards and forwards before the *kainga* he passed for some time; then, extending his walk, he strode on and on, as if purposed to circumambulate the island. He had made about half the distance, when suddenly his ears caught the sound of a stealthy step behind him. Turning hastily, he was in the very act tripped up and thrown violently to the ground, where he lay on his back partially stunned. He came to in a few moments, only to find himself blind-folded, gagged, and bound hand and foot. Swiftly the red giant bore him to the canoe, and silently, save for the purl of their paddles, the two accomplices sped away from the island in the direction of the rocky bluff, above whose distant face they designed to chain their victim. Neither spoke, for Arnaud had made the other promise not to address him.

By the time they reached their destination the moon was near its zenith, and its mellow light revealed every detail of the solitary scene. From a storm-twisted *pohutukawa* overhanging the cliff depended a strong cable, and a zigzag row of projections in the face of the precipice indicated a possible but dangerous means of reaching the top, while at its base great masses of disintegrated rock promised certain destruction to the unlucky climber who should lose his foothold. Pierre's glowing eyes took in every detail, and, chuckling grimly, he proceeded to lift the unfortunate prisoner out of the canoe with an unnecessary roughness which proved the fixity of his baleful purpose.

Arnaud soon made himself scarce, leaving to Pierre the congenial task of completing the nefarious business. Slipping the noose over his victim's head, he unbound his feet and removed the gag from his lacerated mouth. Blind-folded still, and manacled, Monsieur made desperate efforts for freedom; but his efforts were futile, and served only to excite the brutal mirth of his merciless foe, who, pulling the bandages from his eyes, laughed in his face with bitter malignancy.

All was now ready. Manacled still, and held by the tight-drawn noose, his toes just touching the sand, Monsieur was at the mercy of his enemy, whose reasons for bringing him here he was at a loss to divine. In the first moments of his capture he had imagined his assailant to be a native, and took it for granted that he was backed up by a following; but, lying in the bottom of the canoe, he remembered the Maori dread of the night, and now that his eyes were unbound he saw that his captor was one of the crew. But having come but little in contact with any of the seamen, no motive for the treatment he was undergoing suggested itself, though intense animosity and malignant purpose on the giant's part were very clear. His cogitations were, however, soon cut short by a very unpleasant sensation of swift upward movement, and a few seconds later his feet rested on the brittle edge of the beetling bluff, and glancing downwards, he could see his adversary fasten the free end of the lifting cable around a jutting rock, and essay the critical task of clambering up the face of the precipice. Avoiding overhaste, Pierre accomplished this in safety, and then, deliberately taking his stand a few feet from his prisoner, he pushed back his fiery locks and glared at him savagely.

"So, Conrad d'Estrelles," he said harshly, after some minutes' survey, "you do not know me, it seems." Then, with a sneer, "When you discarded your old name and obligations, you doubtless threw off old memories with them—a very convenient mode of getting through the world if one can only carry it out. But I wonder not at your failing to recognise me, for I, too, am changed. Two can play at the game of disguises, and when you saw me last my hair was another colour. You start, yes, Conrad d'Estrelles, alias Louis St. Maur, alias Jacques le Blanc, the wolf has come up with you. Pierre le Loup has run you to earth. Ha! You thought you had finally eluded me, did you? You dreamed that at the Antipodes you would be safe. But you reckoned without me, my fine gentleman, and even here the law of UTU prevails. A very good law it is too." He laughed grimly. "And now, Jacques le Blanc, since you have spent my money, you shall pay me with your life, and then we shall be quits. It was not enough, he resumed with increased bitterness—"it was not enough to steal *mon amante*, but you must also rob me of the reward of my patient plotting, the labour of years. I forgive you the first—though I sent her quick to *l'enfer*—for she was pretty, and you were young, and I had need of you; but I owed you a grudge, nevertheless, and now Babette Michel, as well as I, shall be avenged, for you were her real destroyer—you who enticed her from me. Yes, Babette was pretty, and fresh as a spring flower, he continued with a faint touch of regret in his harsh voice, "and too light-hearted to die so young. But—Bah! What am I saying? The dead only are happy. And I treated you both in orthodox fashion, for does not society pet the libertine and spit at his paramour? Ha-ha! It's a queer world we live in, Jacques le Blanc, and you will be well out of it, now you have lost your ill-gotten gains, for it loves not *poor devils*. But your death shall be less speedy than that of Babette, my boy. You shall have time for repentance. Ha-ha! But keep your eyes open, *mon ami*, lest you lose your footing, for with this necklace round your throat you would in that case be somewhat uncomfortable, and no one likes discomfort less." He paused, leering with triumphant malice upon the dumbfounded villain who had so long eluded his search, for the fastidious Monsieur d'Estrelles was in very truth no other than the Gipsy fiend, Jacques le Blanc, Roger Radcliffe's murderous valet. "You are silent, man," he mocked again, presently. "Have you then naught to say, no plea to urge, no confession to

make? Well, it grows late, and I must be going. Not being in orders, I can't offer to shrieve you, but I can at least render you one last office. Ha-ha! And then, good-bye for ever."

He bent forward, and by a dexterous and unexpected movement encircled with a leathern strap his prisoner's throat, but jerking violently backwards, the latter wrenched himself free, at the same instant flinging his manacled arms over the giant's head, and drawing him closer in a vice-like clasp. His own fate he felt was sealed, but at least he might make his enemy share it, and to that end he applied himself with the energy of despair.

Pierre was fairly trapped. Struggle as he would, he could not disengage himself from the savage grip of the arms he had himself bound together, and the malignant laughter of his so lately helpless captive drove him frantic. A frightful struggle ensued, a struggle to be decided, as it seemed, by main strength, for neither could freely use his arms, those of Monsieur pressing Pierre's at the elbows. Wildly they glared into each other's bursting eyes, each hugging the other like a veritable bruin, fiercely they swayed to and fro, using their nether limbs to aid the upper. No strength was wasted in speech. In hate too intense for words each sought to press the life out of the other's body. Forgetful of all the world beside, they struggled and strove, every faculty being absorbed in the deadly duel. Minute succeeded minute, quarter followed quarter, and still breast to breast they wrestled on the verge of the precipice, held from destruction only by the rope by which Monsieur had been elevated, and upon the lower end of which the long-continued friction was beginning to tell, though in their fury neither thought of such a possibility.

At length their struggles sensibly relaxed. D'Estrelles was growing faint. Pierre, with every muscle set for a supreme effort, was on the point of victory, when the last strand of the fretted rope gave way, and in a twinkling both combatants were precipitated upon the rocks below, a short, sharp cry awakening the startled echoes as they fell.

(To be Continued.)

RONDEAU.

If we should meet, whose spirits lean
Across the gulf of night—have been;
Who thro' the discord of the days
Still keep our weary diverse ways,
And see no more hope's wings of green—

Oh, then, with more than summer's sheen,
Would not the leafless years between
Break forth in tender blossomed sprays,
If we should meet?

Or should we in that olden scene
Kind disenchantment cold and keen,
And know, in passionate amaze,
The golden trick that Memory plays?
Would I be king and you be queen
If we should meet?

W.S.

PLATONIC FRIENDSHIP.

DOUBTLESS the attraction of playing with fire rests in the possibility of burning oneself, and maybe this is why 'platonic friendship' offers such undoubted attractions. Friendship, at the best, is not the easiest thing in the world to find; there is very much less of the real article about than optimists would have us believe; plenty of *camaraderie*, plenty of accidental acquaintances, but very little of the unselfish affection which our neighbours call '*l'amour sans ailes*'; and what little there is is invariably between people of the same sex.

It sounds very nice to talk about the charm of having 'a man friend' (or vice versa, as the sex of the speaker varies); but it is all but a moral impossibility. Two people start with the best intentions of forming an intimacy which shall be purely spiritual, and above the considerations of personality and circumstance. They mean well enough, but they cannot help themselves; they cannot always be upon the mountain-tops of sentiment and abstraction. Occasionally they are bound to come down to mother-earth and stern realities. And, more often than not, when they do descend, at least one of them has come to understand the falseness of the position. For friendship argues confidence, sympathy, an open-hearted confession of one's thoughts and feelings; and how are these things possible between a man and a woman? To begin with, no woman really intends that the man should keep his head; she may not have the slightest thought of losing her own, but her inmost vanity will be sorely shaken if he shows no signs of a desire for a mastery quite beside platonic; and a woman will more readily forgive any offence than a sin against her vanity.

Moreover, jealousy, whatever the sterner sex may aver to the contrary, is essentially a masculine feeling, and let but the woman breathe one word to the man which betrays too lively an interest in another than himself, and straightway will he discover that platonic affection is a fraud, and that he can tolerate no rival near his rose. Whether friendship may succeed where a more passionate sentiment has held sway is quite another question; the quick, blazing fire of twigs after its fierceness has burnt itself out, will yet smoulder and give forth heat if fed with more solid and less combustible fuel. Platonic affection may, in rare cases, succeed passion, and endure honestly and truly, but that is the exception, not the rule, for to bring about this result the love must have died out equally on both sides.

Naturally platonic friendship is much wanted, and has many devout believers, for it is the most delightful, dangerous, uncertain pastime possible. There is nothing '*prévu*' about it—except the ultimate end; it is full of unexpected crises and sudden turns, and then there is the consciousness of one's innocuousness with which to deceive oneself, reassure one's friends, and refute one's enemies.

PRIVATE HOSPITAL
GRANT ROAD, WELLINGTON.

This Hospital has been established for the convenience of Patients requiring skilled nursing with the comfort and quiet of a private house, and has been supplied with every requisite for the proper carrying out of surgical and medical treatment.

NURSING STAFF:

LADY SUPERINTENDENT—MRS. HESK, late Staff Nurse London Hospital, Diplôme London Obstetrical Society and British Hospital, London.
MISS GODFREY, late Staff Nurse, London Hospital.
MISS SQUIRE late Wellington Hospital, Head Nurse of Napier Hospital, Extra Nurse and Assistant Night Superintendent Edinburgh Royal Infirmary.
MISS WILDMAN, Nursing Sister for nine years Leeds Infirmary.

NURSES SENT OUT TO PRIVATE CASES.

TERMS:—From Four Guinea a week. These terms are payable weekly and in advance, and are exclusive of surgical dressings, drugs, stimulants and personal laundry. Patients make their own arrangements as to medical or surgical attendance.

NO INFECTIOUS CASES ADMITTED.

All Communications to be addressed to the Lady Superintendent. Telephone No. 796.



