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STRANGE DELUSIONS OF IDENTITY.

IN all the history of delusion nothing is stranger than the cases, by no means uncommon, where persons, often otherwise entirely sane, get an idea into their heads that they are somebody or something else, and live and conduct themselves as if they were indeed this other person or thing. A case noticed in the medical press not long ago showed how a gentleman, his mind unhinged by sudden trouble, fancied he was a steam roller, and with his attendant used regularly to plod around the square where he resided in the idea that he was levelling the surface of the ground as he passed over it. Endeavouring to root out this mania, his doctor laid down some large flints in his patient's back garden and asked him to observe that he could not be a steam roller, because after he had passed over them the stones did not sink into the ground. 'That's because I'm not heavy enough,' replied the madman, and proceeded to fill his pockets with heavy weights and carry others in his arms.

Says a famous surgeon:—'Once did I succeed in curing a man afflicted with this sort of mania. He had an idea that his nose had grown suddenly to an enormous length—so long, in fact that he declared he was unable to enter a room except of the largest size. Other medical men whom he consulted laughed at him and endeavoured to convince him that he was mistaken, but without effect. He only got worse and worse, and at last declared that he was unable to move, his nose had grown so heavy. When he applied to me I at once declared that all he said was true, but if he followed my directions I thought I could cure him.

'On a day appointed he came to me, and I tied a handkerchief round his eyes. I had previously provided a large basin filled with bullock's blood, and making him stand over it hit him a violent blow upon the nose. Then saying "Take it away" to my assistant, as if he were bearing off the severed nasal organ, I dabbed some of the blood over my hands and patient's nose, and removed the bandage from his eyes. The plan worked successfully, and the patient was cured of his delusion.'

Strangely enough, with persons afflicted with such a mania many of the cures are accidental. An old lady living in the north of England got an idea into her head that she was made of china, wore thickly muffled shoes and lived in a padded room for fear of breakage, and would never drink anything warm for fear she should crack. One morning coming downstairs she fell and rolled down a lengthy flight, and, finding that she had suffered no damage but a few bruises, saw clearly that the idea she had formed of her own composition must be a mistaken one.

Similarly an old pauper in a provincial workhouse got the notion into his head that he was, above all things, a codfish. One day the inmates of the workhouse were indulged in a visit to the seaside, and the harmless old lunatic taken with the rest. Walking upon the pier the old man somehow stumbled over a rope and fell into the water, where he floundered for some time, but was eventually rescued, half drowned, but effectually rid of the idea that he was amphibious.

IS CONSUMPTION HEREDITARY?

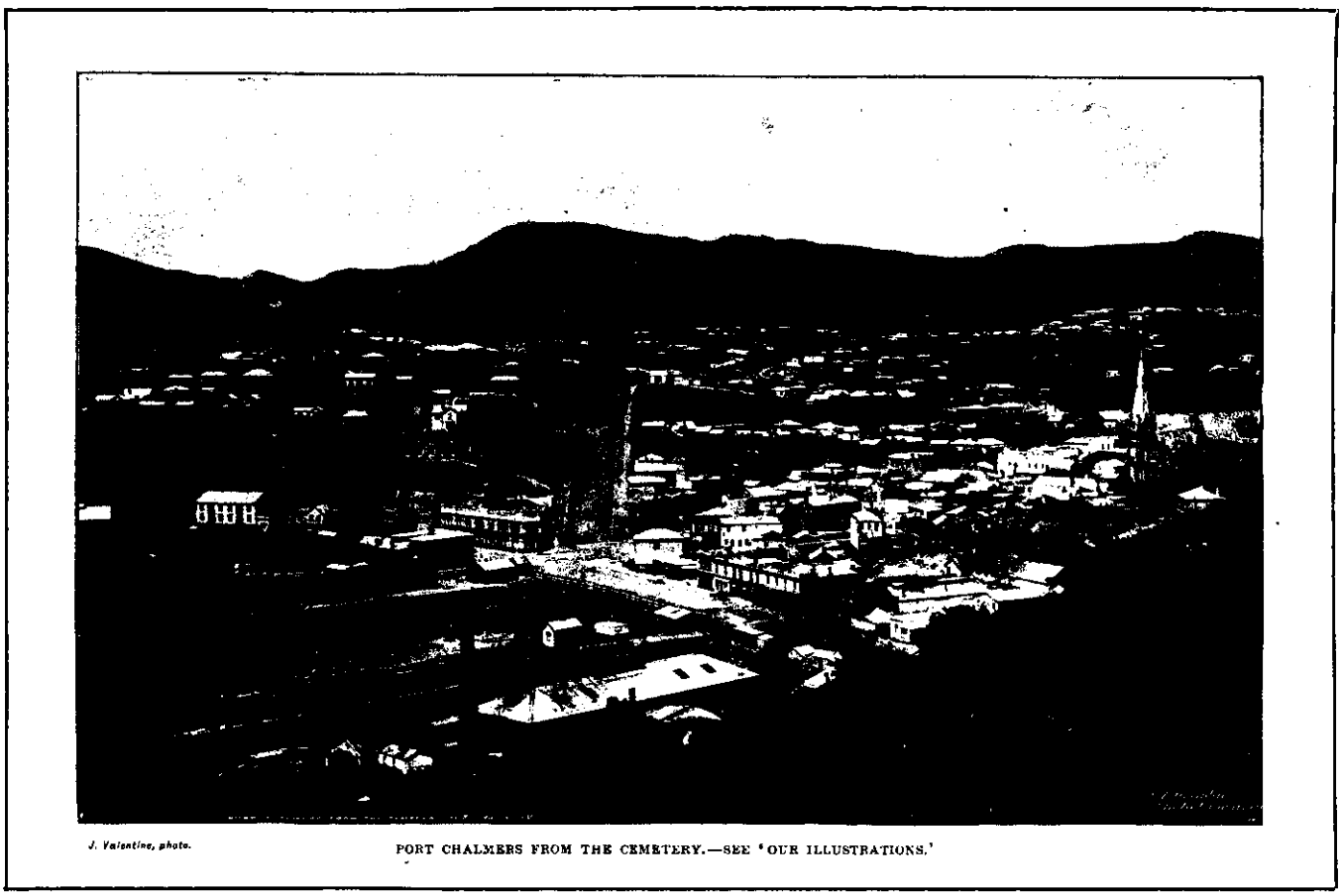
FOR more than a century the belief has been firmly established that the disease known in common parlance as consumption, and which the scientific world calls tuberculosis, was hereditary, that is if a father or mother died of tuberculosis the children of the family were doomed and predestined to become victims of the same fell malady. No belief has been better established than this, and yet modern researches into the great and, as yet, imperfectly understood domain of bacteriology, seem to establish the proposition that consumption is not hereditary, but is communicable, and that cause and effect have been confused, as has happened so many times before in the world's history.

The latest and most reliable word of modern science on this point is, to put it unscientifically, that where consumption runs through a family it is not because the children inherit the disease from their parents, as they inherit the colour of their eyes or the shape of their noses, but that they have been subject to the same environment which produced tuberculosis in one or the other of the parents, or that the familiar and intimate contact with the parents, which naturally exists in every family, has inoculated the children with the germs and spores of the disease, which, finding a suitable locale and breeding ground, have developed into the disease itself.

It is impossible to deny or refute the scientific testimony which has been presented of late in support of this view. It has been demonstrated conclusively that consumption is a germ disease, not a blood taint, and that the germs excreted from the consumptive do not grow outside the living or animal organism, except under artificial conditions, though they may retain their vitality and virulence for long periods of time. Thus not only the air in rooms which have been occupied by consumptive patients becomes infected and capable of producing the disease when breathed by healthy persons in certain conditions of receptivity, but the dust which accumulates on walls, mouldings, and pictures in private houses and in hospital wards and bedrooms, is capable of producing the disease when used for the inoculation of susceptible animals.

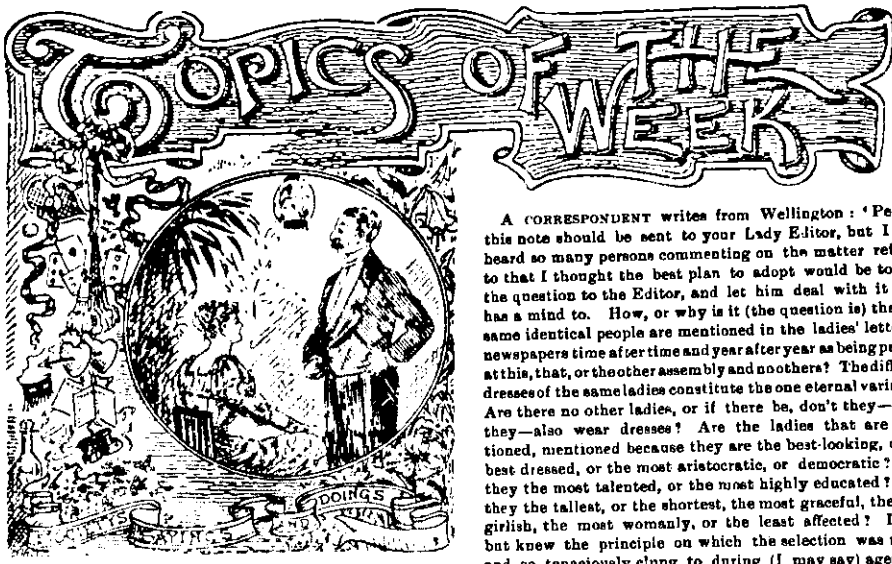
It has also been established beyond the possibility of controversy that tuberculosis may be transmitted by meat or milk from tubercular animals, and experiments made add confirmation to that which did not need to be confirmed. In other words, the greatest dread of the century, consumption, which counts its victims by thousands where plague and pestilence number theirs by tens, is the result of an external moving and malificent cause upon the human organism, and not a thing inevitable by hereditary or otherwise, like old age and death.

But what shall we do about it? How shall we prevent the spread of consumption, and thus, in time, stamp it out or compel it to die a natural death for want of fresh victims? The answer is ready made. The State, in its corporate capacity, should take charge of the whole matter and segregate consumptives from the community as carefully and thoroughly as it does those who have smallpox, or yellow fever, or leprosy. Every antiseptic precaution known to science should be employed to prevent the circulation of the disease germs, and whether a cure be found for consumption or not, its dissemination should be rendered impossible. In the mean time it will be well for children of consumptive parents to dismiss from their minds the idea of a hereditary curse hanging over them, for, call it what we may, there can be no doubt that the mind does, in many respects, control the body, and that the person who believes that he or she has inherited consumption is precisely in the condition which the microbe of tuberculosis—which we might almost believe to be inspired by malevolent intelligence—is seeking. Many people frighten themselves into consumption when, if they would keep their wits about them, they would live to die of that universal and non escapable malady, old age.



J. Valentine, photo.

PORT CHALMERS FROM THE CEMETERY.—SEE 'OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.'



THE Easter holidays have come and gone after the manner of such things to the varying satisfaction of the participants. On the whole the holiday appears to have been more satisfactory than usual. The weather all over the island seems to have been favourable to outdoor excursions, so the campers-out, yachtsmen, and picnickers generally had a pleasant time. The majority of less energetic mortals also appear to have derived pleasure from the holiday, but there is always a discontented appearance about business people after one of these enforced holidays. They mean increased work before and after, in order to compensate for the time lost, and one frequently feels inclined to doubt whether the game is worth the candle. There is, too, no doubt about the disorganising effect of 'a day off'—a fact we have remarked upon once before in these columns. There are few people, for instance, who do not cordially detest Monday as a working day, simply because they have 'run down' on Saturday afternoon and Sunday, and one feels doubly irritable on tramping, bussing, or training it down to work on the Tuesday after a Monday bank holiday. Yet of all our holidays Easter is the most pleasant. There is more of it in the first place, and the time of year is infinitely more enjoyable than Christmas. The weather is cooler, and there are no tiresome family re-unions—that most deadly form of boredom—which makes Christmas a dreaded infliction in the eyes of many of us.

PASSING from generalities to particulars, the accounts of the holiday and the manner in which it was spent in the different towns and centres contain little out of the usual run. In Wellington Easter Monday was too windy to be really pleasant, but still pleasure-seekers were able to congratulate themselves on the absence of the downpour which seemed almost a certainty all day long. The churches of the Empire City were, by the way, in common with churches all over the colony, greatly patronised on Sunday, many non-church goers being attracted by the Easter decorations, which appear to have been most elaborate and extensive in Wellington this year. In Auckland the holidays were graced by the most perfect weather possible. A whole fleet of yachts left the harbour, and there were scores of water excursions of every sort.

THE excellent arrangements of the railway department in the matter of excursions to Rotorua and Okoroire was another cause for the exodus from Auckland. Both at Whakarewarewa and at Okoroire the hotels were more than full, but everyone appears to have enjoyed the outing immensely. But it was the Auckland race meeting, of course, which attracted the greatest number of northerners. The arrangements were, as a matter of course, excellent, and the usual compliments in which we join were bestowed on Mr Percival. Caterer McEwan was also worthily commended on all hands for the excellence of the luncheon provided. The music was of the usual order, and the sport more than tolerable. It will be noticed from the list of frocks in the Auckland letter that there was no falling off in the smartness of the race dresses.

IN Christchurch the weather was also magnificent, but sultry. A large number of people went camping, and there were an unusual number of picnics. Sumner was, it may be imagined, full to overflowing, the beach being a joy that never appears to cloy. Hanmer Springs is further afield, but the place was full of visitors the whole week end. The race meeting was well patronised, but of this function we shall have more to say next week. As for Dunedin, excepting that there was no rain, no news has come to hand as to how the holiday was spent.

A CORRESPONDENT writes from Wellington: 'Perhaps this note should be sent to your Lady Editor, but I have heard so many persons commenting on the matter referred to that I thought the best plan to adopt would be to refer the question to the Editor, and let him deal with it as he has a mind to. How, or why is it (the question is) that the same identical people are mentioned in the ladies' letters to newspapers time after time and year after year as being present at this, that, or the other assembly and no others? The different dresses of the same ladies constitute the one eternal variation. Are there no other ladies, or if there be, don't they—or do they—also wear dresses? Are the ladies that are mentioned, mentioned because they are the best-looking, or the best dressed, or the most aristocratic, or democratic? Are they the most talented, or the most highly educated? Are they the tallest, or the shortest, the most graceful, the most girlish, the most womanly, or the least affected? If one but knew the principle on which the selection was made, and so tenaciously clung to during (I may say) ages, one could go into the philosophy of the thing, and perhaps follow out a very interesting study. But at present all is dark around this mystery. Although I am putting the question to gratify the left-out-in-the-cold feminine mind, I can myself say that I haven't overstated the matter at all. During the recent visit of the Brough and Boucicault Company to this city the dress circle of our Opera House was crowded night after night with new faces—and new dresses. It was pointed out to me, in journal after journal, that throughout the season the same ladies, and only the same, were mentioned in each; the hundreds of others were not noticed once. That they wore dresses (and really nice dresses) I can vouch for. Perhaps there is an explanation of this abstruse problem.'

THE difficulty of avoiding anything like cliques in the society letters is a problem which has presented itself over and over again to the editors of the NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC. The only solution of this intricate question which commends itself is that society people themselves should come forward and lend their aid towards the due representation in black and white of themselves and their pretty costumes, for it is a source of pain and grief to the ordinary contributors to society news that they are only human, and only possess one memory and one pair of eyes each. The chief centres of civilisation in this colony are rapidly increasing their population, and that population is, unfortunately, of a migratory nature. It is this constant change of residence, which is one of the difficulties our society correspondents have to contend with. Another is the rapid growth of our girls into young ladies with smart new frocks and dainty millinery, which all demand adequate description in a popular journal. Now, if those who certainly merit an equal place in this fashionable chronicle, and who are left out from circumstances over which the editors have no control, would kindly club together and send in their names and a brief description of their gowns, they would greatly oblige. One young lady might do it for herself and friends, signing her own name, in confidence, to the editor, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

IT is almost a pity that so talented a violinist as Miss Bessie Doyle should have challenged comparison by declaring herself the equal of Lady Hallé (Norman Neruda). Miss Doyle, is a great violinist, and a very beautiful one, but she can no more compare with Lady Hallé than can her young pianist, a very clever young fellow, with Paderewski. One would never have dreamed of making a comparison, which would be more than usually unfair, but for the fact that Miss Doyle declared at the top of her programme that she shares with Lady Hallé the distinction of being the greatest lady violinist of the world. Apart from this rather stupid bit of 'brag' on the part of this artist, there is nothing but praise due to Miss Doyle. If not yet a Lady Hallé, she gives promise that she will be one before long. That she is the greatest lady violinist who has visited this colony is a certainty. Her playing is magnificent, and the two concerts given in Auckland have aroused the greatest enthusiasm. No more artistic violinist has visited this colony, and her physical gifts, her undeniable beauty of face and figure, are an additional attraction of considerable weight. Miss Doyle is fortunate, too, in the baritone of the little company who support her. Mr Mackenzie has a most excellent voice of great power, and sings as if he thoroughly enjoyed it. In the soprano she is hardly so fortunate. As a professional singer Miss Birch cannot be accounted a startling success. The company tour the island, and their concerts should be largely attended by musical people.

IT must be a matter for deep thankfulness to all interested in the ornithological progress of the colony that at length that important and valuable bird, the morepork, is receiving due recognition in England. The *English Graphic* says:—'A rare Australian bird is now in the Zoo, that curious kind of goat-sucker known scientifically as Cuvier's "podargus," and popularly as the More pork from its peculiar note. It has a huge mouth, and can bolt a big mouse comfortably. The podargus is reckoned an unlucky bird, and it maintains its reputation by choosing tombstones as its favourite perch.' We are, of course, quite prepared to be swallowed up in the larger tract of land known as Australia. That New Zealand is a separate island has penetrated the brains of only a limited number of the inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland. That its flora and fauna are the same as Australia's is taken for granted. In the case of the morepork, which we must henceforth call the podargus, the existence of New Zealand as one of its *locales*, is ignored, or more probably, unknown. This is only one of the many slights that this very important colony is continually receiving at the hands of the mother-country.' True, the Waitomo cavern has just been announced at Home, and astonishment and congratulation struggled for the mastery when our friends at the other side of the world realised that such natural beauties were actually visible and reachable in bright little Maoriland.

WE frequently hear of people who suffer from insomnia, and as no one reading this paragraph can be sure that he or she may not be the next victim of this distressing complaint, a remedy, or perhaps one should say an alleviation, should be hailed with enthusiasm. Perhaps it should first be stated—but this does not in any way discount the value of the suggestion—that the idea comes from America. The Yankees are marvellously ingenious, and possess remarkable inventive capacities. Better than this, they have the push and pluck to use them to advantage. But *revenons a nos moutons*. A smart society woman who is troubled with sleeplessness is 'at home' two nights in the week to all her lady friends who are similarly affected. The guests appear in any sort of costumes they please, *peignoirs*, tea-gowns, bath-robes, or any respectable covering, in short. The lights are dim, the conversation low and dull in the extreme. Soothing music is to be rendered in one room, hot chocolate and light wafers are obtainable in another. Couches and easy chairs are scattered all over, and anyone is allowed to fall asleep whenever or wherever they please. As an improvement on the soothing music, which some people might find irritating, an unpopular preacher's sermons might be procured, and read aloud at intervals, or discussions for raising money for church purposes might be started. The latter when announced as 'meetings for that purpose' are always very badly attended, and are therefore, presumably, uninteresting. For a man's insomnia party, cold water, gruel, no pipes, no cards, plenty of sermons, a little of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' a few wakeful babies to hush to sleep, etc, might prove adequate soporifics.

'FILTHY lucre' cannot be so grimy an article after all as Scripture teacheth us to believe, else why do Christian congregations strain their inventive faculties to an extent bordering on the ridiculous in the effort to possess it. The newest departure (and one which certainly beats the record for ingenuity in, shall we say, religious money grubbing) is a scheme that rumour reports to have been set on foot by would-be shining lights of a certain suburban Presbyterian congregation. To explain would be what the grammar books call 'useless circumlocution.' Allow me to bequeath to posterity the eloquently concise and explicit epistle which lately emanated from the joint brains (?) of said shining lights, being transmitted on two respective sheets of note-paper, to two other shining lights:—'Snowball to raise funds in aid of St. Stephen's Presbyterian Church, Ponsonby. The funds of the above church having fallen Short [note the emphasis lent by a 'cap'] during the last year, it has been decided to set rolling a Snowball. Firstly, you are earnestly requested to contribute the sum of one shilling by postal note, and enclose it in this letter to Mr ———. Secondly, you are requested to make two copies of this letter, putting on each the next number to that which is at the head of this letter; also give your name and address on each copy and forward them to two friends. As soon as the number 12 has been reached the snowball will be stopped. If you are not able to do this, please send the letter you receive to Mr ———, as this will be the only way of knowing when the chain is broken. But please do not let it break in your hand.'

WE have heard of respectable gambling institutions known as sales of work; we are not ignorant of the juvenile lottery bag that calleth itself a Christmas tree; the man-trap bazaar and sacred cantata are, too, too well-known commodities, but a snow-ball! The name in itself is a marvel of appropriateness and tact, so suitable to our sultry climate, so suggestive of heavenly example which lavishes good gifts as generously as it showers the spotless snow. And there is humour, too, as everyone will observe who only ponders it long enough, in the idea of hurling this gentle, playful missile at the head of some cheerful giver, who will gal-

lantly respond, and forthwith project it at the cranium of another cheerful giver. The unfortunate part is, that when he has received several hundreds of the playful things from several hundreds of nearest and dearest friends within the course of one week (which his well-known character for liberality renders more than likely), to say nothing of expending quires of paper in the heroic resolve to pass on the odi— I mean touching appeal, the cheerful giver will be apt to make use of language resembling the climate in temperature, and relegate the snowball to a place where snowballs are not. The bazaar is not misery pure and unadulterated to unfortunate masculines, although it approaches precious near that melancholy standpoint. There are usually girls to flirt with, or candy to make oneself sick over, or forget-me-not buttonholes, or some other equally useful equivalent for hard cash. Again, the sacred cantata, though destructive to nervous constitutions, means only a shilling or two out of pocket—a reflection, like Cadbury's Cocoa, both grateful and comforting. But the snowball—it possesses the vices of Tennyson's brook, with none of its virtues. Sad that a message so pathetically worded as the above should excite remarks so forcible, but all sad stories have a moral, and this is the moral of the snowball: Be nobody's nearest and dearest friend, avoid friendship at all costs, if snowballs are a-rolling. So shall ye escape tribulation.

WHEN a feminine critic comes forward in the columns of a contemporary to point out the errors in men's lawn tennis costume, she would seem to have considerable claims on our attention, though by hiding her strictures in a paper—*Hearth and Home*—dedicated to the edification of her own sex, she does not go quite the most obvious way to court it. It was really high time for somebody to give a hint to the gentlemen whom 'A Candid Eve' is in the habit of meeting in the tennis court, if indeed they 'affect very smart sleeveless vests or jerseys of silk,' and play 'in the presence of ladies with bare arms, neck arrangements of the most pronounced Byronic type, and nude ankles, about which their socks wobble.'

THIS is not the costume in vogue at tournaments, and we hesitate to believe that it is common at garden parties. In the early and experimental days of lawn-tennis a short-sleeved (but not 'sleeveless') jersey or two were to be seen, but the fashion did not make friends, and we thought that it had become extinct. It was of one of the wearers that a lady remarked that he was presumably in his right mind but could not be said to be clothed—a specimen of the satire which is fatal to such eccentricities. This particular costume will not nowadays find defenders, and there is no necessity for its assailant to proceed to extremities, as she very nearly does in the dangerous argument 'when women play tennis they do not divest themselves of half their clothes.'

OUR fair critic has another grievance which, as far as we are aware, has at any rate a better foundation. It is that the lawn tennis player fastens (without securing) 'the drapery about his lower limbs with a gaudy silk scarf in place of the more reliable but less decorative belt,' and is thus compelled to resort from time to time to something like a nautical 'hitch.' Now this very gaudy silk scarf is probably an attempt to conform to or imitate the Darwinian principle; and it must be very disappointing to the wearers to hear that natural selection after all selects a belt. What is even worse is that the representative of the ladies actually thinks that 'nothing is so becoming to a pink-and-white-faced Englishman as a fine white cambric shirt and grey flannel trousers.'

Is it for this that we discard our favourite undress, and don the easily spotted and shrinkable 'whites'? Who would have considered himself to be fully dressed even for a cricket match in grey trousers? The article is accompanied by an illustration which supplements the dress described with a very tight-looking 'blazer,' a cigarette, a chequered cap (peakless), and a stiff, white, stick-up collar. There are a few happy mortals who are not prevented by infirmities of the flesh from wearing such a collar and playing well in tournaments.

FROM Wellington a valued correspondent writes:—'Everybody here is extremely gratified at the result of the licensing election. When I went into the booth to vote, a perplexed old lady with voting papers in her hand implored me to help her. All she knew was that she wanted to vote for the sake of the children, but how to do this she hadn't the remotest idea. I knew what the poor woman meant, and was sorry that I could not help her in any legal way. Hundreds of voters, male and female, were in the same peculiar quandary. There were some eleven hundred informal papers. An immense and most surprising number voted for prohibition, and it is stated that fully two thirds of informal votes were papers of electors who desired prohibition. This I think very likely. They were mostly the votes of women, however. Everybody claims a substantial victory, and Sir Robert Stout appears peculiarly pleased. The *Post* says it is rather pleased. The *Evening Press* is *quite pleased*. The *Times* says nothing at all, but on the whole is also pleased. I understand a meeting is to be held next Wednesday to determine what is to be done with several returning officers, who also appeared enveloped in the same fog which obscured so many others, and generally to ascertain, if possible, how things actually stand. It will considerably elucidate matters to determine this.'

PICNICS, as a rule, are rather too much of the 'small beer' order of functions to merit being placed on record in topics of the week. An exception must be made, however, in favour of that given by Mr Butler, of Sargood, Butler, and Nichol, in Melbourne, to the employees of Sargood's firm in Auckland. In the first place the affair was so thoroughly well and at the same time so gracefully done. Not merely were the champagne, the luncheon, the music, and the general arrangements absolutely perfect of their kind, but the example to other large firms and offices was so excellent. Re-unions of this sort do more to establish good feeling and loyalty between the heads of the 'house' and those who assist them to make its fortunes than can well be imagined. It would be very pleasant if other of the big business men in New Zealand would emulate the kindly feeling and generosity which prompted Mr Butler to entertain the employees and friends of Sargood's. To describe the picnic at length would absorb too much of our space. The run down the harbour in the Britannia, the races at Motutapu, the fishing, the good cheer and the speeches were all enjoyable. The catering of Mr McEwan came in for special and well-deserved commendation, and the brand of champagne supplied was excellent. Among the guests were Mrs John Ross, Mr and Mrs Thompson (McArthur and Co.), Captain Anderson, Mr Ranson, Mr Smith, Mr Friend, Mr and the Misses Brett, and a few others.

A LADY contributor to the *Pall Mall Gazette* makes a complaint, in bright and rather bitter language, against the modern young man. Men are so used to look upon the other sex as a natural and non-resentful object of their own complacent criticism, that this will seem to many of them contrary to the natural order of things. Still, they are often, it must be confessed, immensely anxious to know the opinion which women entertain of them, though with the same kind of superior curiosity with which Englishmen await the opinion of a Frenchman who endeavours to record his imperfect impressions of their great country; it doesn't matter; but still they like to know. The complaint of the ladies, put shortly, is that the modern young man is not companionable. It is rather a serious allegation, and one which, from its very moderation will invite attention, the more because the idea of companionableness is very familiar to men, each of whom thinks, as a rule, that whatever his shortcomings in the larger order of social functions, he is a very companionable creature when alone and taken as he is. In the words of Mr Joshua Tubbs, they will feel 'hurt,'—not angry—but hurt.

THE *Pall Mall's* lady contributor finds young men such bad company that she is almost vindictive. She asks so little of them—so she thinks, forgetting Thackeray's axiom that no man can be a good companion to a woman till he is middle-aged—that she vows that taking them as they are and in a lump she dislikes them, and would do anything if one could do without them. Quite young ladies are, of course, the last people from whom to expect a 'true relation' of their private views about young men. Of those whom they like best, they naturally say least. They are all fugitives from the court of inquiry in this respect, or else unwilling witnesses. But women—that is, young ladies who have grown rather older—may be relied upon to say what they think; and the lady in question takes care to fortify her position by avowing that she has 'arrived at a time of life when most women desert the idol of middle-aged distinction at whose feet they sat as girls, and listen by preference to the egotistical prattle or love-making of boys.' Pretty hearing this for middle-aged distinction!

