

The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

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AN EXCURSION AND A DISAPPOINTMENT.

THE CAMERA IN NEW ZEALAND.

THROUGH THE WONDERLAND.

(BY JOSIAH MARTIN.)

WHIFFS of sulphurous vapour, clouds and puffs of steam, soon indicate that we are once more on the great thermal fissure. Dangerous and dismal pits close to our track; sinter deposits, some new and some old, indicate the vicinity of geysers; and glimpses of terrace formations on both sides of the river, mark the places where at one time the greatest geysers in New Zealand vied with each other in magnificent display. For many years past, activity here has been gradually dying out, and the outbreak of a new roaring blast was regarded with surprise.

The hills on our side of the river rise very precipitously for nearly a thousand feet behind the narrow strip of river bank on which the village is built, and on the opposite side the same height is reached in a few peaks, which rise above and behind a steaming mass of scarred and discoloured broken and dangerous hills.

With camera ready for work we hasten to make the acquaintance of the 'Great Terrific,' whose real name we are told is

BAHU-BAHU.

But under a steep bank we look upon a little shallow pool, bubbling in a troubled manner in one corner, much like many other *ngawhas* at Rotorua; but all around, and for a long distance northward, we notice the blanched scrub, which, though dead, speaks of the boiling showers which killed it. Our guide says it is very quiet to-day, and that yesterday it was also resting all day from a very fatiguing day's work previously, when it had blown away with fearful violence for ten hours. According to visible indications our guide assured us that it would not wake up for an hour at least, and did not seem inclined to work at all. We arranged with our Maori friends to accept their hospitality for a day or two, so they soon cleared out a whare for our use and proceeded to prepare a substantial meal. We need not have brought plates and cups, for our hosts were prepared to provide all we required. To one of our party the experience was novel, and he rather enjoyed being waited

upon by a pretty Maori girl and picnicking a *ka* Maori in their own native wilds.

As Don Terrifico was still pacifico, we shouldered our camera and started to see the sights on the opposite side. Our first excitement met us on the banks of the river, in the somewhat perilous occupation of crossing the rapids by means of a small light canoe. The frail little dug-out could only carry one passenger besides the ferryman, and we were none of us eager to be first man. With his charge on board, the Maori boatman worked very cautiously up stream for about one hundred yards, keeping close to the bank, then with great care he brought the bow of the canoe to the edge of the rapid, which caught it and seemed about to swamp the little craft; but the boatman knows his work, and answering to the shout of 'Kea kaha' from the shore, just when we expect to see him swept down the stream, the boat glides across the rushing water and gains the bank just opposite to us.

There being but few explorers among these curious and intensely interesting sights, the Maoris have not opened a track between them, so that travelling, encumbered with photo gear, is not very easy work; but our party divide the properties between them, and thus share the burdens of the camera man. At one place a geyser starts out almost horizontally from a dark cave in the hillside, and among close overhanging and interlacing foliage. It forms a pretty silica terrace, which descends towards the river. This, from the constant gurgle heard within, is called Koro Koro or 'The Throat of Porewa.'

Climbing a steep spur on the hillside we strike

THE TERRACES,

and find a large cascade of white sinter, which forcibly reminds us of the lost White Terraces. Above this again is a treacherous area of sinter, with many large boiling caldrons, the largest of which, our guide informs us, used to discharge an enormous quantity of water, with dense roaring clouds of steam, but that since the outbreak of the 'Terrific' it had been silent. This was then the reason for the new display; it was simply a change of locality, and not in any sense a new outbreak of thermal activity.

Further up the hills is the celebrated

ALUM CAVE,

a dark and deep cavernous opening in the hillside, with a boiling spring at the bottom. The overhanging walls are

incrusted with alum, and at the upper part of the cave there is a clump of about twenty very handsome and asymmetrical tree ferns.

Then there is an interesting

RED TERRACE

formed from the overflow of a spasmodic geyser below the White Terrace. Its colour is due principally to a slimy algae which grows in its warm waters, and forms the ridges which diversify and beautify its surface.

If you are not yet satisfied, there are many more boiling holes to explore and photograph, each with some peculiar interest of its own. We visit our slumbering giant once more, and then retire to our whare. Next morning finds the giant still peacefully inclined, so we find some good subjects for our camera in the Maori village, taking photographs of our hosts, the village beauties, the carved house, the view up and down river, and of many other scenes in and around the pa.

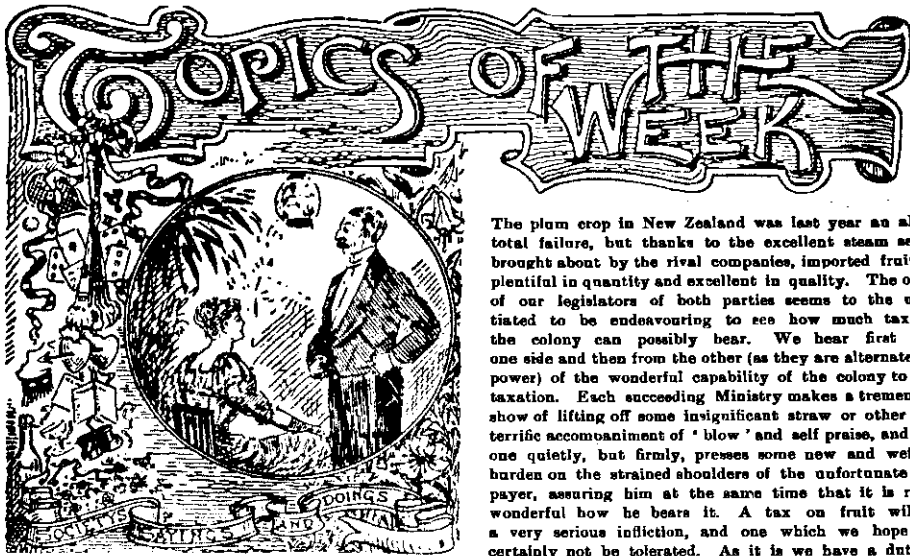
But that does not satisfy those who have come to see the giant at work. They tell us that he plays up 200 feet, and that his discharge shoots over 500 feet of ground. Then we try an incantation, but the Maoris have turned Mormon, and have forgotten the ancient charms. Then we curse in Maori, then in terse and vigorous Saxon; but it waketh not his wrath. Till we came, he used to play twice a day, and sometimes more frequently. Then we all declare that the camera has made him sulky and has worked all the mischief and disappointment, and that if the offending instruments were thrown into his bubbling throat he might be appeased. Some of us had travelled 200 miles to see him, and having pressing engagements elsewhere, were reluctantly compelled to leave the mighty one at rest, growling to him that he was very much overrated, and that we did not think anything of him after all.

It is unfortunate that the camera exercises such a depressing effect upon these natural phenomena. The steam cloud of Whakarewarewa was depressed by its action, the Great Wairoa Geyser ceases directly the camera comes within sight, and now the Giant Terrific slumbers for three days because one has invaded his domain. No wonder the Maoris levy a tax upon photographers, and tourists dislike to travel with a camera man. But Macrae, 'mine host,' of Ohinemutu, has found out how to soft soap these sulky giants, and he promises that if the travelling photographer will only seek his aid, he will guarantee him a successful display, whenever it suits his own convenience.



Martin, photo. Auckland.

ATEAMURI.



CONCERNING Mr Ward's Budget there has been a prodigious amount of talk during the past week, and it is probably fated to be the staple subject of conversation for a considerable time to come. It is not without envy that we have regarded the almost superhuman achievements of our daily contemporaries in pronouncing judgment on the Statement within a few hours of its delivery. There is something very inspiring in the fact that we possess men in this colony who can—within the hour—declare authoritatively what will be the result of proposed legislation for which there is so far as we remember neither precedent nor example. Leader writers, we know, have exceptional powers in predicting futurity, but even under cover of the editorial 'we,' it might have been imagined any man would hesitate to give a sweeping opinion one way or the other on one of the most remarkable Financial Statements ever submitted in New Zealand or elsewhere. Such, however, was not the case. We were told on Wednesday morning by the Government organs that Mr Ward was about to land us safe in the lap of permanent prosperity in something less than no time, while the Opposition organs thundered forth fearful prognostications of the eternal ruin that will overtake us directly Mr Ward gets fairly started on his mad career. That the schemes of the Colonial Treasurer are daring, and daring to a somewhat startling degree, even the warmest adherents of the Government do not deny. The wisest of Government organs have indeed, after their first outbursts of unstinted approval, realised that their best policy, as friends of the Colonial Treasurer and his ideas, was in soothing the fears of the nervous, and assuring the world that, rightly considered, Mr Ward's proposals are neither extraordinary nor extravagant.

The principles involved in the larger questions of the Budget are of such importance, and the stake at issue is so momentous, that a few old-fashioned folk who like to think before they speak may surely be pardoned for refusing to pronounce for or against before the matter has been more thoroughly ventilated and discussed. The curse of superficiality is so universal in these days that we are in considerable danger of showing too great a contempt for its pitfalls. It appears to us a perfectly monstrous thing that the most responsible members of Government and Opposition should have allowed themselves to be interviewed on the Budget almost before the delivery was completed. That the Government would support and the Opposition oppose whatever Mr Ward said was in the nature of things under Party Government, but there is something almost grotesquely indecent in the manner in which certain politicians rushed into print and aired their necessarily ill-considered and immature opinions on matters of such magnitude and importance. Belief in the judgment of these politicians is manifestly impossible, for the very fact of this readiness to 'blather' to the first reporter who chanced their way, without the smallest interval for reflection, is clear proof of the absence of the judicial faculty.

In the street and in club land discussion waxed warm. The question of cheap money for farmers appears to meet with most opposition, not because it is considered 'too advanced,' though of course there is a very large section of society that holds that view, but because, admitting the theory to be a good one, there will be insuperable objections to its working in practice. The one question on which almost everybody seems agreed is the minor one of the tax on fruit. To us, certainly, this proposal seems extraordinarily ill-advised coming from a Liberal Government. In a sub-tropical colony like New Zealand, cheap fruit is so great a desideratum that one cannot conceive of any circumstances under which it would be advisable to put up the price by duty on imported fruit or any other means.

The plum crop in New Zealand was last year an almost total failure, but thanks to the excellent steam service brought about by the rival companies, imported fruit was plentiful in quantity and excellent in quality. The object of our legislators of both parties seems to the uninitiated to be endeavouring to see how much taxation the colony can possibly bear. We hear first from one side and then from the other (as they are alternately in power) of the wonderful capability of the colony to bear taxation. Each succeeding Ministry makes a tremendous show of lifting off some insignificant straw or other to a terrific accompaniment of 'blow' and self praise, and each one quietly, but firmly, presses some new and weighty burden on the strained shoulders of the unfortunate taxpayer, assuring him at the same time that it is really wonderful how he bears it. A tax on fruit will be a very serious infliction, and one which we hope will certainly not be tolerated. As it is we have a duty on colonial wine, which makes Australian claret and hocks cheaper in London than in this colony. We were in hopes that the wisdom of allowing the lighter classes of wines from Australia would have recommended itself to the Government, but evidently the wind is in the other quarter, and the hopes that we might become a wine-drinking instead of a beer and spirit-drinking colony will not be realised for some time to come.

A VERY profound sensation has been created by the death of little E. H. McCullough, son of the manager of the Auckland branch of the Bank of New South Wales. The verdict of 'death from poisoning,' given by the jury, was accepted by the coroner, but it is scarcely likely the matter will be allowed to rest where it is.

THE case is one on which for obvious reasons it is impossible to say much at this juncture. The evidence is extraordinary, and merits the most careful attention of persons willing to entrust their health, or the life and death of those near to them, to men who do not hold diplomas or credentials of any sort. We are not prepared to say that herbalists—and other non qualified practitioners—in general or particular are necessarily dangerous members of society, but there is—and we cannot too strongly emphasise the point—a very real and a very terrible danger in the ranks of these persons being under no proper control. If a man believes in herbs well and good, but let him prove that he is duly qualified to deal in them. 'Purely vegetable' is the title placed on half the patent medicines and quack nostrums in existence. Presumably the persons who make up these 'medicines' desire us to believe that anything purely vegetable must be innocuous. It would almost seem necessary to remind people that aconite, prussic acid, nicotine, etc., etc., are purely vegetable.

TIME after time in these columns we have drawn attention to the fallacies of Prohibition, and to the fact that the platform prohibitionist is about the most mischievous enemy of temperance in existence. Mr Isitt, who is now in Auckland campaigning, will doubtless do the true cause of temperance, with which we sympathise, as much harm as he has done elsewhere. Mr Isitt's recent campaign in Sydney is alluded to in scathing language by the local papers. Says one smart writer in a vigorous editorial:—

'THE weakness of the Prohibition case has recently been illustrated in Sydney by the Rev. L. M. Isitt. It is easy to pile up blazing rhetoric about the evils of drink. It is easy to tickle the ears of the groundlings with coarse witticisms and coarser sarcasm. But it is hard to compose a consecutive argument which deals with every fact and answers every objection. It is hard to see truth steadily and see it whole, when one is earning a good living as a paid advocate of a single side of truth. Men of the Isitt stamp, even when they know better, will always choose ease, and shun difficulty. They will always prefer to fool fanatics to the top of their bent, rather than try and convince reasoning men. That is precisely what the Reverend Isitt did. His lectures were excellently calculated to charm emotional ignorance and disgust critical intelligence. He never supplied a fact where he could substitute a sounding phrase; he never arrayed an argument where he could introduce clap-trap invective. Even when he spoke the truth he suppressed the side which did not suit him. He told his audience that at the medical conference in Holland last year, the Dutch doctors advocated total abstinence. He did not tell them that the British section, through its president, Dyes Duckworth, spoke in favour of moderate drinking. He said that the fact that the Prohibition States in America had not altered the law showed that they were satisfied with its effects. He did not say that of seventeen States which have

tried Prohibition, ten have abandoned it, and in the others the law is a dead letter.

'THE craving for intoxicants is natural and universal. The ability to manufacture intoxicants marks the great division between man and brute. Once evolution progressed so far that the prehistoric ape-man learnt how to make a ferment, the rest was easy. Civilization followed as a matter of course. And all through history the nation that loved its liquor was never beaten except by the nation that loved its liquor better. Rome, founded on wine, conquered the world, and fell partly because, after the introduction of Christianity, the quality of the wine deteriorated; while the heathen Gothic beer was unadulterated and strong. The golden age of England was the beer age, the age of Elizabeth, the age of Drake and Shakespeare, when tea, coffee, and cocoa were unknown, and men, women, and children drank humming ale continuously. Scandinavians are to-day the biggest and strongest men in Europe—also the most drunken. Germany is the strongest military nation, with the most enormous beer consumption. In fact the world has never been sober since the dawn of history. If there were any truth in the eloquent pictures of diseased livers at which teetotallers groan, the race would have been extinct long ago. And English medical men are now beginning to find out that districts where tea and sop predominate show a yearly loss of vitality, while the brutal beer and meat consumer dies a centenarian with thirty-seven children.

'IT is no use arguing that if Australia gave up drinking she would save every so many millions a year. If she gave up food and clothing and went to roost in a tree every night she would save ever so much more. But she is not going to do anything of the sort. A purely vegetable existence may satisfy the apostle of the Pump, but it is far too languid and uninteresting for a young and lusty nation, which means to eat its bread with joy and drink its wine with a merry heart, and live joyfully with the wife whom it loveth all the days of the life of its vanity. Drink is a natural instinct, and the desire of morbid zealots to suppress it is of a piece with the unwholesome sanctity which refrains from marrying and washing itself and paring its nails in order to keep the carnal man under. The world is gradually learning that the carnal man cannot be kept under; that natural instincts are right, and need only regulation in the light of experience. We have too long crucified the flesh at the bidding of bigot creeds; and monasticism and asceticism, in blighting life, have strangled progress. Luckily, human nature is elastic, and human appetites are crushed only to rise again.

'Well,' murmured one, 'let whose make or buy My Clay with long Oblivion is one dry; But fill me with the old familiar Juice, Methinks I might recover by and bye.'

ARBOR DAY is here again, and it is to be hoped, will be duly celebrated throughout the colony. It is of great importance that young New Zealanders should be taught the practical value of trees for timber, their aesthetic value for beauty, and their nominal and actual value for shelter and rain attraction. All this can be inculcated into the retentive minds of children as they plant, each its little contribution to the future arborial wealth of New Zealand. Bush is being felled rapidly, and cleared land is taking the place of the beautiful primeval forest. Though the settlers cut down trees very freely, they are not so eager to plant them, and a treeless country would be a desert too deplorable to contemplate. Let us, therefore, urge our School Committees, Boards of Education, Minister of Education, or whatever complicated machinery is required to be set in motion, to insist upon all the children in New Zealand planting, at least once a year, a shrub, bush, or tree for the good of his country. I notice that the Epam (Auckland) School Committee intend presenting a pretty little card to each child in memory of the day. Perhaps the money might be better spent in giving a prize for the best-tended tree at the end of a year, which would encourage the children to look after and take care of their plant, instead of putting it in the ground and letting it grow or not as it pleases.

ONE hears very much about the prowess of the old school of jockeys and their relative superiority to our modern horsemen. But is there any standard test to which the question can be referred? It is doubtful. With jockeys as with horses in different eras there is no absolute criterion available. Men who have seen the foremost riders of other generations may be credited with some authority, and it is interesting to know the opinions, say, of an expert like H. Custance on these debatable points. Few men, if any, really surpassed Custance himself, and as an all-round man where is the compeer of that hearty little personage who is yet among the most active of our turf officials? He himself rode three Derby winners, Thormanby, Lord Lyon (winner of the 'triple crown') and George Frederick. We have ample proof, moreover, that Custance has been a most acute observer of men and things, and with a rare sense of humour he yet sacrifices nothing of the critical faculty to mere story-telling. In speaking of some of the older horsemen and their distinctive styles as compared with our modern

jockeys, Custance told me that the three most accomplished professionals riding in Ladies' Derby—viz., J. Watta, M. Cannon, and T. Loates—lose little in comparison with the old-time men. Indeed, the trio seemed distinguished very much above their fellows, and this point leads to the fact that there are, nowadays, so few really good riders, whereas twenty years ago there were so many with very little difference between them. One could, indeed, have picked out some fifteen men of the period just mentioned, none of whom fell below a very high standard. In seeking a reason for this condition of affairs speculation may well be wide of the mark. In a group of contributing causes one stands very prominent, and is applicable alike to certain marked changes in modern men and horses—viz, the preponderance of short distance races over those on longer courses nowadays.

How riders of the old school would envy the emoluments of their successors! £500 a year was regarded as a retainer of the largest amount, unfrequently heard of twenty-five years ago. The mere fees decreed as obligatory by the Jockey Club still remain the same—five guineas for a win and three guineas for a loser. The jockey of the former period considered himself very lucky if he recovered even half these amounts due him, for at that time Messrs Weatherly did not effect payment under the penalties to owners that are now entailed. It is common knowledge that certain modern riders pay income-tax (what do you think of the test?) on £6,000 a year.

