



CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

Any boy or girl who likes to become a cousin can do so, and write letters to 'COUSIN KATE, care of the Lady Editor, GRAPHIC Office, Auckland.'

Write on one side of the paper only.

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—I have not much to tell you, as there has been nothing to see or hear in this dull town lately. We have had nothing but rain and floods this winter, and I cannot think that it is ever going to be fine again. Mamma, my cousin, and my two brothers are ill with that horrible influenza, which is so prevalent at present. I hope I escape it. This cold, wet weather seems to 'help it on,' if I may use the expression. The Wesleyans had a soiree in their church about a fortnight ago. We belong to the Church of England and I am organist in it here. To which church do you belong? I suppose I may ask you that question. The 'Youths' Page' is becoming decidedly interesting with its 'Puzzle Column' and letters, etc. The 'Cousins' Humane Fraternity,' or 'Band of Kindness' will prove a good source of interest, too, I think. Don't you think it would be nice if the cousins would write to the GRAPHIC about any instance of cruelty to animals which they have endeavoured to hinder? This is merely a suggestion, and need not make any difference to your plans about the members of the Band, or the Band itself. I saw a picture of the Kawa Kawa coal mines in the GRAPHIC of the 14th July. Allow me to say that it is a very poor one. I can say this with confidence, as I live in Kawa Kawa. Perhaps the sketch the picture was taken from was very ancient indeed though; that might account for the great disparity between it and the real coal mines. I am sending three puzzles for the new column, and answers to those in the GRAPHIC of the 14th July. I do not know whether I have guessed the last two correctly, but I think the first one is right. Dear Cousin Kate there is really nothing else to tell you in this letter, so with love believe me to remain sincerely yours.—COUSIN LOU.

[I do not think the sketch was 'an ancient one,' but perhaps it was taken from a different point of view to that which you usually see. I am Church of England. Your suggestion about the GRAPHIC Humane Society is a good one.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—We always take the GRAPHIC, and so I read the Youths' Page, and should like to become a cousin. We have four goats, and one of them has got a kid three or four days old. It is such a merry little thing, it jumps and skips about all over the place. I am nine years old, and am in the Fourth Standard. I have a little flower garden of my own, and I have a naughty cat which always goes and walks about all over the flowers. I can answer that puzzle which Cousin Victoria sent. Hoping to see my letter in the GRAPHIC.—FROM COUSIN STELLA.

[Your answer is quite right, as you will see by the other cousins' letters. I am glad to enrol you as a cousin, too. You are getting on well for your age. Have you names for your goat and cat? Have you brothers or sisters.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I have not written to you before, but my little brother wrote a letter to you two weeks ago giving the answer to Letta's puzzle. He would like to know if you received it. He is only seven, and I am ten. I am sending some answers to the puzzle column. I hope you will receive this letter safely, as we get the GRAPHIC every week.—Your affectionate cousin, JESSIE. Auckland.

[I did not receive your little brother's letter, or you may be sure I should have put it in. I wonder how he addressed it? You will fear yours is not going to appear, either, but I had to leave some out last week, because there was not room for them. I hope your brother will write again. Your answers are quite correct, as you will see by the replies of another cousin. You answered three Cousin Victoria's, George's, and Twin Gerald's. That was very good. I hope you, too, will write again. Tell your little brother (has he no name?) that I am quite sorry for his disappointment at not seeing his letter in the paper. Better luck next time.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—My father has just started to take in the GRAPHIC, and I have been reading the children's letters to it, and thought I might also write and become one of your cousins. Will you have me? You will be glad to know that I am kind to dumb animals and birds. We have a little dog and a kitten. The kitten is mine and the dog belongs to my brother. They are both well looked after, and the little wild birds I feed when the weather is bad. I go to the Terrace School, and am in the Third Standard. I am nearly ten years old. I live in Wellington, where we are having bad weather just now, and you may be sure I do not like the place as well as Auckland, where I used to live. Hoping I have not written too long a letter—I am your affectionate little friend, ELLA S. F. GILL.