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THE GENUINE IS SIGNED
Piesse & Lubin
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ENERGY, AMBITION,
Cheerfulness, Strength,
A SPLENDID APPETITE,
and Perfect Health.

May be secured by all who follow the example of Mrs. Lizzie W. De Veau, No. 285 19th St., Brooklyn, N.Y., U.S.A.

It is what others testify to, from personal experience and knowledge, of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, that tells the story.

READ THIS STATEMENT:

"Every spring for years I have had intolerable headaches, and total loss of energy, so that the season which should be welcomed by me as a dread foe, as the warm, pleasant days arrived, they brought to me lassitude and pain. My druggist had known me from childhood and



advised me to take, early in the spring, Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I commenced using it in March, and have not had, since then, the first symptom of headache; my appetite is splendid, and I perform my daily duties with a cheerfulness and energy that surprises myself. I take it as a sure and infallible ally in all my friends of the merit of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and the happy results of its use."—Lizzie W. De Veau, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla
Made by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.
Has cured others, will cure you.

CATARRH,

HAY FEVER, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS

A NEW HOME TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes.

Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby these distressing diseases are rapidly and permanently cured by a few simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks.

A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent on receipt of 2d stamp by

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TORONTO, CANADA.

Scientific American.

AUCKLAND SOCIETY OF ARTS.
FOURTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION
and the Annual Exhibition of the
AUCKLAND PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB

AUCKLAND CHINA DECORATORS' SOCIETY
Are NOW OPEN in the CHORAL HALL daily, from 12.30 to
5, and 7.30 to 10 p.m.

This (Wednesday) Afternoon, Special Afternoon Tea will be
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ADMISSION—One shilling. Season tickets, 2s. 6d. Art Union
tickets, 2s. 6d.

JOHN L. HOLLAND,
Secretary.

VIOLIN VIRTUOSO FRANCISK!

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Assisted by Leading Artists.

GRAND EVENING CONCERT

in the

CHORAL HALL ON MONDAY, 19TH INST.

Under the immediate patronage and in the presence of His Ex-
cellency the Governor and Countess of Glasgow and suite.

AUCKLAND AMATEUR
ATHLETIC & CYCLE CLUB.

AUTUMN MEETING.

DOMAIN CRICKET GROUND,

ON

SATURDAY, MARCH 10th, 1894.

ADMISSION—ONE SHILLING.

J. HALYDAY, JUN.,

Hon. Sec.

LICENSING ELECTION, 1894.

CITY OF AUCKLAND ELECTORATE.

In the matter of the Licensing Act, 1881, and the Alcoholic
Liquors Sale Control Act, 1883. In pursuance of the above Acts,
and the Election Act, 1883, I, James Halyday, jun., Returning
Officer for the Electoral District of City of Auckland, do hereby
give notice that an Election will be held for the Return of Eight
Qualified Persons to serve as Members of the Licensing Com-
mittee of the said District. All Nominations must be delivered
to the Returning Officer on or before 1 p.m. on TUESDAY, the
13th day of March, 1894, at his Office, Resident Magistrate's Court
Buildings, High-street, Auckland, and a Poll for Candidates, if
necessary, will be taken at the under-mentioned Polling places on
WEDNESDAY, the 21st day of March. Every Candidate must
be Nominated in the manner described in the Electoral Act, 1883.
The Poll under section 15 of The Alcoholic Liquors Sale Control
Act, 1883, will also be taken at the same time and place.

Hours of Polling, from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m.

The Drill-shed, Rutland-street (Principal)
St George's Hall, Great North Road
Ponsonby Hall, Jervois Road
St. Sepulchre's School-room, Symonds-street
St. James' Hall, Wellington-street

JAMES HALYDAY, JUN.,
Returning Officer.

CLUB HOTEL, LAMBTON QUAY, WELLINGTON

(Under new Management).

A. DOWNES (late of Club Hotel, Te Aroha), PROPRIETOR.

Spacious Dining and Sitting Rooms, Commercial Room, Ladies'
Drawing Rooms and Rooms en suite, Large Airy Bedrooms. The
Hotel is most comfortably furnished throughout. Ladies will
receive at the Club every attention, the domestic arrangements
being under the direct supervision of Mrs Downes (nee Miss
Jexi). Hot, Cold, and Shower Baths. Night Porter in attendance.
Cuisine the very best. Terms strictly moderate. P.O. Box
No. 157. Telephone No. 71.
The most Central and best-appointed Hotel in Wellington.

WEDDING CARDS

A large variety of WEDDING and INVITATION CARDS—
Latest Designs just Landed and to Arrive.

50 VISITING CARDS FROM PLATE FOR 2/6
Samples and Prices Forwarded.

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MANAGER, GRAPHIC PRINTING WORKS.
AUCKLAND.

OPERA HOUSE

Acting Manager.....Mr W. H. Wallace.
Touring Manager.....Mr L. J. Lohr.

THE
BROUGH-BOUCAULT COMPANY.

LAST 6 NIGHTS!

Of this Renowned Organisation.

TO-NIGHT! TO-NIGHT!

For one night only, Mr Haddon Chambers' Great Drama,
'THE IDLER.'

THURSDAY and FRIDAY, March 8th and 9th.

The Latest Great London Success,
Mr A. W. Pinero's Farical Romance,
'THE AMAZONS.'

SATURDAY, March 10th—'NIOBE.'

Will be revived for one night only.

MONDAY, March 12th—'DIPLOMACY.'

TUESDAY, March 13th—'CASTLE.'

Tom Robertson's masterpiece.

Which will positively be the last performance of the
BROUGH-BOUCAULT COMPANY.

BOX PLANS for the remainder of the season now open at Wild-
man and Lyell's.
Admission: 4s, 2s 6d, and 1s.
Doors open at 7.30; commence at 8.
Carriages for 10.30.



ENGAGEMENTS

THE latest en-
gagement that
has been an-
nounced in Auckland is
that of Miss Hilda Lewis,
Symonds street, to Mr Clem Lawford,
Parnell. Miss Hilda Lewis, with
Dr. and Mrs Hope Lewis and family,
left for England on Saturday. They will return in a year's
time, when Miss Lewis will be married to the man of her
choice.

A CORRESPONDENT from Palmerston South writes:—'We
have actually two marriages on the tapis. Miss Arkle is
going to be married in April to Mr King (Deputy Regis-
trar of the Supreme Court Dunedin), and Miss Nellie Mc-
Kenzie, youngest daughter of the Minister for Lands, is to
be married to Mr M. P. Cameron, of Wellington, at an
early date.'

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

McKINNEY—LEGGETT.

ON Thursday, February 22nd, there was celebrated at

St. Andrew's Church, Wellington, by the Rev. C. S.

Ogg, a quiet wedding, the contracting parties being
Mr Charles S. H. McKinney, eldest son of the Rev. R.
McKinney of St. Columba's, Mahurangi, to Elizabeth
A. Leggett, eldest daughter of Mr G. Leggett, of Welling-
ton.

At two o'clock the bride, accompanied by her father,
entered the church, three bridesmaids attending. She wore
a dress of cream figured silk, profusely trimmed with lace
and ribbon, and a tall veil fastened with orange blossoms.
She carried a handsome bouquet, the gift of the bridegroom.

THE bridesmaids, Misses K. and A. Legget, sisters of the
bride, and Miss M. Tucker (of Wairarapa), were dressed in
dove-coloured serge, trimmed with silk to match, and wore
very pretty white hats. Each carried a spray bouquet and
wore a gold brooch, the gift of the bridegroom.

THE bridegroom was attended by Mr J. A. Allender as
best man.

AFTER the ceremony, the wedding party drove to the
residence of the bride's parents, where afternoon tea was
served. Later on in the afternoon the happy couple took
their departure for Auckland amid a shower of rice and
slippers.

MR McKINNEY is secretary of the Auckland Cricket
Association, and, as showing with what respect the well-
known and popular bridegroom was held, the whole of the
New South Wales cricket team (who were playing their
final match at Wellington) attended the church en masse
to give the worthy athlete a hearty send off, and to play
the wedding march; again assembling at the ship's side,
where, with the cricketers of the Empire City, they
literally stormed the happy pair with rice, compliments,
and well wishes for the future. Two rounds of hearty
cheers from all on the wharf ended one of the greatest
compliments that could be wished for.

Society Gossip.

AUCKLAND.

DEAR BEE, MARCH 6.
We are looking forward to Lady Glasgow's garden
party next week. I do hope it will be fine. This week there is
the distribution of certificates to the Ambulance members in the
beautiful grounds of Government House. I was unable to go to
the opera on any night when the Vice-Regal party was present,
but will try and get a description of the ladies' gowns before I
close this letter.

CONVERSATION OF THE SOCIETY OF ARTS.

which was kindly opened by Lady Glasgow. The Countess wore
a very handsome pale blue silk with gold stripe, fawn lace
epaulettes and trimmings, black velvet bows and diamonds; Lady
Augusta Boyle was simply attired in a beautifully-fitting white
gown; Mrs Stead, in a rich polka-dot with narrow black stripes;
Miss Holroyd, pinky terra crinkley; Miss Wauchope, dark gown.
Amongst others were Mrs Payton, black lace evening gown;
Miss Holland, orange crinkley gown; Mrs Taylor and her daughter, Mac-
donald, stylish emerald green; Miss Hesketh looked charming
in white; Miss Hesketh, fawn; Miss M. Hesketh, dark skirt,
canary-coloured blouse; Mrs Bull, brown silk; Miss Rosa Bull,
cream skirt gown; Miss E. Bull, Miss Brett, I think wore a
pretty cream with bands of velvet; and her younger sister
wore white with pale pink Empire sash; Miss Fenton, Gobelin
blue flowered delaine; Miss May Chambers, terra silk; Miss
Wright, brown crinkley gown; and her sister, Miss Peacock;
Mrs Shirley-Baker, dark skirt; Miss Laura Baker, pale pink; and
Miss Ella, dark pink; Mrs Johnstone, slate grey; Mrs Johnstone,
mode grey with canary-coloured vest; Miss Gortie, pretty salmon
pink; Miss Mary Gortie, dark skirt; Mrs Wray, Mrs Wray,
striking black de'aine flowered with emerald red, sleeves en
suite; Mrs Kiddings looked extremely well in black silk, bonnet
with flowers; Mrs Arch, Clark, pale blue; Miss Birch, fawn; Mrs
Raschicki, brown crinkley gown; and her daughter, Miss
Dudley, black silk, white lace cap; Miss W. Dudley, blue cash-
mere; Mrs Moss, black lace; Mrs Hunter, slate grey; Mrs Gor-
don, gaiter grey lustré; Mrs Cotter, black lace evening dress with
bouquet d'opulentes; Miss Dutton, cream flowered gown;
Misses Hardie (two) were both attired in soft cream crêpons;
Miss G. Purchas, cream delaine trimmed with grey silk; Miss Reavey
was very much admired in cream crêpon, and her passerentrie
zouave; Miss Stevenson (Glenholm), cream flowered delaine,
and her sister, white mousseline with emerald green Empire sash;
Mrs Houghton, brown silk; Mrs D. H. Crumshank, electricque
green veiled in black lace; Mrs Taylor and her daughter
wore white; Mrs Godie, black silk; Miss Devore was admired in
white; Miss Stewart (Mount Eden), soft nude grey; Miss Mary
Stewart, mode grey skirt, white blouse edged with pink; Mrs
Napier, fawn; Mrs Wilson, black; Mrs Wilson, brown;
Mrs Whitney, stylish grey crinkley; Mrs Tait, black silk; Miss Out-
waite, grey; Mrs Upton, slate grey; Miss Wright, pretty grey
skirt and zouave, white blouse; Miss Cowie, dark skirt, white
blouse; Mrs P. Wilson, black; Mrs Peacock, Mrs Peacock was
piquee in a lavender grey skirt and zouave, white blouse; Miss
Shepherd, pink and black striped; Mrs Sealy, black.
Mrs Stewart, Parnell, gave