From Wellington a correspondent who is very much in earnest writes:—

It has been frequently remarked that one of the curses of this colony is the love of gambling, which is displayed by all classes of the community on every possible occasion. In Wellington, some of our legislators have made a brave attempt to check this debasing crime by various suggestions against the totalisator and kindred popular institutions. Strange as it may seem, some of the most fashionable women in the Empire City are endeavouring to undo all the good that their country's representatives are hoping to achieve, by introducing a most insidious and attractive form of private gambling. I refer to the new roulette parties, of which—so sheep-like are we colonials—an epidemic is sure to spread throughout New Zealand, absorbing or displacing the rage for progressive euchre, which at present is all the fashion. Are our wives, mothers, and sisters thinking of the awful moral responsibility they, the givers of and assisters at these alluring roulette games incur? Are they prepared to find that they have openly encouraged the members of their own family, and alas! other people's too, to spend their money in gambling—gambling which will certainly be followed by its inevitable consequences? The father sees up his spare cash, sells shares, insurance premium, adopts any mad method which presents itself to his mind of raising money for his desperate infatuation—cash fails, credit is called in, then the crash comes. Wife and family, innocent young children, all have to suffer for the bankrupt's folly. Maybe the wife with her silly desire to be à la mode and give the fashionable style of gambling party, has brought this disaster upon herself. But why should she also involve the poor babes in the disgrace and discomfort, the heartbreak and heaviness which falls to the lot of the gambler? I can fancy some gentle maiden, betrothed to a young fellow who is steadily making his way in the colony. The siren who prepares a roulette table for the evening's diversion, coaxes him into 'just one game to show he does not consider himself so much better than the rest of the party.' He plays—for civility's sake, first; then for the love of it. For, surely, there is no fascination so deadly as that of gambling. There is the usual story. His employer's money disappears, so also does the young man. Weeping, the maiden bitterly reproaches the fair cause of her lover's ruin, and demands him back, steady and hard-working as before he played the first fatal games.

Is it any use to appeal to the common sense, the humanity, the purity, the gentle nobility of womanhood, which we all venerate so much, and implore her to stretch out saving hands to her fellow-creatures, to stand forth as one who would lead onward and upward, as one who would call forth all the better and higher qualities in man's nature, would be, in fact, his guardian angel, rather than as one who voluntarily places fresh temptation in man's way, and keeps him on the bare flat of moral mediocrity, or worse still, draws him down to his lowest level? This power, O women of New Zealand! is in your hands. You can do more to check the gambling spirit of the age than any legislator of them all. It is a fearful responsibility which rests upon you. For your influence, rightly or wrongly used, you will one day give account. Are you going to give it with hopeful joy or despairing remorse?

The ever-interesting—to a section of the community—topic of broken engagements is again being discussed in London. *The World* was saying lately that in all sober seriousness, and without a touch of cynicism, it can be argued that the new wisdom is superior to the old in the matter of broken

engagements. Undoubtedly (comments a society paper) it is wiser to cancel an engagement than proceed to a marriage that promises to be an unsatisfactory as it is irrevocable; but I still hold the opinion that young people should ascertain their own minds, or at least weigh the *pro* and *con*s very critically before they take the first step, to retire from which means placing one or both in an unpleasant position. 'A light flirtation over the mayonnaise and champagne of a house-boat luncheon, a volley of badinage on the happy altitude of a four-in-hand, an after-dinner stroll in the summer twilight beneath the trees may suffice as *causes causes* of a formal addition to the list of matrimonial fixtures.' Of course an engagement entered upon as lightly as this is as lightly severed without any suggestion of broken hearts, but the obvious reflection is that the young couple would have been all the better for a little forethought. For these announcements of marriages being 'off,' which have appeared with too much frequency of late, are, in most instances, brought about through thoughtlessness rather than heartlessness. For all that, they are regrettable as being likely to cause uncomfortable feelings, not only to Romeo and Juliet, but to their parents and other relations. Idle tongues are set wagging, any amount of unfounded gossip is chattered over the tea-cups without rhyme or reason, and a comparatively simple matter gets magnified out of all proportion, no one apparently choosing to think of the real reason for the severance.

FROM Wellington a correspondent writes, enclosing the following clipping which he thinks will prove of interest and provoke some discussion amongst readers of the GRAPHIC. The cutting reads as thus:

ARE WOMEN CLEANER THAN MEN?

To the Editor of the *Pall Mall Budget*:

Sir, — In these days, when women are asserting themselves, and 'The Revolt of the Daughters,' 'Hedonism,' and other nasty suggestions are dished up in leading magazines for our edification, may I be allowed to ask the question why women do not bathe more? I enclose you some statistics extracted from the annual report of the public baths of a West End parish, which entails a loss of over £5,000 a year to the ratepayers. The totals are for swimming, and first, second, and third-class private baths. In each case the return is for the year ending March 25th:

Year	Men Bathers	Women Bathers
1889	56,490	10,104
1890	67,186	11,843
1891	77,905	11,583
1892	81,973	11,584
1893	89,443	14,327
1894	105,258	14,540

I may mention that the baths are splendidly equipped, and are up to date in every way, and easily accessible to a dense population.—I am, your truly, A LONDON VESTRYMAN.

'WHAT do you think?' asks my correspondent, and proceeds to give his own opinion as follows:—These figures prove conclusively what I have always asserted that women are not so clean as men by fifty per cent. It is so in London, and I am positively certain it is the case in Wellington—all over New Zealand, in fact. What is your opinion, Mr Editor? Please do not publish my name if you see my letter and the extract, which please return.—E. H. K.'

THE question is, to say the least of it, a delicate one, and having declared that he thinks New Zealand women are not so clean as men 'by 50 per cent.' my correspondent is not unaturally somewhat nervous about discovering his identity. At the same time he invites us to state our opinion, and leaves us to bear the pains and penalties that may follow, without the moral support of his name or the physical support of his arm. Conviction as well as prudence furnishes our reply. In these colonies it is about six of one and half a dozen of the other! In the virtue of cleanliness men do not—so far as we have noticed—excel women at any rate. At the same time there are possibly people who, like my un courteous correspondent, have strong opinions on the subject. We shall be glad to afford space in the GRAPHIC to champions of either sex who desire to give judgment for one side or the other.



Lands and Survey Office, Auckland, July 25, 1894.

TENDERS are invited for Leasing of TIRITIRI ISLAND, containing 518 acres more or less, and will be received at this Office up to noon of SATURDAY, 11th August proximo. Tenders to be addressed to the Commissioner of Crown Lands, Auckland, for Lease of Tiritiri Island.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Conditions of Lease, etc., can be seen at this office. GRIHARD MUKLEIR, Commissioner of Crown Lands.

GENTLEMEN'S VISITING CARDS.—100 best Ivory Cards with copper plate for 10s, or 50 for 7s 6d.—GRAPHIC Office, Shortland-street, Auckland.

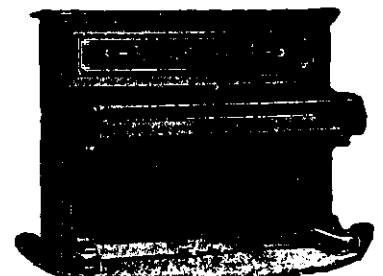
CITY HALL.
THIS, AND EVERY EVENING.
SAPIORSO SAPIORSO
CONCERTS,
Under the management of Mr Frederic Luers.
OPENING CONCERTS
Of the
QUEENS OF THE CONCERT STAGE—
MADAME
DEVERE-SAPIO,
And
MADAME
CAMILLA UKSO.
CAMILLA UKSO.
Complete change of programme every evening, for which see daily papers.
Prices—Dress Circle and Orchestral Stalls, 4s; Stalls, 2s 6d; Pit, ONE SHILLING.
Day sales at Williamson's.
Doors open at 7.15, commence at 8.
Box Plan open at Wildman and Lyell's.
Sole Manager, FREDERIC LUERS.
Special arrangements have been made for trains and coaches to run from all parts.

OPERA HOUSE.
THE THORNTON-ARNOLD COMPANY.
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1st.
Last Night of
'CAPTAIN FRITZ'
THURSDAY AND FRIDAY, AUGUST 2ND AND 3RD,
MR CHARLES ARNOLD,
In a new up-to-date version of
'HANS THE BOATMAN,'
As performed by him for the past eight years.
SATURDAY AND MONDAY, AUGUST 4TH AND 6TH
MR FRANK THORNTON
In the funniest of all comedies,
'THE PRIVATE SECRETARY,'
As performed by him over 1,000 times.
Box Plan at Wildman and Lyell's.

PIANOFORTE RECITALS BY MR W. H. WEBB'S PUPILS.
MISS M. SPOONER'S FIRST RECITAL,
MONDAY, AUGUST 13th, 1894.
Friends and others interested who desire to attend are requested to leave their cards with Miss Spooner, Berlin House, Kyeber Pass, who will have much pleasure in sending them invitations.

MISS SPOONER will play the following Pianoforte Solos:—Sonata Pathétique (Beethoven); Andante and Rondo Capriccioso (Mendelssohn); Nocturne in E flat (Chopin); Caprice Aerien (Wollenhaupt); 'Alice' (Ascher); 'Adieu' (Schubert); 'Song of the Exile' (Donceni); also Organ Solo, Sonata in B flat (Cubani); Organ Part in Organ and Piano Duo, 'Don Juan' (Mozart); first part in Duo for two pianos, 'Le Nord' (Albetti); and first part in Piano Quartette, 'Grand Polonoise' (Weber).
Several leading professional and amateur vocalists and instrumentalists have offered their assistance on this occasion.

W. G. THOMAS,
WHOLESALE and EXPORT PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURER.
STEAM WORKS: GOSPEL OAK GROVE,
KENTISH TOWN, London, N.W., England



A PIANOFORTE SAME DESIGN AS CUT FOR 22½ GUINEAS, INSECT AND VERMIN PROOF
Packed in zinc-lined case and shipped to any New Zealand Port FREE.
SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED FOR THE COLONIES.
7 OCTAVES, trichord treble, check action, pinned hammers keys made and covered in one piece and screwed. Iron frame volume sound board and celeste pedal. Hundreds of these perfect Pianos have now been sent to all parts of the World. TERMS—Half cash with order, balance on production of shipping documents.—ILLUSTRATED LISTS OF OTHER MODELS, free by post on application.

TRAVELLING WITH A REFORMER.

BY MARK TWAIN.

LAST spring I went out to Chicago to see the Fair, and although I did not see it my trip was not wholly lost—there were compensations. In New York I was introduced to a major in the regular army who said he was going to the Fair, and we agreed to go together. I had to go to Boston first, but that did not interfere; he said he would go along, and put in the time. He was a handsome man and built like a gladiator. But his ways were gentle and his speech was soft and persuasive. He was companionable but exceedingly reposeful. Yes, and wholly destitute of the sense of humour. He was full of interest in everything that went on around him, but his serenity was indestructible; nothing disturbed him, nothing excited him.

But before the day was done I found that deep down in him somewhere he had a passion, quiet as he was—a passion for reforming petty public abuses. He stood for citizenship—it was his hobby. His idea was that every citizen of the republic ought to consider himself an unofficial policeman and keep unsalaried watch and ward over the laws and their execution. He thought that the only effective way of preserving and protecting public rights was for each citizen to do his share in preventing or punishing such infractions of them as came under his personal notice.

It was a good scheme, but I thought it would keep a body in trouble all the time; it seemed to me that one would be always trying to get offending little officials discharged, and perhaps getting laughed at for all reward. But he said no, I had the wrong idea; that there was no occasion to get anybody discharged; that in fact you *mustn't* get anybody discharged; that that would itself be failure; no, one must reform the man—reform him and make him useful where he was.

'Must one report the offender and then beg his superior not to discharge him, but reprimand him and keep him?'

'No, that is not the idea; you don't report him at all, for then you risk his bread and butter. You can act as if you are going to report him—when nothing else will answer. But that's an extreme case. That is a sort of force, and force is bad. Diplomacy is the effective thing. Now if a man has tact—if a man will exercise diplomacy—'

For two minutes we had been standing at a telegraph ticket, and during all this time the major had been trying to get the attention of one of the young operators, but

THEY WERE ALL BUSY SKYLARKING.

The major spoke, now, and asked one of them to take his telegram. He got for reply:

'I reckon you can wait a minute, can't you?' and the skylarking went on.

As we walked away, the major said:

'NOW, YOU SEE, THAT WAS DIPLOMACY—'

and you see how it worked. It wouldn't do any good to bluster, the way people are always doing—that boy can always give you as good as you send, and you'll come out defeated and ashamed of yourself pretty nearly always. But you see he stands no chance against diplomacy. Gentle words and diplomacy—those are the tools to work with.'

'Yes, I see; but everybody wouldn't have had your opportunity. It isn't everybody that is on those familiar terms with the president of the Western Union.'

'Oh, you misunderstand. I don't know the president—I only use him diplomatically. It is for his good and for the public good. There's no harm in it.'

I said, with hesitation and diffidence:

'But is it ever right or noble to tell a lie?'

He took no note of the delicate self-righteousness of the question, but answered with undisturbed gravity and simplicity:

'Yes, sometimes. Lies told to injure a person, and lies told to profit yourself are not justifiable, but lies told to help another person, and lies told in the public interest—oh, well, that is quite another matter. Anybody knows that. But never mind about the methods; you see the result. That youth is going to be useful now, and well-behaved. He had a good face. He was worth saving. Why, he was worth saving on his mother's account if not his own. Of course, he has a mother—sisters, too. Damn these people who are always forgetting that! Do you know, I've never fought a duel in my life—never once—and yet have been challenged, like other people. I could always see the other man's unoffending women folks or his little children standing between him and me. They hadn't done anything—I couldn't break their hearts, you know.'

He corrected a good many little abuses in the course of the day, and always without friction; always with a fine and dainty 'diplomacy' which left no sting behind; and he got such happiness and such contentment out of these performances that I was obliged to envy him his trade—and perhaps would have adopted it.

IF I COULD HAVE MANAGED THE NECESSARY DEPLECTIONS FROM FACT

as confidently with my mouth as I believe I could with my pen, behind the shelter of print, after a little practice.

Away late, that night, we were coming up-town in a horse-car, when three boisterous roughs got aboard and began to fling hilarious obscenities and profanities right and left among the timid passengers, some of whom were women and children. Nobody resisted or retorted; the conductor tried soothing words and moral suasion, but the roughs only called him names and laughed at him. Very soon I saw that the major realized that this was a matter which was in his line; evidently he was turning over his stock of diplomacy in his mind and getting ready. I felt that the first diplomatic remark he made in this place would bring down a land-slide of ridicule upon him and may be something worse; but before I could whisper to him and check him, he had begun, and it was too late. He said in a level and dispassionate tone:

'CONDUCTOR, YOU MUST PUT THESE SWINE OUT. I WILL HELP YOU.'

I was not looking for that. In a flash the three roughs plunged at him. But none of them arrived. He delivered three such blows as one could not expect to encounter outside the prize ring, and neither of the men had life enough left in him to get up from where he fell. The major

not apply it to that sort, they would not understand it. No, that was not diplomacy, it was force.'

'Now that you mention it, I—yes, I think perhaps you are right.'

'Right? Of course I am right. It was just force.'

'I think, myself, it had the outside aspect of it. Do you often have to reform people in that way?'

'Far from it. It hardly ever happens. Not oftener than once in half a year, at the outside.'

'Those men will get well?'

'Get well? Why certainly they will. They are not in any danger. I know how to hit and where to hit. You noticed that I did not hit them under the jaw. That would have killed them.'

I believed that. I remarked—rather wittily, as I thought—that he had been a lamb all day but now had all of a sudden developed into a ram—battering ram; but with delicate frankness and simplicity he said no, a battering ram was quite a different thing and not in use now. This was maddening, and I came near bursting out and saying he had no more appreciation of wit than a jackass—in fact, I had it right on my tongue, but did not say it, knowing there was no hurry, and I could say it just as well some other time over the telephone.

We started to Boston the next afternoon. The smoking compartment in the parlour car was full, and we went into the regular smoker. Across the aisle in the front seat sat a meek farmer-looking old man with a sickly pallor in his face, and he was holding the door open with his foot to get the air. Presently a big brakeman came rushing through, and when he got to the door he stopped, gave the farmer an ugly scowl, then wrenched the door to with such energy as to almost snatch the old man's boot off. Then on he was plunged, about his business. Several passengers laughed, and the old gentleman looked pathetically shamed and grieved.



THE OLD GENTLEMAN LOOKED PATHETICALLY SHAMED AND GRIEVED.

After a little the conductor passed along, and the major stopped him and asked him a question in his habitually courteous way:

'Conductor, where does one report the misconduct of a brakeman? Does one report to you?'

'You can report him at New Haven if you want to. What has he been doing?'

The major told the story. The conductor seemed amused. He said, with just a touch of sarcasm in his bland tones:

'As I understand you, the brakeman didn't say anything.'

'No, he didn't say anything.'

'But he scowled, you say.'

'Yes.'

'And snatched the door loose in a rough way.'

'Yes.'

'That's the whole business, is it?'

'Yes, that is the whole of it.'

The conductor smiled pleasantly, and said:

'Well, if you want to report him, all right, but I don't quite make out what it's going to amount to. You'll say—as I understand you—that the brakeman insulted this old gentleman. They'll ask you what he said. You'll say he didn't say anything at all. I reckon they'll say, how are you going to make out an insult when you acknowledge yourself that he didn't say a word.'

There was a murmur of applause at the conductor's compact reasoning, and it gave him pleasure—you could see it in his face. But the major was not disturbed. He said:

'There—now you have touched upon a crying defect in the complaint system. The railway officials—as the public think and as you also seem to think—are not aware that there are any kind of insults except spoken ones. So nobody goes to headquarters and reports insults of manner, insults of gesture, look, and so forth; and yet these are sometimes harder to bear than any words. They are bitterly hard to bear because there is nothing tangible to take hold of; and the insulter can always say, if called before the railway officials, that he never dreamed of intending any offence. It seems to me that the officials ought to specially and urgently request the public to report unworded affronts and incivilities.'

The conductor laughed, and said:

'Well, that *would* be trimming it pretty fine, sure!'

'But not too fine, I think. I will report this matter at New Haven, and I have an idea that I'll be thanked for it.'

The conductor's face lost something of its complacency; in fact it settled to a quite sober cast as the owner of it moved away. I said:

'You are not really going to bother with that trifle, are you?'

'It isn't a trifle. Such things ought always to be reported. It is a public duty, and no citizen has a right to shrink it. But I shan't have to report this case.'

'Why?'

'It won't be necessary. Diplomacy will do the business. You'll see.'



'HE ALWAYS HAS A SISTER OR A MOTHER OR WIFE TO SUPPORT.'

The major said yes, he was not in a hurry. Then he wrote another telegram: 'President Western Union Tel. Co.'

'Come and dine with me this evening. I can tell you how business is conducted in one of your branches.'