BUT here the lady is hardly consistent; for we believe our diagnosis is correct, and that what she wants is that young men should be companionable—and egotism and flirtation are not 'company' in the sense she requires. As she writes to 'relieve her feelings,' we may assume that matters are not quite so bad as she paints them. But neither in the 'statesmanlike young man'—that is, the serious and rather priggish youth—nor in the wicked young man, nor in the ladylike young man, nor even in the ordinary young man, does she find the society she seeks. As the first is a naturally old young man, she can hardly expect to find in him the companionable qualities of youth. Young ladies are far more ready than might be expected to admit a liking for the well-informed young man, even though a prig, or for the polite young man, even if rather effeminate, because cleverness and politeness are qualities which they can admire quite separately from any regard for their owner. Besides, there is a certain safety for a girl in talking with a prig or a courtier. The former, at any rate, is pretty sure to be thinking mostly about himself; whereas the nice, ordinary young man is apt to be thinking about her, long before she thinks anything at all about him, and is apt to be 'too previous' generally.

Now, the priggish young man never creates anxiety of this kind, and so gets the credit of being better liked by women than he is. As the chief complaint of the *Pall Mall's* lady contributor against the wicked young man is that he is not wicked enough, but only a feeble kind of impostor, we may assume that he is only inserted to complete the classification. Her estimate of the ladylike young man is amusing. 'I have noticed,' she writes, 'that when a woman tries to be a man, she is very rarely anything like a gentleman. But the ladylike young man is frequently a very well-bred young lady. His little graces and attitudes are often very pleasing in a way. He sympathises keenly with the very minor troubles of life, and waves the serious ones aside with a paradox. He is effeminate and effete, yet amusing for a time, until you dread the recurrence of his little exclamations. He seems to be unpopular with other men; and as one can hardly put that down to jealousy, his society is not an honour to a woman. He is not one's idea of what a young man should be. Still, he is not uncompanionable.' The last sentence of this not very kind description contains what we have indicated as the probable clue to the ladies' discontent with the modern young man, and incidentally a very sufficient justification for the favour which women show to youths of whom men blindly declare that 'they never can see anything in them.' 'The ordinary young man is negatively preferable, of course. Supposing him to be neither a prig or a bore, nor despised of his fellows like the lady'ike young man, nor immodest. Suppose him to be ordinarily well bred. My general complaint is twofold. Firstly, he is too fond of personal chaff, which is a good (?) substitute for conversation, but is a nuisance when conversation would else have been possible. Besides it implies a previous education in tedious details, and without that is unintelligible.'

WE may grant the justice of that at once—the barrack-room education of public school and college life, without women's society and with a narrow and familiar circle of interests is mainly responsible for it. But, secondly, 'He is too calculating. I do not wish my friends to go to the dogs; but to be always thinking of their advantage certainly clogs some of their finer feelings—their sense of pathos, say, or their sympathy generally. There was more abandonment about young men when I was a girl, and though it sent some of them under, the others were, I venture to think, more amiable. Nowadays, if the ordinary young man is poor, he is always thinking (and frequently talking) about "getting on"; if he is rich he is always keen about having his money's worth; he wants to buy life at store prices.'

ANOTHER lady writes to complain that the hard work of modern life is destroying all nobility of character. We don't believe it. Most men of noble character have rather overworked than underworked their energies; though the graces may rather suffer from the effects even of an eight-hours day. But one of the first visible results of the calculating frame of mind in a young man, who has not realised, as the older ones do, that motives are nearly always mixed in every way of life, is to produce the stupid habit of attributing commonplace, or even sordid, motives all round,—an indication that the fears of the *Pall Mall's* contributor as to the decay of sensibility are not groundless. But women have the remedy partly in their own hands; and it is to be hoped that if their experience agrees with that of the writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, they will make use of it. They have only to make it understood that, in their opinion, reference to personal profits and loss and pecuniary aims and ambitions are 'not good form,' a rule very well understood and acted upon until lately by well-bred people, and that particular form of social defect will soon cease to form a barrier to companionship between modern young men and women.

SECRETS OF THE PRISON HOUSE.

IF the poet was right when he told us that 'the proper study of mankind is man,' then surely it is meet and proper that we should study all sorts and conditions of men, not even excepting those worst specimens of humanity who go under the general name of the criminal classes. And indeed virtue is its own reward in this matter, for not only is the study of criminals eminently instructive, but decidedly interesting and often amusing. It is an old saying and true that one half the world does not know how the other half lives; and though we would not for a moment suggest that one half of the world is of criminal tendencies and passes some part of its time in gaol, yet of the section that does inhabit our prisons so little is known by the general public that Major Griffiths calls his sketches and studies in gaol life 'secrets' of the prison-house. In these two weighty volumes—weighty, that is, with wealth of fact and observation—Major Griffiths deals in a masterly way with

PRISON LIFE IN ITS EVERY ASPECT.

He literally surveys his subject from 'China to Peru,' and gives us résumés, statistics, and reports of prisons in every country of the world. He has personally visited a great many of them, is conversant with the literature of the subject, and as one of Her Majesty's inspectors of prisons has had unusual opportunities of acquiring that knowledge of and forming those opinions on prisoners and their occupants which enable him to write in so striking a way, and as one having authority on the men and matters he treats of. In his introductory chapters Major Griffiths gives us information on the general subject of prison science, on crime and the means for its repression, on the various methods and terms of imprisonment

TYPES OF CRIMINALS, AND THEORIES OF TREATMENT,

on hereditary tendencies to crime, criminal characteristics and anthropology, traits of prisoners, and other facts most interesting to the philanthropist, the statesman, the taxpayer, and the general reader. With regard to the new type of man, the criminal who is bound by the laws of heredity to do some crime each day of his life, the Major does not believe in the new-fangled ideas of the ingenious Professor Lombroso and other criminal anthropologists who would relieve him of all responsibility for his misdeeds. Major Griffiths calls this a 'dangerous and corrupting doctrine,' and we heartily agree with him. To say that the shape of a man's head or the relative length of his ears frees him from all responsibility for his crimes is to advance a super-sentimental, falsely-philanthropic, morbid doctrine that, if acted on, would lay society open to the destructive and anarchistic tendencies of the very worst classes of the community.

PERSONAL PECULIARITIES.

Of the characteristic traits and ways of the 'instinctive, born, or congenital' criminal we get some very curious and instructive information in Major Griffiths' book. In speaking of habitual criminals, he says:—

'They bear pain with more or less callous indifference, and face without shrinking situations that will certainly inflict it in a very acute form. Dr. Nicholson has said that those sentenced to be flogged will await their punishment with a calm and stolid behaviour; if many give way to frantic entreaty and the most poignant anguish during its infliction, it is mainly in the hope of escaping part of the punishment. I have known a case where a convict, flogged for a grave offence, took the lash without a murmur, and when cast loose he turned to the officials saying coolly, "Now I'll fight the best man amongst you." Such bravado was no doubt a mixture of high courage and physical insensibility to pain. This is further shown by the readiness with which convicts have endured mutilation of limb, throwing themselves beneath railway-trucks, or over the railings of the topmost landing of a four or five-storied prison, to gain some object, but not necessarily a "trifling one," and generally, that of immunity from further hard labour. One of the most deliberate acts of this kind occurred at Chatham convict prison years ago, when it was the custom to allow prisoners to shave themselves. The razor was passed into the cell under the door to one man, who forthwith cut off three fingers of one hand, and rolled them out with the razor. An extraordinary case is recorded as having happened in one of the convict camps in the Southern States of America, where a prisoner of somewhat superior station, a chemist and well informed, but said to be incorrigibly lazy, determined to totally blind himself to escape work. He was already one-eyed, but he procured a needle and tried to persuade a fellow-prisoner to hold it while he drove it into the pupil of his remaining eye.'

THE LADY AND THE BURGLAR.

Occasionally criminals show that all the better qualities of human nature are not quite extinct, though slumbering very deep in their breasts. Sometimes these better feelings are but evanescent, and prompted by vanity or the desire to pose as a benefactor; but occasionally, as the following incident shows, they spring from a wish to atone for misdeeds or to pay a tribute of passing repentance:—

'The wife of a well-known journalist, a woman advanced in years, was roused one night when alone in the house by sounds that satisfied her burglars had broken in. The courageous old lady rose and went downstairs into the dining-room, where she found a man in the act of rifling the sideboard and cupboards. He turned on seeing her, and with one blow of his fist knocked her down. As soon as she could recover herself she got up and quietly took a seat, whence she addressed the burglar. "I suppose you have been driven to these evil courses by want. But why add cowardly violence to your crime? You see I am an old woman, old enough to be your mother. Is your mother still alive? Do you remember her? What would you say or do to a man who struck her in the face and knocked her down?" Her words as she spoke had a strange and marked effect upon the housebreaker. It was obvious that the reference to his mother touched him. He was one of those criminals who had a mother (and all have not—not a mother they know, or who knows and acknowledges them), and the sight of this poor creature he had so cruelly ill-used created a revulsion in his feelings. There was manifest contrition in him when he said, "I'm sorry, ma'am, and I am ashamed of what I am doing. I will not take anything belonging to you, except this five-pound note. But I am really in desperate straits, and I want some money badly." He emptied his pockets of the various articles he had annexed; but with the full, free consent of the old lady made off with the five pounds. Some time afterwards an envelope came addressed to her in a strange hand. Inside was a five-pound note. She always maintained that it was from her burglar, who had thus made full restitution. It would be perhaps cynical to suggest that the cash in question came from some other more successful "job."'

A CONVICT'S SELF-SACRIFICE.

Here is another instance of a good action on the part of a convict, which indeed amounted to a great sacrifice, seeing that the prisoner gave up his most coveted boon—liberty. The story is told of a French convict at Toulon:—

'Among the free labourers who worked almost side by side with the convicts was an Italian, who always showed them much sympathy and kindness. He brought them extra food, and addressed them like human beings, talking of his family, wife, and home. But the Italian's gaiety suddenly left him, and it came out that he was sorely pressed for money. One of the convicts who had heard this, presently announced his intention of making his escape. He confided his plan to the Italian, and got him to promise to visit him in a hiding-place he knew of, well beyond the town. The convict escaped in due course, and the Italian came to him; when to the latter's astonishment the convict said—"Now, I give myself up to you. My capture will bring you the reward, 100 fr. (£4), and that will help you out of your difficulties." For a long time the Italian stoutly refused to take advantage of the fugitive's self-sacrifice, but at last yielded and took back the prisoner. Some time afterwards this noble trait became known to the prison authorities, and the punishment for escape was remitted.'

PRISONERS' DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.

That bad citizens sometimes make good and even affectionate husbands and parents is shown by the family affection so generally shown by prisoners. Major Griffiths tells us that:—

'Prisoners are especially susceptible as regards the domestic affections. Few ignore domestic ties; on the contrary, strong affection for wife, children, relatives, is a common and abiding virtue among them. This is to be read in every line of their correspondence; in which, although always subjected to official scrutiny, they generally express themselves without reserve. Home and its dear ones form the favourite themes of the rude but often touching doggerel committed during the long lonely hours to the school slate, the prisoner's constant and familiar friend and companion. This trait of family affection is a useful aid to

Coxhead, photo., Dunedin.

PUYSEGUR POINT, PRESERVATION INLET.—SEE 'OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.'

discipline; the right to communicate with friends, whether by letter or visit, is so highly prized that the dread of its deprivation is one of the best incentives to continued good conduct. Half the applications and complaints made to superior officers are with regard to these privileges; protests against their forfeiture, arguments as to the proper interpretation of the rules, requests that the boon may be advanced a day, a week, a month; or the still greater concession, that an extra or special interview or letter may be given.

THE CONSERVATISM OF CRIMINALS.

Here is an interesting note on one of the peculiarities of prisoners:—

'One of the most curious characteristics of criminals, both male and female, is their conservatism, so to speak, their persistent adherence to a particular line of crime. When once an offender has embarked in misdoing, he or she seldom changes the crime. They constantly repeat the same offence. I knew one decrepit old woman in the North, nearly seventy years of age, who had passed the greater part of her life in prison for stealing wedding-rings. It was her practice to go, decently dressed, and ask to see some rings, as her daughter was shortly to be married. While the stock was shown her, she always tried to secrete two or three while pretending to choose one. I saw her in a country prison, but London was her favourite hunting-ground. Another woman was an unvarying pickpocket; she always stole purses, and if released one week would certainly be convicted the next for the same offence, and when I knew her she had already expiated it thirty-one times. An old charwoman, who turned her engagements to good account, always carried off, when she could, clothes, overcoats, frocks, table cloths, even the glass lustres and lamp brackets from the walls. Some steal fowls, ducks; some oranges and lemons, anything exposed in a shop front. Hotel robbery is a craze with another class, as it was with the notorious Tottie Fay, with whom I had an extended acquaintance up to the time of her removal to the criminal asylum at Broadmoor. There is a comic side to this offence, owing to the fact that the offender is often taken red-handed and committed to gaol in the very garb in which she was arrested. Sometimes it is meagre enough; at others incongruously fine; a silk skirt of some bright colour, and a white cashmere opera cloak. Tottie's wardrobe was always more gorgeous than extensive.'

GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

Speaking of the cleverness with tools of many convicts and of the wonderful things they often do with a scrap of old iron, a wooden spoon, or other simple materials, the Major tells a tale of what he once saw done in this way. On leaving the prison one day, and on handing over his keys to the gatekeeper for custody in the safe, the latter accidentally hampered the lock and could not open the safe:—

'I waited some time impatiently, as I was expected elsewhere, but to no purpose. The safe could not be opened, and until it was, not only must I remain on the spot, but so must every other official. It is a strict rule that no one can leave prison until the keys are collected and safely put away. At last, in despair, I turned to the chief warder and asked, "Have we any especially good cracksman in custody?" "There is K——, sir," he replied promptly, "one of the most noted housebreakers in London; doing fifteen years. He is employed at this moment in the carpenter's shop." "Send for him," I said; and presently K—— appeared under escort, carrying his bag of tools like any British workman arrives to execute repairs. He was a tall, very dark-haired, rather good-looking man; clean, industrious, and an excellent prisoner.

"CAN YOU OPEN THAT SAFE, K——?"

I asked quietly, when he was marched into the lodge. "Do you mean it, sir?" he replied, looking at me with an intelligent and irrepressible smile. "Certainly I do. Examine the lock. If you can manage it—go ahead." K—— made only a short inspection, and then picked up a couple of tools. "I think I can do it, sir; shall I try?" I nodded assent, and in less than three minutes the safe door swung open; the lock was completely conquered. I will not risk mentioning the name of the makers of the safe, which indeed I do not remember. But it was a patent, and presumably a first-class safe, which thus succumbed so easily to the skilful housebreaker. Fortunately there was an inner smaller safe, which answered all our purposes for security until the outer could be properly repaired. As for K—— I thanked him, and the next time he came with a request for one of the small privileges so coveted by prisoners, I think it was not denied him.'

MUTINIES IN PRISONS.

Prisoners, it seems, are very touchy with regard to food. When Dartmore was a war prison and contained some 10,000 men, a serious disturbance arose because biscuit was issued instead of bread. The French prisoners broke out, and afterwards the American prisoners mutinied for a like cause. Incidentally the story bears on the recent discussion of the use of blank cartridges when dealing with infuriated mobs:—

'The prisoners crowded to the first gate, the iron chain of which was broken, and a great crowd came out into the "market" square. The Governor tried to persuade them to go back, but they refused, and at last he ordered the guard to drive them in. The prisoners still resisted, insulted the soldiers, and pelted them with large stones. Upon this, whether directly ordered or not cannot be known, the troops opened fire. The Governor would have checked this, but was unable to do so. At first the shots were aimed over the heads of the crowd, when the prisoners raised a cry of "blank cartridges," and charged the soldiers. Then the fire was given in real earnest; seven prisoners were killed, and sixty more were dangerously wounded. This unfortunate occurrence was styled at the time "a horrid massacre," but a coroner's jury returned a verdict of justifiable homicide against the troops, and a joint English and American commission of inquiry could only express sorrow at the whole affair. More recently Salillas describes how a part of the prisoners in the *presidio* of Alcala, near Madrid, refused their rations, and then mutinied. The alarm was great in Madrid. Horse and foot, under the command of a brigadier-general, were posted around the gaol, and a picked body of *guardias civiles* sent up as a forlorn hope to storm the prison. The prisoners made a stout resistance; replied with stones to the fire of the civic guards, and fought so well that they killed five and wounded thirty of their assailants before they were subdued. Female prisoners in Spain have made equally determined resistance to authority. On one occasion, when dissatisfied with their food, they rose, and held out against all comers for three or four days. These Spanish women were full of guile on another occasion, when a rebellion among them took such a threatening aspect that the troops had to be called in. Then the women sent all the mothers with children into the front line, and dared the soldiers to fire upon them.'

THE HORRORS OF THE HULKS.

Major Griffiths began his prison experiences, quite accidentally, at Gibraltar, where he was stationed with his regiment. Being called upon to take over the convict prisons there, to quell a mutiny, he drifted into that new course of life to which he afterwards adhered. At Gibraltar the prison hospital was a hulk, one of the old *pontons* which had held French prisoners and furnished materials for some of Napoleon's bitterest manifestos when preparing for war with England. It is only right to say that the most extravagant of these stories were subsequently denied, and officials sent to Portsmouth and Chatham reported that the prisoners were 'happy and comfortable, well-fed and cleanly,' and they were even provided with billiards and music:—

'Although, no doubt, greatly exaggerated by the fierce animosity that raged between the two nations, the terrible accounts given by French prisoners of the English hulks had some foundation in fact. These old and worm eaten battleships were frightfully overcrowded. In a three-decker as many as 1,200 or 1,300 were lodged, and 700 to 800 in a two-decker. The prisoners were sent below an hour or two before nightfall, and remained there till morning, by which time the air had become so foul that the guards who opened the hatches ran for their lives directly they had done so. During the night candles went out for want of oxygen; the prisoners lay naked on account of the great heat. Yet some of the stories told must on the face of them be untrue. It was stated after the outbreak on board the Samson, in 1811, that the prisoners had been half starved; that the food consisted of nothing but worm-eaten biscuits, fish, and salt meat. They were so ravenous, these poor Frenchmen, that on one occasion, when a colonel of militia rode into the Porchester barracks, where a number were confined, and tied up his horse to a post, it was gone when he came out a few minutes later. It is asserted in contemporary records that in that short space of time it had been killed, cut up, and eaten, raw! The colonel refused to credit the story, but believed it presently, when a prisoner came out still gnawing at a bone, and when he was shown a piece of the horse's hide. The same summary fate overtook the big dog of the prison butcher.'

A PRISONER'S POEM.

In the second volume of Major Griffiths' book we are told some very charming, and at times pathetic stories of the better qualities of prisoners. Unfortunately these are too long for extraction, but we must find room for the following little gem of prison literature. It was written by one of the worst female convicts of a large prison on learning the fatal illness of the matron. This violent prisoner, whom no severity could repress, was quelled by the death of the only person who had had the least influence with her:—

We hear sad news of thee, lady;
They tell us thou art ill:
That the place that was thine own, lady,
A stranger soon must fill.

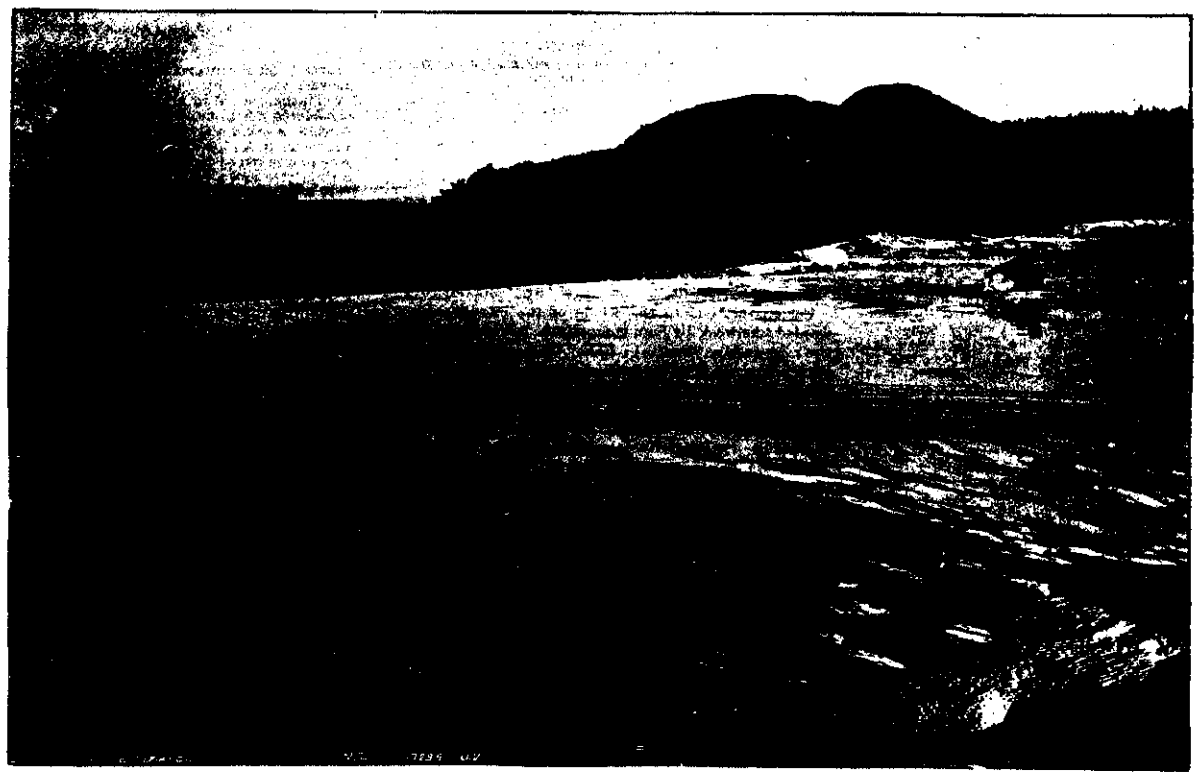
We've found thee true and gentle,
Thy tender charity was known,
And how we miss thy kindness
Is known to us alone.

A friend in need we value,
For trials are our store,
And as the weary days go by
We miss thee more and more.

But if thy days are numbered,
May Heaven claim thee for its own,
And thy gracious deeds of charity
Light thy pathway to His throne.

ESCAPES FROM PRISON.

Some capital stories are told of the various methods of prison-breaking. The ingenuity and perseverance displayed



Valentine, photo.

THE NEW WHITE TERRACE, HOT LAKE DISTRICT.—SEE 'OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.'

in these attempts are worthy of a better cause. But escapes from prison are not quite so frequent now as they used to be:—

'Most modern prisons are so securely built, and generally so well guarded, that the chances of escape are altogether against the prisoner. French prison officials assert that escapes are impossible from La Grande Roquette, the great convict depôt near Père la Chaise, the scene too of the last drama on the now rare occasions when the guillotine is brought into play. The argument that La Grande Roquette is inexpugnable is negative, and based mainly on the fact that no one as yet has left it except those legitimately through the prison gates—not even Blin, the most famous prison-breaker of modern times, who had made thirty escapes before 1844, and who was successfully held at La Roquette. It was said of Blin that he could penetrate arches, run along sloping roofs, fly down to the ground like a bird, lift the stone flags of his cell flooring, or scratch his way out underground with his nails alone. His greatest feat, as told by himself, was at one of the *bagnes*, where he was buried in the ditch by his comrades, and took into his hiding-place with him provisions for several days, and tools to regain the surface as soon as the alarm had blown over. But he was speedily missed, and his whereabouts surmised. The Commissary thereupon ordered the floodgates to be opened and the drains and water-courses flushed, intending to drown or drive him out. The incoming tide swelled the torrent of sewage, and Blin found himself up to his neck in water. He escaped only by a miracle, and by next morning was six miles from the *bagne*. He hid the second night in the bushes; then, having no clothing but that of the prison, he attacked the first passer by, and "with strange forbearance," as he puts it, robbed him only of his clothes. "I might have killed him. I never thought of it. I—branded as the most abject being, abused, disgraced, despised—I only asked to be put on the right road to Blaye." This was after he had forcibly stripped his victim of all he wore. The third night, driven by hunger, he begged for bread at a house, where the stolen garments betrayed him. He was arrested, bound hand and foot, and restored to the *bagne*. "For the thirtieth and last time I had failed," he told the chaplain of La Roquette. "Now I have no hope; this prison is too strong."'

A CLEVER CONTRIVANCE.

Here is a story of a successful escape from prison. It was effected from Dartmoor by one of the old prisoners of war. Many of these men were clever artisans, and their services were frequently employed in building. Once a rectory was being built by these prisoners, and they adopted a very clever expedient for the escape of one of their number:—

'They had reached that part of the work which consisted in fixing a chimney-flue, and when the stones had been carried up a certain height an inner recess was left large enough to hold a man standing upright. The outer face of the flue was continued upward, but only with thin stone especially selected for the purpose, and easily removable. After six feet had been gained the strong work was resumed; the flue was made the proper thickness, and the stones rendered in good mortar. Care was taken to leave air and eyelet holes for breathing and observation in the six feet of thin wall. One afternoon the intending fugitive entered the flue, and took up his quarters in the above-mentioned recess, while his comrades went on with their work above. They worked so well and with so much skill that they were particularly commended by their foreman, who complimented them highly on the excellent face put upon the flue. The man in hiding was not missed until after the party had left work; but his absence was discovered at evening roll call. A thorough search was then made of the rectory-house inside and out, but the smooth surface of the walls negatived all idea of a practicable hiding place. A number of vigorous bayonet-thrusts were made up the freshly-built flue, but without betraying or injuring the man inside, and the search was abandoned. It was believed the prisoner had absconded during the day, having successfully eluded the vigilance of the sentries posted in a cordon round the house. At nightfall, however, the immured man, finding all quiet, attacked the green masonry at its thinnest part, and, extricating himself without difficulty, made off unobserved. The state of the flue on the following morning pointed clearly to the method by which he had effected his escape.'

Want of space alone prevents our giving more extracts from this able, thoughtful, and deeply interesting book, which we heartily recommend to all sorts and conditions of readers. It is as full of information, of interest, of human nature, and real humour as an egg is full of meat, and it contains enough elements of romance, exciting stories, and wonderful adventures to furnish forth the plots of a dozen ordinary novels. His many years of prison rule and contact with prisoners have not deprived Major Griffiths of his kindly disposition, his appreciation of humour, and his faith in human nature. His book is well written and is well worth reading by all of two great classes—those who have been in prison and those who have not.

A NOTE ABOUT WATER.

WHENCE does all the water in the sea come from? is a question that many a small boy has asked his father, and which many a father has found himself utterly unable to answer. Some idea of where it comes from may be gathered from a glance at the following table of the hourly quantity of water discharged into the sea annually by some of the best-known rivers of the world. It was compiled by an expert, and may be accepted as accurate:

River.	Million cubic feet per hour.	River.	Million cubic feet per hour.
Amazon	5,700	Nile	560
La Plata	3,100	Rhine	230
Mississippi	2,070	Elbe	100
Volga	1,120	Seine	80
Danube	960	Thames	40
Ganges	700		

This, of course, throws the question back a step. The question becomes, where does the water in the rivers come from? When that is answered by the statement that it comes from the hills, we have gone about as far as we can go. Water is an element, and what its original source may be, no man knows.

PUZZLE COMPETITION.

WE continue this week our 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.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLE COMPETITION NO. IV.

(March 17th.)

SQUARE WORDS.

(1) *Crib, rare, iris, best.*
(2) *Five, idea, fens, case.*
(3) *Linen, image, navy's, Egypt, nests.*

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

(4) *Gladstone. Rosebery. Gormandizer. Loo. Alps. Dawdle. Squib. Tithe. Orator. Nearly. Enemy.*
(5) ENIGMA.—*The letter O.*

TRANSPOSED PROVERBS.

(6) *Time and tide wait for no man.*
(7) *Half a loaf is better than no bread.*
(8) *Better late than never.*
(9) CONUNDRUM.—*Grocer.*

RESULTS.

'Notabene,' 'Novice,' 'Blenheim,' 'Francais,' 9; 'Doris,' 'Eclair,' 'Sphinx,' 'Kate,' 8½; 'Erema,' 8; 'Rupee,' 'Scotty,' 7½; 'Leslie,' 'The Digger,' 6½.

Correct solutions to the whole of the puzzles were forwarded this week by four competitors. We have awarded the prize to Miss Phyllis C. Baker, of Grafton Road, Auckland, who correctly supplied the whole of the lights to the double acrostic, 'Blenheim' and 'Francais,' giving *Apennines* in place of *Alps*, and her solutions reaching us in advance of those of 'Novice,' who was otherwise equally successful. Owing to the misprint of *close* for *closely* in this puzzle, we have accepted the word near in every case. 'Kate' receives a mark for her answer to the conundrum: 'A labourer, because he would get hire every day.'

MONTHLY PRIZE.—Our first monthly prize goes to D. Stewart, care of Burns and Co., Customs-street, who secured 29½ marks out of a possible 43. We have forwarded Mr Stewart a postal note for £1.