A LARGE GARDEN PARTY
at her beautiful residence, 'Birtley,' which overlooks Judge's
Bay. As for the picturesque of the situation it is second to
none, and Mrs Stewart received her guests in the wren-
dah, assisted by Miss Hooke, Miss Wood, and Mr Gillies. It was
dreadfully depressing to hear the bell of St. Stephen's cemetery
tolling for Miss Mary Durgaville while the guests were arriving.
The dinner was lovely, and the conversation was so inter-
esting, and the depressed feeling soon passed off, as the day was
brilliantly fine, and the scene perfection. There lay Auckland
Harbour in its full splendour, dotted around with yachts, with
the 'Pico' and 'The Star' among the most elegant. The guests
round the charming little wooded paths, the bush on either side
still in its native condition, with rustic seats and bridges. Many
of the guests took a great interest in Miss Leila Adair's ascension
to the balloon, and all the most advantageous taken so that
the best view of the North Shore could be got where the
ascension was to take place; but they were doomed to disappoint-
ment, for nothing was seen. Croquet was played by some of the more
momentous or extensive and well-known refreshments
were served inside, the table decorations being very pretty, con-
sisting of yellow single dahlias intermingled with fruit, cakes,
&c.

Amongst the charming toilettes I noticed Mrs Street, who wore
a handsome black silk veiled in black lace; her niece, Miss Hooke,
electricque green sash veiled in black net, flowered hat; Miss
Wray, pretty nude crinkley skirt, blue and white braids, gem. Mr
and Mrs McMillan, the latter wearing a striking slate grey hat
with fashionable trimmings of old gold silk and draped with
Maltese lace, bonnet en suite; Mr and Mrs Arch, Clarke, the lady
wearing a black silk; Mrs Arch, Clark, black silk; Mrs Arch, Clark,
black bonnet with pink roses; Dr. and Mrs Kinder, the
latter wearing a black silk; Mrs Bull, dark green silk en traine;
Miss B. Bull looked well in white mousseline; Mrs Theo. Kissling,
very stylish heliotrope trimmings, white and black; Mrs
Kissling, white and black; Mrs Kissling, black skirt,
white blouse; Mr Arnold, cream delaine flowered with
blue and white; Mrs Barrow, black silk; Mrs Barrow, cream
and salmon pink striped, trimmed with black lace; Miss Amy
Barstow, Gobelin blue gown; Mr and Mrs Bridgeman, the latter
wearing striking green silk, pink velvet sleeves veiled in
black; Mrs McCrae, green and white; Mrs Pritchard,
black silk, black hat with feathers; Miss Anderson looked chic
in white drill; Miss O'Neill, black lace costume; Rev. Mr and Mrs
Nelson, the lady looking distinguished in black and white; Mrs
Crawford, black and white; Mrs Watson looked well in black silk; and her
daughter, just out from England, was much admired in black
and gold; Miss Con. Walker, combination of grey and pink; Mrs
Rich, mode grey silk; Mr and Mrs Ludlow Rich, the lady wearing
green striped lustré with green velvet; Misses
Rich (three), cream serges; Mrs Colbeck, black silk, black
bonnet with yellow flowers; Miss Colbeck, fawn and green;
Mrs Parnell, black and white; Mrs Parnell, black and white;
Miss Thorne-George, Miss Thorne-George, heliotrope; and her sister, grey; Rev. Mr and Mrs Beatty,
the lady wearing dark grey, cream hat with ostrich feathers; Mr
and Mrs Beatty, the lady wearing black and white; Mr and Mrs
Tom Wood, the latter looking pretty in grey relieved with pink;
Mrs Kilgour, terra silk, and her daughter looked pretty in white
embroidered gown relieved with blue; Mrs Dignan looked beauti-
fully in fawn with green plush, blue sleeves veiled in black lace;
Mr and Mrs Downing; Mrs Moss, black; Mr Moss; Miss Moss
wore white drill; and her sister in blue; Mrs Devereux, fawn re-
lieved with black lace; and her daughter, looking striking in grey turned
back with cardinal plush; Miss Stevenson, cream and red striped
delaine; and her sister, cream zephyr; Mrs Browning and her
daughter-in-law were both attired in black; Miss Fenton wore
fawn and her daughter, Mrs Fenton, black and white; Mrs
Fenton, cream; Mrs Outwaite; Mrs Richmond, grey; Mrs A. Crick
looked pretty in heliotrope and white striped gown; Mrs Suttie,
violet-coloured silk relieved with black lace; and her daughter,
grey, black and white; Mrs Murray, black and white; Mrs
Baume, brown cashmere with brown velvet; Mr Baume;
Mr and Mrs Sydney Nathan, the lady wore brown silk with
green velvet; Mr and Mrs Peacock, the latter in black silk

NELSON.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 21.

Still the same old story to tell!
NELSON IS DEADLY QUIET
 Just now, nothing going on to relieve the monotony of the intense heat we are enduring. At least there was nothing until yesterday, when a very jolly little picnic was got up by Mrs J. Sharp and Mrs R. Kingdon to the stream at Wakapoua. The party consisted about four in the afternoon and consisted of the above-named ladies and Misses Pitt (two), Miss R. Leggett, Miss Collins (Kaikoura), Messrs Pitt and Moore (Cable Bay), Joyce, Garrett, and Sharp. I hear that a party of picnicers from Stoke and Richmond have gone to Cable Bay to-day, and as the day has been warm they must have thoroughly enjoyed their day near the water with the cool sea breeze blowing in their faces.

To-night
SEVERAL WATER PARTIES
 are out rowing about the harbour and enjoying the cool air and boating in the moonlight. There is always this to be said for Nelson, that if we do have intensely hot days we can as a rule sleep comfortably at night, for with the exception of a few nights last month we always have them cold, or at least cool.
 Croquet has not yet made its appearance in Nelson, but

TENNIS
 seems to have taken a firmer hold than ever. Gentlemen's Handicap Singles are going on at the Town Courts just now, and creating some excitement among the spectators. At present Mr Broad is leading by about twenty games. Mixed Doubles are also being played off, and for these Miss L. Ledger and Mr Do Castro are leading, not having been beaten so far by any two others. These tournaments are being played off differently to usual. Every couple plays each other, and at the end the two who have won the most games are declared the winners. The same rule applies to the Gentlemen's Singles.

Efforts are being made to establish a School of Music here, and a meeting for that purpose is called for next Tuesday evening in the Provincial Hall. It is to be hoped that everyone who can will go, as a school of this description is not in Nelson, and would prove of great benefit to lovers of that art.

PHYLLIS.

PALMERSTON SOUTH.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 21.

I have been waiting, Micawber-like, for something to turn up, as we have had quite a dearth of amusement for the last month or two.
 Mr and Mrs J. Arkle, Eblane Bank, were the first to break the ice. Their

PROGRESSIVE EUCHEKE PARTY
 last Wednesday was a delightful oasis. The evening was given as a farewell to Mr and Mrs Vernon. Six tables were kept going, and the fun was great. Miss D. Horan and Mr H. Nevill Reid carried off the first prize, and Mr J. G. Findlay and Mr F. S. Dalziel became the happy possessors of the booby prizes. Mr and Mrs Arkle were, as usual, indefatigable in their efforts to entertain everybody. Among those assisting were Mrs Vernon, Mr and Mrs J. G. Findlay, Mr and Mrs Ewing, Mr and Mrs H. Nevill Reid, Mr and Mrs Stewart (Dunedin), Mr and Mrs T. S. Edwards, Miss Horan, Miss D. Horan, Miss Macloed, Miss Kate Macloed, Dr. Hislop, and Messrs Dalziel, Crump, Macloed, A. Lawson, A. E. White, R. M. Robertson, J. M. Emerson, and A. Paisley.

OUR PEOPLE.

Dr. and Mrs Findlay have returned from the Old Country. They came back via America, and enjoyed the trip immensely. Since his return Dr Findlay has been appointed Lecturer on Political Economy at the Otago University.

Mr and Mrs H. Nevill-Reid have also returned after spending the holidays with their Dunedin friends. Mr and Mrs Vernon are all very sorry to lose Mr and Mrs J. E. Vernon. Mr Vernon was first assistant in the Palmerston High School for four years. He has just been appointed Science Master in the Invercargill High School. Mr and Mrs Vernon are very popular here, and will be very much missed.

Mrs J. O. Mackenzie goes home in the Gothic early next month. During her sojourn here she made many friends, who will miss her very much.

Mr. W. Porteous, who has been on the Colonial Bank staff here for nearly five years, has been removed to Gore, and Mr A. E. Whyte, of the Colonial Bank, Auckland, has come in his place. Mr T. Inglis, formerly of the country, has been here, here, spent a few days in our little town during his recent holiday.

Although late in the season, a few energetic Palmerstonians have formed a

CRICKET CLUB.

and at the early hour of 6 a.m. they may be seen wending their way to the Recreation Ground.

Mrs and the Misses Horen contemplate giving a

MUSICAL EVENING AND DANCE

at an early date, of which an account will appear in my next letter.

ATK.

THE 'JAGERSFONTEIN' DIAMOND.