Presently the young fellow who had spoken so pertly a little before reached out and took the telegram, and when he read it he lost colour and began to apologize and explain. He said he would lose his place if this deadly telegram was sent, and he might never get another. If he could be let off this time he would give no cause of complaint again. The compromise was accepted.



'HE DELIVERED THREE SUCH BLOWS AS ONE COULD NOT EXPECT TO ENCOUNTER OUTSIDE THE PRIZE RING.'

dragged them out and threw them off the car, and we got under way again.

I was astonished; astonished to see a lamb act so; astonished at the strength displayed and the clean and comprehensive result; astonished at the brisk and business-like style of the whole thing. The situation had a humorous side to it, considering how much I had been hearing about mild persuasion and gentle diplomacy all day from this pile-driver, and I would have liked to call his attention to that feature and do some sarcasm about it; but when I looked at him I saw that it would be of no use—his placid and contented face had no ray of humour in it; he would not have understood. When we left the car, I said:

'That was a good stroke of diplomacy—three good strokes of diplomacy, in fact.'

'That? That wasn't diplomacy. You are quite in the wrong. Diplomacy is a wholly different thing. One can-

Presently the conductor came on his rounds again, and when he reached the major he leaned over and said: 'That's all right. You needn't report him. He's respon-



'SIR, WE DEMAND THAT YOU ALLOW THIS LADY TO TRAVEL WITH US ON THE PEOPLE'S HIGHWAY USED BY YOUR RAILROAD COMPANY.'

side to me, and if he does it again I'll give him a talking to.'

The major's response was cordial: 'Now that is what I like! You mustn't think that I was moved by any vengeful spirit, for that wasn't the case. It was duty—just a sense of duty, that was all. My brother-in-law is one of the directors of the road, and when he learns that you are going to reason with your brakeman the very next time he brutally insults an unoffending old man it will please him, you may be sure of that.'

THE CONDUCTOR DID NOT LOOK AS JOYOUS AS ONE MIGHT HAVE THOUGHT HE WOULD,

but on the contrary looked sickly and uncomfortable. He stood around a little, then said:

'I think something ought to be done to him now. I'll discharge him.'

'Discharge him? What good would that do? Don't you think it would be better wisdom to teach him better ways and keep him?'

'Well, there's something in that. What would you suggest?'

'He insulted the old gentleman in presence of all these people, how would it do to have him come and apologise in their presence?'

'I'll have him here right off. And I want to say this: If people would do as you've done, and report such things to me instead of keeping mum and going off and backguarding the road, you'd see a different state of things pretty soon. I'm much obliged to you.'

The brakeman came and apologized. After he was gone the major said:

'Now, you see how simple and easy that was. The ordinary citizen would have accomplished nothing—the brother-in-law of a director can accomplish anything he wants to.'

'But are you really the brother-in-law of a director?'

'Always. Always when the public interests require it. I have a brother-in-law on all the boards—everywhere. It saves me a world of trouble.'

'It is a good wide relationship.'

'Yes, I have over three hundred of them.'

'Is the relationship never doubted by a conductor?'

'I have never met with a case. It is the honest truth—I never have.'

'Why didn't you let him go ahead and discharge the brakeman, in spite of your favourite policy? You know he deserved it.'

The major answered with something which really had a sort of distant resemblance to impatience:

'If you would stop and think a moment you wouldn't ask such a question as that. Is a brakeman a dog, that nothing but dogs' methods will do for him? He is a man, and has a man's fight for life. And he always has a sister, or a mother, or wife and children to support. Always—there are no exceptions. When you take his living away from him you take theirs away too—and what have they done to you? Nothing. And where is the profit in discharging an uncorrupt brakeman and hiring another just like him? It's unwise. Don't you see that the rational thing to do is to reform the brakeman and keep him? Of course it is.'

Then he quoted with admiration the conduct of a certain division superintendent of a railroad in a case where a switchman of two years' experience was negligent once and threw a train off the track and killed several people. Citizens came in a passion to urge the man's dismissal, but the superintendent said:

'No, you are wrong. He has learned his lesson, he will throw no more trains off the track. He is twice as valuable as he was before. I shall keep him.'

We had only one more adventure on the trip. Between Hartford and Springfield the train-boy came shouting in with an armful of literature and dropped a sample into a stumbling gentleman's lap, and the man woke up with a start. He was very angry, and he and a couple of friends discussed the outrage with much heat. They sent for the parlour-car conductor and described the matter, and were determined to have the boy expelled from his situation.

THE THREE COMPLAINTS WERE WEALTHY HOLYOKE MERCHANTS,

and it was evident that the conductor stood in some awe of them. He tried to pacify them, and explained that the boy was not under his authority, but under that of one of the news companies, but he accomplished nothing.

Then the major volunteered some testimony for the defence. He said:

'I saw it all. You gentlemen have not meant to exaggerate the circumstances, but still that is what you have done. The boy has done nothing more than all train-boys do. If you want to get his ways softened down and his manners reformed, I am with you and ready to help, but it isn't fair to get him discharged without giving him a chance.'

But they were angry and would hear of no compromise. They were well acquainted with the president of the Boston and Albany, they said, and would put everything aside next day and go up to Boston and fix that boy.

The major said he would be on hand too, and would do what he could to save the boy. One of the gentlemen looked him over, and said:

'Apparently, it is going to be a matter of who can wield the most influence with the president. Do you know Mr. Bliss personally?'

The major said, with composure: 'Yes; he is my uncle.'

The effect was satisfactory. There was an awkward silence for a minute or more, then the hedging and the half-confessions of over-haste and exaggerated resentment began, and soon everything was smooth and friendly and sociable, and it was resolved to drop the matter and leave the boy's bread and butter unmolested.

It turned out as I had expected; the president of the road was not the major's uncle at all—except by adoption, and for this day and train only.

We got into no episodes on the return journey. Probably it was because we took a night train and slept all the way.

We left New York Saturday night by the Pennsylvania road. After breakfast, next morning, we went into the parlour-car, but found it a dull place and dreary. There were but few people in it and nothing going on. Then we went into the little smoking compartment of the same car and found three gentlemen in there. Two of them were grumbling over one of the rules of the road—a rule which forbade card-playing on the trains on Sunday. They had started an innocent game of high-low jack and been stopped. The major was interested. He said to the third gentleman:

'Did you object to the game?'

'Not at all. I am a Yale professor and a religious man, but my prejudices are not extensive.'

Then the major said to the others:

'You are at perfect liberty to resume your game, gentlemen; no one here objects.'

One of them declined the risk, but the other one said he would like to begin again if the major would join him. So they spread an overcoat over their knees and the game proceeded. Pretty soon the parlour-car conductor arrived, and said brusquely:

'There, there, gentlemen, that won't do.'

PUT UP THE CARDS—IT'S NOT ALLOWED.

The major was shuffling. He continued to shuffle, and said:

'By whose orders is it forbidden?'

'It's my order. I forbid it.'

The dealing began. The major asked:

'Did you invent the idea?'

'What idea?'

'The idea of forbidding card-playing on Sunday.'

'No—of course not.'

'Who did?'

'The company.'

'Then it isn't your order, after all, but the company's. Is that it?'

'Yes. But you don't stop playing; I have to require you to stop playing immediately.'

'Nothing is gained by hurry, and often much is lost. Who authorised the company to issue such an order?'

'My dear sir, that is a matter of no consequence to me, and—'



THE MAJOR'S BROTHERS-IN-LAW.

'But you forget that you are not the only person concerned. It may be a matter of consequence to me. It is indeed a matter of very great importance to me. I cannot violate a legal requirement of my country without dishonouring myself; I cannot allow any man or corporation to hamper my liberties with illegal rules—a thing which railway companies are always trying to do—without dishonouring my citizenship. So I come back to that question: By whose authority has the company issued this order?'

'I don't know. That's their affair.'

'Mine, too. I doubt if the company has any right to issue such a rule. This road runs through several States. Do you know what State we are in now, and what its laws are in matters of this kind?'

'It's laws do not concern me, but the company's orders do. It is my duty to stop this game gentlemen, and it must be stopped.'

'Possibly; but still there is no hurry. In hotels they post certain rules in the rooms, but they always quote passages from the State law as authority for these requirements. I see nothing posted here of this sort. Please produce your authority and let us arrive at a decision, for you see, yourself, that you are marring the game.'

'I have nothing of the kind, but I have my orders, and that is sufficient. They must be obeyed.'

'Let us not jump to conclusions. It will be better all around to examine into the matter without heat or haste, and see just where we stand, before either of us makes a mistake—for the curtailing of the liberties of a citizen of the United States is a much more serious matter than you and the railroads seem to think, and it cannot be done in my person until the courtier proves his right to do so. Now—'

'My dear sir, will you put down those cards?'

'All in good time, perhaps. It depends. You say this order must be obeyed. *Must*. It is a strong word. You see, yourself, how strong it is. A wise company would not arm you with so drastic an order as this, of course, without appointing a penalty for its infringement. Otherwise it runs the risk of being a dead letter and a thing to laugh at. What is the appointed penalty for an infringement of this law?'

'Penalty? I never heard of any.'

'Unquestionably you must be mistaken. Your company orders you to come here and

RUDELY BREAK UP AN INNOCENT AMUSEMENT,

and furnishes you no way to enforce the order? Don't you see that that is nonsense? What do you do when people refuse to obey this order? Do you take the cards away from them?'

'No.'

'Do you put the offender off at the next station?'

'Well, no—of course we couldn't if he had a ticket.'

'Do you have him up before a court?'

The conductor was silent and apparently troubled. The major started a new deal, and said:

'You see that you are helpless, and that the company has placed you in a foolish position. You are furnished with an arrogant order, and you deliver it in a blustering way, and when you come to look into the matter you find you haven't any way of enforcing obedience.'

The conductor said, with chill dignity:



IT IS THE COMPANY'S RULE THAT PASSENGERS MUST LEAVE THEIR CITIZENSHIP WITH THE GATEMAN.

'Gentleman, you have heard the order, and my duty is ended. As to obeying it or not, you will do as you think fit—and he turned to leave.

'But wait. The matter is not yet finished. I think you are mistaken about your duty being ended; but if it really is, I myself have a duty to perform, yet.'

'How do you mean?'

'Are you going to report my disobedience at headquarters in Pittsburg?'

'No. What good would that do?'

'You must report me, or I will report you.'

'Report me for what?'

'For disobeying the company's orders in not stopping this game. As a citizen it is my duty to help the railway companies keep their servants to their work.'

'Are you in earnest?'

'Yes, I am in earnest. I have nothing against you as a man, but I have this against you as an officer—that you have not carried out that order, and if you do not report me I must report you. And I will.'

The conductor looked puzzled and was thoughtful a moment, then he burst out with—

'I seem to be getting myself into a scrape!

IT'S ALL A MUDDLE; I CAN'T MAKE HEAD OR TAIL OF IT; It's never happened before; they always knocked under and never said a word, and so I never saw how ridiculous that stupid order with no penalty is. I don't want to report anybody, and I don't want to be reported—why, it might do me no end of harm! Now do go on with the game—play the whole day if you want to—and don't let's have any more trouble about it!'

'No, I only sat down here to establish this gentleman's rights—he can have his place, now. But before you go, won't you tell me what you think the company made this rule for? Can you imagine an excuse for it? I mean a rational one—an excuse that is not on its face silly, and the invention of an idiot?'

'Why, surely I can. The reason it was made is plain enough. It is to save the feelings of the other passengers—the religious ones among them, I mean. They would not like it to have the Sabbath desecrated by card-playing on the train.'

'I just thought as much. They are willing to desecrate it themselves by travelling on Sunday, but they are not willing that other people—'

'By gracious, you've hit it! I never thought of that before. The fact is, it is a silly rule when you come to look into it.'

At this point the train-conductor arrived and was going to shut down the game in a very high-handed fashion, but the parlour-conductor stopped him and look him aside to explain. Nothing more was heard of the matter.

I was ill in bed eleven days in Chicago and got no glimpse of the Fair, for I was obliged to return east as soon as I was able to travel. The major secured and paid for a stateroom in a sleeper the day before we left, so that I could have plenty of room and be comfortable; but when we arrived at the station a mistake had been made and our car had not been put on. The conductor had reserved a section for us—it was the best he could do, he said. But the major said we were not in a hurry, and would wait for the car to be put on. The conductor responded with pleasant irony:

'It may be that you are not in a hurry, just as you say, but we are. Come, get aboard, gentlemen, get aboard—don't keep us waiting.'

But the major would not get aboard himself nor allow me to do it. He wanted his car, and said he must have it. This made the hurried and perspiring conductor impatient, and he said:

'Its the best we can do—we can't do impossibilities. You will take the section or go without. A mistake has been made and can't be rectified at this late hour. It's a thing that happens now and then, and there is nothing for it but to put up with it and make the best of it. Other people do.'

'Ah, that is just it, you see. If they had stuck to their rights and enforced them you wouldn't be trying to trample mine under foot in this bland way now. I haven't any disposition to give you unnecessary trouble, but it is my duty to protect the next man from this kind of imposition. So I must have my car. Otherwise I will wait in Chicago and sue the company for violating its contract.'

'Sue the company?—for a thing like that!'

'Certainly.'

'Do you really mean that?'

'Indeed, I do.'

The conductor looked the major over wonderingly, and then said:

'It beats me—it's bran new—I've never struck the mate to it before. But I swear I think you'd do it. Look here, I'll send for the station-master.'

When the station-master came he was a good deal annoyed at the major, not at the person who had made the mistake. He was rather brusque and took the same position which the conductor had taken in the beginning; but he failed to move the soft-spoken artilleryman, who still insisted that he must have his car. However, it was plain that there was only one strong side in this case, and that that side was the major's. The station-master banished his annoyed manner and became pleasant and even half-apologetic. This made a good opening for a compromise, and

THE MAJOR MADE A CONCESSION.

He said he would give up the engaged stateroom, but he must have a stateroom. After a deal of ransacking, one was found whose owner was persuadable; he exchanged it for our section, and we got away at last. The conductor called on us in the evening, and was kind and courteous and obliging, and we had a long talk and got to be good friends. He said he wished the public would make trouble oftener—it would have a good effect. He said that the railroads could not be expected to do their whole duty by the traveller unless the traveller would take some interest in the matter himself.

I hoped that we were done reforming for the trip, now, but it was not so. In the hotel car, in the morning, the major called for broiled chicken. The waiter said:

'It's not in the bill of fare, sir; we do not serve anything but what is in the bill.'

'That gentleman yonder is eating a broiled chicken.'

'Yes, but that is different. He is one of the superintendents of the road.'

'Then, all the more must I have broiled chicken. I do not like these discriminations. Please hurry—bring me a broiled chicken.'

The waiter brought the steward, who explained in a low and polite voice that the thing was impossible: it was against the rule, and the rule was rigid.

'Very well, then, you must either apply it impartially or break it impartially. You must take that gentleman's chicken away from him or bring me one.'

The steward was puzzled, and did not quite know what to do. He began an incoherent argument, but the conductor came along just then, and asked what the difficulty was. The steward explained that here was a gentleman who was insisting on having a chicken when it was dead against the rule and not in the bill. The conductor said:

'Stick by your rules—you haven't any option. Wait a moment—is this the gentleman?' Then he laughed and said: 'Never mind your rules—it's my advice and sound; give him anything he wants—don't get him started on his rights. Give him whatever he asks for; and if you haven't got it, stop the train and get it.'

The major ate the chicken, but said he did it from a sense of duty and to establish a principle, for he did not like chicken.

I missed the Fair, it is true, but I picked up some diplomatic tricks which I and the reader may find handy and useful as we go along.—*Cosmopolitan Magazine.*

AUCKLAND AMUSEMENTS.

'CAPTAIN FRITZ.'

'CAPTAIN FRITZ,' which succeeded 'Charley's Aunt' at the Opera House, is as pretty a play as the majority of Aucklanders had ever seen. One can easily understand that in Wellington, Dunedin, and Christchurch it was preferred by the critics to the company's trump card. 'Captain Fritz' appeals to a very much wider section of society, for to those unacquainted with college life and uninitiated in the fooling of undergraduates there is a lack of interest in 'Charley's Aunt,' laughable though that play undoubtedly is. In the play concerning the lady from Brazil we have buffoonery—irresistibly comic situations, *et voila tout*. We laugh, but it is not at the dialogue or any wit in the lines, merely at the utter absurdity of certain positions certain persons are placed in. In 'Captain Fritz' we have no buffoonery, but we have a sparkling dialogue full of wit and smart repartee; we have pathos, and we have pretty music and scenery. In place of Mr Thornton's genius in facial play

twice a week, and all inequalities are smoothed away. Ladies interested in rinking dresses and seeing who was there will find further information in the Auckland Society Gossip letter. The Club night will not be held to-morrow evening because of the Poultry Show, but we understand the rink will re-open again on the following Monday.

SAPIO-URSO CONCERTS.

AN hour or two after we went to press with this issue the Sapiro-Urso Company were to give the first concert of their season in Auckland. From the interest already manifested there seems little doubt that these accomplished artists will have a highly successful series of concerts in Auckland. The programmes are certainly such as must attract the truly musical, while at the same time they are not of the ultra classical order which would make them *covaris* to the general public. Private letters from musical persons 'down South' to their musical friends in the North are urgent in entreaties not to miss a single concert given by the Company. The merits of the various artists need not be recapitulated here, since most



MADAME DE VERE SAPIO.

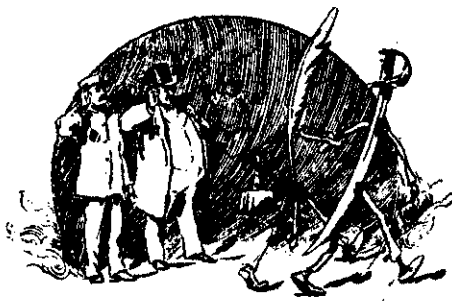
we have the genius of Mr Arnold, histrionically and vocally. A very fine piece of work indeed is this actor's impersonation of Captain Fritz. The character is an ideal one—there never was so entirely charming a German officer—but Mr Arnold makes him real. The songs are excellent, and 'Private Tommy Atkins' is especially worth hearing. The play was exceedingly well received in Auckland as elsewhere, and will be played this (Wednesday) evening. Then 'Hans the Boatman' follows, a play which has been a safe draw in Mr Arnold's hands for eight years, after this we are to have 'The Private Secretary,' with Mr Thornton in the title rôle.

CLUB RINK.

THE largest attendance of the season last Club night probably accounted for the fact that the evening was voted the pleasantest and most successful spent in the rink this winter. The rinkers were very numerous, and everyone seemed to have a party of friends looking on. The music was excellent, and the floor, thanks to the perpetual care of Manager Vincent and Professor James, is now as good as it ever was. It has been vigorously holystoned once or

of the readers of this paper have, by this time, seen, heard, and judged for themselves. This is, after all, far better than any newspaper criticism.