NOTE.—Answers to Puzzle Competition No. V. are due on April 2nd, and not March 26th, as stated.

PUZZLE COMPETITION.

NO. VI.

(Answers to reach the office not later than April 9th.)

SQUARE WORDS.

(1) She was the *second* of my heart,
And of my *first* the only joy;
But now her *third* beneath my *last*
Sleeps on, and tears mine eyes employ.

(2) Fright. The soul. A river in Africa. I thaw. Menu.
(3) Make a square word of a r u c e r, using three of the letters twice.

CRYPTOGRAM.

(4) Sltx qeborbv pa l sxytzsye zxbb,
Juo cp ob slee vp slvz f
Opyx clzb tv upz vp qlvz
Kyz opy hlo vzlo obz ubxb l-luteb,
Zp keyvu lne rbnzeo vhteb
Lne rp lz elvz.

UBXNTAF.

ANAGRAMS (French poets).

(5) Villain of scorn.
(6) Let me not cram.
(7) A dinner cheer.
(8) Do Ned's tidier.
(9) Ponder, Sir Reader!

DOUBLE ACROSTIC (Five letters long).

(11) In primals read a human need,
Whereby my life endures;
In finals, too, a natural brew,
Essential unto yours.

The wind did *first* my *second's* top,
The red flowers foil to earth,
The sun out of my *third* came up,
And *seal* the day had birth.

CONUNDRUM.

(12) Why is the letter Q the most deceitful in the alphabet?

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

c	a	r	p
a	l	o	e
r	o	a	r
p	e	r	t

WITCHING WOMEN OF HISTORY.

AT the Royal Academy in London there are the portraits of three women—Lady Hamilton, Mrs Jordan, and Sophie Arnould. The lovely Emma is a type of rustic beauty at its best—not refined—likely to become coarse. Mrs Jordan shows, behind a charming face, intellect, wit, cleverness, and a gentle heart. Sophie Arnould shows greater wit, greater cleverness, and a heart not so gentle, perhaps. On each of the faces there is in addition, unmistakably, the same quality, rare and wonderful. It is the quality for which there is no other word than witchery. These were all three witches, but instead of being burned at the stake they set fire to every masculine heart that approached them.

And what is the secret of this gift? It is certainly not faultless beauty, for it is a perfectly comprehensible paradox that as a rule the women who have been noted for the fascination of their beauty were not pretty women at all. Anne Boleyn had many plastic defects. The Duchess of Burgundy, who lit up the old age of Louis XIV. and the Court of Versailles, and neutralised the morose influence of Mdme. de Maintenon, had a goitrous neck and decayed front teeth, yet she was proclaimed a beauty. Marguerite de Valois, with whom most of the prominent Frenchmen of her day were at some time or another desperately in love, had heavy cheeks, too prominent eyes, and a thick, hanging under lip. The last Duchess de Berri would not have been allowed to so much as compete at a beauty show had she presented herself *incognito*. Sir Walter Scott, who was close to her at mass in the Tuileries Chapel, wrote in his diary that she was plain, and that her eyes were not fellows.

At what age is this charm most subtle? Swift wrote with cruel candour of Stella's fading charms, and sent her as a birthday gift a rhymed 'Receipt to Restore Her Lost Youth' at a period we should consider the prime of life. The caustic Dean of St. Patrick's wondering

How angels look at thirty-six

proves a sharp contrast to the more modern writer, George Lewes, who in his 'Life of Goethe' speaks of 33 as the fascinating period in a woman's life, being that in which he considered her to have reached the full development of her powers of mind and body. And 33 was the age at which Frau von Stein proved dangerous to the heart of the poet who had survived the more youthful charms of a Gretchen, a Charlotte and a Lili.

It is impossible to read the descriptions of salon life in Paris without realising the immense power of such women as Mme. de Rambouillet, Mme. Deffand, who could tolerate anything but the commonplace; Mme. Neckar, her brilliant daughter, Mme. de Stael, and her cherished friend, Mme. d'Houdetot, exercised in literary, social, and political matters.

It is interesting to see how the age of the heroine of the modern novel differs from that of older writers. Out of thirty of Scott's heroines sixteen are described as under 20, three as over 20, and only one, Amy Robsart, is a heroine 'of an uncertain age,' since she is historically a middle-aged matron, and fictitiously a youthful bride. But the conspicuous character of the modern novel is a woman, not a girl, who has lived and experienced much, and not unfrequently is married, before the story introduces her as its central figure.—WALTER BESANT.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

PROFESSOR C. STEWART, in a recent lecture at the London Institute, carried his audience off to the verdurous forests of tropical America in a description of the life and habits of the leaf cutting ants. They dwell in tumuli, at a depth of 5ft or 6ft below the surface of the earth. Each of the chambers there found is about two thirds full of what is apparently brown snuff, in the midst of which swarms of small ants are busily running about engaged in their duties. The 'snuff,' however, is nothing else than a compost formed by masticating the leaves of trees. The leaves are not used as food. The compost is used for the purpose of growing on its surface a special kind of fungus, which is the special food of the ant, and that with which in particular it feeds its young. A crop of fungus is kept in perpetual cultivation on the leaf mould soil. The eggs, after they are hatched by the queen ant, are tended with marvellous devotion by a special race of small ants. The fully-grown chrysalis is assisted out of its case with the greatest surgical care; each limb as it is presented is carefully and affectionately 'massaged' and shampooed. The newly born infant is carefully tended in its first toddling steps until it can bite off and eat fungus on its own account. Equally marvellous are the ways of the much larger and more powerful class which goes forth in a continual stream, climbs trees, bites off whole leaves, and carries them back to the caravans for mastication by the nursing ants. The stream of harvesters is superintended and directed by one or two powerful fellows, who do not work themselves, but merely direct the labour of others. Even 'division of labour' is understood by these creatures. One gang will remain up in the trees chopping off the leaves; another will effect the removal of the fallen material from the ground beneath. Perhaps the most human feature about the nursing community is that they get an occasional 'day out' for exercise, amusing themselves during their holiday by running about the ground and occasionally taking a ride home on the top of some leaf borne by their larger and more powerful kindred. Naturally, the professor pointed out, the foliage was devastated terribly by them. But there is, it appears, one species of acacia which defies their attacks by a device which it appears to have developed on its own account. This device, which was described in a series of excellent illustrations, is nothing less than keeping a special breed of ants, housed and fed on the branches, which fiercely repel any of the leaf eating intruders. The acacia has 'developed' special houses for the protecting ants, distils plenty of honey and oil, and also provides fountains of nitrogenous or flesh-forming nutriment on the points of its leaves. There is everything an ant requires from birth to death on a single branch, and all without injuring the plant itself. The virulence of these ants in repelling the attacks of other ants was described as intense.

TENNIS TOPICS.

BY 'VANTAGE.'

THE following is a brief record of Mr J. R. Hooper's tennis career. He commenced playing in 1886, and won his Club (University) handicap single at the end of the same season. In 1887 he was chosen to represent the Club in the singles, but suffered defeat in the final. In 1890, owing 30 to scratch, he won the racquet at Zealandia Winter Court. His first attempt for the Championship was made in 1891, but he was beaten by Mr W. B. A. Morrison in the semi-final. This was Mr Hooper's last year of defeat by Auckland players, as in 1892 he won the Championship, and repeated the operation last and this year. In 1893 Mr Hooper represented Auckland at the New Zealand Tournament played at Dunedin. He was beaten by Mr R. Harman, the then Canterbury champion. He played in the championship round this year, beating Mr F. M. Marshall, and being beaten by Mr Minden Fenwicke.

IN my 'Topics,' when reviewing Miss Rees' career, I had occasion to speak of her father's athletic predelictions, and was guilty of some errors. I said that Mr Rees learnt his cricket from the Graces, the real fact being that the Graces learnt from him. Mr W. G. Grace, Mr W. G Rees' cousin, and godson got his first lesson from his godfather in 1858, he being then a boy of 11, and his teacher 32 years old. In 'Grace's Life' the incident is mentioned. Mr Rees at the same time held the highest average for the five years for West Gloucester, viz, 29.

It may be of interest to Auckland ladies to know that Miss Rees is this year competing for the Championship of her club (Ashburton) against the men. So far she is runner up, and I expect to hear the result of the final shortly.

THE DEVELOPMENTS OF DOUBLES.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK).

THE question then arises: can this difficulty be met, or is the double match in future to consist simply of a recurrence of a series of certainties, coupled with a possibility (common to all certainties) of one of them being upset? In other words: can some method of play be found which will annul the advantages at present accruing to the service, and, if so, what is it?

LET us revert to the positions of the strikers-out. First, there is the partner of the man who is receiving the service. He, as has already been shown, stands somewhere near the service-line and looks on. Why he stands there does not seem very clear, except that he is in a good position for volleying. But how often is he able to turn this position to any account? Only when his partner makes such a good return of the service that the other side are compelled to play the ball where they can—so that it may come in his direction. But how seldom this occurs! If they can do so by any possible means, they send the return to his partner who is running up, and the issue once more turns upon what sort of a stroke he will make. If, on the other hand, his partner's return of the service is a weak one it is simply killed, being aimed generally either at the body or legs, or else just out of the reach of the 'looker-on.' Now, supposing this 'looker-on' were to stand in a line with (or perhaps the least bit in advance of) his partner, somewhere near the base line, he would be in a position to save at any rate some of the kills which would result from his partner's weak returns of the service: he would be better able to see what sort of a return his partner had made, and would stay back if he stayed back, or else advance alongside of him. Thus the action of the partners would be far more concerted. Nowadays it is quite a common thing for the actual striker-out never to arrive at the net at all, though his partner remains there hopefully, leaving all the time a 'hole' which a properly-aimed cross-stroke is bound to find.

OF course this suggestion that the partner of the man taking the service (or 'looker-on' as he has been styled above) should stand near the base line involves the extra exertion of running up at the right time instead of being already there, but surely this is better than being there five times out of six to no purpose. He will also, perhaps, lose a chance of killing one or two unexpectedly easy first returns from the servers, but they are not numerous enough in a good match to be seriously counted upon. His attitude, until the rest is at any rate fairly started, and started somewhat in his own side's favour too, must of necessity be defensive in most cases, and the service line is not the best place to defend from—even in a double.

NOW, as to the man who is taking the service. His position is, of course, settled by the fact that he has to be in a particular place in order to make his return properly. The momentous question with him, therefore, is not where he shall stand, but what sort of a stroke he is to make. Of course, there is very little that is new to be said on this point, except in relation to the altered position which is advocated for his partner. If he has a fair chance of success he will try to pass the man at the net down the side line. This is a very risky stroke when your partner is 'up.' But now, supposing it does not happen to score outright, the partner, standing on the base-line, will have a very fair chance of saving the hard cross-volley, which is the almost inevitable result. A more common return of the service is a low cross-stroke in the direction of the man who is running in. This, if well done, will justify both the strikers-out in running up (which they must do quickly). If, on the other hand, it is only a somewhat feeble return, then both can stay where they are and be in the appropriate position for defending. The same will also hold good with regard to short drops and other 'fancy' strokes, which, however, are of such a nature that they usually score outright or are completely scored off. One stroke remains which is occasionally used, and which, it is submitted to the reader, might be cultivated with more diligence, and that is the lob. And here let it be remembered that the new position suggested for the striker's partner is again the right one if a lob is made. The best lob of all is undoubtedly a low lob just out of the reach of the man at the net. If really well done this stroke forces the server to stop his advance and run back behind his partner to make the return for him, and that, of course, would be the signal for a general advance on the other side. Even if the man at the net goes back after the lob himself he is losing position a little, and his return is not likely to be very powerful. Or, again, it sometimes pays to lob to the server as he runs up; this stroke is particularly efficacious where men come up at the top of their speed and as near to the net as they possibly can. Unless they pull up very quickly the ball sails quietly over their heads, and they have had a run for nothing.

APART from these considerations, there is no doubt that the lob is the safest stroke of all in a difficulty. And it must be once more urged that the strikers-out *are* in a difficulty. They start at a disadvantage, and very seldom succeed in bettering themselves. This has been already shown, and is proved by results. Even the hardest hitters and the finest placers seem to break down over the return of the service more often than they succeed, and the logical result is that the service game always wins. Now the lob ought to be a safer stroke than any other, because, in making it, the presence of the net may be wholly ignored. Of course a lob must rise fairly high, and be aimed to pitch far back in court; a bad lob is almost inevitably 'smothered.' But then it must be remembered that no stroke, unless it is one of the best of its kind, is of much use in a double, so that if your stroke is fated to be a weak one it may just as well be a weak lob as anything else.

OF course it would be absurd to say that a lob is the only answer to the service; that is evident. The player must naturally be guided by circumstances, and take every opportunity given, for instance, by weak services, by slow running in on the part of the server, or by the neglect of the man at the net to cover his fair share of the court. All that is urged is that the lob, as a means of defence against the preponderating advantages attaching to the service, might be more cultivated, and that its more frequent use, coupled with the change of position advocated for the defenders, would tend to lessen in a great degree, if it did not absolutely nullify, these advantages. The theory has yet to undergo the test of experience. It may quite well be proved to be wrong. But, if its enunciation has the effect of setting players to find out the right way out of the present difficulty, and that right way—whatever it may prove to be—is ultimately found, the purpose with which this brief essay has been set down will have been most satisfactorily attained.

LIFE'S EASTER DAYS.

THERE are more Easter days than the glad bells
Ring out, or chanting choirs in chorus sing,
Where snow white lilies all their censers swing:
When resurrected hopes burst the frail shells
Which prisoned them, evolving from their cells
Reviving life; rare, radiant blossoming;
With more of joy, than all the past foretells.

God gives us Easter days besprent with bloom,
And when we seek our dead with tearful face,
Our buried love, the friend of happier years,
We find the stone is rolled from sorrow's tomb,
An angel sits in grief's accustomed place,
And glorifies with faith the shrine of tears.

EMMA P. SEABURY.

A BIT OF RAIN-MAKING.

LIEUTENANT BOYLE T. SOMERVILLE, of the English navy, recently returned from the Hebrides islands, tells the following interesting tale regarding the work of a professional native rainmaker. Towards the end of the year, just after yam planting, there came an unusual period of drought, so that an inland tribe in the island of Ambrym went to its rainmaker and demanded his immediate attention thereto. He at once set to work to weave a sort of hurdle of the branches and leaves of a tree famed for its rain-producing qualities, which, being finished, was placed with proper incantations at the bottom of what should have been a water hole in the new parched bed of the mountain torrent. There it was then held in place with stones. Down came the rain; nor did it cease for forty-eight hours, by which time it had become too much of a good thing. Soon the rain-producing hurdle was quite ten feet under water in the seething torrent, and the people, much to their dismay, saw that their yams and the surrounding earth were beginning to wash away down the hillsides. The lieutenant continues: 'Now mark what comes of fooling with the elements. No man of the hill country was able to dive to the bottom of the water-hole to pull up the hurdle with its weight of stones, so the merciless rain still held on. At last the shore natives, accustomed to swimming and diving, heard what the matter was, and some of them coming to the assistance, the compeller of the elements was recovered from its watery bed, and—and the rain stopped.' It is such a coincidence as this—happening, perhaps, once in a decade—which causes this people, now thoroughly Christianized, to refuse to give up their rain doctors, although all other outward forms of rank superstition appear to have been freely abandoned.

AN AMUSING ELECTRICAL ANECDOTE.

IN his autobiography the late Sir. W. Siemens relates an amusing anecdote. An Arab called his attention to the fact that when at the top of the Pyramid of Cheops, when he raised his hand with fingers outspread, an acute singing note was heard, the sound ceasing as soon as he let his hand fall. 'I found his assertion,' he writes, 'to be true. As soon as I raised one of my own fingers above my head, I felt a prickling in the fingers. That this could only be caused by an electrical phenomenon was proved by the slight electric shock felt on trying to drink out of a wine bottle. So I wrapped a full bottle of wine that I had with me in damp paper, and thus converted it into a Leyden-bottle, which was soon strongly charged with electricity by the simple device of holding it high above my head. The Arabs had already become distrustful on seeing small lightnings, as it were, issue from the wine bottles held up by myself and companions, and now held a brief consultation. Suddenly, at a given signal, each of my companions was seized by the guide who had led him up, who now tried to force him to go down again. I myself was standing at the very top of the pyramid, when the sheik of the Arabs came to me and told me, through my interpreter, that the Arabs had determined that we were at once to leave the pyramid, because we were practising magic, and it might damage the chance of their earning a living. On my refusing to obey orders the sheik caught hold of my left hand. I had awaited this moment, and held up my right hand with the bottle in the attitude of a magician, afterwards lowering it slowly towards the point of the sheik's nose. When quite close to that feature I felt a violent shock run through the bottle to my own arm, and was certain that the sheik must have received the equivalent. At any rate, he fell speechless on the stones, and a few anxious moments passed before he rose suddenly with a loud cry, and sprang down the gigantic steps of the pyramid with long strides. The Arabs, seeing this, and excited by the sheik's constant cries of "Magic! magic!" released my companions and followed their leader, leaving us complete masters of the pyramid.'

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

To persevere in one's duty and be silent is the best answer to calumny.

No evil propensity of the human heart is so powerful that it may not be subdued by discipline.

There are many wrong ways in doing a right thing, but there is no right way of doing a wrong thing.

There is no spiritual arithmetic by which you can bring together any number of half Christians and make a whole one.

The best way to convince doubters is not to argue with them, but to labour and pray for their salvation. Love wins where logic fails.

One of the illustrations is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned rightly until he knows that everyday is doomsday.

Nightly rest and daily bread, the ordinary use of our limbs and senses and understanding, are gifts which admit of no comparison with any other; yet because almost every man we meet possesses these we leave them out of our enumeration of blessings.

Power will intoxicate the best hearts, as wine the strongest heads. No man is wise enough, nor good enough to be trusted with unlimited power; for, whatever qualifications he may have evinced to entitle him to the possession of so dangerous a privilege, yet, when possessed, others can no longer answer for him, because he can no longer answer for himself.

MARRIAGE IN SIAM.—A declaration of marriage in Siam is simpler even than it used to be in Scotland. You ask a lady to marry you by simply offering her a flower or taking a light from a cigarette if it happens to be in her mouth, and your family and the bride's family have to put up at least $1,000 apiece for a dowry. The principal impediment in the way of marriage is that each year is named after an animal, and only certain animals are allowed to intermarry. For instance, a person born in the year of the rat cannot marry with a person born in the year of the dog, or a person born in the year of the cow with a person born in the year of the tiger, and there are similar embargos about months and days.

OILING THE VOICE.—The voice of singers need an occasional 'oiling,' and some peculiar remedies have been in vogue among singers which it is interesting to know. When Gallmeyer, the famous soubrette, visited this country, she confessed that she treated her throat before each performance to a good rubbing with rum and glycerine. This statement led to further investigations in this line, with the following result:—Wachtel used the yoke of an egg with sugar. Other vocal stars drank beer, champagne, soda water or punch. Walter, the tenor, drinks cold coffee without cream and Geistinger relies on a glass of grog. Zelia Trebelli, the famous contralto, who died not long ago, always drank lemonade before she went on the stage. Some singers who are passionate smokers refrain from smoking on the days on which they are to sing, while a number of cantatrices believe that their voices are vastly improved by the smoking of a cigarette just before the curtain rises.

LIGHT PRODUCES SOUND.—One of the most wonderful discoveries in science that has been made within the last year or two is the fact that a beam of light produces sound. According to Milling, a beam of sunlight is thrown through a lens on a glass vessel that contains lamp black, coloured silk or worsted, or other substances. A disk, having slits or openings cut in it, is made to revolve swiftly in this beam of light so as to cut it up, thus making alternate flashes of light and shadow. On putting the ear to the glass vessel strange sounds are heard so long as the flashing beam is falling on the vessel. Recently a more wonderful discovery has been made. A beam of sunlight is caused to pass through a prism so as to produce what is called solar spectrum or rainbow. The disk is turned and the coloured light of the rainbow is made to break through it. Now place the ear to the vessel containing the silk, wool, or other material. As the coloured lights of the spectrum fall upon it, sounds will be given by different parts of the spectrum. For instance, if the vessel contains red worsted, and the green light flashes upon it, loud sounds will be given. Green silk gives sound best in red light. Every kind of material gives more or less sound in different colours, and utters no sound in others.

LAUGHTER AS A TONIC.—Laugh when and while you can; fun is sometimes as beneficial as physic, and much more agreeable. I actually believe that your laughing doctor does more good than his medicines in a multitude of instances. A sad-faced, dyspeptic looking physician, whose presence in the sick room conjures up visions of funeral wreaths, and crape on the door, has missed his calling, no matter how crammed with 'book learning' he may be. Why dwell on the melancholy phases of life? Avoid the falling leaf order of conversation; talk of weddings instead of funerals. It isn't necessary to be continually reminding those with whom you come in contact that there is sin and wickedness in the world, and that are fated to die. They know that already; they have also found out that this world is not floating about in milk and honey, but at the same time do not believe everything is baptized in vinegar. Try not to complain of the inevitable ills of life, physical and incidental. I know a man who makes every one in his house miserable every time he misses a street car. Another is steeped in gloom whenever it rains. Unnecessary complainers and groaners—what an innumerable host they are! Go where you may, the chronic 'kickers' are there before you. They kick at and about everybody and everything but themselves, and pretty nearly everybody has a laudable ambition to kick them.

NOTABLE PEOPLE

FEW men are perhaps better known in the colony than Sir James Hector, of whom we give a picture. He was, says Mr Mennell's biography, born in Edinburgh in 1834, his father being the late Alexander Hector. He was educated at Edinburgh Academy and at the University, which he entered in 1852, taking the degree of M.D. in 1856. While here he served as assistant under Professor Edward Forbes and other eminent men of science. For a short time after taking his degree, Dr. Hector acted as assistant also to Sir James Simpson; but in March, 1857, he was selected by Sir Roderick Murchison, Director-General of the Geological Survey of Great Britain, to accompany the Palliser expedition to the Rocky Mountains, as surgeon and geologist. The work consumed four years, during which time the members endured many hardships and privations. Much of the region explored had been practically an unknown land previously, and the results of his expedition were embodied by Dr. Hector afterwards in a Blue Book.

Wrigglesworth & Binns, photo.

SIR JAMES HECTOR.

A LEADING event was the discovery by Dr. Hector of the pass by which the Canadian Pacific Railway crosses the Rocky Mountains. Before his return he examined and reported upon the coal mines of Vancouver Island, and investigated the goldfields of British Columbia, California, and Northern Mexico. For his geographical discoveries the leader of the expedition was awarded the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society in 1861. In that year Sir Roderick Murchison offered him the post of geologist to the Provincial Government of Otago, New Zealand, which he accepted. On arriving in New Zealand he explored the mountainous lake regions of Western and Southern Otago, as also the sounds upon the coast. In 1864 he was appointed commissioner to make a tour of the colony and report upon its resources, with a view to an exhibition at Dunedin. In 1865 this exhibition was held, and in it Dr. Hector was one of the leading spirits. In this year, too, he was appointed director of the Geological Survey of the colony—a position he has held ever since, to the great advantage of the colony.

IN 1875 he visited England, and in the following year was Executive Commissioner for New Zealand at the International Exhibition at Philadelphia. He was also Executive Commissioner at the exhibitions at Sydney in 1879, and Melbourne 1880 and 1888. For the Sydney Exhibition Dr. Hector prepared an official handbook of New Zealand, which is still the most convenient authority upon this colony. In 1860 he was elected Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, of the Geological Society, and of the Royal Geographical Society. In 1866 he was elected Fellow of the Royal Society (London), Fellow of the Linnean Society, of the Zoological Society, and of the Statistical and Mineralogical Society. He is also a corresponding member of numerous learned societies on the Continent and in America. He received the Lyell medal of the Geological Society in 1876 and the Royal Founders' medal from the Royal Geographical Society in 1891. In 1874 he received the Order of the Golden Cross from the Emperor of Germany.

SIR JAMES HECTOR is Director of the Colonial Museum, Laboratory, Observatory, and the Botanic Gardens. He was chief founder, and is now Director, of the New Zealand Institute, and is Chancellor of the University of New Zealand. He was created C.M.G. in 1875, and K.C.M.G. in 1887. Sir James Hector married, in 1868, the eldest daughter of the late Sir David Monro, M.D.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

THE 'ELVAKTA.'

This in the name of an inkstand which operates on a perfectly new principle. In the centre is a glass tube, containing a leaden ball; this tube is enlarged at the upper end, and fits into a guide formed in the cap. The bottom end is provided with a rubber cup. By applying a slight pressure with the pen the glass tube is depressed, and the ink flows to supply the pen; the ball preventing the ink being rapidly sucked back when the pen is withdrawn, and the right supply of ink is obtained, the surplus ink slowly passing back into the pot through a small hole provided in the tube, and the circulation of ink is thus effectually maintained so as to prevent the usual deposit of sediment. The ink is kept free from dust, and, while the ball valve prevents sparting, it retains the ink long enough to allow a proper supply of ink to be obtained by a single dip of the pen.

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EXTINGUISHING FIRES.

From Salem, Massachusetts, comes news of a novel experiment in fire extinguishing. A sheet iron cylinder, about 3in in diameter and 16in long, was charged with gases and chemicals sufficient to throw a stream half the size of an ordinary lead pencil to a distance of about 12ft for five or six minutes continuously. Then a box 8ft long and 4ft high and 4ft wide was smeared on the inside with tar, and a half-gallon of kerosene oil was sprinkled over it, and the whole thing set on fire. After the fire had burned the boards nearly half through the contents of the little cylinder were turned on to it, and the flames are said to have been extinguished in something less than a minute.

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PAPER HOSIERY.

Paper hosiery yarns have been lately invented by an ingenious American. They are made entirely of paper, shear flocks and loose fibres, but so closely resemble good woollen yarns that, at first sight, it is stated, one is easily deceived. The objection to these yarns seems to be that they fall to pieces as soon as they become damp, and that they have no elasticity, durability, or in fact, any of the qualities of good yarn, except appearance. The inventor, says an indignant Canadian journal, has the audacity to devise a means by which he can form a strand of paper, polish it, cover it with cheap flocks, give it a coating of fibre, knit it into goods, and then palm it off on the hosiery trade. We do get some queer 'yarns' of one sort and another from America now and then, and it looks as if this was an exceptional specimen of quite a new kind.

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THE PUGNACITY OF THE HUMMING BIRD.

A correspondent of *Science* writes of the bravery shown by humming birds in attacking other birds much larger than themselves. He has seen a rufous-hummer attack and put to flight a wren and another and larger bird that had been having a spirited dispute. Tiring of their noisy warfare, or thinking them too near his chosen haunts, he made a dash first at one and then at the other and quickly put them to flight. The wren he chased into a brush pile, buzzing vigorously about its ears until it sought the seclusion of the interior of the pile. All who have spent any time in the country are aware that a crow can chase a hawk, a blackbird a crow, and a flycatcher in turn put a blackbird to flight; but few know that this driving power increases in exact ratio with the diminution in the size of the bird; so that the flycatcher yields to the sparrow and the sparrow to the hummer. The latter is, as far as I know, the only bird that can always put an English sparrow to flight. I have seen our little Eastern ruby-throat break up a group of sparrows that were chattering too loudly and too near a clump of flowers in which he was busy. In Jamaica the 'doctor bird,' a long-tailed species of hummer, so named by the natives because they go around presenting very long bills, are most fierce, even in attacking men. Having, after infinite pains, followed one of these creatures to its nesting-place, and reached a most perilous position in a silk cotton tree, I was driven to retire in self-defence. Both birds, as I got near the nest, flew directly against my face. Had I not been a spectacle wearer it would have been difficult to keep them out of my eyes; as it was, they several times knocked my glasses awry.