The *Diamond Field Advertiser* gives the following particulars relating to the discovery of the 'Jagersfontein' diamond:—

'Have you seen the stone?' 'Isn't it a beauty?' were questions excitedly asked and eagerly answered by those who had got a peep at the wonderful 97½ carat diamond discovered during the evening of June 30th. All through the forenoon of the 1st July, the compound manager, Mr Gifford, rode round the camp drawing a sort of triumphal procession after him, for it was known that he was casually wearing the big diamond in his right-hand trousers pocket. Whenever the crowd waxed clamorous, the old gentleman would haul the diamond forth and hand it round for inspection. Then notes of admiration would rise like a swarm of locusts, and the procession would move on. After dinner the stone was on show at the Company's office, where all Jagersfontein, his wife and baby, called to see and admire it. The diamond, which I believe is the largest white stone in the world, was picked up by a Basuto while loading a truck for No. 9 gear in the mine about 5 p.m. Although a white overcoat was standing within a few feet of him, the wily native managed to secret it, and carried it into the compound, where it was delivered to the manager. It is of a beautiful bluish white colour, shaped like the broken off end of an icicle. It measures 3 inches in length, 1½ inch in thickness, 2½ inches in greatest and 1-1/3 inch in least breadth, and weighs 97½ carats, or 7½ ounces avoirdupois. It unfortunately has a black spot about the middle, which will mar its beauty as a single stone, but it is so placed as to allow of the stone being cut into two with the spot falling out. Messrs Bernheim and Breitmeyer belong to a syndicate formed for the purchase of New Jagersfontein diamonds at a contract price. These gentlemen had, so to say, just arrived to take over their wash up when they were met with the news of the big find! Contract lapsed at midnight on July 30th, while the 'big un' was found about sunset. People here are pleased that Bernheim and Breitmeyer got it, as they are liked; but what will the new syndicate say of missing it by a few hours?—*Exchange.*

EARLY RISING.

EVERY circumstance contributes to render early rising these beautiful mornings advisable to those who are in the enjoyment of health. There is no time equal in beauty and freshness to the morning, when Nature has just parted with the gloomy mantle which night had flung over her.

NOT GOOD AUTHORITY.

The composer, Rossini, was once promised by a friend a dinner of turkey and truffles. The friend showed a disposition to postpone the dinner and to make excuses.

One of these excuses, and we may believe it was the last one submitted, was disposed of by the musician with characteristic wit and originality.

One day Rossini said, 'Well, my dear friend, when are we to have that turkey?'

'Truffles are not good at this season,' said his friend.

'Don't you believe it,' replied Rossini; 'that report was started by the turkeys.'

THE FRENCH NEEL.

SHE wears a high, French-heeled boot; she doesn't like it. Who could? It cripples her. She cannot have a long, pleasant, breezy walk. She is always standing on her toes with that heel pressing into the sole of her foot, for it is there and not where a heel ought to be. She steps down stairs at the risk of breaking her neck. She cannot move gracefully, and she patronizes corn-planters and the chiropodist to an unlimited extent. Her grandfather and all her male relatives declare her mad to wear such boots. She cannot disagree with them. Sometimes, after dark, she borrows her aunt Sophia's English heeled walking shoes to go out in; and she even shuttles round her own room in a blissfully large pair of flat prunella slippers. She is a martyr whenever on exhibition, and she persists in being one, not so much because Augustus Spohnyman goes into raptures over her charming feet as because her lady friends and relatives actually turn pale with envy when she declares that No. 24 French heels are really too large for her.

BURNING INSECT-POWDER.

'It is always a source of wonderment to me who originated some of the very peculiar recipes,' was the remark of a lady of extensive observations. 'Every little while I read of something warranted to do a certain thing. When it is tried, provided the reader has the faith to try it at all, it doesn't work a bit, and the question arises who is to blame, the one who professes to make the discovery or those who attempt to put it in practice?'

'In this line, mention may be made of the statement that the burning of insect-power will rid the house of flies, mosquitoes, roaches and all other creeping pests. As a matter of fact, the experiment has been tried in the most thorough manner and with the very best obtainable Persian powder—that which is known to be fresh and perfectly pure—and the flies and things not only did not die, but were scarcely stupefied.'

'It is the most difficult thing imaginable to kill flies with insect powder used in any way. If one could catch them and give them a taste, it might avail something, but most of the other ways of using it have failed of their purpose. Prevention, in almost all instances, is very far ahead of attempts to cure in matters of this sort.'

'Screens and cleanliness, or, to put the case more clearly, cleanliness and screens, will do the work most effectually.'

CONTENTED.

A SERVANT who rejoices in her work, and is continually thankful that she has so good a place, is a servant worth having. Mrs Helen Jackson, who had had some experience with 'help' of another sort, thought such a treasure worth describing. She was in Chester, England, and having seen the cathedral, she set out in the morning to examine the famous Chester Rows. It was worth while, she thought, to turn down some of the crevice-like alleys in the Rows, and see where the people lived. At the far end of some of the crevices a point of sunlight was visible, betokening a tiny courtyard in the rear.

In such a courtyard I found a yellow-haired, blue-eyed little maid, scrubbing away for dear life, with a broom and soap suds, on the old tiles. She was not more than nine years old. Her bare legs and feet were pink and chubby, and she had a smile like a sunbeam.

'I saw the sun shining in here so brightly that I walked up the alley to see how it got in,' I said to her.

'Yes, mem,' she said, with a courtesy. 'It do shine in here beautiful.' And she looked up at the sky, smiling.

'Have you lived here long?' I asked.

'About nine months, mem. I'm only on service, mem,' she continued, with a deprecating courtesy, modestly anxious to disclaim the honour of any proprietary right in the place.

'We've fine rooms, mem,' she went on. 'It's a very nice lodging, if you'd like to see it.'

She threw open a door into an infinitesimal parlour, out of which opened a still smaller dining-room, lighted only by a window in the parlour door. There were two bedrooms above, reached by a nearly upright stairway, not more than two feet wide. The fifth room was a 'beautiful wash-room,' which the little maiden exhibited with even more pride than she had shown the parlour.

'It's three families has it together, mem,' she explained.

'It's a great thing to get a wash-room. And we've a coal-hole, too, mem,' she said, eagerly; 'you passed it, coming up.'

She stepped a few paces down the alley, and threw open a door into a rayless place possibly five by seven feet in size. 'It need to be a bedroom, mem, to the opposite house; but it's empty now, so we gets it for coal.'

I could not take my eyes from the child's face, as she prattled and pattered along. She looked like an angel. Her face shone with loyalty, pride, and happiness. I envied the poverty-stricken dwellers in this court their bare-footed handmaiden, and would have taken her then and there, if I could, into my service for her lifetime.

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Men of all who suffer from complications showing, among other distressing symptoms, Ages the following: Lamehood, Weakness of the Back, Pain across the Loins, Distention of Intestine, Delirious Mentality, Aversion to Society, Dependence, Offensive Breath, Fecundation of the Heart, Insensibility for Sundry or Brimstone, Spots or Specks below the eye, Pimples, Blisters, etc., should consult us at once. We thoroughly understand such troubles, and can speedily cure them.

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Female Ladies, your delicate structure, your highly organized sensitive nature Diseases, combined with that of the fine material of which you are made, demand that you should not, under any circumstances, suffer any of the organs of the body to remain impaired, for fear of involving serious results. The continuance of our national prosperity depends in a measure upon your good health. There is no need for you to suffer longer, no difference how long you have been afflicted, or how much treatment you have taken. Come and consult us and we will show you how easily your troubles can be removed when the right medicine are applied.

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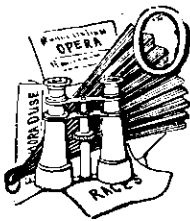
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WRITE AT ONCE.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

A CLASSIC COIFFURE.



N many heads a Greek arrangement of the hair shows to advantage. The style has been tried over and over again, and once more seems to be dominating the fashions. An almost classic coiffure is shown in our first illustration this week. The small bonnet is in folds of green velvet, but the rosette and the upstanding plumes are black. The arrangement of the hair is one of the new forms, the knot being now worn quite lifted from the neck at the back. As yet there are no signs of the threatened

ringlets. The sunburned straw hats are now being imitated so cheaply that they will probably soon cease to be smart. As to bonnets, they grow smaller and smaller. Some of them measure but two and a half inches across from back to front, and but five in width. The newest flower bonnets are the tiniest possible little things, the centres composed of imitation stems twisted round and round to form a circle, which is edged with blossoms. An aigrette of flowers and a pair of strings are the only additions needed, and occasionally the latter are dispensed with. Some of the new hats are extremely large. An immense black velvet one is trimmed with a number of beautiful ostrich feathers, some



lying along the brim and curling over upon the hair at the back, and others upstanding and fanning back upon themselves at the top like breakers.

A good model for a child's autumn dress is of navy blue serge trimmed with red cloth and gold braid. The skirt is very full and is sewn on to the broad girdle which fits smoothly around the waist, coming high up under the arms. This girdle, which is edged with gold braid, is cut bias in front, one piece lapping over the other. The jacket is cut blazer fashion. The straight revers are of the red edged with gold. Coming from under these the front edges of the jacket are turned sharply back, forming what may be called long, straight 'lapels' from the lower edges of the revers to the bottom of the jacket. The skirt is finished with a broad band of red with edging of gold. A similar trimming forms a cuff for the full sleeve. The costume is completed by a blouse waist of red silk dotted with blue. It is complete, too, without the blazer, so that may be discarded when it is too warm.

The outdoor garments for little girls are long and voluminous, the fulness starting mostly from the yoke. Some have full capes; others are of the smock order, opening square at the neck; but all have full, wide sleeves—even the newest shape of all, which takes the form of a double-breasted bodice with a short waist, the skirt sewn on in equal fulness all round. This is made in various kinds of cloth, with or without fur, as are the long, close-fitting jackets.

The arbiters of fashion have been very busy of late over our mid season coats. There are several new shapes, one of



which our artist has shown in the second illustration. The model is in brown cloth, and two of the triple revers are in black moiré silk, the centre once being in Persian lamb.