THERE is great competition now going on in the drapery trade all over the city. Some have big clearing-out sales, others forge ahead and spend a lot of money in extending their businesses in every possible way, to meet the requirements of their customers. Under this latter class is Mr R. Hobbs, of Queen-street, Auckland. He has been effecting great changes in his premises, and has now added building to building so that the shop shows over 50 feet of frontage. His clothing department, which is very extensive, extends right out to the Wakefield-street entrance, and the Manchester department has had an adjoining shop added, which makes this division very complete and spacious. The main building is devoted to the dress and fancy goods. The whole establishment forms four shops. Mr Hobbs has been compelled to extend his premises owing to the rapid growth of his city and country trade. The lady readers of THE GRAPHIC should inspect Mr Hobbs' advertisement on cover of this issue.



HAWERA LADIES' ORCHESTRA.

WITH this issue we present our readers with a picture of the members of the Hawera Ladies' Orchestra, which was founded in December, 1893. The Orchestra consists of sixteen members, one of the violinists (Miss E. Harrison) being absent when the photograph was taken. To Mr Joseph Higham, Professor of Music—who, by the way, has been most energetic and successful in promoting matters musical in Hawera—belongs the credit of the formation of this orchestra, and Hawera may be proud of possessing an institution which only a few of the large centres in the colony have established in their midst. The Hawera Ladies' Orchestra gave its first concert on 6th April, of this year, when the selections played were 'Beggar Student' (Ripley), 'Zingara' (Pettee), 'Triumph' (Bebe), and 'Mo Tapu Aroha' (a sparkling waltz composed by Mr Higham). The concert was an immense success, and the performances of the Orchestra were the subject of much favourable criticism. The Orchestra also played several selections at the concert given in Hawera by Miss Bessie Doyle, the talented violin virtuoso, who instructed her manager to publicly thank the Orchestra and its talented conductor, and to express her great appreciation of the Orchestra's playing, and her surprise at the existence of such an organisation in a town of the size of Hawera.

Our engraving is from a photograph by Messrs King and Thompson, photographers, of Hawera.

A NEW pianoforte soloist, Miss Spooner, is about to make her professional debut in Auckland. She gives a pianoforte recital at Berlin House on 13th of August, at which a large musical audience will without doubt foregather. Miss Spooner is to play a great number of *morceaux*, including Sonata Pathetique (Beethoven); Andante and Rondo Capriccioso (Mendelssohn); Nocturne in E flat (Chopin); Caprice Aerien (Wollenhaupt); 'Alice' (Acher); 'Adieu' (Schubert); 'Song of the Exile' (Concone); also organ solo, Sonata in B flat (Kuberau); organ part in organ and piano duo, 'Don Juan' (Mozart); first part in duo for two pianos, 'Le Nord' (Alberti); and first part in piano quartette, 'Grand Polonaise' (Weber). There are to be other items vocal and instrumental by some of our best musical talent in Auckland, so a pleasant concert may be expected.

SOCIETY PORTRAITS, No. 4.



Wrigglesworth and Binns, photo., Auckland.
MISS E. ROOKES, PARNELL, AUCKLAND.



Messrs King and Thompson, photo., Hawera.

HAWERA LADIES' ORCHESTRA.

FRONT ROW.—MISS FAIRHALL (violinello), MISS ESPAGNE (viola), MR J. HIGHAM (conductor). MIDDLE ROW.—MISS L. HARRISON (leading violin), MISS M. CANNELL (violin), MISS N. CANNELL (violin), MISS J. WILSON (violin), MISS O'REILLY (violin), MISS BROWN, ECCLESFIELD, ROBINSON (violins), MISS DUNN (piano). BACK ROW.—MISS TAIT (cornet), MISS FLYNN (double bass), MISS NELLIE FLYNN (trombone).

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

To know a truth well, one must have fought it out.—NOVALIS.

Simplicity is nature's first step, and the last of art.—P. J. BAILEY.

There is no great genius free from some tincture of madness.—SENECA.

Idleness travels very leisurely and poverty soon overtakes her.—HUNTER.

He who despises mankind will never get the best out of others or himself.—ANON.

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

If liberty with law is fire on the hearth, liberty without law is fire on the floor.—HILLARD.

No man will ever amount to much who labours under the impression that somebody else is always in his way.

'Well, friends,' said a Scotch clergyman recently, 'the kirk is urgently in need of siller, and as we have failed to get money honestly we will have to see what a bazaar can do for us.'

LIKE A CROWDED 'BUS.

The world is like a crowded 'bus;
A few good men, perhaps,
May find a seat, but most of us
Must hang on by the straps.

MILITARY SALUTES.—The military custom of saluting by bringing the hand into a horizontal position over the eyebrows is supposed to date back to the tournaments of the Middle Ages, when, after the Queen of Beauty was enthroned, the knights who were to take part in the sports of the day marched past the dais on which she sat, and as they passed, shielded their eyes from the rays of her beauty. The principal part of the officers' salutes—kissing the hilt of the sword—dates also from the Middle Ages. When the crusaders were on the march to the Holy City, the knights were in the daily custom of planting their long two handed swords upright in the ground, thereby forming a cross, and before these they performed their morning devotions. On all military occasions they kissed the hilts of their swords in token of devotion to the cross—for the prayers of the soldiers were considered of such efficacy that they were made an essential part of their duty.

A BABY'S EVIDENCE.—Here is a story vouched for by a London journal, showing how a small baby once got his mother into serious difficulties and then made amends by getting her out of them again. It seems that a poor seamstress with a child in her arms was tried for the theft of three gold coins. She said in defence:—'I went to my employer's house on business. I carried my child in my arms, as it is now. I was not paying attention to it. There were several gold coins on the mantel-piece, and, unknown to me, it stretched out its little hand and seized three pieces, which I did not observe until I got home. I at once put on my bonnet and was going back to my employers to return them when I was arrested. This is the solemn truth, as I hope for heaven's mercy.' The Court could not believe this story. They upbraided the mother for her impudence in endeavouring to palm off such a falsehood for the truth. But she so pertinaciously asserted her innocence that a novel experiment was made in her favour. One of the officials proposed to renew the scene described by the mother. The gold coins were placed on the clerk's table. The mother was requested to resume the position in which she stood at her employer's house. There was then a breathless pause in court. The baby soon discovered the bright coins, eyed them for a moment, smiled, and then clutched them in its fingers with a miser's eagerness. The mother was at once acquitted.

AN EGYPTIAN WEDDING.—Among the wedding gifts of the bride, a pretty little maid of fifteen, were three diamond tiaras and fifty-six shawls! Her bedroom, which she furnished herself, was very beautiful; there were cut glass bowls and pitchers on the wash stand, fine linen towels heavily embroidered in gold, a silver toilet set on the dressing table, and on the little table by the bed, a gold tray, with gold pitcher and cups to match, and many other modern European articles about the room, showing that the Egyptian woman is progressing in some direction at least, notwithstanding her limited environment. There is no church ceremony for the bride; the groom goes to the mosque and prays, she meanwhile waiting for his return, seated on a throne in her apartment, and gazed at by many richly dressed women. A wedding affords them one of the few opportunities they have for displaying their possessions to each other, and they improve it. When the bridegroom came the trembling bride arose, her veil was put over her face, and from an opposite door the procession entered—eunuchs carrying torches, singing-women, and then the groom, dressed in a conventional modern European dress-suit. He was a good-looking fellow of twenty-two years. He had been educated in France, and had imbibed many progressive ideas. He advanced to the bride and raised her veil, seeing thus her face for the first time (what an anxious moment!) looked at her intently for a moment, and bent over and kissed her. Congratulations from those present ensued, and then all were ready for the wedding feast.

VIOLETS OF SPRING.

WHAT is most like the beauty of their face?
Or where on Nature's palette lies the hue
Can dominate their airy, tender grace?
Is it the tint of soft and misty blue
That coats the ruddy ripeness of the plum
Ere yet the touch of spoiling hand has come?

'Tis not the glow of summer skies at noon,
When white winged clouds make azure deeper still,
Nor when at midnight the full orb'd moon
Sends o'er the tide her strange, magnetic thrill.
And the far gleam of heaven's burnished floor
To glowing asphire deepens more and more.

But they have caught among their perfumed sheaves
Th' ethereal tint the purpling evening sends
O'er moor and mountain, flood, and folding leaves,
Ere slow, through paling skies the night descends;
When golden clouds beyond the distant hill
Stretch westward, and the earth grows darkly still.

Their odour fills the winding woodland way,
And floats in silence o'er the meadow sweet,
Like matin incense at the break of day,
When all earth kneels at her Creator's feet;
This tender blossom, too, its guileless prayer
Sends mounting upward on the morning air.

And like the sound of witching music past,
Or wind that murmurs in the summer trees,
Or echo, where some careless stone is cast—
It fills the heart with thrilling memories.
Old passions stir beneath the vague regrets
That breathe from clustering lips of violets.

MRS S. H. COALE

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

MEDICINAL VALUE OF APPLES.

The medicinal value of apples is not half appreciated, said Dr. J. L. Selkirk. 'To men of sedentary habits whose lives are sluggish the acids of the apple serve to eliminate from the body noxious matters, which, if retained, would make the brain heavy and dull, or bring about jaundice, skin eruptions and kindred evils. The malic acid of ripe apples, raw or cooked, will neutralise any excess of chalky matter engendered by eating too much meat. It is also true that such ripe fruit as the apple, pear and plum, taken without sugar, diminish acidity of the stomach rather than provoke it, as is popularly but erroneously supposed. Their juices are converted into alkaline carbonate, which tend to counteract acidity.'

SMALL STEAM ENGINES.

During the last few years several makes of small steam engines have come into extensive use for various kinds of work, but, unlike the general class of steam engines, they are worked in conjunction with small oil-fired boilers. They require practically no skilled attendance, are easily manipulated, entirely automatic in operation, and, after having been once started, may be said to take care of themselves. The oil burnt under the boilers is introduced into the furnaces in exactly the required quantities to maintain a certain steam pressure and supply, and the pressure itself is made to exercise all the functions of a controlling attendant, reducing or cutting off the oil supply when a set limit of pressure is attained, and again turning it on when there is a fall below that limit.

TRAMWAY GAS MOTORS IN GERMANY.

Two systems of street cars, to be driven by coal gas motors, have been devised. The cars, made by a Swiss firm for the Neuchatel and St. Blaise line, weigh six tons each, carry 20 passengers, are driven by an 8-horse power twin gas motor on one of the platforms, and consume from 24 to 33 cubic feet of gas per mile run. Sufficient gas can be carried for a round trip of six miles. In a car made on the plan of Herr Lührig, of Dresden, 10 reservoirs carry from 45 to 65 cubic feet of gas under a pressure of six atmospheres, the two engines—each of 7 to 8 horse power—are under the seats, and 29 passengers can be accommodated. Of the reservoirs, two are on the roof, the others under the body of the car. For a line of five miles, the total cost of construction and equipment is estimated at £30,000 for a gas railway, £38,000 for an electric railway, and £28,000 for a horse railway. At German prices, the running expenses are considerably less with gas than with electricity, and somewhat less with electricity than with horses.

THE NEW ZEALAND

GRAPHIC PREMIUM

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—A—

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EARLY HISTORY OF NEW ZEALAND

unfolds a strange story of British pluck and adventure, of love and hate, of crime, of war and bloodshed, and of peaceful Christian effort and self-sacrifice. The book traces the beginnings of Anglo-Saxon colonisation in these islands, and gives a graphic picture of that wild life which preceded the complex civilisation which has grown up in these later years and which differs little from the condition of society prevalent in lands where the people have fallen heir to the labour and thought of many generations of their fellow countrymen. How different was the state of society, how strange the conditions under which the first settlers of New Zealand lived and worked to lay the foundations of a new order of things in a land where barbarism reigned supreme, the events recorded in the pages of this book show.

PANORAMIC VIEWS

—OF—

EARLY SETTLEMENT

AT BAY OF ISLANDS, AUCKLAND, TARANAKI, NAPIER, WANGANUI, WELLINGTON, NELSON, CANTERBURY, AKAROA, OTAGO—WITH SCENES AND SKETCHES OF THE FIRST STREETS AND BUILDINGS.

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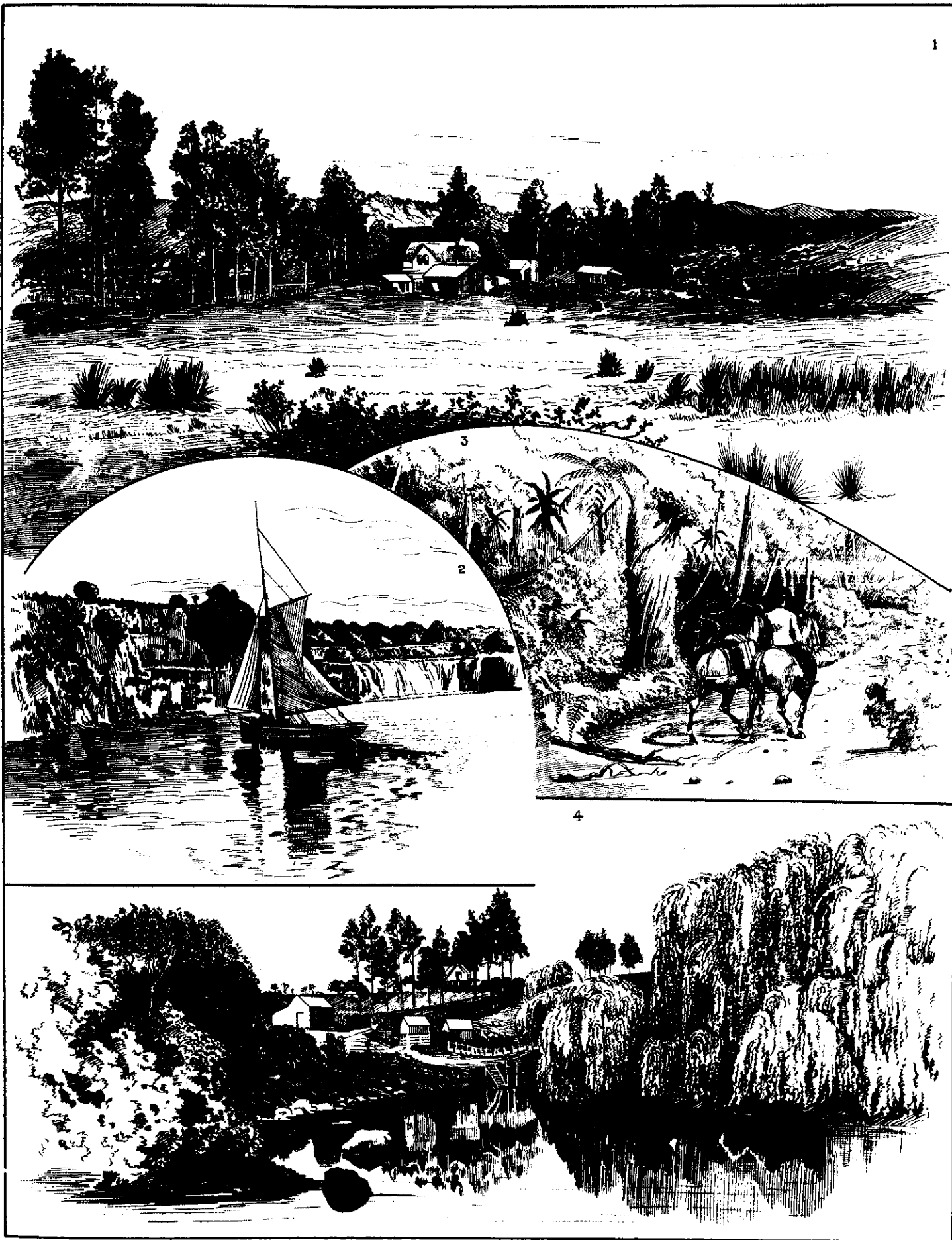


COLOURS AND MICROBES.

A scheme for extracting the colouring matter from microbes has just been put forth by M. Gaston Spencier, a foreign chemist. To carry out this scheme it is necessary to cultivate the microbes on quite a commercial scale. Microbe farms will become the indispensable adjunct of every self-respecting dye factory. The nutritive broths and cultures, which at present are prepared in stealth and private laboratories, will be dealt with in soup kitchens and steamed in bulk. The bacillus will no longer, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, drag out a precarious existence in the face of persecution, but will be fattened up under conditions which best suit him. When he has laid on pigment in sufficiently large quantities the liquid he infests will be strained off. He himself will be pressed and dried, and finally treated with chemical agents capable of removing the colouring matter which constitutes the secret of his strength and of his power to do harm. Hitherto we have not got anything out of the microbes that is worth having, but it looks as if we are going to get the best of him at last, and at least turn him to some commercial account.

TOOTHACHE.

Mr Main Nichol, in a communication to the *Dental Record*, advocates some new remedies for the various forms of pain familiar to most persons under the above heading. The dull, constant aching due to periosteal inflammation, he thinks, more effectually relieved by means of a comparatively fresh acetic acid, than by the tincture of acetic, the former having greater strength and more persistent action. The gum over the inflamed root being dried, a piece of the leaf of a suitable size is cut, and this is simply pressed into place, where, as a rule, it will remain as long as a cap-sicum plaster. Leaves may be kept moist in a tin box with a tight fitting lid, in the interior of which is a damp sponge. In pyorrhoea alveolaris a common symptom is an intense itching, almost akin to pain, and perhaps more intolerable, provoking a constant desire to rub the gums. This pruritus, probably the result of the chronic gingivitis, is homologous to eczema and readily disappears with the employment of one of the essential oils, notably that of peppermint, used as a mouth-wash or toothbrush tincture. By the way, we may remark that a great improvement upon the ordinary toothbrush where medicaments are to be applied to the gum, either with or without massage, is the so-called 'indestructible toothbrush,' in which the bristles are replaced by indian rubber, which was invented by the late Mr Napier. Where pulp is acutely inflamed Mr Nichol advocates the heroic treatment of drilling into them with the dental engine and maintains that the relief obtained more than compensates for the pain of the operation. Perhaps it does; but it must surely be rare to find a patient willing a second time to submit to a similar proceeding without an anæsthetic. On one point everyone will agree with Mr Nichol, viz. that the exhibition of a little sympathy, if it will not relieve pain, will go far to enable the patient to bear it with fortitude. The sentiment expressed that every dentist ought to have had his teeth stopped is one that will probably be echoed by most who have been unfortunate enough to sit in a dental chair.