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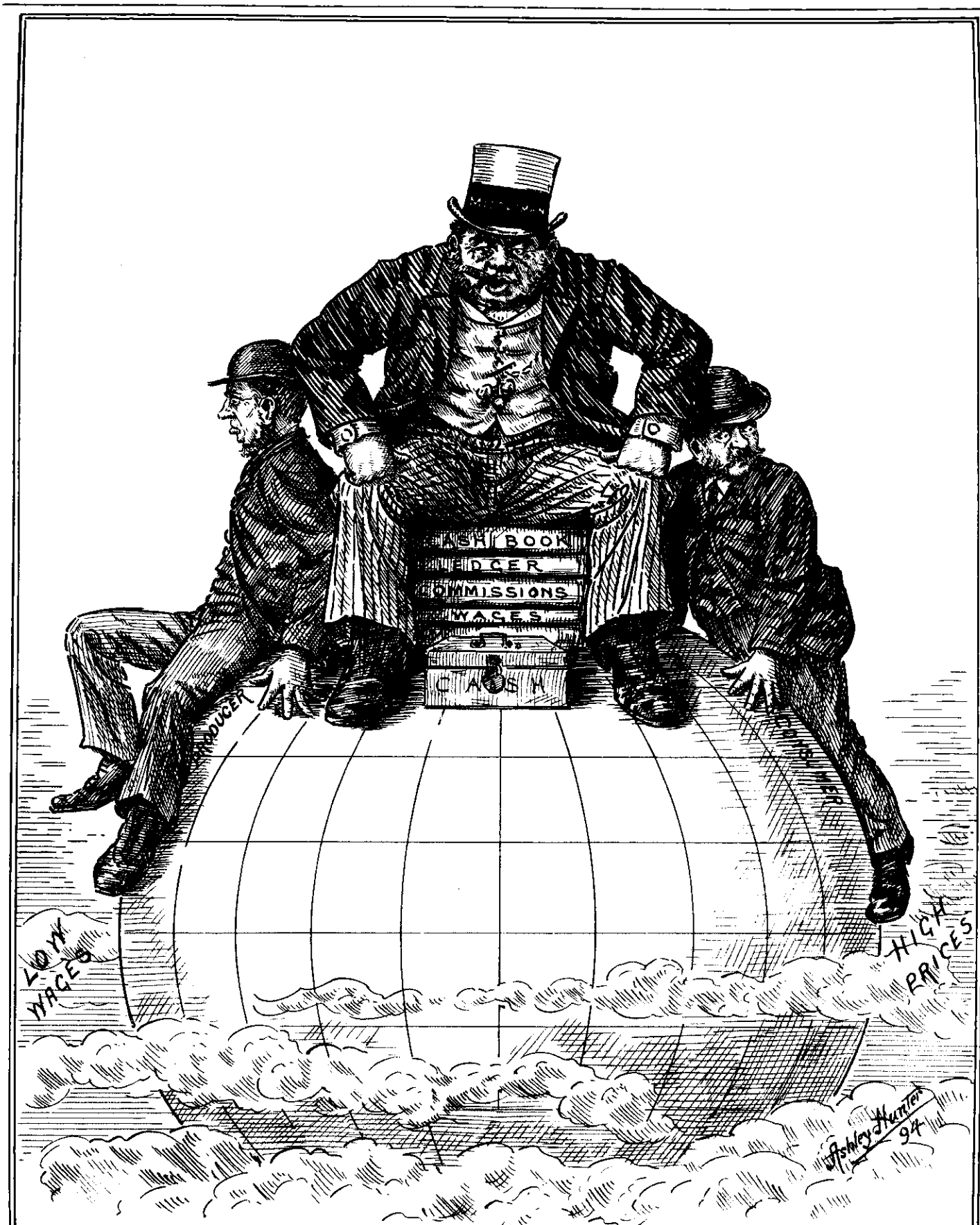
AN ARTIFICIAL LARYNX.

DR. PERIER, of Laribosiere, France, has constructed an artificial larynx, which enables the patient to speak by means of air supplied to it by a pneumatic appliance fastened on his chest. The larynx is of silver tubing, and contains a reed which gives to the artificial voice a uniformity of tone. The air pump, if we may call it so, consists of two indiarubber bulbs, communicating together and with the larynx by flexible pipes; and it is actuated by a collapsing bulb held in the hand. The bulbs serve as reservoirs for the air, like the bag of a bagpipe, and the other bulb is used to fill them and keep up the supply.



THE GROWTH OF THE MIDDLEMAN.

"Stouter than I used to be, still more corpulent grow I——
There will be too much of me in the coming bye and bye!"

(W. S. Gilbert.)

—THE—
'ALMIGHTY DOLLAR' IN LONDON SOCIETY.

By MISS ELIZABETH L. BANKS.

AMERICANS are accused of having a too implicit confidence in the purchasing power of their country's coin. In fact, certain foreigners have been known to say that the god referred to in the motto 'In God We Trust,' engraved on the silver dollar, is in reality a deity of white metal designed and fashioned at the United States Mint.

'The trouble with your people,' said an Englishman to me recently, 'is that you put too much value on money. It is a convenient article, I will admit; but you seem to have an idea that you can do anything with it.'

'And, pray, will you give me a list of the things money will not buy in England as well as in America?' I replied.

'Well, for instance,' he answered, 'take birth and position. You have

AN ARISTOCRACY OF MONEY IN AMERICA.

Here we have one of blood, where pounds, shillings, and pence are not taken into consideration.'

'Ah, indeed!' I responded; 'I don't know anything about the pounds, shillings, and pence feature of the case; but I am inclined to think that our dollars and cents are something of a social factor over here.'

My English friend, bless his dear old aristocratic heart, appeared to be greatly shocked at my suggestion, and assured me that I was greatly mistaken. I longed for facts with which to confront him, and, having faith in advertising as a means of getting anything that one is willing to pay for, I wrote out an advertisement, which the next day appeared in the personal columns of a prominent London paper. Thus it ran:—

A YOUNG AMERICAN LADY of means wishes to meet with a CHAPERON of HIGHEST SOCIAL POSITION, who will introduce her into the BEST ENGLISH SOCIETY. Liberal terms. Address, 'Heiress,' ——.

'EXCEPTIONAL ADVANTAGES'

Two days later, calling at the office of an advertising agency on Piccadilly, I found eighty-seven letters (needless to remark that there were no post-cards) in answer to my advertisement. I had offers from every fashionable neighbourhood in London. Park lane, Cavendish-square, Grosvenor-square, South Kensington, West Kensington, all were represented; and the thoughtlessness of the writers in signing their full names and titles to their epistles was something that surprised me. However, nearly every letter was marked at the top 'Confidential,' 'Private,' or 'Personal,' and it seemed to be an understood thing that the affair should go no further. The confidence they exhibited in the 'honour' of a total stranger was rather touching. Still I hope the applicants will forgive me if, after having, in the kindness of my heart, kept their names out of print, I am now tempted to publish some of their correspondence. Here is the exact copy of one of the letters:—

Private.] Number —, —— street, Park-lane.

Madam,—In answer to your advertisement I beg to say that I have a very charming house at the above excellent address, which, in itself, would almost insure you a good social position. I speak of this, thinking that you, being an American, may not be aware that a good London address is of much importance in a social way to one whose position is not already established by birth. I am the widow of a well-known naval officer, the late Sir Blankety Blank, of whom you have doubtless heard, and I am also entitled in my own right. My position is assured, and I can introduce you to the very best people in England, and present you at Court at the first Drawing Room. I could take you into my home next spring, or we could travel together during the winter and return to London at the beginning of the season. I would suggest that you spend the winter months, or a part of them, in the South of France, where you would meet the most fashionable people. It may be of interest to you to know that I chaperoned Miss Porkolis, of Chicago, three years ago, and introduced her at Court, although she did not reside with me, as her mother took a furnished house in London for the season. I can give you good references as to my standing, and would require in return a solicitor's and banker's references as to your financial position.

My terms in London for three months in the spring would be £200 per month, which would include board and residence. If you decided to travel, the terms while on the Continent would be £100 per month, you to pay travelling and hotel expenses for both. Of course, you would also be expected to defray such expenses as carriage-hire, a maid, etc. In thinking over these terms, you must take into consideration that I offer you exceptional advantages.—Very truly yours,

A.B.C., LADY——

In reading this letter, I was particularly struck with the fact that the writer, although she required my banker's and solicitor's reference as to my financial standing, asked for no voucher for my respectability and position in my own country. She was

READY TO BARGAIN TO INTRODUCE ME

not only to the best English society, but to the Queen herself, for upwards of £1,000, or something over 5 000dols in American money. I agreed with her that the advantages she had to offer were exceptional. The name the lady gave was one well known to me, and I was aware that she was not exaggerating when she spoke of her position in society. I had also the honour of a passing acquaintance with Miss Porkolis, whom she mentioned as having chaperoned. Hiring the use of a private letter box, I wrote Lady —— a letter couched in the following terms:—

DEAR MADAM,—In reply to your letter I think it only honourable that I should tell you something about myself before making an appointment to see you. I am an American girl, an orphan of considerable means, and am willing to pay liberally for what I require. I should, of course, give you the best of references in regard to my financial qualifications, and would even pay you a part of the money in advance; but before meeting you I must be frank enough to inform you that although I myself am fairly educated and of presentable appearance, nearly all the members of my family are ordinary people with little or no refinement and education. But, of course, none of them are in Europe, and you would never need to come in contact with them. My father owned large ranches out West, and when he died three years ago left me the bulk of his fortune. I do not think there is anything about me that would lead you to feel ashamed of me; but I feel it my duty to tell you that so far as the rest of my family are concerned, they are what in my country would be termed as 'common as dirt.'

Your terms are not higher than I should expect them to be. I like the idea of travelling in France; and when I returned to England I should want you to give some very elegant receptions and balls for me—I, of course, to bear all expense connected with them.

As I have told you so much about my private affairs, I would not care to give you my name and address until I again hear from you, and know that you would be willing to undertake my chaperonage and introduction at Court under such circumstances as I have mentioned. If you answer in the affirmative, I will make an appointment for you to meet me at my hotel, where I am staying with my maid.—I am, Madam, very truly yours,

E.L.B.

—— Library, Regent-street, W.

The next day I received this note:—

Lady —— presents her compliments to E. L. B. and begs to say that she can see no reason why she should not act as her chaperon, provided E. L. B. is herself a refined young lady and can furnish the reference previously referred to from her solicitor and banker. Lady —— will be pleased if E. L. B. will make an early appointment for a meeting at her hotel.

That was the end of my negotiations with Lady ——. Her answer to my very frank avowal of my family connections certainly proved that she cared little for my ancestry or antecedents, so long as I could furnish the necessary number of dollars.

STRICTLY HONOURABLE INTENTIONS.

I have given some specimens above of the sort of replies I received in answer to my advertisement, in which I stated that an American lady of means was willing to pay handsomely for good social introductions in London. Although I had intended that my advertisement should appeal to lady chaperons only, I received some rather flattering offers from members of the opposite sex. One of the most interesting of the letters was from a gentleman matrimonially inclined. Here it is word for word:

Will the young American lady who has just put an advertisement in the paper relative to her desire to meet an English chaperon of high social position, allow the writer of this letter to address a few lines to her, and, as Americans are always candid and outspoken, permit me to be the same? May I ask you to consider over what I write, and perhaps your advertisement may be the means of working out our mutual good.

Possibly you may desire to enter London society with the idea of what is called 'settling' yourself. You may be more or less alone in England; and perhaps you like this country, its society, and customs. You would possibly desire to marry an Englishman of high social position, who could place you in a certain circle where you would *lead* others. I am a man who holds a first-rate position. I am a country gentleman, have a fine place, house, and estate, have been an officer in a distinguished regiment, and know many people of position and rank. I am just at present in London; and if you think it would be worth your trouble to at least talk the matter over, I would treat you with all honour and respect. This would, of course, include silence. On the other hand, it would be

AN ABSOLUTE NECESSITY THAT YOU SHOULD BE A LADY OF 'CONSIDERABLE' FORTUNE;

and when I mention this, I trust that you will not judge me until you know my reasons for thus putting it. Whatever fortune you have would be always your own.

If you think well of what I have written you, I would be most happy to meet you at whatever time you may appoint, at your own residence or elsewhere. Then judge me and see what manner of man I am.

This communication bore the stamp of a well-known West-end Club. In my answer I hinted that, although I had not advertised for a husband, I was not averse to considering the proposal to which he had so delicately alluded. Having a desire to follow up the matter, I engaged a room at a certain fashionable hotel for a day, and made an appointment for the gentleman to call. On the afternoon appointed I awaited him in the drawing-room of the hotel. I wore my most stylish-looking costume, various pieces of showy jewellery, and a pair of diamond earrings, thinking to impress my would-be husband with a sense of my wealth and magnificence. At four o'clock in the afternoon my suitor made his appearance. He was

A FINE-LOOKING ARISTOCRATIC MAN OF MIDDLE AGE.

His manners were refined and elegant, and I could not help thinking that I was dealing with neither a fool nor a knave, but with a thorough English gentleman. We had half an hour's chat, in which my social aspirations were discussed in the most business-like manner. I did not give my real name, neither did my companion tell me his own. I addressed him by the assumed name he had signed in his letter. He informed me that he was a widower of excellent position, but that he was somewhat financially embarrassed. He wished to marry a lady of wealth, and for the use of her money he was willing to give her his name and a good social position. Afterwards I made some investigations in regard to the man; and to my surprise it turned out that he was exactly what he represented himself to be: a country gentleman of titled family, who was anxious to recuperate his decaying fortunes by marrying an heiress—an American girl preferred. I discovered his real name and address, and since my interview with him I have often seen his name mentioned in the society columns of the papers. He is still unmarried, and I suppose is still looking for a wife. So here is an opportunity for one of our American heiresses to purchase not only an introduction at Court, but a husband with mortgaged estates in the bargain.

THE PRICE OF A CHAPERON.

On paper of the finest quality, ornamented with a family crest of considerable dimensions, Mrs Twostars presented her compliments to me and begged to say that she would be happy to entertain the idea of chaperoning the young American lady and give her a delightful cheerful home. Mrs T., as well as her four daughters, had been presented at Court. The daughters had all married well, and their proud mother felt no compunction in saying that she thought she could introduce the young American lady to many gentlemen of birth and title, if not of fortune. She moved in excellent society and was fond of entertaining. Terms for London season and presentation, £500 or $2 500. Mrs Twostars enclosed her photograph, a portrait of herself in her Drawing Room gown, which, by the way, had a button off the front. The photograph was returned in the stamped and addressed envelope thoughtfully enclosed. The lady proved to be the daughter of a distinguished baronet and the wife of a man well known in London society.

Lady So-and-So, of Queen's Gate, wrote that she would be glad to chaperon me. Terms £600 to £800 sterling, according to arrangements and the advantages required.

The Countess de Blank was also open to an engagement. She was an Englishwoman married to a foreign title.

A CERTAIN DOWAGER OF EXALTED RANK,

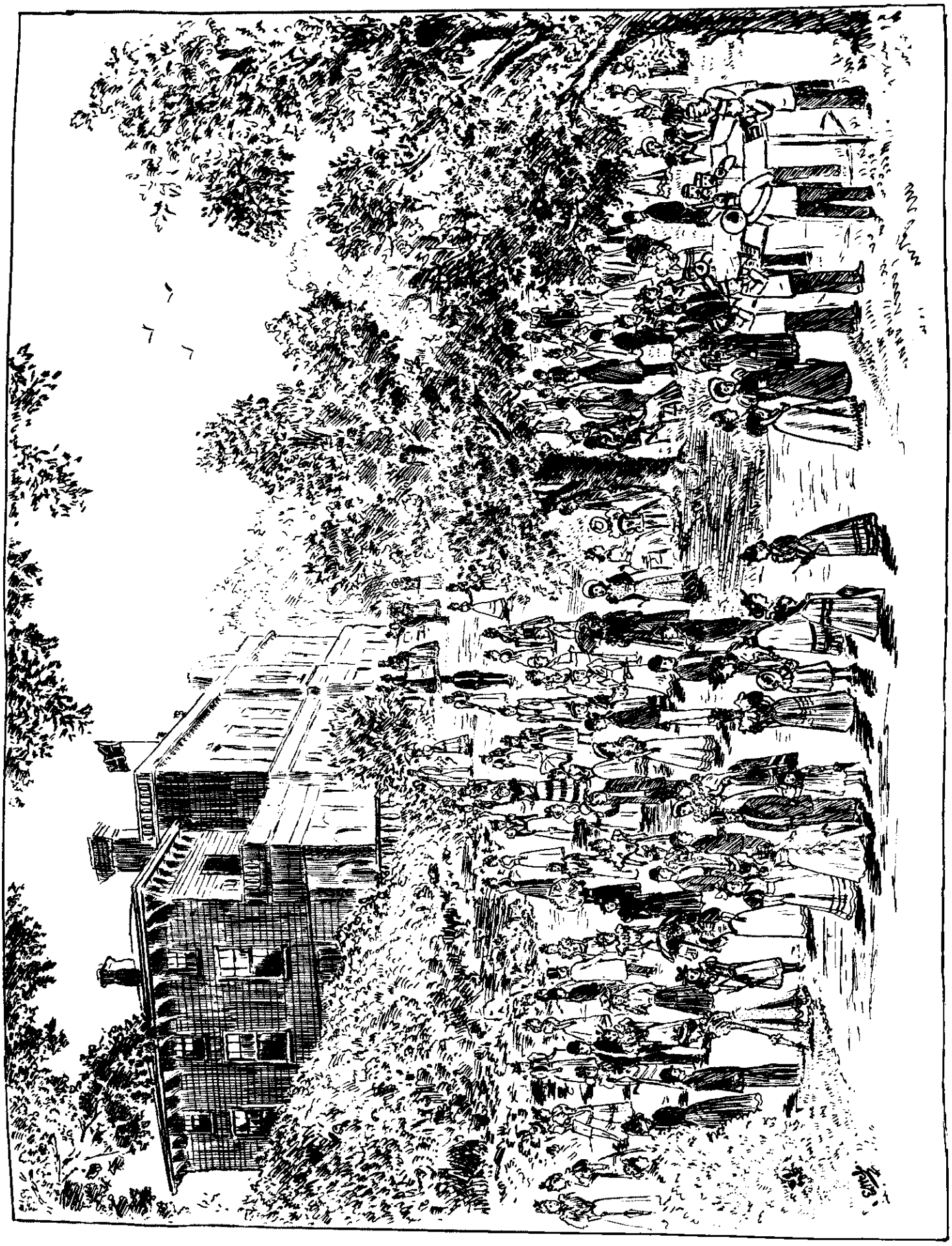
well-known on two continents, informed me that she would undertake my chaperonage and would hire a furnished house for me near Park Lane; the rent would be not less than £50 per week during the season. Her own place was in the country, and she had given up her town house. She would devote her whole attention to the management of the establishment, and would introduce me as her young American friend or distant relative, if I desired. Besides the house rent, I must bear the entire expense of keeping up the place, giving balls, theatre parties, etc., and the dowager herself would expect the sum of £2,000 for her services. I supposed these figures were not remarkably high for a lady of so much 'position,' and, having some curiosity to make her acquaintance, I wrote asking for an appointment to call.

RATHER EXPENSIVE.

On the day appointed I started out to call on Lady ——, the titled dame who had intimated her willingness to chaperon me for £2,000. It was with considerable self-confidence that I stepped from a smart brougham before the door of her aristocratic abode, for I carried with me the assurance of my dressmaker that I looked a veritable Western heiress just from Paris; and the matter of dress being satisfactorily arranged, I felt no doubt as to my ability to carry out the rôle I had undertaken to play. Lady —— was particularly gracious. She was not by any means such a cold-blooded bargainer as I had imagined her to be—that is, she did not look it. A more aristocratic, refined, and interesting woman I had never met. She candidly explained that she was in great need of money, and obliged to either increase her income or diminish her expenses. Unlike one of my other correspondents, she was unable to refer me to any American girl whom she had chaperoned, as she had never before attempted to make money out of her social position; but she confidentially assured me that some of her friends made such use of their influence, and she saw no reason why she should not do the same. We discussed the pros and cons of the matter over our tea. I was promised not only a social position, but a husband. Just who the gentleman was my hostess did not say; but she knew he could be secured. But not for the £2,000. Oh no. That sum of money would take me only as far as Buckingham Palace. In fact, it would not even take me there; for, besides my chaperon's salary, I must pay the house-rent, carriage-hire, with such incidentals as butchers' and bakers' bills and other little accessories that in three months would certainly amount to considerably over £1,000. Then there was my wardrobe. The lady suggested that it would need refurnishing, and she knew of a wonderfully clever West-end dressmaker. There were also the presentation dress, the bouquets, *boutonnieres* for the coachmen, a string of pearls for myself, because they would be girlish and simple, and all that; for these and many more things another £1,000 would not go too far.

'And how much do you charge for the husband?' was the abrupt question I felt inclined to put. But I only said sweetly, 'If I really got married I would not forget you, of course.' She answered laughingly, 'You might make me a present, you know.'

So the result of my interview was, that I was to pay out between £4,000 and £5,000 for a 'season' in London, introductions into the best society, and a presentation at Court. It was more than probable that during my career as a society belle, some poor but fascinating young, middle-aged, or old nobleman (no matter what his age so long as his lineage was correct) would fall deeply in love with me, lured on, possibly, by my chaperon's representations concerning the state of my cattle ranches out West. Then I would marry him and be an ornament to society, and I would give Lady —— a little present of a cheque or a house in Park Lane, or even some land in the far Western State, where my herds grazed peacefully on a thousand hills. Surely the purchasing power of the 'almighty dollar' was not to be despised.



A GOVERNMENT HOUSE GARDEN PARTY.

By our Auckland Artist.

RECENT EVENTS.

THE YARN OF THE BLACK HAND.

BY ANDREW LANG.

'The Maoris,' said my friend the Beach-comber, 'have not leprosy much, but they have a kind of skin-disease that's not very pretty. I remember a yarn about that.'

'Tell us it,' we said.

'It didn't happen to me,' said the Beach comber, with an obvious and highly-honourable effort. For a yarn is much improved by being told in the First Person.

'No; it was my old pal X it happened to,' said the Beach-comber, mentioning a name with which many people are familiar.

'I've read his book,' I murmured.

'He didn't put *this* into his book, though there are some rather rum yarns there too. However, this one he told me; and I give it just as I heard it.'

'"It was in April, 1849," said old X, "that I was staying for some weeks in the Hokianga district."'

'What was he doing there?'

'Oh, he was a Judge in the Land Court, and highly respected in the parish, I can tell you. No tricks played on *him*. He was a sober man, too.'

'As sober as a Judge—in the Native Land Court,' I suggested. 'But drive on, Jim!'

'Well, he had a cottage in the village, two rooms, and a Maori servant called Piripi to keep them clean for him. One evening he came home rather tired, got his supper, chatted with Piripi, lit his pipe, and went into the inner room, where he slept. He hadn't much of a bed—just sacking stretched on two poles, and a chair; he laid his clothes on the chair, turned in, and went on smoking. He wasn't *asleep*, you see,' said the Beach comber, anticipating an objection.

'All right, let it be granted that the Pak—— that he was awake.'

'Well, as he lay there smoking he felt something stirring in his bed, alongside of his right thigh. He thought a rat had got among the blankets, and he said, "I'll have you directly, my gentleman!" So he waited till it touched his leg again, and then down he came with his hand—outside the blankets. But he was surprised to find that, though he had got hold of it safe enough, he couldn't hold on, it was too strong for him; and then,' said the Beach-comber, opening his eyes very wide, 'he felt a most awful grip on his right thigh! He tore the blankets down, and there, pushed *through the surface* of the blanket, was a Black Hand—long, sinewy, and with a scaly skin, diseased, you know, holding on to his thigh. He was a strong fellow; he grabbed at the hand with his right—couldn't tear it off. Then he laid hold with both hands, and at last worked himself free. Then he set to work to pull the Black Hand and the forearm up to him; but pull it he couldn't! It was pull devil, pull baker; and slowly the Black Hand strained itself away from him and disappeared. Mind you, he hadn't called out all this time—he was too much absorbed. Then he yelled for Piripi, who was chatting with his pals in the verandah. Piripi came in; but X made some excuse and sent him out. Then he lit up again, had a long smoke, turning it over in his mind, and fell asleep. The Beach-comber paused, and I thought his anecdote was ended.

'I know two stories very like that,' I said; 'one happened to a man who was sleeping in a house where an old fellow was dying. My man took turns with a servant in sitting up with the patient, and he was wakened one night just as you describe, only he didn't see the hand.'

'Nightmare!' said the Beach comber sceptically.

'Nightmare yourself; I dare say X was asleep.'

'Let me finish my yarn; there's more of it. Next day X goes into the outer room and finds Piripi very *pouri*—solemn, miserable, you know. "What's the matter?" says X. "Oh, sir," says Piripi, "So and so (a Maori) has been murdered near us in the night." This was an old native, who had been working on a plot near by, and was found in the morning with his head battered in. X and Piripi went to the place, and found the old fellow's dead body lying by the bed of a little stream, the skull knocked to bits, not recognizable. But the long, black, sinewy, scaly hand was the hand which had grabbed X by the thigh the night before.'

'Tell that,' I said, in perfect good faith, 'to the Psychical Society.'

'If you mean the Marines,' growled the Beachcomber —— but I hastened to reassure him, for he is a very powerful man.

Still, X does not give this yarn in his printed book.

CHURCH FACES.

BY FLO JACKSON.

It is wrong, they say, to think your own thoughts in church, but somehow everybody does it. When the sermon is long or tedious who can blame us? These faces all round us, don't you make histories for them?

That lovely face across the aisle, with nodding feathers in her huge hat, it belongs to a dainty girl in dainty clothes; her hands are covered with rings lying idly on her lap, her solemn eyes are fixed on the common-place curate up there in the small stone pulpit. She must have a history with that perfect face; if it has not already come, then it must come hereafter, rich and full.

Down at the end of the church is another face. It also belongs to a girl, who might have been very lovely had the world given her enough to eat all her young life. Her head rests against the cold wall, she is very tired. She came in late, and she does not hear any other words but those which met her on her entrance—'He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich He hath sent empty away.'

It seems to her the white-robed choir have got wrong somehow, for she is certainly very poor and how often has she been sent empty away in her sort life. Strange, very strange. There are sweet sounds, and the soft rustlings of well-dressed fashionable people all about her. 'The hungry with good things.' Her tired eyes close, the curate drones on, she sleeps, she dreams, and as she dreams she smiles. Perhaps she is receiving her 'good things.' Poor soul.

Then other faces come out of the long ago; these near us grow dim, the fashionable church fades. We are in one of those old, quaint, world-forsaken spots, the droning curate is lost, and the colourless windows of a whitewashed church are round us, and outside we can see a summer tree, nodding, nodding in the sunshine, a butterfly flopping about the panes, a bird far away up in the sky, and an old, old man's face smiling from the older three decker pulpit, with scraps of white hair round his dear old bald head, and he is talking to his rustic friends in the square pews below, and his tones are quavery.

Should we sleep if we could hear him again? I think not; but he sleeps soundly now, they say, outside the coulourless windows, under the nodding summer tree.

There are other faces in those pews, the rosy girl-face, with smooth hair and old-time hat above her sunny eyes, demure and good by that other face, old and shrivelled, belonging to her grandfather, leaning on his staff, with steadfast eyes fixed on the oaken pulpit. They say she wandered away, that the rosy face turned pale, the sunny eyes dim, and her feet were weary of the dull grey streets of the busy town before she sought again the sweet ignorant place, so far from city strife, and sat once more in the square paw—not by her grandad's side, for he too had gone to sleep outside the colourless windows.

There was a woman with a weary face among those faces of the past. Her eyes were heavy with watching, though she was not old. She bent her head as though her burden were more than she could bear. The sun was gay, the clouds were white and few, the birds still sang up there, and after that another face, with brown skin and rough curly hair, looked fixedly at the weary woman across the aisle, but she saw him not, and we would fain call to her in the silence to look over the side of the high pew at those earnest, watching eyes. But when we are surging out into the glad air, those two linger near the old altar, and the weariness has gone from the tired woman's face. We leave them with the light streaming through that colourless window upon them, and the shadow of the mummer tree nodding, nodding on the wall.

Ah! we are not there, but here, in the fashionable church, among the well-dressed people, and the droning curate is silent. We gather our scattered senses together and rise, faces pass us, on they come; each has its history, but it hides it well. We follow, the music is loud, heart-breaking, sweet. Not many stay to listen; they are going into the world, these faces; they have not time to think.

NIKOLAI PALKIN.

BY COUNT LYEFF NICKOLÆVITCH TOLSTOY.

Translated from a manuscript circulated privately in St. Petersburg, and given to me by a friend of Count Tolstoy, permission to translate and publish being afterwards obtained from the author.

ISABEL F. HAPGOOD, Translator.

LAST year I spent a night with a soldier ninety five years of age. He had served under Alexander I. and Nicholas.

'Well, are you anxious to die?'

'To die? Indeed I am! I used to be afraid of death, but now I pray God for but one thing: that God will grant me time to repent and receive the sacraments. For my sins are many.'

'What sort of sins?'

'What sort! When I was in the service? Under Nicholas—was there ever such service as ours? What was it like then? Ugh! It is a terror to recall. I found Alexander still on the throne. The soldiers praised that Alexander, and said that he was gracious. I remember the last days of Alexander's reign, when out of every 100 men they thrashed twenty to death. But Nicholas was good when Alexander was called gracious in comparison with him.

'But it fell to my lot to serve under Nicholas,' said the old man. And he immediately became lively and began his tale. 'This is the way it was then. In those days they did not strip off the trousers for fifty blows, but for 150, 200, 300. They thrashed them to death.' He spoke with both disgust and terror, but not without pride of his former bravery.