The full sleeves are in the moiré with a narrow edging of Persian lamb at the wrists. The bodice and skirt of this smart coat are in the brown cloth, with black cords fastening the front. The basque is full, and edged all round the outlines with Persian lamb. Another shape is closed at the waist, but neither below nor above it, revers turning back above it from a narrow beginning and widening as they ascend. The new collar is square at the back. Some of them are plain and flat, while others are full. Sometimes there is a rolled collar, a convenient shape which commends itself to many, who remain faithful to it even when it disappears from the fashion books for a time. Sleeves are well puffed at the shoulders and narrow at the wrists, but there are rumours that these characteristics are to be exactly reversed before long. Time will tell. Many of the new coats are in good tones of rather bright blue, which seems to have taken the fancy of the fashionable world, a little tired of the perpetual marine shade. A red cloth is made with revers and collar of black moiré silk, deep pockets, a flat, square collar at the back, and a pointed belt all in moiré. The skirt of this coat was full, of course, and bordered with the silk. It looked very well worn over a black serge gown trimmed round the skirt with a wide band of black moiré bordered with a narrow line of jet on either side.

For small boys, some of the new homespuns are made up in a style likely to find favour with mothers, namely, the short, loose trousers ending at the knee with a trimming of braid and buttons on the outside of the leg, and a double-breasted jacket having two rows of buttons down the front and a broad belt. In some of the models the jacket ends here, in others it falls about a quarter of a yard below the belt. The choice of outdoor garments for children is large and varied. There is the Whitney reefer, a comfortable double-breasted jacket; long velveteen pelisses bordered with astrachan or neutria; and a cloth coat somewhat of the saque order, opening over a velveteen front edged with fur, having wide musquetaire cuffs and a turn-down collar.

The beaver cloths have been utilised for loose, comfortable, double-breasted coats, with wide fur cuffs and collars, handsome brodequins with barrel buttons down the front, together with plainer and more coat-like garments for older boys, and the comfortable Inverness cloak, which is always in demand. There are hats to suit all these various garments, from the silk Eton hat and felt hats of various shapes and sizes to the velvet or serge jockey cap, the Glengarry, the Jacobite (which is the newest), the midshipman, and others. There are also some excellent sleeping suits for boys and girls, made as one garment, with foot pieces of the same material smocked at the ankle. These are excellent for delicate children inclined to throw off their bed coverings at night.

That ermine will be very much worn this winter is one of the announcements that might have been expected by those who have observed the gradual way in which it has been



re-introduced by the furriers. It was worn fairly often in the evenings last winter, but it will now be more frequently seen in out-door dress. Our sketch shows a beautiful example of its use, in combination with grey cloth and fancy black braid, with which the seams of the skirt are sewn. The braid is arranged upon the bodice to form a kind of plastron, as shown in the illustration, and this is crossed by the belt of braid. The fronts are zouaved. The latter is now mixed up with so many other kinds of jacket that it has become quite a hybrid. One does not know whether to call it a Torador, a Figaro, a Bolero, a Zouave, or an Eton jacket. Sometimes it partakes of all these in fairly even proportions. It is very ugly when it bulges out at the back, and the best way to avoid this is to continue it in a full basque and catch it in round the waist with a belt of some sort.

There is quite a rage for tan colour just now, perhaps because it is so appropriate an autumnal tint. Whole costumes are frequently seen in it, and others are trimmed with it. A lady at a seaside resort appears in a green cloth gown, the coat of which is turned back with tan cloth. She wears with this a poppy red silk blouse and for a bonnet a bow of green velvet, with two or three poppies nodding above it. Rather a brilliant scheme of colouring, but it suits the wearer. Tartans are made up with straight lines this season, and not on the cross. Many of them have black

velvet bodices and sleeves, with full fronts of the tartan. The skirts are trimmed with rows of velvet gathered into little frills.

HELOISE.

EXERCISE FOR CONGESTIVE HEADACHES.

- SLOW leg movements are needed.
- The great vessels of the trunk and legs must be well stretched to make room for the blood which is distending the arteries and veins of the head, while not enough is flowing through the fingers and toes to keep them warm.
- (a) Hands on hips, fingers forward. Bend the head backward and with eyes fixed on the ceiling. Slowly raise the right leg, with knee bent, keeping a steady balance. Bend left knee and then straighten it alternately four times. Change feet and repeat.
 - (b) Stand on the left foot with right leg extended as horizontally as possible. Then bend the left knee until you cannot sink any lower without losing your balance. Slowly rise and change feet and repeat.
 - (c) Stand with the left side against the doorway, bars or stair rail. Place the tips of the fingers together behind the neck; arms as horizontal as possible. Place the left foot between the two lowest bars, or let it be firmly held, then bend the body to the right as far as possible. In this exercise the right side of the body should be no more trained than the left. Always alternate carefully.
 - (d) Rotation of foot or hip in as large a circle as possible, sitting.
 - (e) Hang from transom or top door-bar and take knee-bending exercise.

PATTI AND THE PROCESSION.

THE following anecdote is told by M. Schurmann in his book entitled 'Etoiles en Voyage':—Mme. Patti had arranged to sing at Bucharest on a certain date, but could not be persuaded to leave Vienna owing to the inclemency of the weather. So M. Schurmann, who was in despair, telegraphed to his agent in the Roumanian capital to the effect that the *diva* must at all hazards be met at the station at Bucharest by a deputation of Roumanian nobles, and ordered him to send a telegram to the following effect:—

'Members of the Italian and Roumanian aristocracy preparing magnificent reception for Patti. Cabinet represented. Torchlight procession, military bands. Wire hour of arrival.'

The telegram duly arrived, and was shown to Mme. Patti, who was enchanted, and at once ready to start. As the train steamed into Bucharest next evening the scene was truly imposing—flags were flying, bands playing, and torches flaring.

The *diva* was escorted to her hotel by an enthusiastic crowd, and as they entered the door M. Schurmann signed to his agent to accompany him.

The latter, however, refused, promising an explanation next morning.

It turned out that he had hired a gang of loafers and vagabonds and dressed them up for the occasion, securing a choice selection of aristocrats for the modest sum of about thirteen pounds.

But he naturally was loth to leave them for a moment until the show was over, as they would otherwise have infallibly decamped with their hired costumes.



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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.

TOMATO SOUP.—Boil a couple of pounds of tomatoes in a little water till soft, pulp them through a sieve, add sufficient stock to make a good consistency: reheat, season with salt and pepper, add off the fire either a gill of thick cream or the yolk of an egg beaten up with a very little milk. If canned tomatoes are used, they can be rubbed through a sieve without heating.

FISH A L'AMERICAINE.—A very popular method which Americans have of cooking any kind of fish is the following:—Skin and bone 2lb of the fish, boil the bones for ten minutes in a pint of water, slice and fry 1/2 lb of pork and one large onion; cut into slices as if for frying a pint of potatoes, then cook the pork and onions for five minutes, add a table-spoonful of flour, some salt and pepper, and boil for another five minutes, stirring all the time; then add to this the water in which the fish bones were boiled, and strain all on to the potatoes and fish: boil for a quarter of an hour, then add three crackers (biscuits) and half a pint of milk (the crackers must be soaked in milk first), boil, and serve.

CREME DE RIX AUX POIRES.—Put a couple of table-spoonfuls of well-washed rice in a saucepan with a pint of milk, and sweeten to taste, boil it gently till tender, then add, off the fire, a gill of whipped cream; put the mixture in a border mould and leave till set, then turn it out on to a glass dish and decorate the top of it with some blanched almonds cut in strips. Have ready some small pears that have been stewed whole, stand them in the centre of the rice and pour the syrup round. If a border mould is not at hand, the rice mixture can be shaped into a circle on the dish with a couple of spoons.

KUMMEL.—This liqueur is very easily made, and keeps a long time. Take 1/2 lb of sugar, and boil it in half a pint of water. When the former has quite dissolved, add, whilst the syrup is still hot, 1oz of caraway seeds and one quart of brandy. Some people put in a soupçon of vanilla or other special flavouring. Mix all the ingredients in an earthenware vessel, tie it down with a soft bladder soaked in brandy, and leave it exposed to the sun if possible (if not, in a dry, warm room), for ten days. Filter, bottle, cork, and seal. If left for a couple of months before being used, the liqueur will be much better.

SWEET MELON PICKLE.—Use ripe citron melon. Pare them, cut them in slices, and remove the seeds. To five pounds of melon allow two and one-half pounds of sugar and one quart of vinegar. The vinegar and sugar must be heated to the boiling point and poured over the fruit six times, or once on each of six successive days. In the last boiling of the syrup add half an ounce of stick cinnamon, half an ounce of white ginger root and a few cloves. When the syrup boils, put it in the melon and boil ten minutes; then put in jars. Skim the syrup clear and pour over the melon.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

COFFEE-COLOURED CURTAINS.

To make the curtains a nice coffee colour, boil half an ounce of annatto in one and a-half quarts of water, and add an ounce of potash; stir well for five minutes, and pour into a pan; immerse the curtains, and when they are thoroughly saturated, dip them into another large pan of cold water and hang up to dry without wringing. It would be well for you to test the colour before putting the curtains into the preparation, so as to be sure of getting just the shade you want. If you are going to colour large curtains it is important to have plenty of the mixture, for if there was not sufficient, they would not be evenly tinted all over.

SOLDERING ZINC.

The parts to be soldered must be well cleaned and bright; tin the copper soldering iron by rubbing it while hot in dry hydrochloric acid of ammonia with a globule of solder; first wet the parts to be soldered with a solution of chloride of zinc; for zinc plates use the acid alone, next apply the solder, rubbing it with the iron till it unites with the metal; the solder for zinc is composed of two parts tin and one of lead.

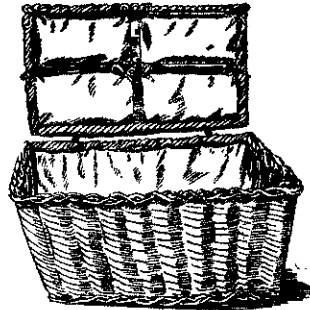
CURE FOR INGROWING TOE NAIL.

Mr Philip Miall advises, for ingrowing toe-nail, a concentrated solution of quite fresh tannic acid (one ounce to six drachms of water gently heated) to be painted on the soft parts twice a day. Nothing else is required, and yet the patients are able to go about their work at once with more or less comfort.

He: 'Do you think father will oppose our marriage?' She: 'Well, he sympathises with your sex a good deal.' 'Fearfully effective man-wedding machines' is a prominent clergyman's description of the girls of to-day.

MOTHERS' COLUMN.