[Your letter is a capital one for your age, and is not at all

too long. Certainly I will have you as a cousin, and I hope you will write again soon. The weather is always changeable in New Zealand this month. Your answers to the three riddles are quite correct.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—May I be a cousin too. I live in Castlemaine, Victoria, now. I used to live in Wellington. My grandpapa, who lives in Wanganui, sends the GRAPHIC to my mother every week. My age is nine years, and mother thinks I am too young to write in ink, but I write in ink at school. Do you mind my using pencil to you? I have three dolls. The largest is called Starlight; she is dressed in light blue. The second is called Bluebell; she is dressed in dark blue. The smallest one is called Pearl; she is dressed in pink, and I made the dress myself. Do you like their names? May I write to you again?—Your loving cousin, GLADYS THOMPSON.

[Yes, do write again. I am glad to enrol you as a cousin. I think your dolls' names very pretty. I hope to hear again from you.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—Are these the answers to the puzzles put under Children's Puzzle Column?—I remain, CHUMMILY.

[Yes, the answers are right. Send a longer letter next time.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I have not written to the GRAPHIC before, but have always intended to do so; somehow I have never had time, I have so many letters to write. I like writing. I think it a most pleasant pastime. I generally write about eight letters a month, but this month I have not written so many, because Ethel, the friend to whom I write every week, is now spending her winter holidays with me, and I can't write very well and go out with my friend too. As it is very wet to-day, and I have nothing else to do, I thought I would write a letter to the GRAPHIC. We get the GRAPHIC every week, and my younger sister and I always delight in reading the cousins' letters. Lonie is my sister, and says she is going to write to the GRAPHIC, but never seems to be able to make a start. She is eleven years old, and a very mischievous little girl. She delights in playing practical jokes on any and everyone. She often gets up to them. Ethel and Lonie are always playing tricks on me, as they call them. They are both full of fun; they are a very good pair, and get on well together, though Ethel is two years older than Lonie. I am nearly a year older than Ethel. I do not like practical jokes. I must not dwell on this subject any longer or my letter will consist of nothing else. We have been living in Picton for three years and a-half. I do not like it very much, though it is a very pretty place, I must say, and a very healthy place too, but very quiet, nothing fresh from one year's end to another, as most girls say here. There is an exhibition going on in Picton this week. It opened yesterday, July 10th. Ethel, Lonie and I went last night. We saw many strange things, among them was the sword Bluebeard killed his wives with, also two very large lizards and many other things. Lonie dressed a doll and got third prize. We have a large Newfoundland dog, of whom we all make a great pet. He is eight years old. When we first went to school he used to come as far as the school gate and wait until we went in, and then go home, and come after school to meet us, but we do not let him come very often now, because the last time he came he would come into school, and of course we had to take him out, and we had such a trouble to get him out, but succeeded at last. He waited until playtime, and wanted to come in again, but was locked out. He waited until school was out for us. We never let him come now if we can prevent him. He generally comes for a walk with us after school. People often tell us we ought to get a saddle made for him and let my little brother ride on him, but we think that would be cruel, as he is getting old, and I am sure is not strong enough to be ridden about. I go to the Borough School and am in the Fifth Standard. I like school very well, but I do not like arithmetic. I belong to the Borough School Excelsior Society, the object of which is to encourage us to be truthful and courteous. I cannot conclude my letter without giving you an account of four boys who nearly had to spend a night on Mabel Island in Picton Harbour. They went out in a boat and could not get back as it came on very rough. The gentleman with whom one little boy from Wellington is staying had to get a steamer to go out for them. I hear some of them amused themselves by crying over 'what mother would think,' others by smoking and jeering the half-hearted little fellows. I don't think it was very kind of those boys to laugh at the others, do you, Cousin Kate? Hoping this letter will not be too long I will now conclude with love.—C. C. H. H. Picton.

P.S.—I enclose my proper name because mother thinks I ought.