'And not a week passed that they did not beat a man or two out of a regiment to death with rods. Nowadays people don't even know what rods are, but in those times that little word never left men's mouths. "Rods, rods!" We soldiers used to call Nicholas "Rods" (Palki Palkin.) His real name was Nikolai Pavlovitch, but they called him Nikolai Palkin—that is where he got his nickname. And that is the sort of memory I have of that time,' continued the old man; 'but I have outlived my day, I must die; and when you remember it you feel queer. I have taken many sins on my soul. It was a subordinate business. They gave you 150 blows for a soldier, [the old man had been under officer and serjeant major] and you gave him 200. For that reason he would not serve out his time with you, and you tortured him and that was a sin.

'The under officers beat young soldiers to death. A blow from the butt end of a gun or from a fist would whistle through the air on some sensitive spot, the breast, or head, and then he would die, and there was never any investigation. He would die, murdered, and the authorities would write down: "Died by the hand of God," and that was the end of the matter! And did anybody understand it then? You thought only of yourself, and now you loll on the stone, you don't set your foot off it, and you think that everything is rising up before you. It is a good thing if you manage to take the sacrament according to the Christian law, and you are forgiven; but still horror seizes upon you. When you reflect on all that you suffered and on all that others endured from you, no worse hell is necessary—it is worse than any hell.'

He narrated the particulars of every flogging, as though he were telling how oxen were beaten and beef flayed. He told how the unhappy wight was led back and forth in front of the ranks; how the beaten man stretched and fell upon the bayonets; how, at first, bloody furrows were visible; how they intersected each other; how the blood welled and spurted; how the bleeding body flew in bits; how, at first, the wretched man shrieked, then merely groaned dully at every step and at every blow; how, afterward, he quieted down, and how the doctor, attached for this express purpose, would step up, feel his pulse, and decide whether the man could be flogged any more without beating him to death, or whether it was necessary to wait and postpone until another time, when he should have regained some life, in order to commence the torture afresh from the beginning and attain that sum total of blows which some brutes or other, with Palkin at their head, had made up their minds that it was necessary to deal him. The doctor employed his knowledge to prevent the man from dying before he had suffered all the torture which his body could endure. Therefore, when he could no longer walk, he was placed upon some great-coat, and with that bloody pillow he was borne away to the hospital to be treated, in order that, when he was cured, he might receive the thousand or two of blows which he had not received and borne all at once.

He related, also, how they begged for death and were not granted it at once, but were cured, even a second and sometimes a third time; and the man lived on and lay in the hospital, awaiting fresh tortures which should grant him death; and they would flog him a second and a third time, and only then bring him to his death.

And all this because the man had fled from a flogging, or had had the bravery, daring, and self-sacrifice to complain on behalf of his comrades that they were badly fed and that the authorities were stealing their rations.

He narrated all this, and when I tried to arouse his remorse over such memories, he was astonished at first and then grew frightened.

'No,' he said, 'this was in fulfilment of the sentence. What had I to do with it? It was according to judgment, to the law.'

He exhibited the same tranquillity and absence of remorse with regard to the martial horrors in which he had taken part, and of which he had beheld many, both in Turkey and in Poland. He told of murdered children, of the deaths of prisoners from hunger and cold, of the slaughter with bayonets of a little boy, a Pole, who had nestled against a tree. And when I asked him whether these deeds did not trouble his conscience, he again failed utterly to comprehend me. This was done in war, according to law, for Czar and fatherland. These things were not only not bad, but such as he considered brilliant, benevolent, and which redeemed his sins. All that troubled him was his personal deeds, when, in his quality of an officer, he had flogged and chastised men. These deeds tortured his conscience, but he had a means of clearing himself of them—the sacrament, which he hoped to succeed in receiving before his death, and about which he had spoken to his niece. His niece had made the promise, understanding the importance of this point, and he was at ease in his mind. The fact that he had ruined, destroyed utterly innocent children and women, had slain men with bullets and bayonet; the fact that he had himself lashed men to death, as he stood in the ranks, and had carried them to the hospital and back again to torture—all this did not disquiet him; all this was, as it were, no affair of his. It seemed as though all this had been done not by him, but by someone else. What would have been the old man's state had he comprehended that which should have been plain to him as he stood on the brink of death—that between him and his conscience and God, precisely now on the eve of death, there was not and could not be any mediator, as there had not been and could not be any at the moment when he had been made to torture and murder men?

What would have become of him if he had now understood that there is nothing which can redeem the evil which he had done to men when he might have refrained from doing it? If he had understood that there is one eternal law which he had always known—a law requiring love and mercy toward men—and that what he now called a law was an impudent, godless delusion to which he ought not to yield?

It is terrible to think of what would have presented itself to him during his sleepless nights on the stone, and what would have been his despair if he had comprehended that when he had the power to do good and evil to men he had done only evil; and when he had grasped the meaning of what was good and what evil, he could no longer do any-

THE CZAR OF ALL THE RUSSIA'S.

thing but torment himself in vain, and repent. His tortures would have been frightful.

Then, why desire to torture him? Why torment the conscience of an aged and dying man? Better leave it in peace! Why irritate a nation by recalling what is already past?

Past! What is past? Can a severe illness be past simply because we declare that it has passed away? It is not past, and it will never pass, and it cannot pass away until we acknowledge that we are ill.

In order to cure a malady it must first be acknowledged. And this we do not do. And we not only do not do it, but we direct all our powers to not perceiving it or mentioning it. And the malady does not pass off, but merely changes its appearance, penetrates deeper into our flesh, our blood, our bones. The malady consists in this—that men who are born good and gentle, men consecrated by the Christian truth, men with love innate in their hearts and with pity toward mankind, should perpetrate upon men the most horrible cruelties, without themselves knowing why or with what object. Our Russian people, gentle, kind, all penetrated with the spirit of Christ's teaching—people who repent in soul that they have wounded men by their words, that they have not shared their very last morsel with the

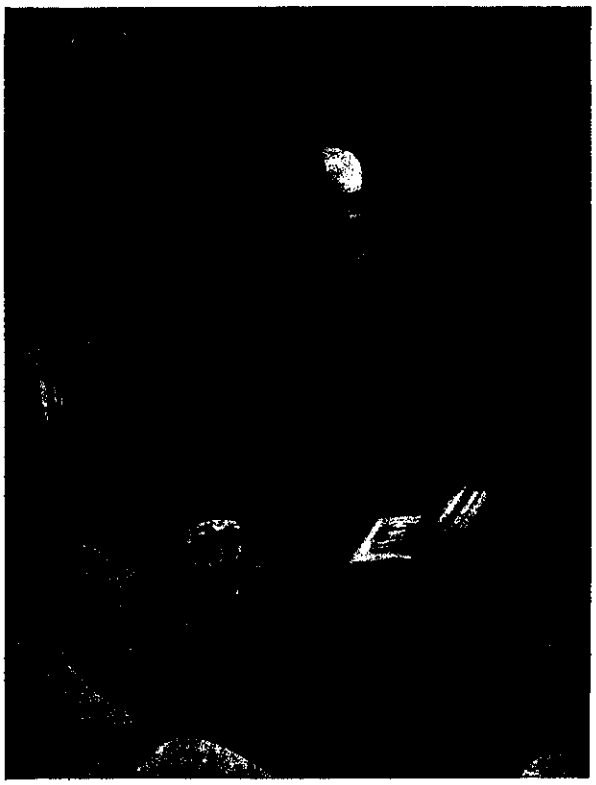
under Catherine about Peter, and so on. Why recall them.

Why recall them, indeed! If have had a severe malady, or a dangerous but curable one, and I have got rid of it, I shall always recall it with delight. I shall not recall it merely when I am ill, and ill in just the same way, or worse, and I wish to deceive myself. It is only then that I shall not recall it. And we do not recall simply because we know that we are just as ill. Why pain an old man, and irritate a nation? Flogging in general, and through the ranks, has already passed away.

Passed away? It has changed its form but it has not passed away. In all past time there has existed that which we recall not only with horror, but with amazement. We read the description of executions, of burning for heresy, of tortures, of military colonisations, of thrashings and flogging through the ranks, and we are not so much horrified by the cruelty of men; but we cannot figure to ourselves the spiritual condition of the people who behaved thus. What lay in the soul of the man who rose from his bed, and having washed, dressed himself in the garments of a noble and prayed to God, went to the prison to wring limbs from their sockets, and to castigate with the knout old men and women, and spent his customlose their reason and hang themselves. Thousands are shut up in fortresses, and are either secretly slain by the prison authorities or go mad from solitary confinement. Millions of men are physically and morally ruined through slavery to manufacturers. Hundreds of thousands of men every autumn leave their families, their young wives, and learn murder and systematically become depraved.

It is not necessary to be endowed with especial penetration in order to see that everything is just the same in our times also, and that our times are filled with precisely the same horrors, the same tortures, which will be as astounding to future generations by their cruelty and foolishness. The malady is still the same, and the malady is not one of the kind which profits by these horrors. Let them profit a hundred, a thousand times more by them. Let them build towers, theatres, arrange balls, rob the people; let them hang hundreds secretly in the fortresses, if only they will do it themselves; only let them not deprave the people, let them not deceive the people, by making them take part in this, like the old soldier. This terrible malady consists in the delusion that there may be for a man something sacred, and some law higher than that sacred thing, the law of love to his neighbour.

A thousand years ago, to the question of the Pharisees,



TOLSTOY, THE AUTHOR.

KNOUTING.

poor and have not had pity upon those in prison—these people pass the best period of their lives in murder and torture of their brethren, and not only do they not feel remorse for these deeds, but they regard them either as brilliant feats or, at least, as indispensable—as indispensable as food or breath. Is not this a fearful malady? And is it not the duty of every man to do everything in his power to eradicate it, and first and chief of all, to point it out, to acknowledge it, to call it by its name?

The old soldier had passed his whole life in torturing and killing other men. We say, 'Why recall it? The soldier does not consider himself to blame; and those dreadful deeds—flogging through the ranks and others—are already done with. Why rake up old matters? The thing no longer exists.'

Nikolai Palkin existed. Why recall him? Only the old soldier recalled him on the eve of death. Why irritate a nation.

That was what people said under Nicholas about Alexander.

They said the same things under Alexander about Paul's deeds. They talked in the same way under Paul about Catherine, and all the horrors of her dissoluteness and the obstinacy of her favourites. And they said the same things

ary five hours in that occupation, just as the man of the present day spends his in the senate, returned to his family and sat calmly down to dinner, and then read Holy Writ? What lay in the souls of those regimental and company commanders (I knew one such) who on the preceding evening danced the mazurka at a ball with his beautiful daughter, and took his departure early in order that on the following morning he might make arrangements for flogging to death, through the lines, a Tartar soldier who had deserted? He had the man whipped to death and went home to dine with his family.

We say: 'All that has passed away; it is done with; there are no longer any of those tortures of Catherine's frail ones with their all-powerful favourites; there is no serfage; there is no flogging to death with rods.' But it merely seems so to us! Three hundred thousand men lie in prison and in regimental guard-houses, locked up in close, stinking quarters, where they die a slow bodily and moral death!

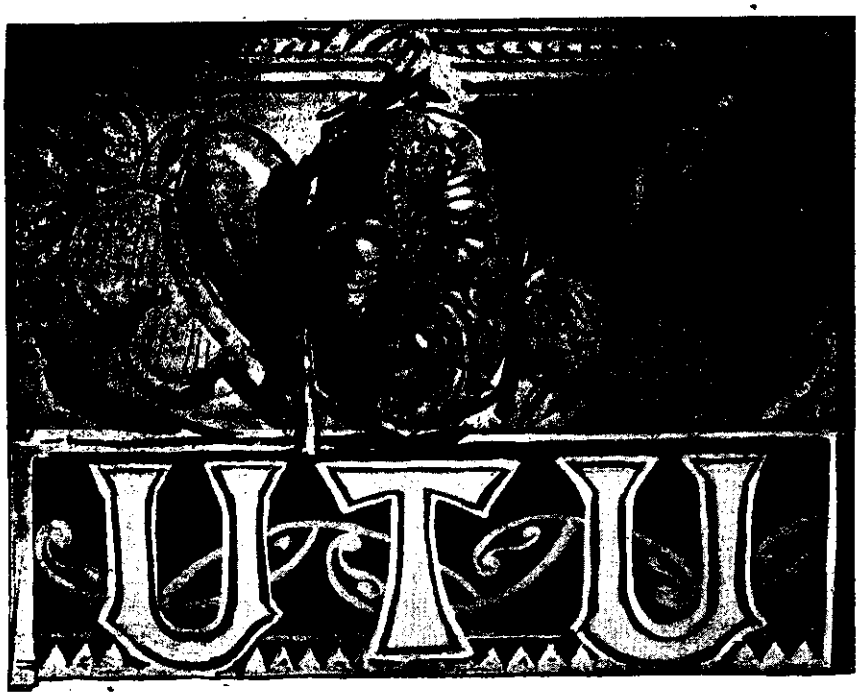
Their wives and children are cast on the world without the means of subsistence, while these men are kept in those dens of vice, the prisons, the reform squads.

Ten thousand men with pernicious ideas in exile will carry those ideas to the most distant nooks of Russia—will

'Shall we give tribute to Cæsar?' the answer was given, 'Render to Cæsar that which is Cæsar's, and to God that which is God's.'

If men believed in God, they could not fail to recognize this, their first obligation to Him: not to torture, not to kill; and then the words, 'God's to God, Cæsar's to Cæsar,' would have for them a clear, well-defined meaning—'To the Czar or anyone else everything you like,' the believing man would say, 'only not that which is contrary to the will of God. If my money is necessary to Cæsar, take it; my house, my labours—take them. My wife, my children, my life—take them, all this is not God's. But if it is necessary to Cæsar that I should raise and lower a cudgel on the back of my neighbour—this is God's. I cannot bind, lock up, persecute, kill a man; all this is my life, and that is God's, and I cannot give it over to anyone but God.'

The words, 'Render to God the things that are God's,' signify that to give to God farthing candles, prayers, words, everything in general which is of no use to anyone, least of all to God, and to give all the rest, all one's life, all the sanctity of one's soul which belongs to God to Cæsar (according to the meaning of the word Cæsar for the Jews), to a man who is a stranger to one, to a hated man—this is indeed terrible. Come to your senses, oh, men!



By TUA-O-RANGI.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

IN THE PLACE OF SKULLS—FROM THE OTHER WORLD —SEEKING EGRESS—A HAPLESS WIGHT.

THREE days had elapsed since the fortuitous event which resulted in the lodgment of the man of many *aliases* within the cave by the seashore, and he had not yet recovered consciousness. Nightly had he been visited by his valet, who pillowed his head, covered his limbs with warm rugs, and devoted the long hours of darkness to watching by his side, and administering remedies designed to allay internal pain, and gradually overcome the shock his system must have sustained. Arnaud had made a thorough examination without finding any material fractures save those near the wrists, although both hands were terribly smashed and swollen. The valet, however, seemed to consider them not worth a second thought, merely curling his lip as he took in the fact that the shapeliness on which the owner had prided himself was spoiled for ever.

So far the wretched man had lain as his factotum placed him, an inert mass, too sunk in stupor to make the least movement of body or limbs; but on the third night a restlessness set in, an uneasy writhing of body, a quivering of the heavy limbs, as though he were awaking to pain. He muttered, too, from time to time inarticulately, and again fell into stupor. So on during the early hours of the night. Then he began to dream, horrid dreams to judge by his contortions and incoherent mutterings—not, strange to say, about the dreadful circumstances immediately preceding his present sorry plight, but of events farther gone. He seemed to be going over confusedly the last dreadful scenes of his life with Eleanor Radcliffe, and he who had never known the voice of conscience was evidently now in his helpless misery undergoing its torturing accusations. As the slow minutes passed vision chased vision through his awakening brain, and at last, with a cry of agony, as though Nemesis had laid his heavy hand upon his shoulder, he awoke, and sat bolt upright, staring about and trying with dazed eyes to peer through the sepulchral gloom, at the same time wondering vaguely how he came there. The air was chilly, and an unpleasant musty odour saluted his nostrils, but the darkness allowed him to distinguish nothing of his surroundings. The endeavour to recollect, to recall something which should explain to himself his position, fatigued him, and mechanically he raised his hand to press his aching brow, but the sudden uplifting of the injured limb sent a thrill of pain shooting through every nerve, just as a rush of recollection brought back the awful sensations which preceded his fall. And now cruel pains began to make themselves felt through his bruised and shaken body, while his fractured arms, and worse still, the stiff and untended hands caused him acutest agony. Where was he? And what ailed him? His physical anguish almost took away the power of thought, but still the questions obtruded themselves. He spoke, and his hollow tones were given back in startling echoes. He stretched out his arms but they came in contact with nothing. He tried to feel the material of the floor beneath him, but his swollen and lacerated fingers had lost all sense of touch. He essayed to rise, but the attempt to aid his enfeebled nether limbs with the superior caused him such horrible pain that he fainted away.

When he came to again, some time subsequently, his lodging was no longer absolutely dark. A pale flickering light threw into relief dark broken walls, and lost itself in inky shadows. Nowhere about him was any object clearly defined, and whether he was in a dungeon, cave, or ruined hall, he could not determine, although he applied to the question all the wit which awoke with him. A resinous suffocating odour blent with the sickly smell which he had noticed before, but look which way he would he could not discern from whence the faint light proceeded. With difficulty he again sat up, trying hard to make out objects. Presently a creepy feeling came over him. Was it fancy, or were those really deaths-heads over there in a row grinning at him? He must be dreaming again surely, and he closed his eyes for an instant, opening them wide the next to make sure. Deaths-heads! unmistakeably, deaths-heads! and beneath them skeletons! one, two, three, four—Good God! there were dozens of them! What was this? *Where was he?* His brain reeled. The skeletons seemed coming toward him. Certainly they moved, or was it the play of the uncertain light, which wavered strangely? *Where was he?* Had he been thought dead and placed in a tomb? He had heard of Maori cave tombs, aud, as in the midst of his agony past events, remote and near, trooped in mental review, he concluded himself incarcerated in one of these Golgothas. Had he previously taken more pains to be accurately informed, he would have known better, but his knowledge of Maori institutions was limited, and his mental condition hazy.

While he glared, with starting eyeballs and twitching muscles, at the fleshless forms paraded in front of him, the light became fainter, the heavy shadows grew blacker yet, and scarce by straining his eyes to the utmost could he perceive his skeleton companions. Terror thrilled him. *The light was fading out.* Great beads of perspiration broke out on his forehead. It was bad enough to find the dead bearing him company, but to be alone with them *in the dark*—Horror! His nerves had been terribly shaken, and doubtless he missed his coguac, for his ordinary stoicism, his scoffing courage, had vanished completely. He had quite forgotten it, and beside himself with affright, he again attempted to rise. But at the moment his attention was caught by a faint distant gleam of bluish light, opposite to him, but at a considerable distance, in the heart of a desert of blackness. The light was curious, and it instantly rivetted his gaze, so that he forgot his intention, his neighbours, and indeed all save itself. It was not the small flame of lamp or candle, but a luminous cloud, as it were, in the midst of the thick darkness; and as he gazed, it slowly advanced towards him, not lighting up the darkness, but gleaming through it, plainly enough, but cold and pale. And now he could have sworn its form was changing. It seemed to lengthen and grow slighter, and still, with an almost imperceptible motion, it drew near, and ever nearer. Surely it was a female form, tall and ghostly, with trailing robes of woven light. What could it be? On, on it came, straight towards him, but lingeringly, as a summer cloud floats through the languid air of noon. All around was blackness. Even the grinning skulls and erected skeletons were invisible, but it seemed to grow whiter as it came, not with the cheery light which, shedding its rays abroad, brightens surrounding objects, but with a cold, opalescent gleam which accentuated the darkness; and as with stiffening hair and starting eyes the unhappy man awaited its closer proximity he recognized it—not a flame, nor a nebulous cloud, nor a will-o'-the-wisp, nor any of the fantastic suggestions of his brain—but his wife, the murdered Eleanor! In soft flowing draperies such as she wore when last he saw her, only gleaming now as with a phosphorescent light, gliding like a phantom, towering above him like the queen of a ghostly realm. Yes, it was she. She halted within half-a-dozen paces of him. He could see her clearly—her robes of snowy white, her falling tresses of raven blackness, her glittering eyes, and regal aspect. But her face was sternly set, and her eyes like those of a basilisk. She compelled his gaze; her look appalled him, and yet he could neither faint nor flee, but cowering there in physical anguish and mental prostration, he knew himself at her mercy. He would fain have covered his face to shut her out from his sight, but she held his eyes pitilessly. From the other world she had come, he felt—*the other world* in which he had never believed, at which he had scoffed profanely. He had left her *dead*, he was sure of that, yet here she was confronting him, but like no creature of flesh and blood. Slenderer, more ethereal than Eleanor Radcliffe had ever been, she appeared preternaturally tall, and her translucent robes were gleaming with unearthly lustre. Here, too, in this abode of the dead, of all places! All this and more passed swiftly through his distempered brain, as his strained eyes answered her piercing gaze. His head was in a whirl, and his blood seemed to turn to lead, but his eyelids dared not fall. Not a sound, not the faintest rustle had so far broken the awful stillness. In silence befitting the tomb, like a dumbly accusing spirit she stood over him, pitiless and cold as one who dwelt among shadows.

But suddenly a sound fell on his ear, the sound of weird laughter. Ha-ha! Ha-ha-ha! The effect was appaling, for instantly from every recess and gallery came back the hollow echoes, until his reeling brain was convinced that his unwelcome presence had interrupted a ghostly carnival, for surely a legion of spirits would be needed to keep up that uncanny merriment, cruel, cold, mocking, unearthly. The sounds grew fainter presently, and even more ghostly, until at length they died whisperingly away in the gloomy distance. His blanched cheek had become ashen, his muscles twitched convulsively, but she, whose eyes had never wavered, still held his enchained. And now she spoke in sepulchral tones, attenuated (if the phrase may pass) as her *spirituelle* form.

'So, Jacques le Blanc, we have met again.'

Like the touch of icy steel her tones chilled his blood and he shivered.

'Thou tremblest, unworthy wretch!' she went on, 'but fear me not yet. Thy race is not quite run. Thou shalt *drain* the cup of earthly anguish, and then, when thou callest upon *death* to deliver thee, *then*, blood-stained soul *shall thy punishment begin.* In life thou hast called evil good and good evil, but after death will come retribution, and vainly then shalt thou plead for pity—thou who hast shewn none—and in thy anguish call upon the rocks to hide thee from infinite wrath, for thou art already condemned, and those who shall gather round thee in the spirit world whither thou hastest, will laugh at thy calamity, and mock at thy fears.

She ceased, and once again, but louder, shriller, more fiendishly derisive, rang out that awful laughter, Ha-ha! Ha-ha-ha! and as peal after peal reverberated through the sombre galleries, the guilty sufferer sank back heavily in a deathlike swoon.

* * * * * * *

Hours might have passed; it seemed to himself that ages had done so ere consciousness returned to the wretched man. Wearily, languidly, he awoke, remembering nothing at first, but presently recalling all the horrors of his recent experiences and present position. The cave was once more in total darkness, and its faint cold odours chilled and sickened him. One thought above the dreadful sensations evoked by memory possessed him. It was how to find a way out of the charnel house. To seek it might involve fresh perils, but remain stationary he could not. No possible horrors could exceed those he had passed through, and death, ay, hell itself was preferable to waiting quietly there for *her* reappearance. Painfully he raised himself once again into a sitting posture. Blindness might have overtaken him for all he could see, and his arms were worse than useless; in their present disabled condition they were actual encumbrances. But after a bit he got on his knees, and in this way, with variations, shuffled some distance, but his progress was necessarily slow in the extreme, and he was tortured by the ever present fear that in the darkness he might be turning his back on the entrance, and thus literally leaving salvation behind him. The darkness continued, but after some time he was conscious of a change in the atmosphere. It was colder, and certainly purer. Surely then he must be nearing the entrance. He trembled with hope and again shuffled on. Once or twice he managed to stand for a moment, but weakness soon brought him to his knees again, and feverishly he strove to hasten on. At last he halted and tried to think calmly. The fresher air was undoubtedly coming from above, and yet he could detect no opening, not a chink through which it could come. Better perhaps to wait awhile. Possibly it was night in the outer world. If so light might reach him in time. If not, better here, though it was very cold, than breathing the offensive air of his former resting place, where horrible skeletons grinned at him in the awful darkness.

But as he crouched, fearfully waiting for signs of the dawn, he thought he detected the sound of water—of water breaking against rocks, breaking gently, lapping with a soft monotonous flow. He raised his head, listening intently. Yes, there was no doubt of it. The sound was muffled, but it was unmistakeably the wash of the tide. He must still be by the sea shore then. But now a new dread assailed him. He had no idea either as to how he had been brought to the cave, nor what time had elapsed since his capture at Motu Arohia, and fancying that this might be the first tide since, he wondered nervously how high it would rise, and whether the cave were beyond inundation. Truly life did not offer him much just now, and yet he shrank appalled at the thought of dying. He waited, listening, with impatient eyes turned upwards towards the fresh incoming air. By and bye over his head a faint band of dull grey light appeared, and as he rose eagerly to his feet in his joy at the sight, a streak of golden sunshine shot athwart the rocky roof above him and vanished, its evanescent gleam making the darkness seem deeper than before. His dazzled eyes closed despairingly, and he sank down disheartened, but finding after a time that still a little dim light was struggling in, he plucked up heart, and essayed to clamber over the rough rock masses which interposed between

it and him. Had it been sufficient to illumine his path, the bulk of his difficulties would have vanished, but the feeble ray was lost in the gloom overhead, and the task of dragging himself upwards over obstacles he could but half see, and without the aid of his hands, was one of incredible difficulty. He had really reached the entrance to the cave, and when at length the difficulties of climbing the rocky slope were over, he found an aperture wide enough to give him egress. But the outer cave, the vestibule, as we have called it, was full of water. The tide, still rising, would in a few minutes be above the external opening, and then of course utter darkness would again set in for a spell. The swift passing gleam of sunshine was now explained. Phœbus had just risen immediately opposite, and a ray from his chariot wheels had darted through the low entrance and across the rocky roof, bearing hope to the hapless wight within. Every dancing wavelet reflected back the morning glory, and even within the outer cave the weary watcher, benumbed and miserable, could see it sparkling as he looked longingly down, But even as he looked the irrepressible waves rose higher and higher, they lost their glitter, grew sad and grey, the soft light faded, the waters outside lap-lapped against the stony wall above the entrance, and within the place of the dead darkness which might be felt once more reigned supreme.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE FISHING PARTY—MANAWAOROA BAY—THE WAR DANCE.

As indicated at the close of the last chapter, the sun rose gloriously on the morning of the eventful day appointed for the meeting at Manawaoroa Bay of the fishing party invited by the chief Takori. The few filmy clouds which, glowing rosily, added grace to his advent, melted before his golden beams until not a solitary fleck remained upon the azure sky. The june air had a delightful crispness in it which brought a sparkle to the eye and a glow to the healthy cheek; otherwise the season might have been supposed summer, so warm the sunshine, so bright the foliage, so serene nature's every aspect.

The captain and party were in high spirits, as, about half an hour after sunrise, their boat glided past the Mascarin, and they merrily returned the grave salute of Lieutenant Crozet. He had taken care to be on deck in order once more to remonstrate against what he conceived to be misplaced confidence on the part of his superior officer. For himself, he had never been prepossessed with the natives, and viewed the free and easy intercourse between the races which had latterly prevailed with anything but approval, and, as prejudiced eyes can always detect the symptoms they seek, so recently the lieutenant, although without actual grounds for his suspicions, had fancied he discerned signs of latent treachery in every move of his brown neighbours. As it turned out, for once his premonitions were justified and terribly; but he had cried 'wolf' so often, and with so little cause, that the sanguine commandant only laughed cheerily at his last warning.

'Crozet is becoming a veritable croaker. You must see to his liver, *mon ami*,' he cried to the doctor, and all the party joined in the laugh as they sped lightly away to—their doom.

About the same time that the captain's boat left his ship's side, a light canoe containing three figures emerged from a distant inlet and shot forward as if to intercept it. The two paddlers, despite their lusty arms, were evidently females, but the third person, sitting motionless, completely enshrouded in flaxen wrappings, might have belonged to either sex for all that could be seen of face or form. Boat and canoe passed within a few feet of each other, exchanging salutations, the dark eyes of the shrouded figure swiftly scrutinising each occupant of the other craft. A gasp of relief escaped from the muffled lips as they fell astern, and the canoe skimmed away in the direction of Motu Arohia.

As Captain du Fresne's boat entered Manawaoroa Bay its appearance was greeted by loud cries of welcome, and on nearing the beach a crowd of officious gesticulating slaves darted waist deep into the water, contending with each other for the honour of hauling it ashore. Back from the beach on the sward a large number of warriors, bedecked with paint and feathers, sat motionless wrapped in their mats looking gravely on, and here and there small clusters of notables stood—with spears and clubs grasped tightly, and resting on the ground—in apparently stern confabulation. The gaiety of the *pakeha* party was a little dashed by the serious aspect of the warriors, but as the *canaille* were even more vociferous than usual, and seemed boiling over with glee, the absence of any welcome on the part of the masters was not supposed due to lack of hospitality. They were most likely, the captain suggested, still preoccupied by the religious exercises they had probably just gone through. He knew that fishing was in the eye of the Maori a sacred act, and as such preceded by religious observances, and he only regretted now that he had arrived on the scene too late to witness these.