I THINK any mothers who travel about much will thoroughly appreciate hearing about the 'Baby's Hamper' that most American babies possess. It is not easy to put dainty miniature garments in the big trunks. At any rate, it necessitates using a great number of cardboard boxes, so take my advice and invest in a pretty little hamper like the one in my picture, and line it in the first place with a layer of scented cotton-wool and then with light-tinted saten. The little tied-up pockets in the lid will hold sashes and 'tie-ups,' pocket-handkerchiefs, and such like odds and ends; while down below the best robes, petticoats, shirts, and wraps will be safely and prettily laid together. It is



difficult to interrupt a woman when she gets on the subject of babies. If comparing experiences made people much wiser, we should have little left to learn about dealing with these atoms of humanity, but somehow there seems to be a good deal left to be learnt on the subject. They are such helpless little things, and cannot tell us about themselves except by queer cries, which we do not fully understand. Often and often a baby suffering agonies from ear-ache doesn't know enough even to put its little hand to the place, and it is not an easy pain to get rid of when we do find it out. One of the best things I know of is to fill a flannel bag with hops, and dip it into hot vinegar, which must be carefully wrung out, and in applying it baby's delicate skin must be remembered. He will soon find out how good the warmth and soothing influence of the hops are, and after it has been renewed a few times will drop off to sleep.

THE ART OF LOOKING BEAUTIFUL.

WRINKLES AND FRECKLES.

LET strong-minded people say what they will, there is an ever-present love and craving for beauty in all its forms in the minds of most people, and an almost instinctive longing in the minds of most women—and of many men—to satisfy as far as they can that craving in the minds of those around them, by presenting an appearance as pleasing as nature and the resources they have at command will allow of; and so it is that in every age woman adorns herself with many changes and much variety in the cut, colour, and fashion of her garments, in the arrangement of her hair, and in the care and improvement of her complexion and figure, and this feeling is just as strong and just as instinctive in the lower ranks of life as it is in the upper. I have even read somewhere that a woman at Millbank Prison, undergoing a sentence, caused great anxiety and much wrathing in the mind of the matron by the trouble she gave and the bad example she set to the other women prisoners in her attempts at personal adornment. It appears that she would use the candles as pomatum for her hair, the plaster she would pick off the walls to make her face white, and the red threads out of her apron, steeped in water, to colour her cheeks red. Her hair she would dress in strange and new fashions every day, and her prison garb she would also alter from time to time in a vain attempt to render it becoming and graceful. And all this from the sheer instinct of personal adornment (?), for the only time she ever saw any of the opposite sex if at all was in chapel on Sundays.

And to read the artifices resorted to from the earliest ages down to the present day, for beautifying the person, is an interesting and amusing page of human vanity. Now, of course, science and modern discoveries have exploded a good many of the older ideas that were more or less founded on superstitions, and were often very injurious, and have also given us to-day far more skilful and less harmful remedies than those of old for the ravages which time and the stress of living make in all of us. But there is one defect for which no cure has hitherto been discovered, no absolute cure, that is—wrinkles! Massage, gentle rubbing in a contrary direction to the line of the wrinkles with some cold cream, steaming the face, and, above all, plenty of good food, fresh air, exercise, a fair amount of healthful amusement, and a cheerful contented mind, will usually cause the wrinkles to disappear, that come from over-study, illness, mental worry or distress, or indulgence in fits of nervous, irritable temper (a most prolific source of wrinkles!), if the subject be still young; but if the wrinkles come in the natural course of time and from the shrinking of the superfluous subcutaneous fat due to approaching age, nothing that has yet been invented can remove them. The utmost that can be done is to conceal them to a certain extent by rubbing cold cream or linoline well in and lightly powdering. But to me—and I think most sensible people would say the same—the face of a woman well over thirty without any lines, is a face absolutely without expression, and consequently without charm.

If you have acquired an undue number of freckles during the hot weather you can get rid of them by applying the following lotion night and morning:—Bichloride of mercury, six grains; hydrochloric acid (pure), one fluid drachm; distilled water, a quarter of a pint; mix well and add two fluid ounces each of rectified spirit and rose water and one ounce of glycerine.

If you are uniformly sunburnt and wish to remove it, you may bathe your face night and morning with a mixture of

equal parts of fresh lemon-juice, rose-water, and rectified spirit, well mixed and strained (after letting it stand for day) through muslin.

A quarter of an ounce of red rose leaves, steeped in a quarter of a pint each of fresh lemon-juice and brandy for about three hours, and then pressed, strained and decanted, makes a good lotion for whitening the skin.

THE WORK CORNER.

WOOL-WORK SLIPPERS.

THESE were made in pale pink and white, but look equally well in blue and white, or pale fawn and pale blue. To make them you require three ounces of double Berlin of the deeper shade, and one ounce of the lighter shade, whatever the colours you may choose, will be enough for an ordinary-sized pair of slippers. Cast on thirteen stitches in the darker wool, and knit backwards, forwards, and backwards again, plain (there is no purling at all in the short knit near the end), slipping the first stitch of the row always in the first direction. Then, for the next row forwards, slip the first stitch, knit one, join on the light wool, and knit one with both wools together; knit one with the darker wool, then one with both wools, and so on alternately to the end of the row, knitting the last two stitches with the darker wool, so that there are always two stitches at the beginning of the row, and two stitches at the end of the darker wool only. Before each alternate stitch done with both wools together, the light wool should be passed round the finger behind the needle so as to leave a sort of loop in the wrong side of the knitting. These loops are afterwards cut in the middle when the shoe is finished, and the little ends thus formed form a thick fleecy lining, as it were, to the shoe, and greatly increase its warmth. Cut off the light wool at the end of the row, leaving an end about the same length as the loops, and then knit backwards plain with the dark wool only, then forwards and backwards again, but in the row forwards you must make a stitch between the second and third from each end, so that you will have fifteen on the needle for the next pattern-row. Repeat as before, widening by two on each alternate plain row forwards, so that the first pattern-row will have five dots of white, the next six, the third seven, and so on until you knit the row, which will have thirteen dots of white. This makes the front of the shoe. Then (having knit backwards to the beginning of the row) cast off all the stitches but the last thirteen, and continue the pattern, without widening any, until the strip reaches round the sole and meets the front again. You can get thickly wadded soles for 1/4d a pair, and size No. 2 in these equals size No. 3 in ordinary boots or shoes. When the strip is of the required length, knit the first thirteen stitches of those previously cast-off in with row of the strip, taking care to have the slight rib thus formed towards the wrong side of the shoe, and also to knit this double row from the outside to the inside of the front, casting off as you knit it, so as to finish in the middle with one stitch on the needle. Then take up the stitches all round the inside on three needles, and knit plain, in the same way as a stocking, for about 12 or 13 rows, then cast off. This plain piece of knitting curls over, you will find, and forms a pretty little finish to the shoe. Then sew the shoe on to the heel, easing it in a little at the back and at the toe, and fasten a smart little bow on the front of the same colour as one of the wools, whichever you prefer, and the thing is done. You have no idea how quickly and easily it is done and how pretty it looks.

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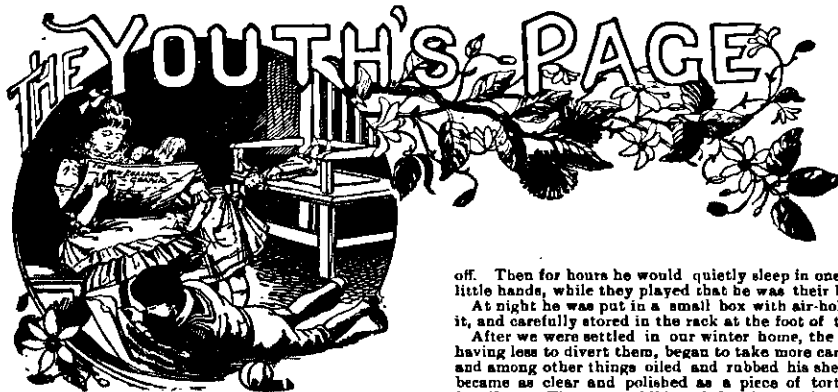
Principal: MISS HUNTER. (CERT. HONOURS, JUNIOR, MIDDLE, AND SENIOR GRADES, INTERMEDIATE EXAMS, IRELAND). Assisted by MISS M. O. HUNTER. (CERT. JUNIOR AND SENIOR TRINITY COLLEGE OF MUSIC, LONDON, AND ROYAL UNIVERSITY, IRELAND).

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JUST LANDED AND TO ARRIVE, A beautiful assortment of BALL PROGRAMMES, CORDS and FENCIBLES, also MENU, WEDDING, INVITATION VISITING and other CARDS at the GRAPHIC OFFICE. ALL ORDERS RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.



CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—I have one cat and two dogs. The cat's name is Lulu, and she catches mice when she remembers. The dog's name is Bob because he is bob-tailed.—Your affectionate WALTER.

[You might tell us some more about your pets. I hope you are very kind to them, and feed them well.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—I have not written before, because I did not quite like to; but I hope you will put this letter in the Children's Page of the GRAPHIC. We are so busy playing tennis. Papa has offered a nice, new racket to whichever of the young people round us wins the Championship. We have played off nearly all the matches, and now there are only six of us left. I am one of them, and would so like to win, but papa says he does not much want me to. However, the last match is to be played on the ladies' day in the Club grounds. I am also learning to swim, which is nice this weather.—Your loving cousin, ETHEL R. NAPIER.

[I hope you will win your match, Ethel. If the last rounds are played off away from home, I cannot see that anyone could object. All girls ought to be able to swim, especially in a colony like ours, where there is so much water.—COUSIN KATE.]

GLAUCUS.



ABOUT midsummer a few years ago my little boy burst into the room in high glee, holding something in his closed hand.

'Look!' he cried. 'Look at what I have got!'

Going to his two sisters, who were playing on the floor, he put down before them a very small turtle.

'Josie gave it to me,' he said, 'and I mean to keep it. Can't I, papa?'

This proposition, although warmly seconded by the two girls, met with but little favour from their mother, who 'did not want the thing around.'

Still less did I approve, for I remembered too well a short, tear-blistered chapter about a little turtle like this one, which had been given to me when I was small, and which, owing to my carelessness, had been blinded by a heap of ashes.

I urged my boy to carry his turtle down to the water and liberate it. I feared that some childish carelessness would cause the turtle to suffer bodily and the children mentally.

But the children pleaded so hard to be allowed to keep him that we yielded, on condition that they would take proper care of him, and return him to the water when we were about to start south.

After a few days it was discovered that the little fellow was quite interesting in his way. His shell, no larger than a silver quarter of a dollar, was beautifully marked in black and yellow mottles. His feet were like elfin hands, and his wrinkled face with its bright, intelligent eyes, looked almost like a wee old man's. We named him Glaucus, because when the house of Glaucus, the Pompeian, was excavated, after having been buried for centuries under the ashes of Vesuvius, the shell of a pet turtle was discovered in the garden.