[Yes, I like the proper name for my own edification only, of course. But, 'C. C. H. H.' or whatever those wonderful initials are, you forgot to enclose the name, or the post office people abstracted it, or something! Your letter is very interesting, but do they not teach punctuation at your school? I hope to hear again from you. Tell lazy Lonie to write.—COUSIN KATE.]

CHILDREN'S PUZZLE COLUMN.

1. Why is hot bread like a caterpillar? 2. When may a nobleman's property be said to be all feathers? 3. What is majesty stripped of its externals?—COUSIN LOU.

THE USTORM-CLOUD'S SNOW MEN.

YESTERDAY the snow was high
And bright and warm the sun.
So Ned and May and Bess and I
Went out to have some fun.

We piled the snow to monstrous size,
Then made—what do you think?
A man of snow, with mouth and eyes
Of auntie's coloured ink.

This morning through the glass we peep,
And see a world all new;
The storm-clouds, while we were asleep,
Have played at 'snow men,' too.

The pump's a soldier with one arm,
Our man wears coat and hat;
In line the fence-posts wait alarm
From Gen'l Hitchcock fat.

We play these men are warriors bold,
To storm our castle walls;
So like the knights in stories old,
We stay within our halls.

They'll see that to our hearthside warm
They can't break through to day,
And soon give up and cease their storm;
Then we'll go out and play.

HELEN CHAFFEE.

HOLIDAY WORK.

HOLIDAY time in these days ought not to be so trying to heads of families now that so many young people take an interest in different technical occupations, and mothers will do well to encourage such 'fads' as will tend to keep restless fingers well occupied when out of door games are an impossibility. Artistic ironwork is a very possible undertaking in most homes, at least that branch of it which is termed 'beet' ironwork, as, of course, such as requires force, hammers, and an anvil could hardly be attempted, except in a workshop for the purpose. Bent ironwork requires but few tools, and those of a very simple kind, such



HOME-MADE ARTISTIC IRONWORK.

as a pair of long nosed as well as oval nosed pliers, both of which are used to bend and twist the iron into various shapes; then a small pair of shears, called 'snips,' are needed to cut the iron. A yard measure is also a necessity as well as a bottle of black to paint the work when finished. The illustration I give represents a stand for a vase which might be used for growing a hyacinth bulb in. The second illustration shows the detail of one of the four supports upon which the glass rests, and these supports when finished are joined together with clamps.

"KEATING'S LOZENGES."
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"A SIMPLE FACT ABOUT 'KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.' Ask throughout the world, in any country that can be named, you will find them largely sold. There is absolutely no remedy that is so speedy in giving relief, so certain to cure and yet the most delicate can take them.

"A TERRIBLE COUGH."
"A TERRIBLE COUGH."

"93, Commercial Road, Peckham, July 12.
"Dear Sir,—I am a poor hand at expressing my feelings, but I should like to thank you. Your lozenges have done wonders in relieving my terrible cough. Since I had the operation of 'Tracheotomy' (the same as the late Emperor of Germany, and Uncle Sam, thank God, I am still alive) performed at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, no one could possibly have had a more violent cough; it was so bad at times that it quite exhausted me. The nucleus, which was very copious and hard, has been softened, and I have been able to get rid of it without difficulty.—I am, sir, yours truly, J. HILL.

UTTERLY UNRIVALLED.
UTTERLY UNRIVALLED.

The above speaks for itself. From strict inquiry it appears that the benefit from using Keating's Cough Lozenges is understated. The operation was a specially severe one, and was performed by the specialist, Dr. H. T. Hill, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Since the operation the only means of relief is the use of these Lozenges. So successful are they that one affords immediate benefit, although from the nature of the case the throat irritation is intense.

WEIGHT IN GOLD.
WEIGHT IN GOLD.

Under date Sept. 8th, 1891, Mr Hill again writes: "I should long since have been dead, but for your Lozenges—they are worth their weight in gold. I will gladly see and tell anyone what a splendid cough remedy they are."
Keating's Cough Lozenges, the unrivalled remedy for COUGHS, HOARSENESS, and THROAT TROUBLES are sold in Tins by all Chemists.