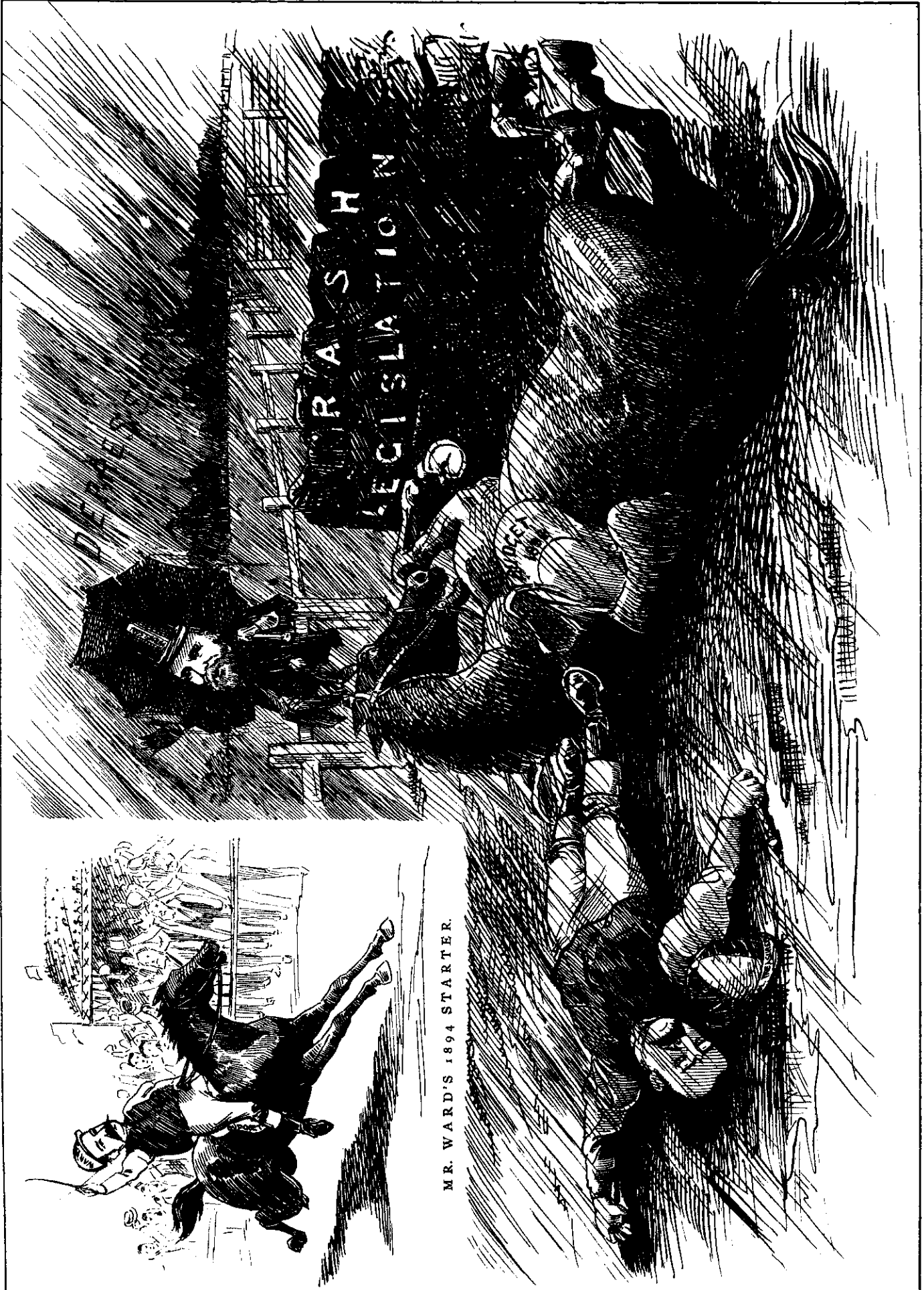


SKETCHES AT WAITANGI.

1. A Bush Hotel on the Waitangi Road. 2. The Waitangi Falls. 3. A Turn in the Road. 4. A Picturesque View on the River.

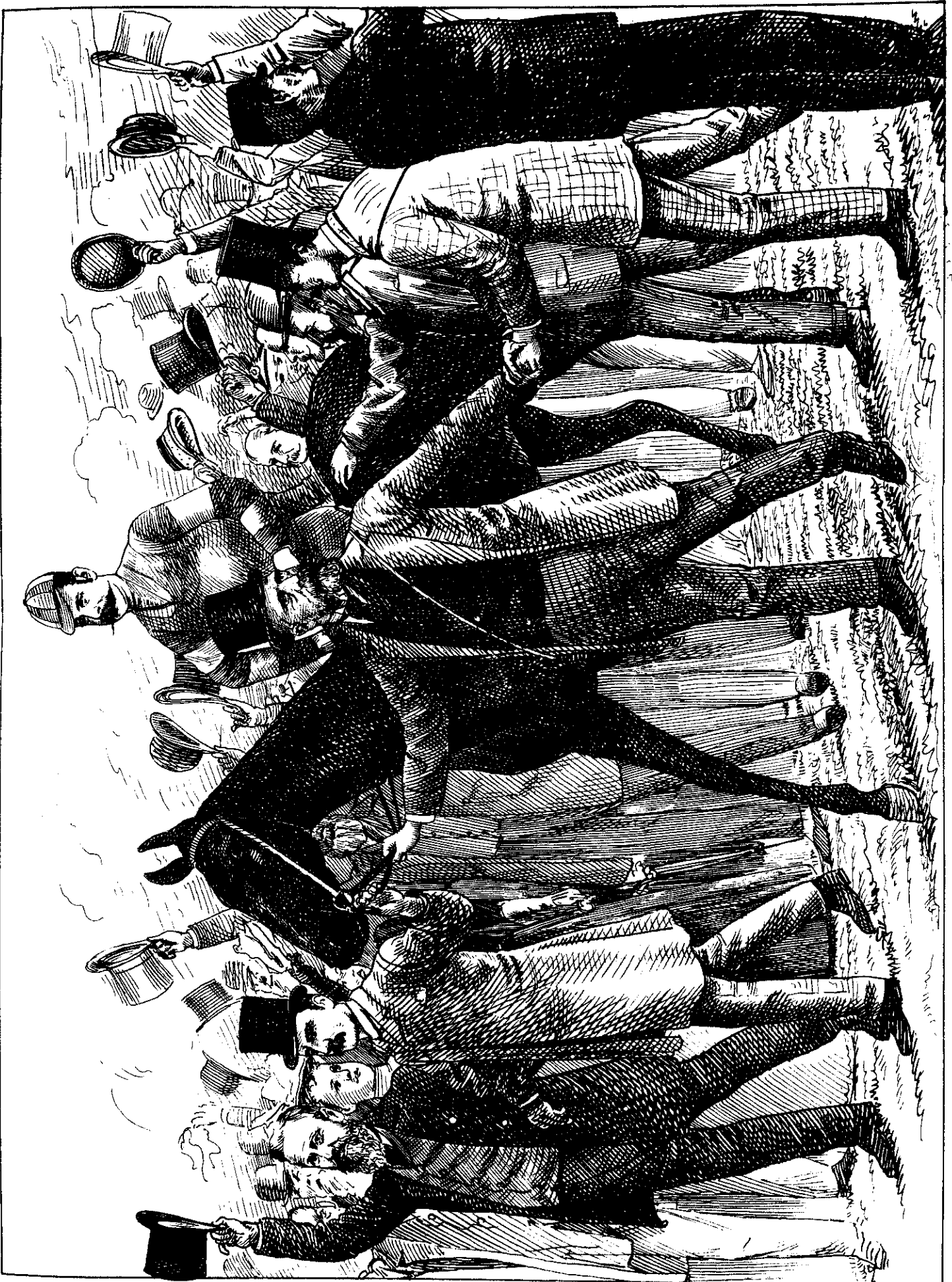
THE RACE FOR THE PROSPERITY STAKES.

WHAT WILL BE THE RESULT?



MR. WARD'S 1894 STARTER.

WHAT THE OPPOSITION OPINE.



WHAT THE GOVERNMENT THINK.

POOR LITTLE CINDERELLA

BY THE DUCHESS OF YORK
AUTHOR OF MOLLY BAWN, PHYLIS, ETC.



'WON'T YOU ASK ELLIE?'



“AY I help you?” asks he. Cinderella, standing on the top of the stile gathering her skirts together in one hand with a view to jumping down to Phil, who is waiting for her in the next field with the impatience which belongs to men alone, turns abruptly. The voice has startled her and the sudden turn has done the rest—she aways a little, makes a violent effort to recover herself, and then falls right into the arms of the young man below her.

“Oh, I beg your pardon,” gasps she when the first shock is over and she finds herself sound in wind and limb. “I really think it is I who ought to beg yours,” says the young man with a sort of laugh. He is still holding her, very lightly, by each arm and gazing at her as if a woman is quite a new creation as far as he is concerned. What a charming face! Wao is she!

The robe is living in her cheeks. The lily in her rounded chin.

“Are you coming, Ella?” cries little Phil from the other side. He had seen her fall and her deliverance, and having heard her speak is beginning to grow impatient once more. And when so little time is given them, too!

“Yes, yes,” cries Ella back to him, and turns once more to the stile. Sir Charles restrains her, however, until he has sprung up himself, and then, holding out his hand to her, brings her safely to the other side. And Phil? Phil is a revelation.

“That you, Phil?” says he. “I didn’t know you,” with a glance at Cinderella, “had another sister.”

“Well, I haven’t either,” says Phil. “Ella’s not my sister. I wish she were.”

“Ah?”

“He’s a cousin,” says Cinderella, with a little touch of dignity that sits most sweetly on her. “Mrs Langley is my aunt; my name is Ella Derwent. Thank you, holding out her hand with an evident view to getting rid of him, “I don’t suppose I shall meet with any more accidents.” Her smile is beautiful—if a little sad, a little restrained. It occurs to Brand, staring at her in quite an unpardonable fashion, that there must have been some earlier day when her smile had no restraint—when it must have been as bright as the sunbeams round her. It occurs to him later on, that is half an hour later, when she is gone from him, that she is the first girl he ever saw that he wanted to see again.

“I am going your way—at all events as far as the turn to “The Towers,” says he. “May I keep you company?”

“Oh, yes, do,” says Phil, who, like all the boys, likes the grown-up companionship of one of his own sex.

“I hope your mother is well,” says Brand turning to him. And then to Ella. “I don’t think I ever met you at Langholm?”

“No,” says the girl curtly. “You were out perhaps?”

“I have not been long here.”

“Neither have I. At least I only came back from Canada five weeks ago.” He waits as if expecting an answer and then “You came since that?”

“No,” reluctantly. “Before that.”

Here Phil breaks in.

“They aren’t one bit fond of Ella,” says he. “They’re horrid to her. But when I grow up I’m going to be nice to her, and she’s coming to live with me, and I’ll be good to her always.”

“Happy you?” says Brand, laughing. He does not look at Ella, who is evidently very confused and embarrassed. He turns to Phil. “Will your people be at home to-morrow?” asks he. “I want to come over and see them. Miss Langley dropped me a line about this dance of my mother’s—an invitation for some one. Will you tell her I shall be at your home at four and that I’ll take my chance of finding your mother in? Ah, here is my way. Good-bye, Miss Derwent—until—,” he tries to catch her glance and falls, “to-morrow.”

“Ella, Ella! where is that girl? Oh, here you are. Ella, Sir Charles Brand is coming this afternoon. Adeline wrote to him a most trivial letter about an invitation for Mr Spencer for his dance and—” with ill-suppressed

excitement, “he evidently intends to answer it in person. You see that tea and cake are sent in at five precisely. The best silver and china, of course, and some of those hot cakes that you make. Really, it is a blessing you can do even so little a thing as that. Do see they aren’t burnt.” Matilda Langley pauses for a moment. Her mother, the honourable Mrs Langley and Cinderella’s aunt, though keeping a very fair appearance before the world, is in reality as poverty stricken as the proverbial church mouse. Few people, however, know that her niece, poor little Ella, is nothing better than a third servant in her house, doing most of the useful things. Indeed, how could the public know? Cinderella in Mrs Langley’s drawing-room is an unknown quantity.

“When I have sent in tea can I go out?” asks Cinderella, nervously. “Phil wants me to go with him to—”

“By all means, and keep him out as long as you can, till—well after six. Now remember.”

As she turns back into the drawing-room Miss Langley says to her sister: “She has arranged to take Phil out, and a good thing, too. Capital riddance of both. Killing two birds with one stone. You remember how troublesome she was that one day she was in the drawing-room by chance when Major McClaren called. He never spoke to anyone but her.”

Brand’s visit had come and gone. He spent most of it staring at the door, but it never opened to admit anyone save the maid with the tea. The little lovely pale face he had hoped to see did not appear. The Misses Langley, however, were delighted. Could any girls have softer, kinder voices? And Mrs Langley—she looked like a modern Madonna, so heavenly, so benevolent.

As he leaves the house he strikes across the lawn and into the small wood beyond. In that wood he had met her yesterday. And here, indeed, he meets her again to-day, the devoted Phil beside her.

She springs to her feet as she sees him, a soft flush dyeing her cheeks.

“This is not your way home,” says she, involuntarily.

“Is that why you choose to sit here?” asks he, a little anger in his heart against her. He had as good as told her he would be at Langholm to day.

“Oh, no,” says she, as if a little shocked.

“Yet I have a grievance,” says he. “I told you I should call upon your aunt this afternoon.”

“I remember,” calmly.

“You seem to remember everything except my real meaning. Do you honestly believe I went there to see your aunt?”

“You said so,” says the girl—she has grown a little paler. The hot, sweet flush has all died away.

“Oh, I said so. Yes. But—”

“Do you mean to say you came to see me?” asks she quickly.

She moves nearer to him and gazes at him with her soft, steadfast eyes, as though he is a curiosity.

“Yes,” returns he, gravely.

To his discomfort she bursts out laughing. It is rather a sad little laugh, however.

“Well, you are the first person who has come to see me for two years,” says she.

“No wonder, if you treat all your visitors as you treat me,” stiffs.

“Is that how you look at it?” says she. She pauses and then goes on again. “It would have made no difference, anyway,” says she, “whether I knew or not of your coming. They—I—,” confusedly. “I never go into the drawing-room.”

“But why?”

She hesitates and looks uneasily around her. “Because—where are you Phil? Because I—I don’t care for society,” declares she, bravely if untruly, as the tears rush to her eyes.

“Don’t mind her,” says Phil, in high disgust. She’d give her eyes to go to balls and dances; but they won’t take her.”

at Sir Charles. “You said,” reproachfully, “that you liked him yesterday, Ellie! And, besides, I thought—” He goes up to Brand. His round little face is very red, but, taking his courage in two hands, and with all his boyish heart a-fire with the hope of helping her he loves, he says shyly: “You are going to give a dance next week, Sir Charles, aren’t you? Won’t you ask Ellie?”

Somebody puts Phil aside with a small but determined hand. Ella’s face is as white as snow as she looks steadily at Brand.

“You will not, of course, listen to Phil,” says she, her tone cold and dignified. “It is all nonsense. He is only a boy. He does not understand. Come home, Phil. You must prepare your lessons for to-morrow.” With the faintest little bow to Brand she turns away. She had not even bidden him good bye.

That night at dinner Sir Charles tells his mother something of his acquaintance with Cinderella.

“What relation can she be to Mrs Langley?” says he. “She calls her aunt. But what aunt could be so inhuman as to leave that child at home when she and her daughters are going out to dances? She says her name is Derwent—Ella Derwent.” He seems to linger on the “Ella.”

His mother flushes delicately through her pretty, clear skin.

“Derwent?” An old memory comes back to her. “I know of course, that Mrs Langley was Fred—Colonel Derwent’s sister, but I did not know he had left any children behind him.”

“One, only, it appears. This poor child I am telling you about.”

“But why have I never seen her?”

“Ah,” says Brand. Then he tells her all he has been able to gather from Phil’s affectionate garrulity. When he has finished he says:

“You have not sent her an invitation to our dance?”

“My dear boy, how could I? I never even knew she was there. Of course, I’ll send it now. Poor Fred Derwent’s girl. I’ll write at once. The late post has not gone yet.”

“Better give it to me. I’ll ride over with it to-morrow.”

The first person he meets in the hall at Langholm is Cinderella—without her godmother, Phil, for a wonder.

“I have come with an invitation for you from my mother,” says he, catching her hand. She would have gone quickly by him.

“I wish you had not done this,” says she, reproachfully.

“But why—why?” impetuously. “Why should you not dance if you want to, why, earnestly, not dance with me?” “If, with increasing earnestness that amounts to beseeching, “you will only want to, Miss Derwent.”

She starts and looks at him. It is so long since anyone has given the girl her real title. It has been “Ella this,” and “Ella that,” and “Ella, why didn’t you do as I desired



'ELLA, COULD YOU LOVE ME?'

you,' for such a dreary time that she is quite stirred out of her calm by his words.

'Miss Derwent, you won't refuse my mother's invitation?' 'Oh—I think so, coldly. 'You must know that the very knowledge of its having been asked for by Phil would—'

'But why should that weigh with you? The fact is, my mother never knew you were staying at Langholm, and when she heard of it—you being the daughter of a very old friend of hers—'

'Of hers?'

'Yes, it seems she knew your father, Colonel Derwent, very well indeed in (laughing) the dark ages.'

'She knew my father? The girl is looking at his shining eyes. 'She knows him? He was a friend of hers?'

'A very great friend, I think.'

'Ah, I shall love her,' says Ella, tremulously. She is looking very beautiful with those bright, soft eyes and the sudden warm, happy flush that is dyeing her cheeks and brow.

Brand laughs. 'I wish I had been a friend of your father,' says he. 'There is a good deal of meaning in his laugh. Ella glances at him nervously.'

'Perhaps,' he says softly, 'you will let me be a friend of yours instead.'

He holds out his hand, and the girl, without a moment's hesitation, lays her own within it. He grasps it firmly—such a little hand!

'You will accept?' says he.

'Yes; but it will be of no use. My aunt,' she pauses and her eyes seek the ground—'my aunt will not wish me to accept.'

'Oh, if that is all, I'll manage it,' says he gaily. There is a sound of coming footsteps. Phil's laugh rings somewhere round the corner. 'The first waltz,' whispers Brand hurriedly. Ella smiles. He has barely time to press a light, but heartfelt kiss upon her hand, when the boy comes rushing into the hall.

Brand is as good as his word. He so represents his mother's message that Mrs Langley feels that to refuse her invitation to Ella would probably be productive of nothing but coldness between the families, and, indeed, does not see this unnecessary—this most unnecessary civility to her moneyless niece show a decided desire on Lady Brand's part to grow more intimate with them? And what does that mean? Oh! there can be no mistake about it at all. Sir Charles' two visits here within a week, and his attentions to Laura, another of Mrs Langley's daughters—dear Laura, sweet girl. Why, he has even asked her to sing at the coming concert, to be given at 'The Towers' next month.

She murmurs a few words to Brand. 'So kind of dear Lady Brand! Such a charming letter! Poor little Ella, I fear she will hardly appreciate it! Such a very shy girl! Much as I and,' with an overpowering affectionate look at the two gaunt daughters, 'and my girls, especially Laura, have done to induce her to accompany me into the little world around us, she has always refused—held us at arm's length, as it were. The dearest girl, I assure you, Sir Charles, but so peculiar! Such a trial!'