We kept the little creature in a large tumbler of water, on the surface of which floated a block of wood. At first small crumbs of bread were put into the tumbler, but as the turtle never seemed to touch them, and they soon soured in the water, we ceased to put them in. After repeated experiments one of the children discovered that Glaucus would eat flies if they were cast upon the water. Then several flies were caught and fed to him every day.

Soon we noticed with pleasure that he seemed to know his name, and before long, when one of us called 'Glaucus! Glaucus!' he would swim around to the caller, and reach up his mouth for a fly. Then, as he grew more used to his new life, he ate shreds of meat in the same way.

Sometimes one of us would take him from the tumbler and let him rest in his hand. He seemed to enjoy the warmth, and always stretched out his little neck to have his head stroked until he fell asleep.

By the time we were to start for the South all the family had grown so fond of our sedate little friend that it was decided to take him with us. Our journey was one of hard travel for four days, and we feared that when the children became wearied with the trip, Glaucus would be a source of trouble; but for once the children did not tire of a plaything. Glaucus never ceased to amuse them.

Sometimes they would partly fill with water a toy bucket carried for the purpose, and let the turtle have a swim. At others he was put on the broad window-sill of the sleeping-car, while the children watched him as he crawled about, carefully guarding the edge meanwhile lest he should fall

off. Then for hours he would quietly sleep in one of their little hands, while they played that he was their baby.

At night he was put in a small box with air-holes cut in it, and carefully stored in the rack at the foot of the berth.

After we were settled in our winter home, the children, having less to divert them, began to take more care of him, and among other things oiled and rubbed his shell until it became as clear and polished as a piece of tortoise shell jewellery. The negro children belonging on the place considered it a most wonderful thing to see 'Da cooter come when de white chillun call 'im,' as they expressed it.

The little fellow, with sober, knowing look, who came so readily in answer to our call, had found a place in our hearts, and as time wore on Glaucus became almost as one of the family. It was the habit of the children when going for a walk to take him with them in one of their pockets.

One day after they had hurried to the post-office with some letters which I wished to have go in a certain mail, it was discovered that Glaucus was missing. In some way he had managed to climb out of the pocket, and had been lost on the way.

Search for him proved fruitless. We advertised for him, to the great amusement of some of our friends. All was in vain. So at last, after many tears from the children, we gave up all idea of ever finding him.

A week after this I stepped into the office of a friend who was a lawyer. After I had conversed with him a few moments he said:

'Come with me to court to-day. I am to defend a boy who has no evidence in his favour except his own statement. There is no direct evidence against him, yet I am afraid he will be convicted, although I feel sure that he is innocent. As you are a strong opponent of conviction on circumstantial evidence, I think the case will interest you.'

I went with him. On the way to court he told me that one James Butt, who lived six miles from town on the Carneville road, had in his employ a negro man and his wife, who occupied one of the cabins on Butt's place. They had one son called 'Doctor,' who lived with them. Like most small negroes on plantations, he had no work to do, but played with Butt's two sons most of the time. The three had always been good friends. A short time before, however, they had got into a dispute, which ended in Doctor striking one of the Butt boys.

This so enraged Mr Butt that he caught Doctor that night and gave him a pretty severe whipping, instead of asking the boy's parents to punish him. Doctor was very angry, and when Butt let him go, moved off to a safe distance, and muttered something about Butt 'being sorry for touching him.' After that he disappeared.

Next afternoon, while Butt and the negroes were in the field, and Mrs Butt had gone with the boys to a neighbour's about half a mile away, the cook, who was busy in the kitchen, discovered that the house was in flames. Before assistance arrived it was destroyed.

After the fire one of the negroes found Doctor's old hat in a hedge near the house, and tracks which matched his feet were discovered in the soft earth under the hedge, and again, farther on, in a thicket bordering the road to town. These tracks indicated that the person who made them was running with considerable speed away from the house.

The next day Doctor was arrested in town on a charge of arson.

My friend had been appointed by the court to defend the prisoner, as his parents were too poor to employ counsel. At court I was given a seat next to my friend, and quite near the prisoner.

When Doctor was brought in, I saw that he was not at all different from the ordinary country negro of his age. He had been crying, from fear perhaps, and the tears had left two black streaks down his cheeks where they had washed off the dirt, which was whiter than his skin. His clothes seemed composed almost entirely of patches and holes. He had neither shoes, hat, nor coat, and his trousers were held up by one cotton 'gallus,' which was fastened back and front by long thorns used after the fashion of pins.

The evidence was about the same as my friend had outlined to me, but in addition two or three negroes testified that they had seen a boy who they thought was Doctor running through the thicket just before the fire, although it appeared on cross-examination that they were at a considerable distance in a field at the time.

The only testimony in the boy's favour was his parents' statement that he had not been at home since Butt whipped him. His own story was that he had returned to the house after dark on the day of the whipping to say good-bye to Butt's boys, but hearing Mr Butt's voice, he became frightened, ran off through the edge and thicket, and lost his hat in doing so.

When the testimony was ended and the evidence summed up, and the judge was preparing his charge to the jury, there was a period of silence. I sat watching the boy through the railing of the dock, pitying him with all my heart, for I felt that, without leaving their seats, the jury would declare him guilty. Then something occurred which nearly caused me to start from my seat with surprise.

By the side of the boy, on the bench on which he sat, was a little dark object. I had scarcely time to see it when the boy accidentally touched it, and looked down to see what it was. A faint smile lit his face as he carefully raised the object, and put it in the pocket of his ragged pantaloons. Another smile made me turn hastily to my friend, and tell him what I had seen and what I thought about it. After a few words to me he arose and said:

'Your Honor, the course I am about to pursue I am aware is an unusual one, but it is not without precedent, and I beg that Your Honor will bear me.'

'What have you to say?' asked the judge.

'That new and important testimony in the prisoner's

favour has just been discovered, and we desire to be allowed to introduce it.'

After some consultation my friend was told that he might proceed.

'"Doctor" Warren,' he said to the prisoner, 'stand up.'

The boy arose.

'What have you in your pocket?'

'Chick'n bone.'

'What else? Show me. Take out everything.' The chicken bone was produced.

'Anything else?'

No answer.

'Take out the other thing, I say!'

Slowly the black hand was thrust into the ragged pocket opening, and as slowly withdrawn, closed around some small object.

'What is that?' asked my friend.

'Cooter,' answered the boy, as his hand opened, and exposed to view a little turtle.

There was a general sound of muffled laughter throughout the room, and even the judge smiled. When all was quiet again, my friend addressed the boy in a more gentle tone:

'Now, Doctor, I want you to tell these gentlemen where you got that "cooter," and why you are keeping it.'

'I ain't stole 'im,' said the frightened boy.

'We know you did not steal it, but we want to know where you got it. Don't be afraid to tell us.'

'I fins him.'

'When did you find him?'

'Thuesday,' slowly answered the boy, as though afraid this was some new plot to entrap him further.

'You found him Tuesday, did you? Well, where did you find him?'

'In de street.'

'Where?'

'Front o' de post office. He's crawlin' long, like he lookin' for de worter.'

'Now, Doctor, why did you keep this "cooter" when you can get so many in the creek back of the place?'

'Can't git nudder ons like dis. Look how pooty he back is.'

My friend took the turtle, and showed that its tiny little shell was clear and polished.

'Mr Henry,' he said, 'please take the stand.'

I stepped up on the witness stand. After going through the usual preliminaries, my friend said:

'Have you ever seen this turtle before?'

'I think I have.'

'Where and under what circumstances?'

'I think it is one which belongs to my children, and which we call Glaucus. They carried it out with them last Tuesday, when they went to the post-office and—'

'Let me interrupt you. Can you tell me at what hour they went to the post-office?'

'I can, it was about three o'clock, for they carried letters to catch the Northern mail, and when they returned it was only fifteen minutes past three.'

'You were saying that the children carried their turtle with them to the post-office. Go on.'

'When they returned, it was discovered that the turtle was lost. I went back with them immediately to look for it, but no trace of it could be found.'

'Why do you think this is the turtle that your children lost?'

'Because the shell appears to be oiled and polished, just as they kept theirs.'

'That is sufficient,' said my friend. Then turning to the judge he continued:

'Your Honor, I would like to call especial attention to two or three points. The prisoner has testified that he found the turtle before the post-office on the afternoon of Tuesday, the day of the fire. Mr Henry testifies that this turtle was lost by his children somewhere near the post-office at about three o'clock on the afternoon of Tuesday, the day of the fire. Half-past three was the hour that the fire was discovered. I believe it is scarcely necessary to say that it would be impossible for anyone who was in the neighbourhood of Mr Butt's house any time from three o'clock to the time the fire was first seen, to pick up that turtle in front of the post-office, six miles away, at a quarter past three. I am done.'

'Mr Henry,' said the State's attorney, 'I would like to ask you a few questions. You say that this turtle is the same one that your children lost, because the shell happens to be polished. It is not impossible for other children to polish the shell of a pet turtle in just the same way. You should have stronger proof than that, before you assert on oath that this turtle and yours are one and the same. Can you offer any other proof?'

'I will try,' I said. 'Will you please put the turtle on the table?'

Poor Doctor's liberty depended upon the test I was to make. Would Glaucus, like small children, fail to do what was wanted of him 'before folks?'

Nearly every man in the room rose and craned his neck to see the little yellow and black object, as it began to crawl along the table in front of the lawyers.

I could almost hear my own heart beat, as I stepped down from the stand, and went to the end of the table nearest to me. Nearly at the other end the little turtle was slowly crawling toward the edge.

I had become almost as deeply interested in the case as if my own fate hung on it. The whole court-room was hushed in curious expectancy.

'Glaucus!' I called, 'Glaucus!'

The little fellow stopped.

'Glaucus, come here! Come, Glaucus.'

Slowly the turtle turned around, and appeared to hesitate.

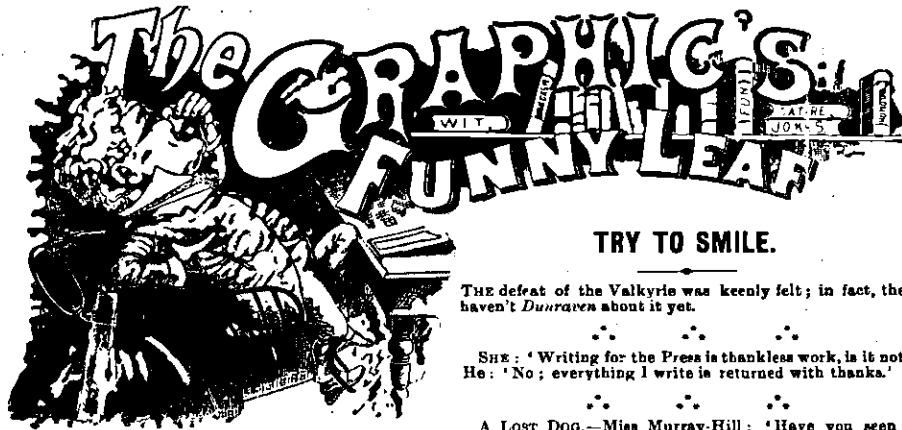
'Come, little Glaucus,' I said again.