Too polite to interrupt the proceedings, the Frenchmen stood at a short distance from their boat, waiting for their host's advance. Meanwhile the slaves, in exuberant spirits, chatting, laughing, grimacing, capered round them, jostling them rudely, remarking upon their individual peculiarities, handling their garments, and cracking enigmatical jokes evoking noisy mirth, until the captain, notwithstanding his good humour, had to rebuke their unwonted familiarity, remarking as he did so that the rascals must have been drinking. To escape their unpleasant proximity the visitors had gradually fallen back upon the sloping sward, and now stood at some distance from the water's edge. The tide was about full, and their boat high and dry. Takori came to them at last, followed by several *rangatiras*, and expressed his pleasure at seeing them. His people, he said, had all been busy making ready. The ovens were built, and soon the fishing would begin, after which would come feasting. They had been praying, he said, and consulting their oracles. The omens were favourable; God approved their actions. The baits would not fail; not a fish would escape. But he had promised his *pakeha* friends a war dance. Now was a very good time. The day was yet early. If the visitors approved the dance should precede the fishing. Of course the visitors 'would be delighted,' etc., etc., and at a given signal the body of warriors squatting on the ground sprang to their feet, tossed off their mats and fell into position, and, Takori leading, in a few minutes the whole dark company, lately so self-contained and serious, resembled fiends let loose from the nether pit more than human inhabitants of this beauteous earth. Their goggling eyes, fearful contortions, deep inspirations, horrid outcries, and maniacal gestures were truly appalling, and as with violent yet measured steps they steadily approached towards the white strangers, these involuntarily fell back, momentarily fluttered at their menacing aspect, which truly was enough to make the stoutest heart quail.

But the captain rallied his companions: 'Keep your places, my friends,' he said. 'Recollect this is but play. Let not our dark friends think us faint-hearted.'

But even as he spoke the *pakeha* group was surrounded. Nearer pressed upon them those naked, wildly moving figures; nearer came those dreadful visages. The hot breath of a hundred savages blew like a sirocco in their white, scared faces, a hissing as of serpents sounded in their ears, rows of white teeth snapped together, fiery tongues shot out like darts, and finally with an awful whoop, whose blood-curdling echoes resounded through the bay, the furious savages launched themselves with club and spear upon their helpless unarmed visitors, and ere the last reverberation had died away the kind-hearted commandant and his gay companions were in another world.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOREIGN FLOWERS OF SPEECH.

THE little Latin, less Greek, and rather more French of the typical lady novelist have frequently whetted the derisive appetite of the reviewer. But when a test is applied to the columns of a solemn daily paper with a view to discovering the little classical embellishments used by its sober sages, is it to be supposed that the labour of the searcher will be in vain? At the close of 1891 a correspondent waded through the leading article of the *Times* for that year, and extracted the italicised foreign expressions; the file for 1892 was similarly scanned; now the 1893 numbers have been subjected to scrutiny. The results for 1891 and 1892 duly appeared in detail in these columns; our correspondent now furnishes the 1893 particulars. First let the reader's attention be directed to the following table of comparison:—

Year	Total number of different foreign expressions used	Total number of *Times* issues where no foreign expressions appeared in 'leaders'
1891	319	66
1892	229	105
1893	186	130

At a glance it will be inferred that the restraining influence, commented upon, in dealing with the 1892 statistics, must surely have been continued last year, and it may be at once deduced that if this ratio of abstinence is sustained, this annual article will in time be unnecessary.

Analysing the 1893 examples, it is found that *modus vivendi* has at last been allowed a well-earned repose. This war-horse came out twenty-nine times in 1891 and nineteen in 1892, but only once in 1893. More easy treatment has also been shown to *prima facie*, used six times only, whereas the two previous years' records are respectively eleven and fifteen. The *Times* still persists in italicising maximum and minimum; these appeared each twenty and twenty-five times. The Parish Councils Bill has already much at its door, without being responsible for most of the sixteen appearances of *ex officio*. *Non possumus* (nine times) also established itself in favour; and some rash spirit having discovered that *ex post facto* had not been seen out for over two years, promptly used it seven times. *Régime*, too, rendered good service as in former years, but the decline of that soothing word *rapprochement* from sixteen appearances in 1891 to twelve in 1892, and again to two in 1893, is very ominous. *Status quo* has also a downward tendency; while *volte-face*, applied to the vagaries of a well-known statesman, shows an increase in appreciation. In 1892 *quasi* was the rage; last year it mercifully lay at rest; and other absent friends include those tried servants *carte-blanche*, *locus standi*, *mutatis mutandis*, *par excellence*, and *raison d'être*.

Here, perhaps, it would be well to give a complete list of those expressions which have made one or more appearances during each of the last three years. The figures appended relate to the appearances in 1893, 1892, and 1891, in this order:—

amour propre	..	1	1	2	*minimum*	..	25	14	12
arrière-pensée	..	1	1	1	*modus vivendi*	..	1	19	29
bonâ fide	..	4	5	8	*naïveté*	..	3	3	1
bona fides	..	3	3	1	*nuances*	..	2	1	1
coup d'état	..	5	1	8	*non possumus*	..	9	2	1
de die in diem	..	2	2	1	*pervaunt*	..	6	4	2
de facto	..	3	7	4	*prima facie*	..	6	15	11
employés	..	4	3	10	*pro tanto*	..	5	4	2
en bloc	..	1	2	3	*pro rege*	..	2	2	3
ex hypothesi	..	2	1	3	*rapprochement*	..	2	12	16
ex officio	..	16	1	5	*reductio ad absurdum*	..	2	3	1
ex parte	..	1	5	1	*referendum*	..	2	1	8
fête	..	4	1	1	*régime*	..	11	12	10
habeas corpus	..	3	8	5	*rôle*	..	4	2	4
impasse	..	1	2	1	*status*	..	5	6	9
in extenso	..	3	3	1	*status quo*	..	6	8	33
laissez-faire	..	1	1	1	*ultima ratio*	..	2	1	2
maximum	..	20	14	13	*ultra vires*	..	1	1	1

Coming now to those forms of speech which made their bow in 1893 for the first time, it is seen that a few were used on more than one occasion:—

Dreikaiserbund	..	..	2	*Hinterland*	..	..	2
ex post facto	..	..	7	*modus operandi*	..	..	2
fons et origo	..	..	3	*plus*	..	..	4
grand Français	..	..	2	*status quo ante*	..	..	2

Reviewing the subject generally, distinct progress in reformation may be reported, although it is somewhat regrettable to find our contemporary, after avoiding for two years such terms as *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, *mater pulchra, filia pulchrior*, *in medias res*, and *suaviter in modo*, making incontinent use of them. Still, as the *Times* says, *nil desperandum*; and soon we may hope to see its columns quite expurgated of the foreign element, and literally, *sans phrase*.

MR GEE'S CONCERTS.

THE opening concerts of Mr Gee's winter series were largely attended on Wednesday last and Good Friday. The great singer was in good voice on both occasions, and his splendid singing simply 'brought down the house.' He is unquestionably one of the finest singers in Australasia, and Auckland is lucky indeed to have him as a resident. He was very ably supported on both occasions. This (Wednesday) evening another concert will be given, at which Mr Gee will sing 'Thon Art Passing Hence' and 'The Desert.' Those who have heard Mr Gee in these songs will certainly book their seats at once. No greater musical treat can be imagined.

UNABLE TO READ AND WRITE.

HERR JANSHUL has recently published in the *Neitelja* the following statistics concerning the 'analphabetists' of Europe:—

UNABLE TO READ AND WRITE.

Per cent.		
0·2	of the population of	Saxony.
0·3	" "	Norway.
0·4	" "	Bavaria and Sweden.
0·6	" "	Prussia.
1·9	" "	Finland.
9·0	" "	England.
9·5	" "	France.
23·6	" "	Austria.
42.0	" "	Italy.
78.3	" "	Russia.
79·3	" "	Servia.
82·0	" "	Roumania.
85 0	" "	Bulgaria.

Leaving out of consideration the Balkan States, Russia, as might have been expected, takes front rank as an illiterate country, while its poor little vassal, Finland, is presumed to excel, educationally, even Merrie England and France. The numerical distance between the last-named country and multi-peopled Austria Hungary is noteworthy. Turkey is mentioned in the original list, but a mark of interrogation is inserted under 'percentage.' You may take this to mean two things, either that it is a question whether there are any persons ignorant of the alphabet in the Porte's European dominions, or that the number is so large that the statistician has lost count. The reader will not have much difficulty in coming to a conclusion upon the point. Spain, which does not find a place on the list, should be about on an equality with Italy.

HOW WOMEN WINTER IN CANADA.

IT is during the snow season and the water season that *la belle Canadienne* is seen to her best advantage. To the stranger she is perhaps more captivating, with sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks, on her snow shoes, than in cool blouse and shady hat, with sallow cheeks, paddling (as only a Canadian can) her own canoe. The great extremes of heat and cold are ruinous to the fairest skins, and one often sees a Canadian girl's beauty spoiled by the dried-up complexion so familiar on colonial faces. As a rule, women's looks distinctly suffer in cold weather; the Canadian girl's improve. Dressed for a long snow shoe tramp in a skirt and coat made out of a fluffy white blanket bordered with red, a fisherman's stocking-cap pulled close over her head and ears—only allowing her fringe to escape—the hood of her coat drawn over the stocking cap and standing up in a peak like the hood of a Capuchin monk, she is a picture of beautiful health and graceful activity.

Business is so much interfered with in the snow season that men and women alike are bent on amusement. The smart four-in hand Sleigh Club meets every Saturday afternoon at the Windsor Hotel. There are some magnificent turns out, for Canadians are good judges of horseflesh, and there is great rivalry among the members to decorate their sleighs with the most beautiful furs and the prettiest women. The sleighs are made of fancy woods highly polished, with silver bells and mounts; and how captivating the 'chosen fair' looks on the box seat, muffled up in sables, her eyes dancing with pride and anticipated pleasure! Though the temperature is probably 20 below zero, the sun is so bright and the sky so blue that you want a sunshade, but your hand would be frozen if you dared to hold one up. The driver is cold enough, kept busy as he is with his lively 'four.' Many strangers are compelled to wear smoked glasses in the snow season; the glare from the intensely blue sky on the white snow is blinding.

Tobogganing is almost more enjoyable by night than by day—the danger is more apparent. A toboggan down the Tuque Blue Club slide is a very different matter from coasting on the natural snow, which is so often confused with tobogganning. On the Tuque Blue slide the course is sheer down the mountain-side, between boards which contain a sheet of glassy ice just wide enough to fit the toboggan. The toboggan is started off a shoot like a switchback railway. What follows is best described by the Chinaman's 'Swish, swish, walkee back a mile.' The track is lighted with flaring torches. An old lady of seventy years, who had lived all her life in California, came to Montreal to see the carnival; she would not leave the city until she had been down the perilous Tuque Blue toboggan-slide. It often surprises strangers that open sleighs are the ordinary means of conveyance in a country where, for months, the temperature is below zero.

Little children love the snow season. Every mite has his toboggan, for coasting down the walls of snow which are made by the clearings of the streets and sidewalks, piled up on either side of the street: they are often so high that they completely block out the view of the traffic on the street from the windows. There are openings in them at intervals to allow one to get access to the opposite sidewalk. They are an endless delight to children; they make tunnels and snow-houses, and, in fact, live in them all day long. They never seem to feel the cold; wrapped up in warm blanket-coats, they roll and tumble about with crimson cheeks and glowing eyes. Skating is usually enjoyed under cover, and what a revelation it is to see Canadians waltzing to a splendid band! In the skating-rink there is every kind of luxury in the way of refreshment and lounging chairs. You can have afternoon tea and listen to the band; and if you are English you will not skate, but sit and watch the Canadian girl waltz—she has no points to learn in grace of movement. She is always a pretty dancer, but she lacks one exquisite grace when waltzing without her skates.

It was said by a rather smart writer, long ago, that women, though they did many things for men, did not dress for men. 'They dress for themselves and at each other.' This is proved true by the fact that not a woman is found willing to make herself conspicuously pretty, just now, by dressing herself a few months out of the fashion. Any woman with an average figure might get the respectful homage of the eyes of men by appearing in a slender-shouldered jacket and graceful petticoat. Her hat might be as fashionable as she liked, for hats—though badly worn—are just now almost always of a good shape. She could escape the slightest suspicion of dowdiness by having her dress and jacket unmistakably well made. There she would walk, singularly charming, looking taller and better than anyone else, the only elegant creature in town. But she will not. She prefers the approval of a dressmaker to the looks of lovers. And yet if it is always to be the dressmaker who designs our dresses, why not let the builder plan our houses and the printer write our books?

NUMBER 110.

THE iron door of the great prison clangs loudly after No. 110, as he emerges from the gloom of the corridor into the bright world outside. He stands for a moment, gazing straight ahead, stupidly, as if trying to realise that his prayers are answered—that freedom is indeed his.

The warm sunshine rests kindly upon the pathetic figure, bowed, not by the weight of years, but by sorrow's burden; and like a caressing hand it touches the silvered locks that were as dark as night a dozen years ago, when first the grim prison walls hid him from his fellow-men.

A dozen years he has borne the stigma of a crime of which he is innocent! What now avails the tardy confession of the criminal? Can it blot out the misery endured, replace the years filched from manhood's prime? His wife—his child—how have they fared? Thank God! they knew not of his disgrace. Though his tortured heart cried for them by day and by night, his lips have been silent as the lips of the dead. Now he is free to go to them, free to take up the broken threads of his life, and yet—what right has he, No. 110, to cloud their lives with shame? True, he is guiltless, but the prison taint still clings to his garments.

He will seek them out, be near them, watch over them, but they shall never know. Has he not kept silence all these years?

With slow faltering steps, he passes down the busy thoroughfare. The jangle of car bells and the cries of street vendors confuse him; the careless glances of passers-by fill him with alarm. What if the change were not so great, after all—what if he should be recognised?

Set amid green fields and smiling gardens, but a day's journey from the metropolis, is the little village where the happiest days of his life were passed.

Once again he follows the winding path across the meadow—who so well knows the way? Here is the lane that leads to the orchard, there through the swaying branches of the elm the moss-grown roof of the cottage is visible. With slouched hat pulled low over his brow, he creeps in the shadow of the hedge, to the very doorstone.

Empty! Deserted!

The shutterless windows give free entrance to storm and sunshine alike; spiders have spun their webs across the doorway, and weeds, breast high, flourish in the garden walks.

In the neglected corner of the village churchyard he finds what he seeks.

* * * * * * *

The travel-stained wanderer drags himself wearily along until he reaches the iron-barred entrance of the great prison.

'Take me in!' he cries, hoarsely. 'I have no other home than this.'

Society Gossip.

AUCKLAND.

DEAR BEE, MARCH 27.

Naturally you will not expect much news to-day, seeing that in Passion week there is, of course, nothing in the society way going on. Good Friday was an almost ideal day, and the lovely weather tempted all except good church-goers into water or land excursions.

The

GOVERNOR'S DEPARTURE

for the Islands will also tend to make us less gay for the next few weeks. I hope they will have fine weather.

Our

TENNIS SEASON

is fast drawing to a close, but still we had a lovely tennis party at Mrs Edwin Hesketh's, 'St. John's Wood,' Epsom, last Thursday. The weather was all that could be desired. There were not quite as many guests as usual, as it is Easter time, and many had joined a large camping out party to Nihotopu Falls, and would not return till Easter Tuesday. Amongst the ladies present, who were ably entertained by the Misses Hesketh, were Miss Clayton (Sydney), Mrs Bush and her daughters, Miss Nessie Kinder, Miss Hardie, Miss Buckland, etc.

OUR FOLKS.

Mr H. Brett and Miss Brett (Takapuna) have been staying at Okoroire.

Mr and Mrs Brigham are staying at Whakarewarewa.

Mr J. Taylor, youngest son of the late Richard Taylor, has just come from Sydney to Auckland on a three weeks' trip.

Miss Clayton (Sydney) is staying with her sister, Mrs Alfred Nathan, Princes-street.

Mrs Birch has come for a short visit to Auckland with her husband, Mr G. A. Birch, Manager of the Colonial Bank, Invercargill.

CALLING AND SHOPPING.

I have noticed Miss Mowbray, navy skirt, black and white spotted blouse, black hat with pink flowers; Miss Power, dark navy skirt, fawn blouse, gem; Mrs C. Knight, navy skirt, navy Tudor cape, black velvet bonnet with pink flowers; Miss Bursill, black skirt, white blouse, gem; Miss Gipsy Walker, navy skirt, white blouse, gem; Mrs Walker (Parnell), black; Miss Con. Walker (Parnell), neat-fitting navy serge; Mrs Holgate, navy dress, cream silk vest, navy jacket with revers of Nihilists red, toque *en suite*; Miss K. Isaacs, black; Miss Edith Isaacs, navy; Mrs H. Gould, slate-coloured dress with velvet trimmings; Miss Hooper, black skirt, white blouse, black and white sailor hat; Mrs Hitchcock, navy trimmed with grey shot silk; Miss Brett looked extremely well in grey plaid with pink stripe, pink bebe sleeves, black hat with forget me-nots; Miss Philson, navy serge; Mrs E. Forbes, striking black and white striped silk, black jacket, black toque; Miss Claudia Hardie, navy; Miss Clayton (Sydney) looked well in navy skirt, pink blouse, gem; Mrs Carr, black mourning costume; Miss Laird, navy skirt, red blouse; Mrs Sam Morrin, black silk, black toque; Mrs Alfred Nathan, very stylish black silk with electric blue silk cuffs, yoke and trimmings veiled in black lace; Mrs Frank Walker, pretty canary-coloured crinkley zephyr; Mrs J. Roach, brown holland; Miss Ionia Taylor, black mourning costume; Miss Ethel Garlic, prune cashmere; Miss Edith Banks, bright pink; Mrs (Professor) Thomas, black brocade mourning costume.

The

EASTER MONDAY RACES

were favoured with perfect weather, leaving nothing to be desired. The dresses were a pretty combination of winter and autumn, the brilliancy of the day tempting many to don their light summer costumes. The racing was very good, which kept the time from lying heavily on one's hands. Amongst the many stylish dresses I noticed Mrs McLaughlin (the president's wife)—whom you know always looks well dressed—in navy crinkley with narrow bands of red braid, becoming bonnet with red flower *en suite*; Mrs L. D. Nathan, handsome black silk with lilac stripes veiled in black lace, fawn bonnet; Mrs (Col.) Dawson, neat fitting brown holland, blue vest; Mrs Jim Russell, black silk; Mrs Alfred Nathan looked well in a black striped moire with reseda green, let in at neck veiled in black lace, black hat with green velvet; her sister, Miss Clayton (Sydney), looked extremely pretty in a striking gown of black net with yoke and sleeves of gendarme green silk veiled in black net, black hat with feathers; Mrs Alfred Buckland (senior), black silk, black bonnet with white flowers; Misses Florrie and Maud Buckland wore navy serges and white vests; Mrs Alfred Buckland (junior), looked excessively well in a cream serge trimmed with navy braid; Mrs Frank Walker, brown cashmere with velvet bands; Miss Constance Walker, grey; Miss Dunnett, small black and white check silk richly trimmed with silver *passementerie*, black lace bonnet with blue forget-me-nots; Miss Percival brown skirt and cape, pink blouse; Mrs G. Massey-Baker was much admired in grey Cheviot tweed and lined with red, smart bonnet of the same material with effective red bow; Miss Bertha Devore, black cashmere, blue vest; Miss Gorrie, brown holland, hat with feathers; Miss Mary Gorrie, white; Mrs Mathias (H.M.S. Tauranga) spuice with black braid; Mrs A. Hanna, dark grey; Miss N. Jackson, mode grey; Mrs Harry Jackson, grey striped silk trimmed with bands, and bebé sleeves of reseda green velvet; Mrs Worsp, fawn gown with black silk sleeves; Miss Ida Worsp looked remarkably well in a brick-coloured cashmere; Miss Mary Firth looked as if she had stepped out of a fashion plate in a stylish long brown cloth jacket with braid; and her sister wore pink; the three Misses Shirley-Baker were studies in white drills richly brocaded; Miss Fenton, a neat-fitting brown gown; Mrs Buddle, Gobelin blue Liberty silk, hat with floral decorations; Miss Kilgour, blue crinkly; and her niece, fawn; Mrs Mair, black; and her daughter looked very pretty in fawn with green velvet; Mrs King, black; Miss King was very much admired in sky blue with bands of electrique blue velvet, bonnet *en suite*; Mrs Scherff, grey striped gown; Miss Eva Scherff was charming in pink cambric, white hat with feathers; Miss Laishley, striking celery green; Miss Walker (Ellerslie), navy; Miss Cashel, striped grey lustre; Mrs Norton looked stylish as ever in a handsome black silk with bands and trimmings of bouton d'or veiled in black lace, hat *en suite*; Mrs Isidor Alexander, lilac silk with bands of black lace; Miss Cora Alexander, fawn; Mrs Thomson (Green Lane), handsome black silk, black tulle bonnet with blue edgings; and her daughter looked *chic* in white; Miss Davy, pale spotted cashmere pink, and her sister, a mode grey stylishly trimmed with braid; Miss Jenkins (Christchurch), pink nun's veiling with emerald spot and velvet trimmings; Miss Johnston, grey Cheviot tweed; Miss Mowbray, navy serge, white vest; Miss Thorpe, new grey; Miss Flora Thorpe, réseda green with fawn lace; Mrs Churton, fawn; Miss Churton wore an immensely becoming navy skirt, black and white striped silk blouse; Miss Wilkins looked prettty in white, hat *en suite*; Miss Rookes, mode grey; Miss Forbes was *piquante* in white drill, dark blue naval hat; Miss Elliot, slate grey crinkley gown; Miss Esme Elliot, brown holland; Miss Lawford, slate grey tweed, white vest, red tie, small toque with red goose's quill; Miss Pownall (Wellington), black; Mrs Richardson, grey lustre with green velvet trimmings; Mrs Hales, cream flannelette with green trimmings; Mrs Lyons grey; and her sister, Miss Kempthorne, terra cashmere, bonnet with roses; the Misses Kirkwood (two) were similarly attired in grey; Miss Walker (Thames), neat-fitting black gown, black hat with autumn leaves; Mrs Blair, black gown, white vest; Mrs Wallace Bews, cream delaine with green trimmings; Mrs Moss-Davis, fawn silk; Miss Z. Moss-Davis, white drill; Miss Sybil Moss-Davis, navy skirt and zouave, pink blouse; Mrs Upfil, grey Mrs Ralph Keesing, grey silk with bands of brown; the Misses Thomas (two) were in navy with white vests; the Misses Kerr Taylor were simply attired in white crinkley zephyrs; Miss Bailey, slate grey; Mrs E. Buchanan, grey with brown trimmings; Mrs Buxton, electrique slate; Miss Sage, lavender cashmere; Miss Devereux, slate grey with revers of red plush, and band of red net. There were many more pretty dresses, but if I wait to recall them my letter will be left out in the cold this week.

PHYLLIS BROUNE.

CHRISTCHURCH.

DEAR BEE, MARCH 21.

It is not with ordinary feelings of regret that the announcement of

THE DEATH OF MRS JOHN ANDERSON, SENR.,

Inveresk, will be read by hundreds of people. The sad event was not unexpected, for the deceased lady was overtaken by serious illness some time ago, which she bore with great courage and patience, and passed calmly away last evening, the 20th March. Mr and Mrs John Anderson arrived here in 1850 by the Sir George Seymour, and soon after arrival took up their residence with their family on the plains. The trials and difficulties of those early times were shared bravely by Mrs Anderson, who proved herself a real colonist and a fitting helpmeet for her worthy husband, and many a family and wayfarer has had reason to bless the charity and kindliness and cheerful advice bestowed by Mrs Anderson. Her whole life has been one long thought for others, which has endeared her to a very large circle of friends, whose grief will be heartfelt, and the deepest sympathy is felt for Mr Anderson and the family—four sons and two daughters. Mr and Mrs Anderson were within eighteen months of their golden wedding, but this celebration is seldom reached.

Friday afternoon Judge and Mrs Denniston entertained a number of friends at a very enjoyable

GARDEN PARTY.

The day was all that could be desired, a still nor'-wester prevailing. Tennis and croquet were played during the afternoon. Delicious afternoon tea, etc., were dispensed about the garden. Among the guests I noticed Mrs and the Misses Tabart, Mrs and Miss Harley, the Misses Gerard (two), Miss Black, in a cornflower blue drill costume; Mrs and the Misses Cowlishaw, the latter in pretty crepon gowns; Mrs Humphreys, Mrs Common, a handsome black corded silk costume, bonnet *en suite*; Mrs Gibbs, Mrs Andrew Anderson, and many others.

News reaches us of a delightful journey under other colours, and that is of the trip through the Otira Gorge to and from the West Coast. This has been done by parties, including ladies, camping out, and making quite a pleasure trip of it, and recently a party of ladies only, with the exception of the waggon-drivers, had a most enjoyable time. But the last trip of the coach was beset with difficulties. At Kelly's Creek a portion of the road was washed away, and from the Bealey to Springfield a dense fog prevailed. However, in Mr Cassidy's hands they all arrived safely after a protracted journey in bad weather almost all the way.

THE EASTER ENCAMPMENT

promises to be very successful this year. The various companies have been working hard at the new drill, and a large attendance in camp is expected. This is fixed at Kaiapoi, the road to which is one of our prettiest drives, and on Sunday all visitors will be entertained at afternoon tea. We are having true autumn weather—bright and lovely days, with just a suspicion of frost at night, and if this lasts it will be perfect.

THE CHRISTCHURCH LIEDERKRANZCHEN,

or Society of the 'Song Wreath,' is in a flourishing condition. It held its second annual meeting last week, Mrs Julius, the president, being in the chair. The outlook for the new season, which begins next month, is very cheering. The number of subscribers is increasing, and great interest is evinced among the working members. Our musical friends in Auckland might do worse than start something of the same kind among themselves, and so help to pass the winter pleasantly.

The great

QUESTION OF PROHIBITION

is at present in everyone's mouth, and to-morrow is the momentous day for casting in our vote with one side or the other. The State of Maine is quoted to us by certain ardent spirits as an excellent example of what people should be. But, dear readers, what think you of this: A captain of a certain vessel and a native of Maine, attended a meeting of non-prohibitionists the other night, and when asked his opinion on the subject, he simply replied, 'wait a moment, I want to go to the ship for something.' In a short time he returned carrying what appeared to be a Holy Bible beautifully bound, and with gilt lettering on the cover. When asked what he wanted with the Bible, he replied, 'This is the result of prohibition in Maine,' and opening the so-called book, he displayed to the astonished audience a tin-lined case for spirits. These Bibles, as you may be sure, are very readily sold by the book-hawker, whose appearance is eagerly hailed. It will, indeed, be an evil day for New Zealand when such a movement is passed which would lead to such disastrous and irreligious proceedings.

DOLLY VALE.

WELLINGTON.

DEAR BEE, MARCH 22

The members of the Wellington Club intended giving

A LARGE PICNIC TO REAR ADMIRAL BOWDEN-SMITH,

and for which they had issued a number of invitations, but as it had rained almost incessantly for a couple of days before that fixed for the picnic, and the ground was, of course, very damp, a reception was held at the Club instead, and was very largely attended. The weather was fine but cold, and was just the day for an indoor entertainment. The Club was prettily decorated for the occasion, and nearly all the rooms were thrown open. Mr Edward Pearce, the President, received, and all the other members were most attentive, and gained golden opinions as hosts. The guests were received in the billiard-room, and then passed on to the tea-room, and afterwards either danced, played tennis, or listened to the band, which played all the afternoon. The afternoon tea was chiefly decorated with scarlet flowers and drapery, and looked very pretty, with heaped dishes of white and purple grapes, tinted ices, and all kinds of sweets, besides tea, coffee, and claret cup. Mr Werry was very busy introducing the officers of the Squadron, of whom there were a large number present from all three ships. The Admiral was also introduced to most of the leading guests.

THE DRESSES.