Sir Charles had listened to it all with an impassive countenance. He asked each of the Miss Langleys for a dance, neither of them, however, for the first waltz! That is sacred!

The lights are burning low in the conservatory. The soft, musical fall of the water in the fountain is mingling harmoniously with the sound of the waltz in the ballroom, far away. Upon a lounge half hidden by flowering myrtles Ella and Sir Charles Brand are sitting. Ella had danced with him a great deal during the night. It seemed to the poor little Cinderella that it was bound to be her first and last entertainment, and she had given herself up to it heart and body. That first sweet waltz had led to many others; and now, as the lights grow low, and joy draws to its close, she is resting here with him, her child's soul waking to the greater life beyond.

Her hand is in his. He has asked her a question, but she has not answered it. He leans over her.

'Tell me, Ella. I know you do not love me now, but—could you love me?'

'Oh, how can I know?' says the poor child passionately. 'You come to me, you are kind to me when no one else is kind except Phil, dear Phil. All I do know is,' says she trembling, 'that I am glad when I see you. But I am so afraid that it may be only—because I want to escape from—'

Here the loyalty of her nature checks her speech. She cannot condemn the aunt who has, at all events, kept her from the horrors of the poorhouse.

'Ella, look at me,' says her lover. Slowly, very slowly, she lifts her eyes to his. There is something within their soft shy depths that gives him all the courage in the world.

'Ah! You can—you will—you do!' says he in a low strong tone. 'I believe in you. You will marry me, Ella? Say that.'

At this moment both hear the sound of footsteps approaching. Ella almost flings him from her, recognizing the coming steps. Mrs Langley comes around the myrtle bushes.

'Tell me,' whispers Brand, despairingly. But Ella is beyond words now. Her eyes are fixed upon her aunt—she is trembling. Her face is changed: there is great fear upon it. Brand sees that she cannot answer.

'Write a word upon your card,' entreats he passionately. 'Only one. I shall see you in the cab before you go. Ella, remember.'

Mrs Langley is with them now. With a suave smile to Brand she takes Ella away. Even in the cloakroom her aunt keeps her eyes upon her. Yet she gets one moment to herself, when she scribbles on her card 'Yes.' Such a little word; yet how much it means. It means love for him—her lover, her prince. Oh, how she does love him. The girl slips the card into the opening of her glove and follows her aunt into the hall. How to give it to him!

When to the hall no opportunity presents itself. Closely guarded by her aunt, and flanked on either side by her cousin, she is unceremoniously but politely pushed into her carriage. Brand has followed them—his last look is for Cinderella. It goes to her very heart. There is reproach, anger, despair in it. She leans in the corner of the carriage and bursts into silent tears. He will never forgive her. Never. And if only he had known. If only she could have slipped that little card into his hands. She feels for the card.

Surely she had stuck it there, near her wrist. The whole

world grows dark to her, as she recognizes the fact that the card is gone—lost.

If they should have found it out.

'Your conduct was perfectly disgraceful. It was monstrous. I give you to understand at once that it will not be allowed. You—' Mrs Langley stops short and draws her breath sharply.

'Why don't you go on, mamma? It is as well that she should hear the truth at once—that she is here on sufferance,' says Laura, who is always called the 'soft-tongued' by those who do not know her.

'A mere beggar,' says Matilda, with a cruel glance.

But Ella has heard one word only.

'Disgraceful,' repeats she faintly. 'Oh, had he thought—'

'Yes, disgraceful. Sitting for hours in that conservatory with Sir Charles, who, you must know, cares nothing for you.'

'He simply amuses himself. He—'

The door is thrown open at this moment, and Sir Charles Brand, who had not waited to be announced, comes up the drawing-room.

'How d'ye do, Mrs Langley,' says he calmly, if coldly. There is rather a dangerous light in his eyes. He had heard raised voices as he came near the door, and now on his entrance the situation becomes quite clear to him. The three tall angry women standing over there, and his poor little love cowering away from them here. He bows somewhat curtly to the two girls, who are now overcome with horror, and goes straight to Ella.

'This is yours, I think,' says he in a perfectly regulated tone. He has his back to them, however, and they cannot see the smile and glance he gives to Cinderella. He takes something out of his pocket and presses it into her small, cold, trembling hand. Instantly her fingers close over it. It is her card—that she had believed lost. He had seen it—read it? That one short word! All doubt on this point is set at rest at once. Lowering his voice he goes on hurriedly:

'You meant it. I found it last night lying in the hall. You did mean it!'

The girl's face is answer enough. It is transfused. A great light has sprung into her tear-stained eyes. Hope—that splendid thing—has made its home within them. She looks up at him.

'Yes,' she whispers.

He turns at once to Mrs Langley. He cannot indeed bear to look longer on the radiance that has lit up poor little Cinderella's face. If he did he might give way, forget himself, and clasp her in his arms. There is such undisguised happiness in it—such a belief in his power to deliver her—as goes to his very heart.

'I have come over this morning,' says he in a clear, distinct voice, 'to tell you that last night I asked Miss Derwent to marry me. She has done me the honour to accept me. My mother,' addressing Ella and taking one of her hands in both his own, 'will call upon you this afternoon. I,' softly, 'ventured to tell her of my hopes.'

'As Ella's guardian,' says Mrs Langley, icily, 'I may perhaps be allowed to say that I think she ought to have told me of this engagement. But consideration for me has never seemed to her to be necessary. Affection I have not looked for, but common courtesy I think might have been granted me.'

'There was so little time,' falters poor Cinderella, 'and besides—'

'Pray don't apologize,' stiffs. 'It is too late for an apology. Since the hour I received you, penniless, into my house, you have treated me with nothing but ingratitude.'

'If you had loved me—' begins Cinderella, in a choking tone. She cannot go on. Brand, who is inwardly raging, comes to the rescue.

'I am sure Ella is extremely sorry she has been such an annoyance to you,' says he haughtily. 'It is providential that the annoyance need not last for ever. In fact, I hope Ella will let me put an end to it as speedily as possible. Both my mother and I will be delighted to welcome her to "The Towers" as soon as ever she can come. It cannot, turning tenderly to Ella, be too soon!'

She makes him no answer. He can see she is terribly agitated.

'Are you too tired to come for a little walk with me?' asks Brand. 'I really think,' addressing Mrs Langley with the utmost nonchalance, 'that half an hour or so in the open air would do her good. When one has been dancing all night, especially when not accustomed to it—and your niece has gone out so very seldom—he cannot resist this thrust—there is nothing like a good, smart walk. Don't you think so?'

'Ella is the best judge of her own actions,' said Mrs Langley, coldly.

'Come then, Ella,' says Sir Charles. He catches her hand and leads her to the open window. It is very near the ground. Springing down himself first, he holds out his arms to her, and in a second has her beside him.

'Now, let us run for it,' says he. All his gaiety has returned to him. His manner is infectious. Cinderella finds herself laughing, too, as they fly round the corner band in hand and into the sweet recesses of the wood beyond.

'Here they stop. Brand looks at her.

'Nell,' says he. There is a little suspicion of fear in his heart. Has he been too precipitate—carried matters with too high a hand? Was it his love she wanted or only his help? His face betrays to her his fears.

In a second she turns to him. She is lying on his heart.

'Oh, how I love you!' cries she.

'Really—really, Nell!'

'Can't you see?' says she.

Well, it seems very easy to see! And after a while when probably his vision is quite clear, she asks him a question.

'Why do you call me Nell?'

'I don't know. For one thing, because that hateful woman calls you Ella. But principally, I suppose, because I have always thought of you as Nell. My Nell—you are that, aren't you?'

The answer to this is not in words. 'I hope your mother will like me!' says she presently, in a very nervous way.

'Like you! She will love you. Not as I love you, however. He presses his cheek to hers. 'Do you know what I call you in my heart?'

'No. How can I see into your heart?'

'Well, if you can't, nobody can. I call you my white dove.'

'And what do I call you?'

'Charles!' suggest he mischievously.

At this they both laugh.

'Nonsense!' giving him a little push away from her—a very little push. 'How prosaic you are. No. I call you my Prince, because you have rescued your Cinderella!'

A PEA-SHOOTER-PROOF ASCOT VEIL!

MASTER'S INVENTION.

EXTRAORDINARY EXPERIMENTS.

RECENTLY the auditorium of the Vampire Palace was crowded by an audience far more numerous than select, anxious to witness the tests to which Herr Master was about to submit his new Pea-Shooter-Proof Ascot Veil. Admission was by bouncing the gate only, and among those present we noticed several of the best known rascaille gonnops, sporting peers, erect card tellers, crowned and other heads, Press spongers, and a large contingent of reel lidies, who had been attracted by the prospect of putting in a bit of profitable afternoon overtime. Proceedings commenced by the popular manager of the Vampire, Mr Scratchings, introducing the inventor to the audience, and a committee was then chosen to testify to the *bona fides* of the experiments, those selected including Romano's chucker, Captain Kelly of London, the Bishop of Finborough Road, and other celebrities.

Excitement increased with the production of the veil, which was hung on a chair. It was apparently formed of light gauze of the usual kind, and had no special appearance calculated to excite curiosity. That celebrated marksman, Captain Shifter, having then taken his stand opposite it at a distance of five yards, proceeded to open fire with an ordinary common or garden service pea-shooter. After several shots, during which the veil was seen to be considerably agitated, an examination was made, and it was found that not a single pea had perforated and that the chair was totally uninjured. Loud cheering from all parts of the house greeted this announcement from the committee, and there was some slight excitement owing to a large section of the audience insisting that this was devilish dry work, and it was time that the drinks were heated round. In the absence of the refreshment manager, a bar was then burgled by an expert from the Criterion (Merchant's End), and the audience settled themselves again in their places to await the truly sensational item of the performance, viz, the assumption of the veil itself by Herr Master to indicate his confidence in its efficacy at the risk of his life. Amid dead silence the intrepid inventor was awaited, and when he was led forward, enveloped in the veil, by Mr Scratchings, defensing was the uproar. There was no need for the services of the Official Marksmen, everyone present producing pea shooters, bags of flour, lumps of coke, semi-bricks and other tasteful emblems of the road. After sustaining a fusillade compared with which the Alma was a trifle, the inventor walked off unscathed, being, in fact, the toughest three-shies-a-penny man procurable, Herr Master having declined to appear himself for fear of giving a clap-travvy and sensational aspect to what was a genuine scientific experiment. The 'Master Ascot Veil' (Pea-Shooter-Proof) will be on sale everywhere and threatens to revolutionise the Ascot traffic, many who would otherwise fear the peril of the road being now encouraged to drive to the Heath with this safe contrivance as a defence from the perils to be incurred. The audience broke up as soon as it was found that there were no more drinks to be got, and except the fact that some very valuable timepieces have changed hands, some of the most ingenious 'clock makers' of the trade being present, there was nothing to mar the pleasure of the proceedings, and everyone thanked Mr Scratchings, who had been incidentally held up for his scarf-pin, watch, and coat, for arranging such an agreeable method of spending the afternoon.—*Sporting Times*.

THE COUNTRY WEEKLY.

The type is wearing off the face
The print is often blurred,
And now and then in places dim
I can't make out a word.

The paper's poor it's printed on,
It's made up of poor as well,
But for all that its local page
The old home news can tell.

How Peter Harket cut his foot
While chipping up some wood,
Or Jerry Tompkins has come home
From Sydney now for good.

It tells about the big surprise
Of Squire and Mrs Nairn;
How neighbour took the house by storm
And left a large armchair.

A full account about the dance
At Jimmy Walford's place,
And all about the whooping cough
And latest measles case.

How Sadie Tilt is back from school,
And Sunday young Sam Rams
Drove into town from Walnut creek,
We all know why we came.

And thus the locals gossip on
While memory takes me back
A trifle like a score of years
Along Time's haunting track.

So the country papers take,
And by the reading week
My vanished youth thus to renew
In it from week to week.

Buffalo Times.

HUNTING.

AUCKLAND.

THE Pakuranga Hounds met this week at Mount Roskill School, Three Kings, where the gathering of spectators was much more numerous than the hunters. The day was perfect, not a vestige of a cloud to be seen on the horizon. The first part of the day was spent in drawing for pussy, which, when found, gave them a good run, but unfortunately took the riders through some old dame's property, who decidedly objected to the huntsmen and women passing through her domains. The old lady mounted on the wall with stone in hand and prevented the lastcomers from continuing, and held forth such harangue which is not likely to be forgotten easily. Another angry dame had to be pacified, and also an anxious parent, who was certain her young boy would come to harm, as he would persist in following. Pussy at length was caught, and his pads were divided amongst the ladies who were in at the death.

THE first drag was laid from the back of Three Kings to Mount Roskill Schoolhouse, where the jumping mainly consisted of stone walls. Splendid circus feats were accomplished, such as landing on horse's necks and scrambling back to the saddle again, while the horse was in full motion. Mr Selby finished first, followed by Mr Gordon on faithful old Jim; Mr Tonks, on Nap; Miss Percival (who has just returned from the South), as she took her last wall, lost her balance and neatly seated herself on the ground, leaving Tommy to look on in wonder; Miss Dunnett came next on Sir Roger. This drag was finished in a paddock, and of course much amusement was afforded to the spectator by the attempts of some of the hunters to reach the road, but a very high wall barred their way. One boy on a chestnut went a complete somersault.

THE second drag was from Mount Roskill School to Potter's Paddock. Being much longer, few ladies were seen to finish, though many started. Riderless horses were seen taking their jumps without a guiding hand. Many a horseman turned a somersault. The same gentlemen finished well as in the first drag.

AMONGST those present were Mrs (Colonel) Dawson and Miss Elliot; Mrs Gorrie, Mrs Browning, Mrs Tonks, Mrs Harry Tonks, Mrs (Dr.) Scott, Misses Thomas, McLaughlin, Banks, Percival (three), Roberts (two), Sellars, Bull, Sage, Firth, Messrs Gorrie, Phillips, James, Laurie, Holgate,

Ware, Gilmour, Conningby, Wynyard (three), Gordon Dawson, Tonks, Dunnett, McLaughlin (two), Greenwood, Martin (two), Motion, Ray, Kelly, C. Taylor, Colonel Dawson, Colonel Noakes. The next hunt will take place at Trimble's Papatototi Creamery.

WELLINGTON.

CAPTAIN and MRS STEWART, Major Elliott, and Lady Augusta Boyle all joined in the hunt which was held last week. It was a small meeting, but a very enjoyable one, and it is said they intend to ride in several of the hunts this winter, being all exceedingly fond of riding. His Excellency is very fond of walking, and is frequently to be met roaming round the bays or over the hills with some members of the household. The weather has been very bad during the past month or so, but in spite of everything, even rain, many of the Government House party go either riding or walking in the afternoon. The thunderstorm on Friday was very severe, but it seems to have broken up the weather, for to-day and yesterday have been glorious and quite a treat.

UPON AN EGG.

PRESUMABLY NOT FRESH.

I PUSHED it away from me.

I felt as though I had disturbed the graves of the long-departed. 'Forgive me the sacrilege,' said I. 'They told you to me as new laid, a mere thing of yesterday. I had no idea I was opening the immemorial past. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*—to you at least the quotation will be novel. Or I might call you bad, you poor mummy.'

'Unhappy, pent-up, ineffectual thing!' I said, going on with my jilted bread and butter. 'Poor old maid among eggs! And so it has come to this absolute failure with you. You might have been—what might you not have been? A prize hen, fountain of a broadening stream of hams, chicks, dozens of chicks, hundreds of chicks, a surging ocean of chickens. Had you been hatched among the Early Victorian chickens that were, I presume, your contemporaries, by now you might have been a million fowl, and the delight and support of hundreds of thousands of homes. And instead you have been narrowed down to this sordid back-street tragedy, a mere offence, tempting a struggling tradesman to risk the honour of my patronage of his books for a paltry fraction of a pennyworth of profit. Why, I ask you, were you not hatched! Was it lack of courage? a fear of the unknown dangers that lie outside the shell? An indescribable pity welled up in me for this lost egg, this dead end in the tree of life. The torrent of life had split and rushed by on either side of it. 'And you might,' cried I, 'have been a Variety, a novelty, and an improvement in chickens. No chick now will ever be exactly the

chick you might have been. Only an Olive Schreiner could do full justice to your failure, you poor nun, you futile erasmite, you absolute and hopeless impasse. Was it, I ask again, a lack of courage?'

'Perhaps a lack of opportunity? It may be you stirred and hoped in the distant past, and the warmth to quicken you never came. Ambition may have fretted you. Indeed, now I think of it, there is something in the flavour of you singularly suggestive of disappointed ambition. In literature, and more particularly in criticism, I can assure you, I have met the very fellow of your quality, from literary rotten eggs whose opening came too late. They are like the geni in the "Arabian Nights," whom Solomon, the son of David, sealed in the pot. At first he promised infinite delights to his discoverer—and his discoverer lagged. In the end he was filled with unreasonable hatred against all the feeble free, and emerged as a malignant fame, eager to wreak himself upon the world.'

A sudden thought came to me. I saw my egg in a new light, and all my pity changed to respect. 'Surely you are a most potent egg, a gallinaceous Swift. After all, anything but pointless and childless, since you have this strange quality of being offensive and engendering thought. Food for the mind if not food for the body—didactic if not delightful—a bit of modern literature, earnest and fundamentally real. I must try and understand you, Ibsen Ovarum. Possibly it is a profound parable I have stumbled upon. Though I scarcely reckoned on a parable with my bread and butter. Frankly, I must confess I bought you for the eating.'

Now that I had at last begun to grasp the true greatness of my egg, I felt it becoming to drop the tone of half-patronizing pity I had previously adopted. 'Come,' said I, smiling, with a dash of gallantry, over my coffee-cup; 'admit you are a hump, you whitened sepulchre of an anticipated chick! Until you found a congenial soul and overwhelmed me with your confidence, what a career of deception—not mean, of course, but cynical—ironical—you have been leading. What a jest it must have been to you to be sold as new-laid! How you laughed in your quiet way at the mockery of life. Surely it was a worthy pair to Swift, in casock and bands, conducting a marriage service. I can well fancy your silent scorn of the hand that put you in the bag. New-laid! But now I have the full humour of you. You must pardon my dulness of apprehension. I grasp your meaning now; your quiet insistent teaching that all life is decay, and all decay is life.'

I fell a-musing on this perfection of art, and was so wrapt in my new teacher that at last the landlady sent the servant up to remove the breakfast things, on the theory that I had forgotten to ring.

'Shall I throw this away?' said the girl. 'Good heavens!' I cried. 'Throw it away? Certainly not. Put it in the library.' (The library is the corner of the room by the window.)

She stared at me. She is a callous, impertinent kind of girl. 'It do smell,' she said.

'That's the merit of it,' I said—'it's irony. Go and put it on the fourth shelf near the window. There are some yellow-covered books there, and Swift, some comedies by a gentleman named Ibsen, and a farce and a novel by two gentlemen named George—. But there! you don't know one book from another! The fourth shelf from the top, on the right hand side.'



Wheeler and Co., Christchurch.

GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, CHRISTCHURCH.



ENGAGEMENTS
The engagement is announced in Dunedin of Miss Nellie Moffat, of Invercargill, to Mr Allen, who has just lately returned from England.

Two engagements are announced in Auckland—Miss Nellie Kilgour to Mr Goodson, of Hawera, and Miss Rennie Rookes, only daughter of Colonel Rookes, Parnell, to Dr. Pickthorne, of H.M.S. Wallaroo. The latter matrimonial knot will be tied in about two months.

The engagement of Miss Maggie Stoddart and Mr (Duke) Dixon is announced in Christchurch.

The engagement is officially announced of Miss Ethel M. Stringer, of Christchurch, and Archibald Anderson Gledhill, of Christchurch (late of Auckland), now of Christchurch Football Club, and late of the Gordon Club in Auckland.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

MACKERROW—MACLEAN.

ON Thursday, July 19th, Miss Maclean, of Dunedin, was married to Mr Mackerrow (North Island). The wedding took place at the house of the bride's sisters, in Park-street, where only a few relations were present.

The bride's dress was of very handsome dark cloth shot with red and trimmed with red velvet. Her travelling dress consisted of an entire costume of blue serge braided with black.

She was attended by Miss Bessie Maclean, her niece, and Miss Martha Mackerrow, her husband's daughter. Both of

the girls wore very smart blue serge costumes braided with black, and large black velvet hats trimmed with feathers.

The bridegroom's present to the bride was a beautiful pearl necklace and a lovely star to match for the hair. Mr Cunningham Smith also gave a very handsome topaz and sapphire necklace. A very pretty bangle to match this necklace was given her by Mr J. Brydon. Other presents were—two beautiful dressing cases, one in Russian leather and silver; two clocks; silver for the table, such as salt-cellars, butter dishes, etc; handsome case of cheese scoop, pickle forks and jam spoons in chased silver; many cheques, one of which she converted into a lovely fur cape and boa; many personal presents, and eighteen volumes of standard novels, beautifully bound.

AFTER the wedding Mr and Mrs MacKerrow went south. After they return they go straight to Wellington, where they have taken a furnished house for six months. At the end of that period they intend returning to his station.

TAYLOR—O'NEILL.

A QUIET little wedding at Bishop's Court, Auckland, was that of Miss Jane Alice O'Neill, youngest daughter of the late Mr Allen O'Neill, of North Shore, to Mr Thomas William Taylor, Clerk Magistrates Court, Whangarei.

THE PRIMATE (Dr. Cowie) took the opportunity of remarking that the day was the 23rd anniversary of his own wedding day, and he hoped the married life of the couple before him would be as happy as his own.

IN the evening a number of guests assembled at the residence of the bride's mother, Cleveland Road, Parnell, to bid the bride God speed before her departure for her new home in Whangarei.

HENDERSON—LEWIS.

QUITE a smart wedding took place in St. John's Church, Latrobe-street (Vic.)—that of Miss Ellen Lewis daughter of the late Mr James George Lewis, of Dunedin, New Zealand, to Mr J. R. Henderson, fourth son of Mr Donald Henderson, of New Zealand.

THE ceremony was performed by the Rev. Canon Chase,

assisted by his son, the Rev. William Chase. The service was fully choral, Mr Greenwood, organist of St. John's, presiding at the organ. On the arrival of the bride 'The Voice that Breathed o'er Eden' was sung by the choir, and at the close of the ceremony Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March' was played. The church was very artistically decorated with festooned foliage and white flowers; arches were raised in the aisles, and from the one in front of the chancel a large marriage bell was suspended, having on each side of it the initials of the bride and bridegroom.

THE bride's dress was a very pretty affair, being an elegant trained gown of cream duchesse satin; the skirt was plain, and the bodice with large picture sleeves was overfrilled with lace, and ornamented with sprays of orange blossom. A small coronet of the same flowers was worn over a beautiful veil of Honiton point lace (the gift of the bride's aunt), and an 'Empire' shower bouquet composed of lapaerias, phalenopsis, gardenias and sucharis lilies, mounted with choice ferns, was carried. The ornaments worn were an old heirloom snite of pearls.

THE bridesmaids were Miss Marie Louise Lewis (niece of the bride) and Miss Tibbitts. Both wore dainty gowns of coral pink crêpe, and tulle veils with fairy wreaths of pink roses. Their bouquets were also of the same coloured roses, fastened with pink ribbons. As souvenirs of the happy event, the bridegroom presented the maids with gold spray brooches, that of Miss Lewis being set with rubies, and Miss Tibbitts' topaz.

MRS C. R. HENDERSON (sister of the bride) wore a handsome gown of pearl grey satin duchesse, and a small jet butterfly bonnet, lightly touched with pink velvet. At the conclusion of the ceremony a wedding supper was served at 'Warstah,' Barry-street, Carlton, the residence of Mrs C. Henderson, the guests being restricted to relatives and old friends. The honeymoon will be spent in Sydney.

THE bride's going away gown was an embroidered robe of fawn cloth, with narrow panels of ruby velvet covered with iridescent beads, the bodice had full sleeves and a vest of azure velvet, cloak and picture hat *en suite*. The presents were numerous and handsome.

PEARS

Soap Makers



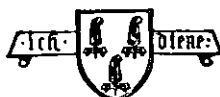
By Special Appointment

TO

HER MAJESTY

The Queen

AND



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE

Prince of Wales.

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Curious Breadwinners of the Deep.

BY CHARLES BRADFORD HUDSON.

SOMEONE has said that half the world does not know how the other half makes a livelihood. This statement is mild, even when applied to the human race alone, but it becomes hopelessly inadequate if its scope is extended to include any of the great classes of the lower animals.

It is true most of us are, in a general way, fairly well acquainted with the terrestrial animals, and know a great

on the New England coast they kill twelve hundred million millions.

As will readily be apposed, this fearful competition for life itself leads to highly specialized ways and means of existence, and nothing is more interesting than the consideration of the variety of devices and of special development of organ or of form with which nature has provided the different fishes for the capture of their prey. Nowhere has she displayed so little regard for fixed rules, so supreme an indifference to conventionality, whether of form, of colour, or of mode of living as among the fishes.

CLIMBING FISH.

For example, what could be more unexpected, under ordinary conditions, than to encounter a fish walking about on land, chasing and capturing bugs, and actually manifesting an aversion to entering the water? Yet this eccentricity is manifested by the little fish commonly known as the jumping fish, which even climbs for a short distance up the roots of trees, in pursuit of insects. It is a native of

One of our own native fishes, while by no means so wonderful as the ones just described, yet illustrating in an interesting way the high development of an organ for a special purpose, is the paddle fish of our western rivers. This is one of the sturgeons and belongs to the genus *Spatularia*, so named from its most striking peculiarity, the elongated and flattened snout with which it turns up the soft mud of the river bottom and dislodges the small crustacea on which it feeds.

In appearance the paddle fish suggests somewhat

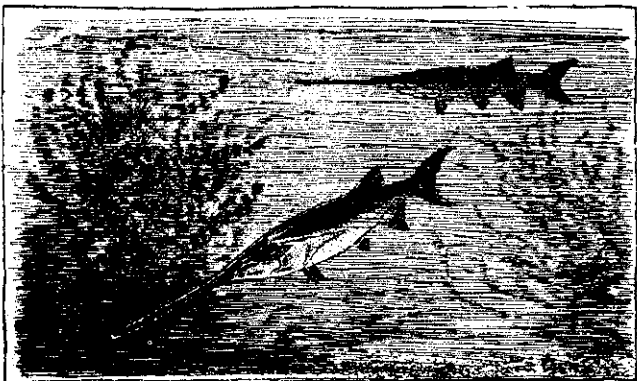
THAT FEROCIOUS WARRIOR, THE SWORDFISH,

though they are not at all related, the latter being allied to the mackerel. In this case, the prolongation of the upper jaw forms, not a peaceful shovel, but a death-dealing weapon, which has made its possessor celebrated since the days of antiquity. Aristotle described him, and Pliny mentions that ships were sometimes sunk by him in the Mediterranean. But the weapon which makes him so terrible is, at the same time, the implement with which he makes his living, preying upon small fish like the herring, menhaden, mackerel and others, which swim in close schools near the surface. Rushing into such a school from below, laying about him on all sides with his terrible blade, throwing himself into the air and falling back upon his victims, he wreaks sad havoc. As many as a bushel of dead and mangled herring have been picked up in the sea after a single onslaught. His scientific name is descriptive—*Xiphias gladius*, from a Greek and a Latin word, each meaning a sword.

Less active, less energetic, more wily and even more rapacious a creature is

THE GROTESQUE GOOSE FISH OR ANGLER.

This fish is as sluggish and inert in his nature as the swordfish is impetuous, yet it is provided with means for capturing its food that are no less effective and still more wonderful than those possessed by the latter. It is a bottom fish,



PADDLE FISH.



THE ARCHER.

many of their tricks and their manners. They are comparatively easy of observation. We live with them, so to speak, and have only to go into the fields and woods to learn their habits. But when we approach the domain of the sea, we come upon a region where investigation encounters the greatest difficulties, where the possibilities of observation are very limited, and where a great deal must be left to conjecture. But just in proportion to the difficulties in the pathway in this field are the results of absorbing interest. The deeper we penetrate the mysteries of the sea, the more we are astounded at its marvels. To an extent which has no parallel on land it is the scene of a perpetual warfare, a dire struggle for existence, in which such countless millions of lives are destroyed daily, hourly, that the figures would strain human credulity if they did not beforehand overtax the power of conception. Professor Spencer F. Baird estimated that

THE BLUEFISH ALONE DESTROY EACH DAY TEN BILLIONS OF SMALLER FISHES,

and in the season of about four months that they remain

India, of the East Indian Islands, and of Australia. When the falling tide uncovers the broad mud flats, this little fellow comes out of the water, and hops about after the tiny fiddler crabs that dwell there, or among the mangrove roots after flies and bugs. Denton, the naturalist and collector, relates his difficulties in capturing specimens of this fish. They were so lively in their movements on the half-hardened mud of the Australian pond where he found them that it was only after a lively chase that he caught one. He endeavoured, finally, to drive them into the shallow pools, thinking that he might take them more easily with his insect net, but they persistently refused to enter the water until forced to do so, when they skipped rapidly over the surface to the solid ground on the other side.

To enable this fish to live so long out of water, each of his gills is connected with a small bony receptacle so constructed, with numerous folds and passages, as to be capable of holding considerable water, with which the fish can moisten his gills at will and thus keep them in working order: for a fish perishes when out of the water, simply because the gills become dry and incapable of performing their functions. In moving on land it jumps by flexing its tail and suddenly straightening it. This fish belongs to the genus *Periophthalmus*, the name being derived from the Greek words, *peri*, around, and *ophthalmos*, an eye.

Another, which possesses the same faculty of carrying sufficient water to keep the gills moist, and has even superior locomotive ability, is

THE CLIMBING PERCH,

a native of nearly the same regions as the foregoing. This little chap is frequently compelled by the drying up of the pond or stream where he dwells, to make a long tour across country in search of a new home. When possible, this journey is made at night, though sometimes the little travellers are met toiling through the dust of a road in the heat and glare of a tropical day. The scientific name of this one is *Anabas scandens*, both words, the one Greek, the other Latin, meaning, essentially, going up, or climbing. It is difficult to imagine anything more unfishlike than the peculiar characteristic of this fish. It leaves the water with the utmost readiness, will live for several days entirely removed therefrom, and will travel many miles. It is said, also, to climb for a short distance up the roots of trees, clinging to the rough bark by means of the sharp spines on the under side of the gill covers, and progressing by short jumps, in the manner

of the *periophthalmus*.



TORPEDO RAY.



FISHING WITH THE ECHENIS.

incredible degree of extension. Its having been caught with a full-grown wild goose in its stomach gave it one of its popular names, and it possesses many others, less elegant and more significant of voracity. Its scientific name, *Lophina piscatorum*, describes its created (lophine) appearance and its piscatorial habits. It worries the fishermen by

ITS INDISCREET APPETITE FOR THE WOODEN BUOYS

attached to their lobster pots. It is difficult to conceive anything more forbidding and more repulsive than this slimy monster, yet the great French ichthyologist, Lacépède, is at considerable pains to show that it bears no resemblance, in any respect, to a human being, and that its great fleshy fins are in no way similar or to be compared with the human hand. This was very good and thoughtful of Lacépède, for if any unfortunate should chance to detect a fancied resemblance between the angler and himself, he would probably be a prey to considerable uneasiness of mind.

THE ELECTRIC TORPEDO FISH.

A fish somewhat similar in appearance to the angler, though having qualities that render him far more wonderful, is the torpedo. This strange creature, unfitted by its conformation for rapid action, deprived of all ordinary means of defence, is compensated by the possession of an agency, silent, invisible, potent, that makes it one of the strangest and most redoubtable of nature's creatures. Any enemy approaching this fish, or any small creature suited to its stomach, is transfixed and rendered helpless by a powerful shock of electricity. So heavy is the shock from a full-grown fish that men have been knocked down by it, and, as the water forms an efficient conductor, the fish's range of execution is considerable. The force is generated in a pair of batteries, situated one on either side of the skull, composed of a multitude of vertical prisms, each consisting of a series of gelatinous plates, one on top of the other, and separated by membranous vessels containing a fluid charged with salt in solution. These batteries are very active, and the fish is thus provided with a weapon, an occult potency, that surpasses in wonder all other provisions for aggression or defence granted by nature to her more humble children.

THE FISH MOST LIED ABOUT.

A remarkable little fish to which belongs the honour, probably, of being more lied about than any other, known or unknown to science, is the echeuis or remora. Possibly, some species of more interest to the angler may have a greater number of yarns related about them, but mere



SUCKING FISH—THE MOST LIED FISH EXTANT.

number sinks into insignificance when compared with the antiquity, the authority and the calibre of those concerning the echeuis. Hear what Pliny says:

ABLE TO MOLLIFY FISHES CAPABLE OF DESTROYING HIM, AND TO EXTINGUISH THE FIRES OF LOVE.

Endowed with a power far more astonishing, actuated by a moral faculty, he arrests the action of justice and the proceedings of tribunals. When preserved in salt, his approach alone suffices to draw from the deepest wells the gold which may have fallen therein.

This was very good for that ancient day, but in Pliny's thirty-second book it is even surpassed. After stating that the sea, the tempests and the tides, as well as all the other forces of nature and of man, are under

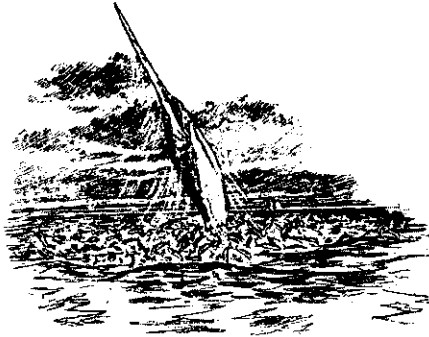
THE OCCULT POWER OF THIS LITTLE FISH

and may be held enchained by him, he relates how, at the Battle of Actium, the echeuis held immovable the ships of Antonius, thereby giving the victory to Cæsar. He relates, further, that the ship of Gaius was once held by the echeuis against the efforts of four hundred oarsmen. He tells many other wonderful little yarns about the fish, but these will suffice. They are striking in themselves, but

TOLD WITH PLINY'S ELOQUENCE IN SONOROUS AND MAJESTIC LATIN

they are deeply impressive. However, the echeuis has

valid claims for wonder. Surmounting its head and shoulders is an oval disk, surrounded by an elevated edge forming a shallow disk-like organ, traversed from each side to the middle by narrow, overlapping, cartilaginous plates. Each of these plates is set with fine teeth on the under side of the upper edge. Each is joined to the skull on the lower edge, and joined again thereto by muscular bands connecting with the middle of each plate by a spiny process. This forms an apparatus of great extorsion power, by which the fish is enabled to firmly attach itself to any smooth object, like the side of a larger fish, notably the shark, the swordfish and the spearfish, or to the bottom of a ship.



SWORD FISH FEEDING.

Lastly, we come to a little fish, which, while not possessing any peculiar development of organ or of form, has nevertheless acquired a trick that makes it nearly, if not quite, as remarkable as any of the preceding.

THIS IS THE ARCHER.

He has the faculty of projecting a drop of water with such accuracy and force as to bring down any insect which may chance to alight near the surface of the water. Kicking cautiously beneath a fly or bug, until his snout projects into the air, he aims deliberately and shoots with such precision that an insect anywhere within a range of twelve to eighteen inches is a certain victim. What could be more astonishing than this as an accomplishment of a fish? It forces speculation as to how he ever happened to commence such a practice, though probably it was at first more or less accidental. The writer has frequently observed fishes, while swimming near the top, to project tiny drops of water into the air, though evidently by accident. Probably it was in some such way that the archer began. But it must have required wonderful assiduity of practice, through many, many generations, to acquire its present perfection.

There are several species which have this faculty, all dwellers in East Indian and Polynesian seas, where they are found about the mouths of rivers, near the shore. They are highly prized by the Chinese and Japanese, who cause them to display their marksmanship by placing insects within range. They belong to the genus of Chaetodon, a Greek word, meaning brittle tooth.

But a volume would no more than touch upon the confines of this vast subject, and the few curious things we have described furnish no more than a hint of the marvels that are to be found beside them. To the novice, and equally to the close student, there seems in this realm of the water to be nothing of the commonplace. Things are extremely beautiful, immoderately grotesque, or repulsive in the last degree. It is truly nature's wonderland.

STATISTICS OF LYNCHING.

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* has been keeping a record for some time of the cases of lynching throughout the country. At intervals the *Inter-Ocean* presents these statistics, and while they are horrible enough they are at the same time deeply interesting and very instructive.

Up to May 5th there have been 50 of such outrages in the United States since the beginning of 1894. Of these 9 occurred in the North—4 in Kansas, 2 in Ohio, 2 in Indiana, and 1 in Pennsylvania. But there were 41 in the south, 11 of which were in Alabama, 9 in Louisiana, 7 in Arkansas, while the remaining 14 were scattered through seven other States.

For a year or two the magazines of the country have had articles by leading Southern statesmen and writers not exactly justifying these crimes, but palliating them and explaining them away. The explanation which has invariably been tendered as an excuse for the lynching of negroes in the South is that whites have been aroused to such deeds—exasperated beyond endurance by the negro victims who have committed assaults upon white women.

The *Inter-Ocean's* figures are inconvenient for those who insist upon this theory. Out of the forty-one lynchings in the South since January last only eight were for such assaults. The others were for trivial offences, but were in all cases committed upon blacks. The Governors, Bishops and professors who have been defending the South in this regard will have to revise their arguments.

A JOURNALIST'S NOTE-BOOK.

'A JOURNALIST'S NOTE-BOOK' is a collection of the numerous anecdotal stories a journalist has such exceptional opportunities of picking up in the course of his work. A fair proportion of them are amusing enough, and excellently suited for whiling away an odd half-hour.