Then, satisfied that he had heard aright, the turtle came down the length of the table, crawled upon my upturned hand, and rested in the palm, with his head stretched out to be stroked.

There was a murmur of pleased wonder throughout the room. I glanced up at Doctor. He had grasped the dock rail with both hands. His mouth hung wide open, and his eyes, which were riveted on Glaucus, seemed about to come out of his head, so wide were they opened.

The judge made a short charge, and the jury, without leaving their seats, returned a verdict of 'not guilty.'

As I took our tiny pet home after the trial, I could not help wondering if there were not a special Providence in the curious dispensation which had made so insignificant a creature the salvation of one poor life.—HARRY PLATT.



TRY TO SMILE.

The defeat of the Valkyrie was keenly felt; in fact, they haven't *Dunraev* about it yet.

SHE: 'Writing for the Press is thankless work, is it not?' He: 'No; everything I write is returned with thanks.'

A LOST DOG.—Miss Murray-Hill: 'Have you seen a lost dog around here, little boy?' Patsy: 'Was he a one-eyed bulldog wid bot' ears chewed off?' Miss Murray-Hill: 'Mercy, no! People was a dear little curly—' Patsy (solemnly): 'Don't say no more, ma'am. You're dog is done fer. De one-eyed bulldog outclassed him an' won de fight han's down.'

WHAT SHE SAID.—'Did you tell sister I had come?' 'Yeth, thir.' 'That's a good boy, and here is some candy. Now, what did sister say?' 'I told her that her bean wath in de parlour, and she thaid, 'Which one?' and when I told her it wath you she thaid, 'O, how provoking.'

SAW THEIR CHANCE AND TOOK IT.—Scene: *Strangers' Gallery, House of Representatives*—Mr Shorte: 'These members are going to talk on for ever.' Mr Standall: 'That comes from their being married men.' Mr Shorte: 'How so?' Mr Standall: 'They don't have anything to say at home, so they make up for it when they get a chance in the House.'

A REGULAR BAD 'UN.—Knight: 'You ought not to complain now; before we married I told you how bad I was.' Mrs Knight: 'Yes; but you never told me how you'd lie about it afterwards!'

LIVELY.—Customer: 'Why, this meat is alive!' Face-tious Butcher: 'Yes, mum, the animal has only jist bin pole-axed, and it's so fresh that it ain't quite dead yet!'

KEEPING HIS WORD FOR ONCE.—'I used to think you were not a man of your word, Jones, but I've changed my mind.' 'Ah, you understand me now, Friend Smith. But what led you to change your mind?' 'You remember that £10 you borrowed from me?' 'Yes.' 'You said if I lent it to you you would be indebted to me for ever.' 'Yes.' 'Well, you are keeping your word like a man.'

Johnny had justr put on his father's flannel shirt, which, was too large by several sizes. 'Hoh!' he exclaimed 'This shirt wouldn't fit me if I was two pair o' twins.'



WHO HE TOOK AFTER.

ALGIE: 'Don't you think I—sw—shall have a good beard?' BARBER (after a close inspection): 'I'm afraid not, sir.'

ALGIE: 'Aw, weally. My fawther has aw werry fine beard, you know.'

BARBER: 'Maybe you take after your mamma, sir!'

CONCLUSIVE.

'Habit' is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter it does not change 'abit.' If you take off another, you still have a 'bit' left. If you take off still another, the whole of 'it' remains. If you take another, it is not 't' totally used up. All of which shows that if you wish to be rid of a 'habit' you must throw it off altogether.

CORRECT ENGLISH.

Boy: 'I say, father, how blight the moon do shine to-night.' Father: 'Why, boy, you don't speak proper.' Mother: 'More don't broth on ye.'



THE SECRET OF HER SUCCESS.

MISTRESS: 'Why, Bridget, you are quite an artist. How did you manage to ornament this pie so beautifully?' BIDDY: 'Indade it was meself that did it, mum; ain't it purty, mum? I did it with your false tayth, maam!'

FATHERS.

BY OUR OFFICE BOY.

It is astonishin' wot a lot of farthers there are in the world; they are as kommun as dirt. And yet a very yung farther is mitey proud of bein' wan, and walks about as if all this world, and a good share of the next, belonged to him. I wonder he don't charge peepo so much a head to look at 'im! But this sort of feelin' don't larst long; wan child is all very well, but wen he has, so to say, a pod-full of 'em, and has to 'shell out' no end of muneey, he kursets the day he was ever a farther.

There are all sorts of farthers—good, bad, and indifferent. It's an ortul responsibility to be a farther; the futur of yure child or children depends upon how yu train 'em up, and they are more differknit to train than wite nice; and sum farthers have no more idea of trainin' a child than a monkey has of ridin' a leadin' artikel. Why, there are sum farthers no older than eighteen—mere yuths. How are they to kno' enythink about trainin' children? Grate Chicago Nibishun! they want trainin' themselves.

A good many farthers think that the princerpel thing is to be firm wath yure children; not to let them have their own way. Ev'rythink the pore child asks if it may do is met wath a decided 'No!' As a consequence, the child, after a bit, don't ask at all, but jist goes and does it. Then the firm farther wacks that child sick, and the child hates its farther; it bekums hardened, and so soon as it is old enuf it will shake hands wath the 'gentleman in undertaker's clothes,' and walk about wath him arm-in-arm, and will bring down its farther's grey hairs—if he ain't toterly bald—with sorrer to the grave. Amen!

Then there are farthers who err the other way. They let a child do exactly wot it likes, and children do like to do such queer things; there tastes are reely very pekuliar. If yu never korrekt a child it will very soon begin to korrekt yu, and order you about as if yu was an offis boy. (That's wan for *him*—no names menthoned—ain't it?)

Wun of these easy-going farthers wunce araked his little son to do sumthink, and the little sun flaly refused to do it.

'How dare yu disobey me!' sed the farther, angrily.

'Am I not your farther?'

The littel sun eyed him all over, and then sed, coolly.

'I don't kno', I'm sure. I've only got your wurd for it.'

Then there are sum farthers who take no notia at all of their children if they have large families; they kan skarsely tell yu how many children they have until they check them off on their fingers. And wen the eldest dorter kums and asks if she kan marry Mister Jones, or her life will be blighted for ever—or, at any rate, for three monthe—the farther opuns his eyes and exclaims:

'Marry! Why yu're only a child—at least—good grasshuss! How yu have grown! How old are yu, Lucy—I mean Bertie!'

'I shall be twenty next September, paps, and I do so luv Horace!'

'Well, well, I will see the yung lady—I mene yung gentleman, and hear wot he has to say. Now run away and play, there's a good girl. I'm busy.'

Of course, such men ort not to be farthers, and it is a toas-up wot will bekum of these neglected children, unless they have a good muther, a sort of a muther-father; there are a few sich wimmun about. They are wurrth sumthink, they are.

I must say that persunally speakin', I dred the idear of bein' a farther. It keeps me awake at nite thinkin' of it, and my appyrite is fallin' me; jam don't seem to taste so nice as it used to, and pudden goea down hevvy—very hevvy. I must see a dookter, tho' I don't kno' wether there is eny kure for 'dredin' bein' a farther.'

This is a serus artikel, but I kan tell yu I feel serius. Yu kannot laif wen yu reflect that the futur is like a soessige—no wun knos wot it may koutain.



'BOUND TO KEEP THE PEACE.'

THAT FATAL VERSE.

'WILL YOU WRITE in my autograph book?' said she, And he dared not answer nay, Though his heart beat quick, and his breath came thick, And he trembled in dismay; For he loved the maid, and was sore afraid— And he dared not answer nay.

So he took the book and prayed for a thought, And long for a thought did pray, And long did he look in the dictionary book, And the cy-clo-pe-dia. 'I will write a verse,' said he, 'that is terse And bang-up and O. K.'

And he search-ed thro' the 'Library of Song,' And he search-ed many a day. 'I will show the maid that the poetry trade,' Said he, 'is jist my lay. I will find a verse that is sweet and terse, If I hant forever and aye!'

And he search-ed long, and he found a verse At the end of the fortieth day. 'She will think every line,' he chuckled, 'is mine,' And he laughed full loud and gay. 'I'm a gen-ri-us, and I make no fuss To write good verse. Hoo-ray!'

Then he turned the page, and his rival's name Was writ with much display 'Neath the very same verse, and it made him curse; And his raven locks turned grey; And he fell on his side, and quickly died Of hy-po-chon-dria. S. W. Foss.

THE NOAH'S ARK ANOMALY.

AMONG the animals resident in a certain Noah's Ark, there was one anomalous creature that all EXCEPT NOAH, WHO WORE A TOP-HAT AND WAS HIGHLY RESPECTABLE,

delighted in taunting. It was not a pig because it had a bushy tail, and it could not be regarded as a fox, because it was covered with large blue spots. This latter misfortune, Ham, with his customary politeness, emphasized by bestowing on the unfortunate animal the nick-name of 'Messles.' Confronted with unkindness on all sides, because of its unconventional aspect, the unhappy beast almost lost all self-respect, sadly wondering why it had ever been saved. Now Noah and his animals were in the habit of daily going two and two round by the nursery fire-guard, or across the polished Table Land, under the generalship of somebody who was at least a thousand times bigger and wiser than Noah himself. But there came a day when the customary scenes of their perambulations were deserted for the mountainous realm of Counterpane Land, and the spotted out-cast marched in front, like a regimental goat; for the general seemed to regard it with particular favour. By-and-bye, he banished Noah and all the other animals into the ark, but he would not be parted from the ill-favoured beast with the blue spots and the bushy tail. Then the tired general went to sleep and forgot to wake; but the anomaly of the Ark remained shut in his hand, content at last that his career had not been wholly without purpose.

MORAL: Beauty isn't everything.



AN EASY WAY OUT OF THE DIFFICULTY.

HANK CLERK: 'This cheque is crossed; we can't pay it over the counter, my good woman.' MRS FANSYMINN: 'All right, sir, I'll come round, then.'