A number of beautiful gowns were worn by the ladies, among whom I saw Mrs Howl, the eldest daughter of Mr Pearce, who has just arrived from Home, wearing a pale terra-cotta gown trimmed with pale biscuit lace, and a black bonnet brightened with gold; Miss Pearce wore a deeper shade of terra-cotta trimmed with black, and a black bonnet; Mrs H. D. Crawford wore a fawn gown trimmed with silk; Lady Buckley, who is looking very well after her trip to England, wore a beautiful gown of a shade between drab and fawn, and a small scarlet velvet and black jet bonnet; Mrs Pynsent, a lovely black gown brocaded with heliotrope, and a heliotrope and white bonnet; Mrs Williams, a green lustre gown trimmed with black moiré, and a cream and gold bonnet; Miss Hilda Williams, Gobelin blue with wide epaulettes of lace, and black velvet hat; Miss Elfie Williams, a pretty turquoise blue and black striped gown, black velvet hat with feathers, and a black boa; Mrs R. Pharazyn, a brown dress and black jetted mantle; Mrs Tolhurst, a pretty black and blue shot silk trimmed with bands of blue silk covered with black insertion, and a jet bonnet; Mrs Bell, fawn tweed, and small bonnet; Lady Campbell, fawn brocade cloth trimmed with claret velvet, and bonnet to match; Mrs Cooper, a handsome black jetted mantle and bonnet; Mrs Baker, grey trimmed with black lace; Mrs Wardrop, fawn tweed, and hat to match; Miss Buller, who has just arrived from Home, wore a dull fawn gown trimmed with light green silk and ecru lace insertion; Miss Duthie, fawn with a pink silk gathered yoke striped with fawn, and a hat to match; Mrs Hislop, a brown costume; Mrs W. Ferguson, royal blue brocade trimmed with coffee lace and a jet bonnet; Miss Brandon, grey trimmed with shot silk; Miss A. Brandon, a pretty gown of dull dark blue with a vest of red silk, and a black velvet hat with feathers; Miss Holmes, black satin, and a jet bonnet; Mrs Travers, blue serge, and black hat with pink roses; Miss Gore, black and white silk; Miss M. Gore, drab tweed, and black hat with scarlet flowers; Mrs Bell, fawn tweed; Miss Turnbull, cream silk figured with brown, and a cream hat with black satin rosettes; Mrs Gibson (wife of Captain Gibson), a black and white checked gown with black silk sleeves, and black feathered hat; Mrs A. Pearce, white drill, black hat with mauve flowers under the brim; Mrs Duncan, brown heather tweed, and a black poke bonnet; Miss M. Pharazyn, a light brown tweed, and hat to match; Miss Izard, fawn crêpe trimmed with bands of blue and biscuit insertion, black hat with flowers; Mrs Rhodes, a handsome black silk gown; Mrs Buck, black; Mrs Barron, brown; the Misses Barron, fawn gowns; Mrs Reid, tabac brown corduroy with pale green moiré front; Miss Brown, a black and green striped tweed with a black silk yoke and sleeves, and a black velvet hat with green tips; Mrs Taylor, a very stylish black satin gown edged with jet, and a jet bonnet; Mrs Holmwood, fawn jacket with a velvet cape, fawn hat; Mrs Hudson, fawn tweed, and a white hat with feathers; Miss Coleridge, brown braided with black, and a cream hat; Mrs Butts, black; Miss Cooper, white trimmed with insertion, yellow satin belt, black velvet hat with yellow roses; Mrs Rose, black; Miss Rose, grey and white, and her sister, grey with a yoke of pink silk veiled with white lace; Mrs Goring, dull green cloth with a waistcoat of striped pink and green silk, and white lace hat with high standing roses; Mrs Quick, black, and black bonnet with mignonette; Mrs G. Moore, of Napier, black, and fawn and white bonnet; Mrs Purdy, grey flounced with black lace flounces, and a black turned back hat; Miss Bethune, grey, and a black bonnet covered with white flowers; Miss Dransfield, black with a jetted silk zouave over a mauve silk blouse, and a black and mauve hat; Mrs Joseph, blue serge braided with black, black bonnet with pink aigrette; Mrs W. Nathan, a very handsome black brocaded gown, and bonnet with flowers; Miss Nathan, a light grey gown, and white hat with white satin bows; Miss Medley, black trimmed with rows of white insertion, and a white hat; Miss Tolhurst, fawn, white hat with pink band; Miss Gillon, grey; Mrs Simpson, floral gown, and bonnet to match; Miss Reeves, grey, and black hat with red roses; Mrs J. S. M. Thompson, who is staying with Mrs Mantell from Australia, wore pale mauve crêpe trimmed with darker velvet, and epaulettes of wide white lace, and a black hat trimmed with biscuit lace; Mrs Mantell, tabac brown trimmed with moss green, and a brown chiffon hat with green leaves; Miss Duncan, grey; Miss Baillie, cream, and a sailor hat; Miss Tuckey, a dark gown and a velvet hat; Miss B. Tuckey, brown speckled tweed, and velvet hat; Miss Skerrett, pale Gobelin blue with lapels of white brocade edged with jet, and her sister, peacock blue costume, and tan-coloured hat; also Sir James Prendergast, Rear-Admiral Bowden-Smith, and nearly all the officers from the three ships, Lord Kelburne, and Messrs R. and C. Pharazyn, Bell, Tolhurst, Pearce, Werry, Goring, Simpson, Ed. Reid, Nathan, Baker, Parfitt, Duncan, Brandon, Bethune, Joseph, Cooper, Duthie, Pynsent, Travers, Captain Lang, Captain Gibson, Dr. Gillon, Dr. Purdy, etc.

AT THE CRICKET MATCH,

which took place on the Basin Reserve between a team arranged by Mr Werry and one selected from the three warships, there were present Captain Lang, Captain and Mrs Gibson, the latter in black; Mr Werry, Miss Medley, Mrs Travers, in blue serge; Miss Coleridge, Mrs Barclay, in black; Mrs T. C. Williams and the Misses Williams; Miss Hilda Moorhouse, in white duck and a black hat with flowers; Mrs and the Misses Gore, Miss Noake, the Misses Heywood, the Misses Henry, wearing white gowns and white hats with pink flowers; Miss Graham, in mauve; Mrs Barry Goring, Miss B. Knight, Miss Gardiner, Miss Turnbull, Mrs and Miss Bethune, Mrs Butts, Miss Ashbolt, Mr Bell, Major Leefe, Messrs Abdy, Pelly, Warren, etc.

OUR PEOPLE.

The wharf was crowded to-day, on the occasion of the departure of the Tarawera for Australia. Mr and Mrs Jellicoe and Miss Ludbrook all left in her for a visit to England, and Mrs J. S. M. Thompson, who has been visiting Mr and Mrs Krull, of Wanganui, and Mrs Mantell, of Wellington, also left by her, returning to her home in Australia.

Mr and Mrs Taverner, of Rangitikei, and Mr and Mrs Abraham also leave this week for a trip to the old country.

Town will be exceedingly dull during the Easter holidays, for besides those who have gone away by sea, hundreds have gone up country to spend the next four days.

OPHELIA.

HASTINGS.

DEAR BEE, MARCH 19.

RACES.

Our March meeting was undoubtedly a success. There may not have been quite as many people as at previous meetings, but those who were present seemed bent on enjoyment, and the gowns were very smart. Some of those who were present were Mesdames J. N. Williams, Fred Nelson, Frank Nelson, Fitzroy, Russell, Newman (Wellington), Kinross, White, Gore, Fenwicke, Donnelly, Hoadley, Reed, Vickerman, Sydney Johnston, Lean, Montgomery, Mason, Carlile, Lowry, Carlyon, Haig, Tyreman, Morris, and the Misses Russell (three), Williams (two), Sydney Johnston, Inglis, Ormond (two), Lowry, Seale, Taylor, Tyreman, Donnelly, Shaw (two), Baker, Rhodes, Hughes, and crowds more. Some of the gowns were exceedingly pretty. Mrs J. N. Williams wore a lovely shaded plum silk gown, lovely bonnet to match; Mrs Fred Nelson, elegant grey costume, small gold bonnet; Mrs Fitzroy, grey gown, black and gold jacket, small bonnet; Mrs Donnelly, as usual, looked exceedingly well in a handsome black gown, heliotrope yoke and cuffs covered with black silk lace, large black hat with black and heliotrope bows; Mrs Lean, pale green gown trimmed with black insertion, black hat with black feathers; Mrs Sydney Johnston, pretty brown costume, and bonnet to match; Mrs Montgomery, dark gown trimmed with magenta ribbon velvet, white straw hat with yellow flowers; Mrs Haigh, stylish cream gown, black hat with gold crown and feathers; Mrs Carlile, fawn costume, black hat with sweet peas of many colours; Mrs Vickerman, white linen gown, white waistcoat, black flat hat with pink roses; Mrs Lang (who is on a visit to her mother, Mrs Tanner), black brocaded gown with yellow yoke and cuffs covered with black lace, black hat with yellow flowers; Mrs Crosse, drab-coloured gown, black bonnet with yellow roses; Mrs Fenwick, lovely sapphire blue silk gown trimmed with rows of white ribbon velvet, white hat with black bows and black wings; Mrs Gore, grey gown, small gold bonnet; Miss Russell, pretty light gown, large white hat; Miss Cara Russell, cream gown with black insertion, large white hat with white feathers; Misses Williams, cream gowns, white hats with coloured poppies; Miss Barker, very pretty white gown with yellow trimmings, black hat; Miss Baker, pale green gown trimmed with black insertion, black hat; Miss Shaw, pretty figured heliotrope gown, cream hat; Miss Maude Shaw, pretty grey-blue gown with pale blue silk yoke, cream hat; Miss Maud Donnelly looked very nice in navy blue, stylish hat; Miss Seale, light cotton gown, sailor hat; Miss Mary Lowry, pink figured muslin gown, pretty hat; Miss Ormond, cream gown trimmed with coloured rosettes; Miss Ada Ormond, a similar costume; Miss Rhodes, pale pink gown, black hat; Miss Hughes, black gown, black sailor hat; Miss Taylor, dark skirt, blue striped blouse, sailor hat; Miss Danvers, cream gown, cream hat with yellow flowers. The usual luncheon parties assembled under the willows, the weather being glorious.

OUR PEOPLE.

Mr and Mrs Fred Nelson leave shortly for England. They will carry with them many kind wishes from the numerous friends they leave behind.

Mrs Russell, with her sister, are away in Dunedin, but are expected back shortly. Miss Gertrude Russell has returned from Australia.

Mrs Carlyon has been on a visit to her mother at Fernhill.

Mrs Lang (Oamaru) has been staying at Riverslea.

Miss Busby has been stopping at Waikoko.

Some of our cricketers left this morning for the South, where they play a number of matches. Messrs Gore, H. B. Williams, and Ludbrooke were amongst the players. Mr Brathwaite accompanied the team as scorer.

CHURCH MUSIC.

The 'Story of the Cross' is being sung every evening this week in St. Matthew's Church, the solos being taken by different members of the choir. The singing on Sunday evening last was good to listen to.

GOING AND COMING.

Miss Allan (Wellington) is on a visit to her brother, who has taken Mr J. R. Brathwaite's house furnished for some months.

Mr and Mrs Philson, of Russell, Bay of Islands, have arrived and will take furnished apartments until their fine new bank is finished.

Mrs W. Chambers (Gisborne) is staying with Mrs Chambers, senr., at Te Mata.

Mr Hobbs paid a flying visit to Hastings recently. He was looking remarkably well.

Mr and Mrs Yorke go south shortly. They will be much missed.

Miss Cara Russell has returned from Wellington.

GOWNS.

Mrs Tyreman is wearing a pretty fawn gown with black bands, Amazon hat; Mrs Howard looks well in a pretty pink gingham gown, black hat with black feathers; Mrs Lean looks nice in a heliotrope striped crepon gown, black hat with white roses; Miss Allan wears a pretty pale pink gown, cream hat with red poppies; Mrs Loughnan is stylish in a dark gown, brown cloak with large wings bound with fur, sailor hat; Mrs Crosse, grey gown, small cape, black bonnet with yellow flowers; Mrs J. N. Williams wears a handsome black gown with white pipings, black bonnet with white roses; Miss Cara Russell, pretty cream gown, black flat hat and blue flowers.

DOLLY.

PICTON.

DEAR BEE, MARCH 20.

The tennis match

PICTON VERSUS BLENHEIM,

had to be postponed indefinitely on account of rain. We were all so sorry for the girls, who had worked like Trojans to put the court in order, to practise for the coming tug-of-war, and in preparations to receive the visiting team in a suitable manner, but the rain was a regular 'knock-down argument,' which even the most enthusiastic could not resist.

At a meeting of the

WAITOHI FOOTBALL CLUB

it was resolved that, owing to the 'unforeseen blows of circumstance,' which had removed some of the best leather-kickers from the town, the Club should cease to exist. The silver cup won by the Club some time ago was presented to Lieutenant W. J. Baillie, President of the Club, who has always been an enthusiastic supporter of all athletic functions here and elsewhere, and whose three sons have always been ardent footballers and cricketers. The remnant of the Club have joined the Wairau Club, so that unless the river banks give way we shall have no matches to chronicle from Picton. As for cricket, Picton 'was a jolly place in times of old, but something ails it now,' and its energy hath departed from it. Even for the coming regatta, when a little well-directed energy might cover them with glory, our boys, with the exception of one, are letting the time slip away. The one—Dugald Campbell—is training steadily for the single sculls race, and it goes without saying that we hope he will win. At any rate we have the pleasure of thinking that he deserves to win.

The practices for

'TRIAL BY JURY'

are a source of much amusement for our young folk. Dr. and Mrs Millington are working hard to teach the little ones their several parts in the first part of the evening's entertainment. Their little songs, dances, and dresses will be quite an unique affair, and the operetta 'Trial by Jury,' quite as effective and well performed as if performed by most of the professionals who travel through our district.

PEOPLE IN GENERAL.

Mrs (Captain) Temple (Christchurch), Miss Neave, and Miss Stack are visitors of Mrs Mellish.

Miss Howard has returned home, much improved in health after three months' sojurn in Kaikoura and Wellington.

Mr Paton, R.A., and Mrs Paton have been spending a few weeks in Picton, visiting all our 'show spots' and sketching. They are so charmed with Picton that they are leaving now with the intention of returning to settle here.

Still another Picton girl—Miss Williams—has distinguished herself in the late University examinations. Naturally, we are all proud of our girls.

JEAN.

ENGAGEMENTS

MISS SCHERFF, of 'Glenalvon,' Auckland, is engaged to Mr Gifford, of the Bank of New Zealand. The marriage will shortly eventuate.

THE engagement is announced of Mr H. P. Stark, assistant manager of the Bank of New South Wales, Grahamstown, Thames, to Miss Meta Kenrick, of Parawai, Thames.

THE engagement has been announced of Mr Sandy Kennedy and Miss Blanche Pickering, both of Wellington, and also of Miss Connie Barclay, daughter of Captain Barclay, of Wellington, to Mr C. Armstrong, of Palmerston North.

I HEAR (writes our Christchurch correspondent) Miss Evelyn Harman has become engaged to the Rev. Mr Mayne on the passage out from England.

MR ROBERT B. LUSK, the rising young lawyer of Taranaki and well-known athlete, son of Daniel H. Lusk, of Auckland, is engaged to Miss Nellie Webster, daughter of Mr D. Webster, of New Plymouth.

THE engagement is announced of Mr Lockhart, of the Bank of New Zealand, Auckland, to Miss F. Power, well known in musical and social circles in Auckland.

MISS EVA SCHERFF is engaged to Mr Alec MacKellar, of Waikato. The wedding will take place about September.

'MADAME FAVART.'

APART from those who are immediately concerned in the production of an opera, the public know little and trouble themselves little as to the amount of labour or expense involved. They expect to see a creditable production and to get value for their money. The risk, in fact, is with some few enterprising spirits, who, for the love of the thing, provide amusement for all. The Auckland Amateur Opera Club in their production of 'Madame Favart,' commencing at the Opera House on Tuesday, April 10th, will stage an opera entirely new to Auckland. It will probably cost over £600 to produce, the dressing being an exceptionally heavy item, and it is hoped the Committee and all concerned may be amply rewarded by a lengthy and prosperous run.

SALT.

SODIUM chlorid, or common salt, is a necessity of animal life. Wild animals of the herbivorous class make regular excursions of many miles to 'salt licks,' or other places where it abounds.

The human body contains salt in large proportion. The blood tastes of it, and in greater or less quantities it is found in all the many fluids and juices manufactured by the various glands of the body.

That its presence is not accidental but designed is shown by the study of some of the essential factors of the organism when deprived of it. Recent experiments have proved that the white corpuscles of the blood swell and burst quickly in distilled water. Protoplasm is inactive, and the cilia, or fringe-like edges of certain cells stop their motion when deprived of sodium chlorid; while in a salt solution they remain active and intact.

It is stated that by the passage of salt through the body the absorption of food is stimulated, and the activity of tissue changes and growth is increased.

It is a matter of common observation that the swallowing of salt produces thirst, which is but saying that certain organs are stimulated to activity thereby, and consequently demand more fluid in order to continue their normal activity.

Many children doubtless suffer from an insufficient supply of common salt, especially when artificial foods are used. Such children are often weak and poorly nourished. Their digestion proceeds slowly, absorption of digested products is delayed, and they become emaciated. The doctor is called, and with the order to add a 'pinch' of salt to the milk or other prepared foods, the appetite improves, the digestion is stimulated, and a proper condition of nourishment returns.

It is more than probable that the chlorine element of the hydrochloric acid of the gastric juice is supplied by this salt. In this fact persons who live largely on a vegetable diet may find a reason for a weak digestion and insufficient acidity, for the mineral matter found in vegetables consists, for the most port, of potash salts, which do not satisfy the demands of the animal organism.

The water of mineral springs is chiefly efficacious in that it supplies both salt and water to the blood in increased quantity. The salt tends to increase tissue changes, and the greater supply of water hastens the excretion of the waste products which are thereby generated.

MR OSCAR WILDE.

THE other day Mr Oscar Wilde entered a certain restaurant in the Haymarket, and was heard to ask for a watercress sandwich. In due course the watercress sandwich was brought to him; no small diaphanous thing, such as would naturally find favour with the 'amateur of beautiful things, and the *dilettante* of things delightful,' but a stout, wholesome form of food for the hungry. This Mr Wilde ate with assumed disgust but evident relish, and in paying the waiter addressed him thus: 'Tell the cook, with my compliments—the compliments of Mr Oscar Wilde—that these are the very worst sandwiches in the whole world, and that when I ask for a sandwich of watercress I do not mean a loaf with a field in the middle of it. Do you understand?'

A friend was visiting Mr Wilde one day at the Savoy Hotel—where having, as he said, 'lost his address in Tite-street,' he is at present making a sojourn—and found him hard at work 'cutting' superfluous dialogue from his new play. 'Isn't it infamous?' he asked, looking up after a moment or two. 'What right have I to do this thing? Who am I, that I should tamper with a classic?'

Here is another instance of the 'Master's' peculiar humour. Some good-natured friend was calling his attention to a critique, in which it was pronounced that 'Salome' was largely plagiarised from the writings of Flaubert, Maeterlinck, and Théophile Gauthier. 'Of course it was so,' was the reply. 'Plagiarism is the privilege of the appreciative man. *Que voulez-vous?* I never read "La Tentation de Saint Antoine," without signing my name under it. In fact, all the best hundred books bear my signature.'

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

PRETTY TROUSSEAU DRESSES.

It is often difficult to decide on the various styles of gowns suitable for a mid-season trousseau. The following hints may help. Fronts and blouses will, of course, be wanted, and are most useful. There is a delightful variety of these luxuries, without which no fashionable woman dare consider her wardrobe complete. Accordion pleating is perhaps the most popular style, and the accordion pleating is made of a pretty material, half gauze and half grenadine, striped alternately with white and a colour. These stripes look really charming when pleated in white and mauve as is that blouse which is illustrated with its yoke of lace, and the Garibaldi sleeves gathered into the wrist with a band of lace. A pink and white frilled crêpon blouse looked delightful and tempting with its soft, large turned-back collar, out-lined

with a small beading, and trimmed with a frill of Valenciennes. Scarcely less attractive was a bodice with a square collar, graduated at the bust to form a jabot-like frill, and to show at the neck a vest striped with insertion. The clever manageress of a smart London house designed some shirts in a fine French flannel, specially for wearing in Scotland; they are prettily striped with faint colours, and have double turn-down collars and a simple box-pleat down the centre of the front, and would be useful in the colony for early winter wear.

* * *

An ordinary autumn dress, suitable for town and country wear, is illustrated in Fig. 2. It could be arranged in any of the autumn stuffs, and is trimmed with velvet and a light ruche. The lower skirt is full, as they will be where

an upper skirt of that nature is the accompaniment. The gown needs a tall slender figure.

* * *

Serge is pretty well played out. Even one of its most popular makers is now advertising hopsacking in new designs. One of them, the embroidered hopsack is so pretty that I send you a sketch of it for one of the trousseau gowns. The hopsack is brought out in several dark colourings. Navy-blue is studded with red and butter-cup yellow sprigs, embroidered in silk; the black has white sprigs, and the brown has yellow, also red sprigs. The costume shows a silk or satin vest of the same colour as the sprig, the high collar and small yoke being embroidered with the colour of the dress, as well as with that of the floweret, in a graceful design. The idea is a happy one, for the bright embroidery, in excellent contrast to the rich

though sombre groundwork, relieves it of all monotony. The brown and yellow combination is decidedly stylish.

* * *

The dress designed for travelling is almost too pretty even for a smart bride. It is made of ivory faced cloth, with vest of rich silver tinsel brocade, edged with a narrow fringe of crystal beads. The zouave jacket, skirt, and sleeves are

handsomely embroidered in white. To go with it, a handsome dark blue cloth cloak lined with white silk was arranged. But this would only be worn when the bride felt chilly in the train or on the steamer. It would be advisable to change the white cloth for the hopsack directly the steamer started.

HELOISE.

SWEET LAVENDER.

We hear so much of old lavender bushes in country gardens, prized for their antiquity by the owners, that I learnt with surprise that, for market purposes, plants are considered useless after the third year. The first year sees them small, and bearing little, if any, flower; the second they are in their prime, and should be a mass of blossom; and the third year they begin to go off, and cuttings from them are taken for replanting, and the old plants taken up as useless. One lives and learns!

Lavender should be thoroughly dried before it is put into bags, such as our great grandmothers loved to stow among the linen. And if the scent is to be preserved for any length of time, it should after drying be put in a box and left until the flowers shake off crisp and dry, leaving the stalks separate. Then if put in bags or made into the many delicate little fancy articles it will keep its sweetness for many a long day. Fans, sacks, and diminutive torpedoes are among the prettiest ways of making up lavender; for the former either white or lavender-coloured muslin, or better still chiffon, is used for the fan, and the sticks with the same coloured ribbon threaded among them for the fan handle; for this, lavender on the stalks, not separate, is better, the heads forming the fan inside the chiffon. Sacks are more simple, being merely a bag tied at the neck with ribbon. For what, for lack of a better name, I call torpedoes, the flower heads are placed inside the case made of stalks with ribbon threaded in and out of them, and the perfume passes through it. Lavender, whether in bags or fancy articles, requires to be shaken pretty frequently, or the scent will probably be faint; a good shake will bring it back sweet as ever.

Lavender stalks, when properly dried, are most agreeable. I always keep mine to burn to scent the room in winter time, when there are no flowers. They burn slowly, and if laid upon a metal tray will smoulder on for a long time; a few stalks make quite a sufficient scent for an ordinary room. In sick rooms they are a boon, for the smell is so much cleaner and more natural than the pastilles and other things which offend the patient's nose, and only clear the atmosphere for a comparatively short time.—*Exchange.*

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.

SOME FISH HINTS ('A Lover of Fish').—Yes; I know your difficulty well, but it is more apparent than real. Gurnet are very nice if filleted and cooked in a well-buttered baking tin, with white pepper, a very little salt, and some lemon juice; cover with a well-buttered paper, and cook for ten or twelve minutes in a moderate oven. Serve the fillets on a hot dish, with the liquor in which they were cooked round them, and a morsel of maitre d'hôtel butter on each. Haddock, whiting, or any white fish can be cooked in this way. Black butter, anchovy, or shrimp sauce, or even good tomato sauce, is excellent with fish so cooked. Most so-called coarse fish is delicious stewed. For this put 1oz of clarified dripping or butter in a pan, and when quite hot fry in it a finely chopped onion. When this is nicely coloured, sprinkle in it a dessertspoonful of flour, and stir it till smooth; then add a teaspoonful of vinegar, half a pint of water, and pepper and salt to taste. Bring this to the boil, stirring it all the time; then lay in about 1½lb of fish, well washed, cleaned, and cut into 2 inch lengths. Cover the pan tightly, and let it all simmer gently together for ten minutes, then turn it all neatly out on to a hot dish, and serve. A very dainty form of the above can be made by allowing neither butter nor onions to colour, using lemon juice instead of vinegar, adding a little finely chopped parsley, and a tomato or two sliced, and serving it garnished with croûtons of fried bread and quartered slices of lemon. Skate is a fish that stews capitally, but takes about double the time to cook given above, which is for haddock, flounders, etc. Filleted fish can be varied almost indefinitely by means of its sauce Try the fillets with béchamel, blanquette, caper, brown or white (the former, like black butter, is particularly good with skate), anchovy, lobster, shrimp, Hollandaise, or curry sauce. You will find these will make nice changes.

MARRONS AU BEURRE.—Put a couple of pounds of chestnuts in a saucepan of boiling water with a little salt, and boil till the nuts are tender, drain away the water, remove the shells and inner skins, return them to the pan with 1oz. of butter, some pepper and salt, stir over the fire till the butter is absorbed, then serve at once.

CUSTARD PUDDINGS.—Make a custard with two ounces of sugar, three eggs, a few drops of vanilla essence, and half a pint of milk; strain, put the strained juice of a lemon into six or seven small moulds with about two ounces of castor sugar, stand them on the stove till the sugar becomes a deep colour, then turn the moulds round and round till coated, dip the outsides into cold water to set them, fill them up with the custard. Put a fold of paper at the bottom of a saucepan of boiling water, place in the moulds (the water should come up to two-thirds the height of the moulds), let the water boil up, then cover the pan, and let it steam by the side of the stove. Another way:—Put a handful of lump sugar in a saucepan with a gill of water, and let it boil till of a deep colour. Make a custard as above, stir it over the fire in a bain marie, or in a jug placed in a pan of boiling water, till it thickens without boiling; stir in sufficient of the moist sugar to flavour it nicely, and give it a deep golden colour. Add ½oz of isinglass dissolved in a little milk, and pour the mixture into a mould, and put in a cold place till set.

SCOTCH SHORTBREAD.—It is simple, but so good, and for the cosy tea-table nothing can be more delicious. Take one pound of flour, half a pound of butter, and a quarter of a pound of fine sugar. Add strips of candied peel, and sweet almonds split in half (quantities according to taste), and mix all well together. Rub the butter with the flour—do not melt it. Put the mixture into a shallow tin, sprinkle over some pink and white sugar plums, and bake in a moderately quick oven.

THREE GOOD COFFEE RECEIPTS.—No. 1: Get a brown china percolator. I roast my coffee at home in a proper roasting machine, and find it very seldom not good, unless the berries have been too much roasted. The water should be allowed to run slowly through the percolator. No. 2: Take two breakfast cups of quite new milk, two dessertspoonfuls of ground coffee, two dessertspoonfuls of pounded loaf sugar, put all into a saucepan, and stir slowly until boiling; then pour into a coffee pot, and serve hot. Roasting the coffee beans with a small piece of fresh butter improves the flavour. No. 3: This can only be obtained by strict attention to simple rules, which servants consider beneath their notice. Having selected good coffee, let the pot in which you make it be kept scrupulously clean, emptied, and dried each time of use. Use one of the new fire-proof china coffee pots, which is more easily kept fresh than the tin French one. They are both on the same simple principle. Allow a good heaped teaspoonful of coffee for each person, and one over; put it in the middle part of the pot, and replace the strainer. While the water is actually boiling, pour slowly through the strainer until the part holding the coffee is full, and as it percolates through to the lower part, a little more water may be added. Let this stand near the fire or on the stove while it runs through, and use plenty of hot milk—this coffee is very strong. The great secret of success is the gradual pouring of the boiling water. An old-fashioned but delicious mode where modern coffee-pots are not obtainable is to beat up the yolk and white of an egg, mix with it the dry coffee to a paste, put it in a jug, and pour the boiling water upon it, stirring well; cover closely with a napkin, and leave it five minutes to settle; pour backwards and forwards from a cup three times, and add a cupful more water, and let it stand a short time. Or it may be made in a jug in this method without the egg; but the new coffee pots are more economical.

THE WORK CORNER.

TO MAKE A FANCY APRON.

THE materials are one yard of linen lace—striped scrim, three-quarters of a yard wide—the kind used for window curtains, one yard of any pretty white lace, two inches wide, crochet edging will do, a few skeins of embroidery silk, and two and one-half yards of ribbon one and one-quarter inches wide of the same colour.

If possible, get the scrim in a pattern of broad and narrow stripes, the narrow one-half inch, the broad two and one-half inches wide.

Then, commencing eleven inches from the end, feather-stitch on both sides of all the narrow stripes with the same colour. Then feather-stitch on both sides of all the wide stripes with some shade that will harmonize or contrast well; for instance, dark blue for the narrow, Indian red for the wide.

Beginning seven inches from the bottom on the other side of the scrim, feather-stitch down to the bottom in the same way. Finish with a narrow hem, and feather-stitch across it. Turn this piece up six inches on the right side of the apron, sew the lace to the hem and catch it (the lace) to the apron at spaces seven inches apart. Make a hem one and one-half inches wide at the top of the apron, and ornament it with two rows of feather-stitching running across it, one at the top and the other at the bottom of the hem.

The model I am describing has the narrow stripes worked with blue of a medium shade, and the broad ones with shaded blue, running from a pale to a very dark tint.

The ribbon may be drawn through the hem, crossed, and tied in front, or the hem can be drawn up on half a yard of ribbon, and the remainder used to make long-looped bows or rosettes at each end. The latter way is very pretty, but the apron must then be pinned on to the dress when worn.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

FROSTED LEAVES AND BERRIES.

MAKE a strong solution of gum arabic in water (common mucilage is hardly pure enough), dip berries in that, and let them dry; they are then in a fit state for decorative purposes at any time during winter; you must use artificial leaves. To 'frost' leaves, paint or touch them with gum, then dust powdered glass over them, made by putting glass in the fire, allowing it to melt, then bruising it to powder with a smoothing iron.

TABLE DECORATIONS.

As a matter of fact, the coloured table centre is not *fashionable*, though it is still used in many houses where it is liked. The truth is, there is no definite 'fashion' in decoration; the one thing desired is beauty, and if originality can be secured at the same time, so much the better. For everyday use I know few things prettier than the large rush or wicker baskets with zinc linings filled with ferns, and trails of clematis, ivy, or blackberry, a large ribbon bow giving colour to the whole. For instance, have a basket in the centre of the table thus filled, and scattered down the table, one for each guest (or if the table is a small one, one at each corner), have specimen glasses of the green or citron art glass, with a single dahlia and a spray of fern or asparagus. Or, if you like, have a plain round basket, such as is used for fruit, enamelled and gilt lightly, and set in this a row of ferns of any light feathery sort you choose, and stand the lamp in the centre of this (small tobacco or cocoa tins make excellent receptacles for the ferns, and are easily hidden with a little moss). Have small baskets at each corner of the table with a small fern in each, and either the specimen glasses, or trails of greenery laid along the cloth tied with a bright-coloured bow. I once saw a very pretty decoration which consisted only of strawberry boxes, carrot tops, and fungi. The strawberry boxes had been gilded, a saucer was placed in each filled with moist sand, and in these were planted the top of a carrot with its plume of green—this lasted for weeks; then round it was laid some light, fern-like moss, and in this were set the tiny scarlet and pink fungi one finds on old walls, etc., at this time of year. The effect was charming; I must add that the carrot tops lived long enough to be trimmed up with Christmas roses, violets, and snowdrops in turn. The tiny dishes of bright-coloured bonbons now so much used at dessert are also a great help in the table decoration. The boxes, I should add, were sawn in half, so as to stand about three inches high.

REMEDY FOR FRECKLES.

A balsam which is said to remove and prevent freckles is prepared by uniting, at a gentle heat, 4oz of the finest pale honey and 1oz of Price's glycerine. Allow the mixture to cool, and then add 1 fluid ounce of rectified spirit, six drops essence of ambergris, and 3dr of pure citric acid. Bottle at once, and apply in the usual manner. A lotion is also recommended. This is made by dissolving 3gr of borax in 5dr each of rosewater and orange-flower water. This should be applied every night, and allowed to dry on the skin.

DISPOSITION OF HOUSEHOLD REFUSE.

'If all housekeepers followed my example, the ashman would have most of his trouble for his pains,' remarked a clear-headed woman as she dumped a bundle of odds and ends into a kitchen range. 'I never have anything for the ashman except at house-cleaning time and on unusual occasions, save the ashes and cinders. I have several reasons for this. One is, that I excessively dislike the smell of kitchen refuse, and never allow it to stand about if I can help it. After my meal is prepared I gather up everything that is useless and put it on to the coals in the range, then turn on the draughts full. In fifteen minutes, all other things being equal, there will not be a scrap of objectionable material left; everything is reduced to clean ashes. I consider it an actual waste to throw out the refuse into the garbage can. It is just so much good fuel to me, and I never think of doing it. I can keep a fire for hours on potato-parings, apple cores, peach-pits, and similar stuff that is ordinarily thrown away. I never allow the yard or area way to be cumbered up by trash of any sort, dust sweepings, leaves, dried-up flowers, everything goes into a receptacle, and in due course of time finds its way into the capacious throat of the kitchen range. I find that this sort of thing makes quite a bit of difference in my coal bills, and that, to me, is an item of some importance. I am forced to admit, however, that the average servant is no good whatever as a consumer of odds and ends; indeed, it is scarcely safe to expect her to dispose of things in this way. One whom I attempted to teach dumped the remains of Sunday's roast, half a plum pudding and a goodly quantity of stale bread into the fire, and with it destroyed my ambition to teach help to do anything out of the beaten track.'

AT HOME WITH THE LADY EDITOR.

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

'LEILA R.'—The prettiest arrangement for slightly obscuring a peep into your bedroom window is a box of flowers on the outside ledge. Get a carpenter to make you an elegant wooden stand with a tin lining, paint it to match the window frame, and have it rather deep. Fill with geraniums if you want continual foliage, or some pretty variegated plants from a nurseryman's. If you do not like this, get some white and yellow muslin curtains fixed to brass rods running across the window. There are many very new and pretty patterns.

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'Molly Dear.'—All the letters at present seem connected with furnishing in some way. By no means allow your carpets to reach the walls. It is an old-fashioned and most unwholesome plan. In your warm climate you want something for the floor which will take up easily and frequently and allow the floor to be thoroughly washed. Of course, if you have staining round the wainscotting, you must have it wiped with a damp flannel or cloth and rubbed over with linseed oil occasionally. Squares of carpet or matting are most suitable. Have as few draperies as possible. A portière for the door is quite admissible, and would look well. Have it of some pretty reversible material. Chestnut brown serge would suit you, and you could embroider a lovely design of autumn leaves for a border which would greatly add to the handsome appearance. Stone-coloured tapestry looks very well; take whichever best matches the wall-paper.

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'Mrs M.S.'—Why don't you have a nice linen cupboard built in the bath-room? It is, as you say, horrid to keep one's household napery 'tumbling about odd drawers.' A few shelves even, well protected from dust by a board over the top, and pretty cretonne curtains in front running on a rod, would also answer your purpose. Surely one of your 'big boys' could put them up for you? Line nicely with clean paper, and place each article carefully on top of its immediate relations. Take, say, the bottom shelf for table cloths and serviettes. Do not mix them up; have a pile of neatly folded cloths on one side, serviettes together on the other, and cake and fruit cloths alongside. Teach the young folks to keep them in this tidy position, and allow no 'rummaging' on any consideration. That is utterly fatal to neatness and order. I am sure you will find this a great improvement on the system (?) you so pathetically lament. I do not know how I should manage without my linen cupboard. Of course there was not one in the house, not a shelf of any kind. When women become architects here what delightful receptacles for household necessaries will be conveniently arranged in every house! I know one lady who, searching for a rented house, took one in a bad situation, merely because, as she said, 'it had two such delicious cupboards upstairs!'

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'Elaine.'—I am sorry you have to complain of 'not possessing a nice skin.' A very coarse one can never really be changed. You can, however, decrease the size of the pores, and rather dispose of those troublesome black heads by rubbing in daily a little of a lotion of ten grains of tannic acid in an ounce of eau de cologne. (The latter must be good.) Bathe *every* day, and well rub, but gently, the skin afterwards. A very good wash for the face is one teaspoonful of borax, half a teaspoonful of ammonia, half-a-pint of water. Do not use soap, but try this with a soft sponge once a day. Plenty of exercise, plenty of fruit, and an open air life are the best things for the complexion.

CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—Will some of the cousins please tell me if they have tried fastening their stamps into the album with a flap? And how do they manage it?—JACK C.

[I hope some one of the stamp-collectors will answer Jack.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I hope I may write to you, and you will put it in. We had such a bad time for a picnic last Saturday. We all went to the beach with some friends, and had dinner on the sand. At least we were just going to begin when a great black cloud which no one had minded suddenly burst just over us! We each grabbed something, and rushed up the cliff to some trees. We had to wait half-an-hour, and when it was fine we found a lot of the things had got eaten, somehow.—KATIE LINTON.

[Thank you for your interesting letter. I hope *you* did not starve.—COUSIN KATE.]

A DOG'S STORY.

I AM a white French poodle, and as I cannot write, my master's sister is writing this letter in my name. My life has been one of adventure. When but a puppy of four weeks old some wicked boys tried to drown me, but my master came up and made them give me up to him. He fought hard before he got me, but saved the poor doggie's life. I have crossed the ocean twice, and have been seasick both times. I now live in England in a pretty town on a broad river. In the winter time my master goes skating and I go with him, and we have such fun. If ever you go to W——— look out for a snowy poodle, and I will be with my master, a handsome boy of fifteen, with dark hair. I know a great many tricks. I beg, open doors with my paws, and lots of other things. I got lost in London one day, but a boy who knew my master found me and brought me home again. My master washes me in the river often, and I generally manage to pull him in too. There! he whistles for me. Good-bye.—ROVER.

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—Would you kindly put my story in the GRAPHIC?

[I must request you not to write on both sides of the paper.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I have never written to you before. Some of the cousins write very nice letters. The answer to the puzzle 'cousin Ivy' sent is 'an egg.' I go to Mrs Hallett's school every day, and I am in the fourth class. I hope you will put this letter in the GRAPHIC. I will be eleven years old next May.—ADA JACKSON. Newmarket.

[You have guessed the puzzle right. I think the cousins write capital letters. I am glad to welcome you amongst them.—COUSIN KATE.]

THE BULL AND THE BICYCLE.

ONE early autumn C. and I were riding our good wheels through the Canterbury province. We were rolling lazily along a well-kept, level highway, and blessing the efficient road-makers. To our left, and behind us, rose fair, rounded hills, some thickly wooded, others with orchards and meadows on their slopes, away in the distance the sea.

Though another race now held these lovely regions, we felt that the landscape, through whatever vicissitudes, must lie changelessly under the spell of one enchantment. We felt that something more than mere beauty of scene, however wonderful, was needed to explain the exalted mood which had taken possession of two hungry and athletic wheelmen like ourselves; and we acknowledged that additional something in the romance of history and song.

Presently we came to a stretch of road which had been treated to a generous top-dressing of loose sand. Such ignorance of the principles of good road-making soon brought us down both from our lofty mood and from our labouring wheels. We trudged toilsomely for nearly half a mile, saying unkind things now of the road-makers.

Then we came to the village and were much solaced by the sight of the village hotel.

In the porch of the unpretentious hostelry we found a fellow 'cycler in a sorely battered condition. Several strips of court-plaster, black and pink, distributed artistically about his forehead, nose and chin gave a mightily grotesque appearance to his otherwise melancholy countenance. One of his stockings was rolled down about his ankle, and he was busy applying arnica to a badly-bruised shin.

Against the bench on which he was sitting leaned a bicycle which looked as if it had been in collision with an earthquake.

The poor fellow's woebegone countenance brightened up as we entered, and we made ourselves acquainted. He was a solitary tourist, and a principal in the important case of Bull *versus* Bicycle, which had just been decided very much in the favour of Ball. We dined together, and as our appetites diminished our curiosity increased.

Presently Caldwell, as the woebegone 'cyclist called himself, detailed to us his misadventure as follows:—

'It wasn't more than an hour before you fellows came that I got here myself. I was in a nice mess, I can tell you. But plenty of cold water and Mrs Briggs' arnica and court-plaster have pulled me together a lot. I only hope we can do as much after dinner for that poor old wheel of mine!

'This morning I had a fine trip pretty nearly all the way from Hanston. Splendid weather, wasn't it; and a good hard road most of the way, eh? You remember that long smooth hill about two miles back from here, and the road that crosses it at the school, nearly at right angles? Well, as I came coasting down that hill, happy as a clam, my feet over the handles, I almost ran into a party of men, with ropes and a gun, moving along that cross-road.

'I stopped for a little talk with them, and asked what they were up to. It appeard that a very dangerous bull had got loose from a farm up the river, and had taken to the road. They were afraid it would gore somebody before they could recapture it. I asked them if they knew which way it had gone, and they told me the creature was sure to make right for the flat lands, where it used to pasture in its earlier and more amiable days.

'That cross-road was the way to the flats, and they pursued it confidently. I took it into my head that it would be a lark to go along with them, and see the capture of the obstreperous animal; but the men, who were intelligent fellows and knew what they were talking about, told me I should find the road too heavy and too rough for my wheels. Rather reluctantly, I bade them good morning and continued my journey by the highway.

'Now, as a fact, that bull had no notion of going to the flats. He had turned off the crossroad and sauntered along the highway, just where he could get most fun and see the most of life. But I'll venture to say he hadn't counted on meeting a bicycle.

'I hadn't gone more than half a mile, or perhaps less, when a little distance ahead of me I noticed some cattle feeding by the roadside. I thought nothing of that, of course; but presently one of the cattle—a tremendous animal, almost pure white—stepped into the middle of the road and began to paw the mud. Certain anxious questionings arose within me.

'Then the animal put his great head to the earth and uttered a mighty bellow. With much perturbation of spirit I concluded that the angry bull had not betaken himself to the flats after all.

'I felt very bitter toward those men for this mistake, and for not having suffered me to go along with them on their futile errand. They wanted the bull and wouldn't find him. I, on the other hand, had found him, and I didn't want him at all.

'I checked my course, pedalling very slowly, uncertain what to do. The bull stood watching me. If I turned and made tracks he would catch me on the hill or on the soft cross-road. If I took to the woods there was little to gain, for there were no fences behind which to take refuge; and if I should climb a tree I knew the beast would demolish my wheel.

'Straight ahead, however, as far as I could see, the road was level and good, and in the distance I saw farms and fences. I decided to keep right on.

'The road along there is wide and hard, as you know, and bordered with a deep ditch. I put on good speed; and the bull, as he saw me approaching, looked a little puzzled. He took the wheel and me, I presume, for some unheard of monster. I guessed his meditations, and concluded he was getting frightened.

'But there I was mistaken. He was only getting in a rage. He suddenly concluded that it was his mission to rid the world of monsters; and with a roar he charged down to meet me.

'"Now," thought I, "for a trick! and then a race, in which I'll show a pretty speedy pair of heels!" I rode straight at the bull, who must have had strange misgivings, though he never flinched. At the last possible moment I swerved sharply aside, and swept past the baffled animal in a fine, triumphant curve. Before he could stop himself and turn I was away down the road, at a pace that I knew would try his mettle.

'But the brute had a most pernicious energy. He came thundering and pounding along my tracks at a rate that kept me quite busy. I stayed ahead easily enough, but I did not do much more than that for fear of getting winded.

'There's where I made the mistake, I think. I ought to have done my utmost in order to discourage and distance my pursuer. I didn't allow for contingencies ahead, but just pedalled along gaily and enjoyed the situation. Of course I kept a sharp lookout in order that I shouldn't take a header over a stone; but I felt myself master of the situation.

'At last, and in an evil hour, I came to where they had been mending the road with all that abominable sand. Let us pass over my feelings at this spot. They were indescribable. My wheel almost came to a standstill. Then I called up fresh energies, and bent forward and strained to the task. I went ahead, but it was like wading through a feather-bed; and the bull began to draw nearer.

'A little in front the fences began. The first was a high board fence, with a gate in it, and a hay-road leading by a rough bridge into the highway. My whole effort now was to make that gate.

'The perspiration was rolling down my face, half-blinding me. My mighty pursuer was getting closer and closer; and I was feeling pretty well pumped. It was as much a bargain which would win the race. I dared not look behind, but my anxious ears kept me all too well informed.

'I reached the bridge and darted across it. Immediately I heard my pursuer's feet upon it. I had no time to dismount. I rode straight at the gate, ran upon it, and shot over it head-first in a magnifient header, landing in a heap of stones and brambles.

'In a glow of triumph, which at first prevented me feeling my wounds, I picked myself up—and beheld the furious beast in the act of trying to gore my unoffending bicycle.

'At first he had stopped in consternation, naturally amazed at seeing the monster divided into two parts. The portion which had shot over the gate he perceived to be very like a man; but the other part remained all the more mysterious. Presently he plunged his horns tentatively into the big wheel; whereupon my brave bicycle reared and struck him in the eye with a handle, and set the little wheel crawling up his back.

'At this the bull was astonished and alarmed—so much so that he backed off a little way. Then seeing that the bicycle lay motionless on the ground he charged upon it again, maltreating it shamefully, and tossing it up on his horns.

'This was too much for me. I ran up, reached over the gate, and laid hold of my precious wheel. By strange good fortune I succeeded in detaching it from the brute's horns and hauling it over the gate. Then I pelted the animal with sticks and stones till he got disgusted and moved away.

'As soon as he was safely off the scene I opened the gate and limped sorrowfully down to this place, dragging my wheel by my side. Do you think we can do anything with it?'

'The first thing necessary,' said I, 'is to have an examination, and make a diagnosis of its injuries.'

This we forthwith proceeded to do, and found the matter pretty serious. After spending an hour in tinkering at the machine we had to give up the job. Then we set forth on a visit to the village blacksmith who, after being regaled with a full account of Caldwell's misadventure, addressed himself to his task with vast goodwill.

He was a skilful man, and before nightfall the wheel was in better travelling shape than its unlucky owner. But Caldwell was good stuff, and of a merry heart, so that when, on the following day, he became our travelling companion, we found that his scars and his lugubrious countenance only heightened the effect of his good fellowship.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

GREAT MEN'S JOKES.

GREAT men have often been deficient in the sense of humour. This was markedly the case with Napoleon I., whose sense of humour if he possessed it, was of a grim sort. It is recorded, however, that he had a certain sympathy with a pun; and several of his minor appointments were actually made because the appointees' names seemed to indicate their fitness for the place. He made Monsieur Bigot, for instance, his minister of public worship at one time; and when he was looking about for a governor of the pages in the imperial palace, he could think of no one so appropriate for the place as General Gardanne, whose name in French, signifies a keeper of donkeys.

When he came to make Marshal Victor Beau-Soleil a duke, it struck Napoleon that the opportunity was an excellent one to make a sort of reverse or 'back-action' pun on the marshal's name. Beau-Soleil signifies 'beautiful sunshine,' so the emperor created the man the Duc de Bellune—which was very much as if he had made him the Duke Fine Moon.

Prince Bismarck, on the other hand, is one great statesman who is remarkable for the possession of a keen sense of humour. This he has often shown, and it appears in the contents of the youthful memorandum book which Bismarck kept at college. German students are sometimes presented with a blank book of this sort, in which they are expected to make a daily entry of some thought or reflection. Prince Bismarck, at twenty, filled up a book of this sort, the contents of which have lately been published.

Here are some of the sage reflections which young Bismarck put on record in this book:

'Wealth does not bring happiness. Oysters, for instance, obtain very little real joy from the jewel case which providence has sarcastically placed in one corner of their cradle.'

'Idleness is the mother of vice. If Eve had been busily sewing a fig-leaf coat for her husband, she would probably not have heard the whispering of the serpent.'

'The spectacle of a dentist suffering with an aching molar is rare but consolatory. It is a sight which is, perhaps, vouchsafed to us but once in a lifetime; but its charm remains with us for long years.

FALLIBILITY.

THE necessity which teachers are under of being perfectly sure of their statements, or else of being not too positive in making them, was illustrated recently by an incident of actual occurrence in a public high school. A pupil was reading, during a recitation in English literature, while the teacher, with no book in his hand and with folded arms, walked up and down the recitation-room.

'Hypocricy, says La Rouchefoucauld, is the homage which vice pays to virtue,' the pupil read.

'That is very true,' said the teacher, 'but don't say *h*omage; say 'omage; the *h* is not sounded.'

''Omage,' said the pupil, obediently.

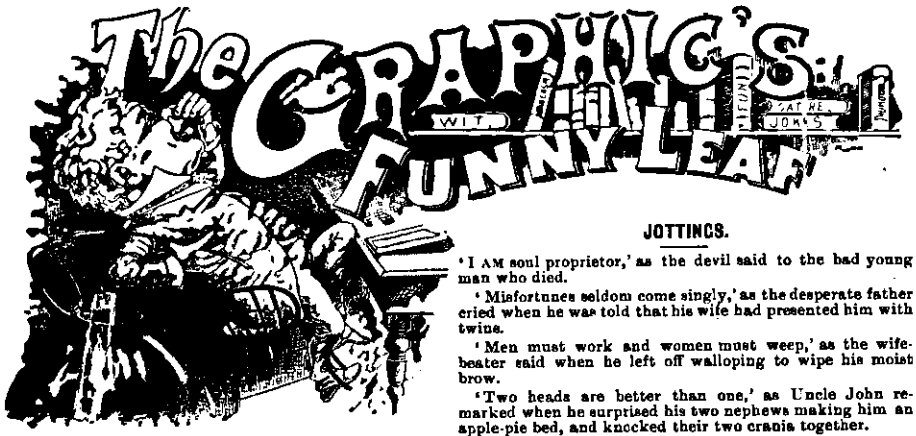
'Read on, now.'

'Sir,' said the pupil, 'may I please read the note at the foot of the page?'

'You may do so.'

The pupil read: '*Homage*: In pronouncing this word, the *h* is frequently omitted by uneducated persons. It should always be sounded.'

In some cases there is absolutely nothing to be said, and on this occasion the teacher said it.



THE ROUNDS OF THE PRESS.

WHEN that joke made its bow at the first,
It was brimming all over with mirth;
Like a rocket its brilliancy burst,
To enliven the sons of the earth:
And the Editor said in his heart,
'This is fine, and I'm fain to confess
That a jokelet so polished and smart
Will soon travel the Rounds of the Press!'

Ah, his prophecy soon was fulfilled,
And the joke made a start on its tour
At a pace that would quickly have kill'd
Any commonplace joke, I am sure.
Oh, the maddening rate of its speed
Filled his heart full of trouble and stress,
For more fleet than a thoroughbred steed,
Did it travel the Rounds of the Press!

It was seized by the capital's prints,
Through the provinces likewise it flew
There were even significant hints
It would journey to far Timbuctoo!
And the German upon it did sup
When they gave it a Teutonic dress,
And it doubled the Frenchman right up
As it travelled the Rounds of his Press!

There was not an American scribe
Entertained any shadow of doubt,
When he saw that remarkable gibe,
That his duty was plain—'Cut it out!'
And from pole unto pole it was sent,
All the uttermost peoples to bless—
How the Fijians roared as it went
On the Rounds of the Fijian Press!

Now, 'tis clear that its terrible pace
Has spoiled all the mirth that it had,
Yet it stares us each week in the face,
With a look that's appallingly sad.
Ah, it yearns for eternal surcease,
To be freed from the printer's duress,
To repose in some haven of peace,
Far away from the Rounds of the Press!

A VERY OLD STORY.

NEW CLERK: 'Young lady in front wants to see some rings exactly like one she has on. She says she thinks of having two alike just for the fun of the thing.'

Jeweller: 'Don't waste time on her. That ring she has is an engagement ring, and she wants to find out what it cost.'

HEARD SOMETHING DROP.

JONES: 'My wife essayed a new *rôle* to-day, as cook.'

Brown: 'Mine essayed several.'

Jones: 'What were they?'

Brown: 'Light rolls, and they were so heavy I could hear them drop when I swallowed them.'

A CHRONOLOGICAL CORRECTION.

'GOOD night,' he whispered passionately at the front door, 'good night, good night, good night, good——'

'Excuse me,' said an elderly bass voice over the baluster, 'but it's been good morning for the last two hours. I thought you'd like to know.'

FATHER: 'You children are well off now-a-days. I've seen the day when I'd have been content with much less than you aregetting.'

Eldest Son: 'Yes, father, you see you're much better off since you came to live with us.

JOTTINGS.

'I AM soul proprietor,' as the devil said to the bad young man who died.

'Misfortunes seldom come singly,' as the desperate father cried when he was told that his wife had presented him with twins.

'Men must work and women must weep,' as the wife-beater said when he left off walloping to wipe his moist brow.

'Two heads are better than one,' as Uncle John remarked when he surprised his two nephews making him an apple-pie bed, and knocked their two crania together.

'Editor's box,' as the conductor of the *Society Slasher* ejaculated when he knocked the wind out of the gentleman who came to thrash him.

'Only believe half what you see,' as the drunken gentleman said.

'Great Scott, how he's 'altered!' as the coal-heaver cried when he saw his bosom friend on the gallows.

'Brevity is the soul of wit,' as the Editor of *The Weekly Wag* explained when that *Funny Paper for Funny Men* bade adieu to the public six weeks after its birth.

'I'm quite the cheese,' to use the words of the mite.

HIS STORY—AND HERS.

A WOMAN was present while her husband discussed the financial situation.

'I must confess,' he said, 'that the money market has worried me a great deal.'

'It wasn't the money market that worried me,' observed his wife.

'What was it?'

'It was the market money.'

THE NEW CRAZE.

MABEL: 'I've been taking lessons as a surprise for my husband. What do you think of it, girls?'

Girls: 'It's not what we think.'

Mabel: 'Oh, well, I know Jack will be pleased, because he's so fond of dancing.'

AT THE ART GALLERY.

'OH, oh!' said Mrs Gushington, 'what a lovely, lovely picture! So true, so——'

'Wait a bit, Mrs Gushington,' said the artist, 'it's wrong side up—let me put it right first.'

'Oh, oh, oh! Why, that way it's even more lovely still!' she exclaimed.

PA PLAYED POKER.

'PAPA, did you ever see a king?'

'Yes, my son.'

'Oh, did you, honestly? A real king?'

'Yes.'

'My! how did you feel when you saw him? What did you do?'

'I didn't do anything, my son—the other man had aces.

There was a young fellow called Snook,
Who fondly believed he could cook;
But the first time he tried,
The steak that he fried
Was as tough as the back of a book.

HORRIBLE PUNISHMENT.

MRS WICKWIRE: 'They say that the words we have spoken in life go on echoing through space forever. What do you think of it?'

Mr Wickwire: 'I bet that is the way future punishment is meted out. I'll be compelled to travel through space and catch up with all the idiotic things I said to you when I was courting and be forced to listen to them all again.'

OF COURSE HE CAN'T.

'WHAT is this new patent medicine of Brown's for? Colds and consumption, or——'

'Great Cæsar! he can't tell until the labels are printed.'

THE LAST STRAW.

ARTIST: 'I am going to paint this cottage of yours.'

Woman: 'Aum gled tae hear it, for it hasna been dune for mony a lang day, an' a've been at the landlord ower an' ower again, but he never heeded. (After a panse)—But loch, man, whaur's yer pail an' brush?' (Artist collapses.)

A MODERN PHARMACOPOEIA.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Symptoms.—Not infrequently the patient labours under the delusion that she is burdened with a mission. There is a constant craving for a vote, and a dangerous tendency to 'rational' dress and drawing-room meetings. Old-fashioned writers quote blue spectacles as a proof of the presence of the malady, but this is erroneous; blue spectacles do not necessarily indicate short sightedness. The bump of comparison or proportion is small, the subject thinking 'Femininity' a bigger word than 'Humanity,' by reason, perhaps, of its greater number of letters. The speech is often dry and too prolix.

Treatment.—The following may be administered:—1 husband, 2 or 3 or more babies. If this does not effect at least a partial cure, the case is hopeless.

HE WAS A MARRIED MAN.

BY the dim, uncertain light of early morn there was visible in his countenance an expression of weariness as he groped here and there for his trousers.

'Thank heaven——'

The words came from the bottom of his heart, as was apparent from their intensity.

'I won't have to get up and build fires after I'm dead.'

In strange contrast to his hard, bitter tone, was the sweet, feminine voice that made reply.

'I don't see,' vouchsafed the voice, 'why you should thank heaven for that.'

He merely hissed between his clenched teeth and proceeded with his work.

TRIED TO PLEASE HER.

AT THE BALL.

'WHERE is Ella?'

'She left the ball-room a few minutes ago, saying, that she didn't fancy being squeezed in a crowd.'

'Was Charley with her?'

'Yes; and I think by this time he has found a place where there is no crowd.'

'I love you,' said the bicyclist
To the maid he did admire.
'Oh, dear!' said she, 'you cause in me
A large pneumatic tire.'

'With the exception of "procrastination" you are the greatest thief of time I ever heard of,' remarked the judge to a prisoner in whose pockets no fewer than fifteen watches were found.

MANAGING A HUSBAND.

HE: 'There isn't enough on this breakfast table to feed a canary bird.'

She: 'I know it, my dear; but there are several things I want you to order from the market, and I know you'll forget all about it unless you leave the house hungry.'