A THOUGHFUL ENGLISHMAN.

The Irish nation has always had a large and apparently inexhaustible store of dry humour. The student in Dublin University who was possessed of a very strong brogue, which he endeavoured to lose in favour of English accentuation, and succeeded fairly well, except when in a temper, was only typical of his countrymen when, after a visit to London, he said:—

'Boys, the English chaps are a poor lot, no matter how you look at them. But I will say this for them—no matter how drunk any one of them may be, he never forgets his English accent.'

TAP ROOM HOSPITALITY.

The smallness and puffed-up vanity of the average town councillor is so well known that it is needless to here remark upon it. But the following tale is rather good. Its subject had succeeded, greatly to his astonishment, in carrying a resolution, and found that it devolved upon his courtesy to provide refreshment for his supporters. His idea was centred around the public house, but upon its being explained that something superior was the 'correct thing,' he declared his willingness to act in the best style. Accordingly he hailed his friends—a dozen—to a first-class restaurant, and ordered two bottles of champagne:—

'When these had been emptied, the host gave the waiter a shilling, telling him in a lordly way to keep the change. The waiter was, of course, a German, and, with a smile and a bow, he put the coin into his pocket and hastened to help the gentlemen on with their overcoats. When they were trooping out he ventured to inquire whom the champagne was to be charged to. The hospitable Councillor stared at the man, and then expressed the opinion that all Frenchmen, and perhaps Italians, were the greatest rogues unhung. "You savey?" he shouted at the waiter—for, like many persons on the social level of Town Councillors, he assumed that all foreigners are a little deaf—"You savey! I give you one shilling—one bob—you savey!" The waiter said he was "much obliged," but who was to pay for the champagne? The gentlemen who had partaken of the champagne nudged one another, but one of them was compassionate, and explained to the Councillor that the two bottles involved the expenditure of twenty-four shillings. "Twenty-eight shillings," the waiter murmured in a submissive, subject-to-the-correction-of-the-court tone. The wine was Heidsieck of '74, he explained. The Councillor gasped, and then smiled weakly. He had been made the subject of a jest more than once before, and he fancied he saw in the winks of the men around him a loophole of escape from an untenable position. "Come, come," said he, "I've no more time to waste. Don't you flatter yourselves that I can't see this is a put-up job between you all and the waiter." "Pay the man the money and be hanged to you!" said an impetuous member of the party. Just then the manager of the restaurant strolled up, and received with a quiet smile the statement of the hospitable Councillor regarding what he termed the barefaced attempt to swindle on the part of the German waiter. "Sir," said the manager, "the price of the wine is on the card. Here it is,"—he whipped a card out of his pocket. "Heidsieck—1874—14s." The generous host fell back on a chair speechless. After a long pause he recovered his powers of speech. "And that's champagne—that's champagne!" he said in a weak voice. "Champagne! By the Lord Harry, I've tasted better ginger-beer!" He has lately been very cautious in bringing forward any resolutions at the Corporation. He is afraid that another of them may chance to be carried.'

SHAVING IN THREE LESSONS.

The ambition of all youths to shave and to grow a moustache has been the subject of many a joke; but the way in which George, the brother of Miss Amy Crowe, whom Thackeray adopted, gained experience in that direction is perhaps unique. Though George was at school, he had the run of Thackeray's house in Oslow-square, and in its innumerable voyages of discovery he found the novelist's razors:—

'The same spirit of earnest investigation which had led him to discover the razors, caused him to find in one of the garrets an old but well-preserved travelling trunk, bound with ox-hide and studded with brass nails. To spread a capacious lather over a considerable part of the lid, and to act about the removal, by the aid of a razor, of the hair of the ox-hide, occupied the boy the greater part of an afternoon. Though not exactly so good as the real operation, this shave was, he considered, a novel in the right direction; and it was certainly better than nothing at all. By a singular coincidence, it was about this time that Thackeray began to complain of the difficulty of putting an edge upon his razors, and to inquire if any one had been in the case where they were kept. Of course, no one except the boy knew anything about the business, and he, for prudential reasons, preserved silence. The area of the ox hide that still remained brittle was pretty extensive, and he foresaw many an hour of fearful joy, such as he had already tasted, in the garret. Twice again he lathered and shaved at the ox hide; but the third attempt was not a success, owing to the sudden appearance of the housekeeper, who led the boy to the novelist's study and gave evidence against him, submitting as proofs the razor, the shaving brush, and a portion of George Crowe's thumb which he had inadvertently sliced off. Thackeray rose from his desk and mounted the stairs to the garret; and when the housekeeper followed, insisting on the boy's accompanying her—probably on the principle of confronting a murderer with the body of his victim—Thackeray was found seated on an unshaved portion of the trunk, and roaring with laughter. So soon as he had recovered, he shook his finger at the delinquent (who, twenty-five years afterwards, told me the story), and merely said, "George, I see clearly that in future I'll have to buy my trunks bald."



HASTINGS.

DEAR BEB, The only excitement this week has been a FANCY DRESS BALL.

In aid of the Fire Brigade, which was held in the Princess Theatre on the 18th. The hall was very prettily decorated with flags and evergreens, and the dresses were very pretty.

Fluenza is still raging. Tomoana has been attacked, and Mr H. Warren is down with it, while Mr M. Fenwick and Mr Pinkney have been ordered to Auckland to recover from the effects.

NELSON.

DEAR BEB, The SECOND ASSEMBLY of the series of four, was held in the Provincial Hall last Friday.

Although there were many absent, those who were present declared this one to be a more enjoyable dance than the first. The hall itself certainly looked more effective, for the gallery at the far end of the room, which has been the scene of many a really looked pretty.

Progressive Euchre last Saturday. Among them were Mrs Robinson, Mrs Helator (Miram), Miss Leyden, Miss Hoops, Miss Jones (two), and of course, Mrs Howie's sister, Miss Porter, the gentlemen being Messrs Hamilton, Mirams (two), Duncan, Devinish, Squires, and Judge Robinson.

Balloon Ascent On the Port Hills, too, there were numerous spectators, and all this for nothing. For after the balloon had been filled with hot air and Miss Adair had been strapped on to the trapeze, the balloon was seen to ascend without her.

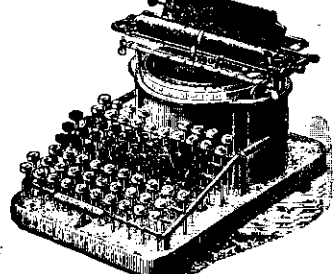
Phyllis has given three concerts here. It is hardly necessary to say that she has given good ones, and that her selection, as there is no thing more than another our little town prides itself on, is its appreciation of good music.

GISBORNE.

DEAR BEB, The THIRD OF THE ASSEMBLY DANCES was held in McFarlane's Hall last Friday, and though the ladies outnumbered the gentlemen, the ball was voted by all to be a great success.

Among those present were Mrs Nolan, stylish black costume; Mrs Orr, old gold and black lace; Mrs Reynolds, black velvet and lace; Mrs McFarlane, black lace over crimson; Miss Barker, soft pink; Miss B. Barker, apricot satin; Miss Reynolds, cream satin; Miss Campbell, looked very charming in soft black; her sister wore blue satin under spangled gauze; Mrs Smith in handsome black, was chaperoning Miss Evelyn Peacock (Napier), who wore a stylish gown of black lace with mauve silk sleeves; Miss Heveses, soft pale pink; Miss Kemphorne, yellow silk with black trimmings; Miss Williamson, white silk relieved with pale blue satin; Miss J. Williamson, soft pale green, which was exceedingly becoming to her fair hair and delicate colouring.

Betty.



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SEALSKIN SUGGESTIONS.



THE fashionable coiffure commands to be decorated, and nothing does this with so much grace as diamonds. Failing the real article, and owing to coal strikes and Stock Exchange eccentricities, a good many of us do fall this, this year, we must cheerfully turn our attention to the imitation diamonds which are capital. Bandeaux for the hair mostly take the form of bows or loops standing erect, coronet shape in the centre, with narrow, straight, or curved pieces at the side by which to fix them. Mount one of these on the top of your chignon, and write me down a false prophet if you are not pleased with the result. The new brooches are pretty; double crescents, tie bows with flexible ends, terminating with a pearl drop, and the wheel design may all be seen, and last, though certainly not least of the attractions, are some combs mounted on tortoiseshell with upright ornaments formed of diamonds. These look particularly well when worn just below the bonnet, on the top of one of those popular 8 shaped knots into which we are just now pleased to twist our back hair.

I can picture it, for instance, achieving success with such a hat as that illustrated here, of picturesque shape, made in black velvet, the crown of a cherry-tinted velvet, a group of



black feathers on one side, and a tiny roll of the cherry velvet resting on the hair. Amongst other pretty millinery which is to be seen is a drab felt hat, somewhat of the boat shape, lined with pale blue.

The attempt to revive ermine has proved almost as fruitless as the attempt to revive the crinoline. It makes an admirable lining for evening wraps, but as a trimming few things could be more unbecoming to the complexion. The latest novelties at the furriers are trimmed with chinchilla. A lovely carriage wrap was of violet velvet, bordered everywhere with that fur, and trimmed with a short full shoulder cape, also edged with chinchilla. There has been a slight drop lately in the price of sealskin. Seal coats this season are extremely elaborate. All have enormous sleeves and flamboyant collars or capes. The best and simplest way of making a last year's coat fashionable is to invest in one of these cape collars, which reach to the tips of the shoulders and fall in flute-like folds all round. Even coats of sealskin or Persian lamb look extremely smart with cloth dresses. One of the handsomest garments I saw was a fur coat for the Turkish ambassador. It was of dark blue box cloth, lined throughout with sable, but with no fur trimming outside, from which you will infer that it was a coat intended for comfort rather than show. The seal jacket



sketched here is a renovated last winter's sealskin, made as indicated with basque and sleeves of the same cloth

material as the dress worn with it. The cuffs are of seal, and so is the centre of the muff which also is of dress material.

For a pretty winter bodice, Figure 3 offers a useful suggestion. It opens over a full front, has a deep basque at the waist and large sleeves; the seal collar is bordered with



lace. This might be made up in brocade, velvet, or plain woollen, for day and evening wear.

Some of the prettiest tea gowns for this winter season are made of white silk trimmed with beaver or sealskin, have short waists, and long stole ends in front falling in an unbroken line from the shoulder to the feet.

I wonder whether Mr Hudson and his friends would be propitiated by the knowledge that women are beginning to wear fur quills instead of feathers in hats and bonnets, and it is not astonishing that they are popular, for they are certainly beautifully wrought. Some of the new felt hats on which these are introduced have brims made of frills of felt overlapping each other.

The most fashionable veils of the day are white and black—a black ground with a white design upon it; but newer than these—a fashion which as yet has hardly travelled from Vienna and Paris to us—are the colored veils, the lightest pinks, blues, browns and heliotropes matching the bonnets.

Some of the new silk underskirts have broad lace insertion let in in horizontal bands above the lace frilling, and the nightgowns show yokes of lace, pretty epaulettes to correspond, and capes of sufficient importance to have formed an outdoor garment in days of yore. A pretty new sleeve has been introduced into nightgowns, a slender puff coming from the epaulette, which reaches to the elbow, and is met by a close fitting arm-piece set into a pointed cuff of lace, falling over the hand. In lieu of flannel skirts there are light silk wadded under petticoats with lace flouncing, and we are falling back on silk coatlets for stays, and also upon batiste, which is so charmingly hand-embroidered with sprays of flowers that it appears to be of silk also.



My last sketch is a lovely travelling mantle for a bride

made in petunia coloured cloth with deep sable collar, and lined with the same fur.

HELOISE.

EYESIGHT AND SPECTACLES.

THE proportion of people who wear spectacles is constantly increasing. Is this a thing to be lamented? In other words, does it indicate a deterioration of eyesight under modern conditions of life? Those who may be supposed to be best qualified to answer these questions answer them without hesitation in the negative. More spectacles are worn, not because poor vision is more common, but because the eye has been more intelligently studied.

A recent writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* says that it is the exception to find persons whose eyes are normal and perfect. At the annual meeting of the British Medical Association, not long ago, the president of the ophthalmological section expressed the hope that the time will come when 'a man who goes about with his eyes naked will be so rare that the sight of him will almost raise a blush.'

This is as much as to say that since almost every man's sight needs correction, it will be a sign of advancing knowledge when almost every man wears spectacles. Of the advance already made in this direction the *Atlantic* writer says:

'The methods of testing the defects of vision have, in the last two decades, been brought to a standard of accuracy and refinement previously unknown. Thus many troubles, disabilities and maladies hitherto suffered in patience, or treated incorrectly and in vain, are now traced to defects of vision, and are quickly remedied by the use of appropriate glasses, concave, convex, cylindrical, or prismatic.'

'The schoolboy's headache, the seamstress's browache, the convergent squint of childhood, so far as they are the results of faulty refraction, are beginning to be erased from the catalogue of human woes.'

Some specialists go so far as to maintain that every child should have his vision tested by a competent oculist. 'It is far better,' says the *Atlantic* writer already quoted, 'to discover visual defects and to remedy them at the beginning of school life than to have the child sent home after his sight has been seriously injured, as dull of vision, or unable to get through his studies, and the subject of periodical "bilious headaches"—matters nowadays of constant occurrence.'

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QUERIES.

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

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

RULES.

- No. 1.—All communications must be written on one side of the paper only.
- No. 2.—All letters (not left by hand) must be prepaid, or they will receive no attention.
- No. 3.—The editor cannot undertake to reply except through the columns of this paper.

RECIPES.

CRUSTADE OF OYSTERS.—The paste should be made by rubbing four ounces of butter into half a pound of Vienna flour, then add a little salt and the yolk of an egg; after this, make into a stiff paste with cold water; roll out and line the crustade mould with the paste, which should be about an eighth of an inch in thickness; then place a buttered paper inside it, and fill up the mould with rice, or any other grain, and bake in a moderate oven. When the paste is cooked remove the paper and grain, and fill the centre with the ragout of oysters; beard the oysters—say a dozen or a dozen and a half, according to the size of the crustade—place the beards in a stewpan, with an ounce of butter, and let them cook gently on the side of the stove; fry two ounces of butter and the same quantity of flour together without discolouring, and then add one and a half gill of oyster liquor; should there not be sufficient of this, a little fish or well flavoured chicken stock may be added; stir the sauce till it boils, then add half a gill of cream, a little Chablis, cayenne pepper, and a little salt; wring the sauce through a tannery cloth, and then add the oysters, which should be cut in half if large; some slices of tinned mushrooms and truffles should also be added to the ragout, but that is simply a matter of taste; fill the crustade case with the ragout, sprinkle some brown breadcrumbs over the top, and place here and there some small pieces of butter on the crumbs, and bake in a moderate oven for about twenty-five minutes. The top of the crustade should be ornamented with some rings of paste which have been cut with a fancy cutter and baked, and a little finely chopped parsley must be sprinkled over the top.

A GOOD SUPPER DISH.—Line the bottom of a mould with slices of hard-boiled eggs, add a layer of slices of veal (cold cooked) sprinkled well with salt, pepper, and chopped parsley. Then eggs again, and meat alternately, till the mould is nearly full; add enough water to cover; tie over with thick paper and bake an hour. When cold, turn out into a pretty dish garnished with parsley. Ham may be added to veal.

GINGERBREAD CAKE.—Put ½ lb of brown sugar, ½ lb of butter, and ½ lb of treacle into a basin, and stand it before the fire until its contents are warm; then mix them well together, add 1 lb of flour, one dessertspoonful of carbonate of soda, 1 oz of ground ginger, three beaten eggs, and half a wineglassful of brandy. Beat the mixture well for some minutes, and pour it into a buttered tin with a piece of buttered paper on the top. This is an excellent cake if well made.

SAVOURY CUSTARD.—Put the yolks of two eggs into a pan with five ladefuls of good gravy or consommé, and let them stand till mixed; then strain them; butter some small moulds lightly, fill them with the mixture and leave them in the bain-marie till set firm. Turn out the custards and serve them with a thick tomato or any sauce you please.

REBANADAS.—A dish as much eaten by the Portuguese as mince pie by Americans in the rebanadas. It is of Moorish origin, and is easily and quickly prepared—as befitted the habits of a nomadic race. Thick slices of bread are soaked in new milk, fried in olive oil, and then spread with honey and eaten hot. The result is something delicious, and those who have once tasted the rebanadas will want to taste it again.

INFAMOUS RUSSIAN PROVERBS.

Russian proverbs about women seem to indicate either that Russian men are unkind and ungallant, or that Russian women are hard to 'get along with.' Here are some samples of the popular sayings of the people:—
Love thy wife as thy soul, shake her like a plum tree.
Always beat your wife before dinner; also before supper.
Long hair, short memory.
The dog is more intelligent than woman, for he never barks at his master.
Twice is a woman dear; when she comes to the house, and when she leaves it.
Before going to war say a prayer; before going to sea say two prayers; before marrying say three prayers.

MUSTARD.

VERY few of us are aware how this frequent accompaniment of a correct dinner obtained its name. It seems that it comes from France. An old legend of Dijon says that Philip the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, granted to the town of Dijon in 1322 armorial bearings with the motto, 'Moult me tarde,' which means 'I long ardently.' This motto was sculptured over the principal gate of the town, but by some mischance the word 'me' became obliterated. The Dijon dealers in seed, intending to label their pots with the city arms, copied the mutilated motto, 'Moult tardic,' and so it came to pass that our mustard got its name.

MARQUETERIE STAINING.



IMITATION is a word that the amateur especially loves to conjure by. It is one of the short cuts by which he occasionally flatters himself that he reaches the same goal as that of the professional who has trodden the weary road of patient and persistent hard work. But, objectionable as all this is, it must be admitted that there are some imitations that appeal more to our artistic sense than others—for instance, the present fashionable craze for wood-staining or 'imitation marquetrie.' Almost any of the various white wood articles are suitable for this ornamentation, but close-grained and well-seasoned wood is greatly to be preferred. A beginner would do well to select a fairly large design, as he will find it easier to manage. The first thing to be done is to rub the article thoroughly with glass paper, beginning with the coarsest and ending with the finer kind, for, it must be remembered, it is necessary that 'marquetrie' should have a very highly polished surface. The wood should be rubbed until it is as soft as the skin, when it may be considered ready for the first process of staining. To prevent the stains from running it is necessary to

paint the wood with a 'preparing solution,' which can be obtained for the purpose. Either camel's hair or sable brushes can be used, but flat ones are best for the background and round ones for the pattern. There are twelve different tints to be had, but both the blue and the green should be used sparingly. Each stain should be allowed to get thoroughly dry before another is applied, so as to prevent them running together. In the sketch given in the first sketch, the design may be carried out simply as if it were an ivory inlay on an ebony background; or a background of rosewood with a predominating amount of red in the pattern, softened by the introduction of yellow, green, and blue, would be very effective. In the matter of varnish or polish the latter is highly preferable, but as it takes more time and trouble it is not likely to be so popular. It is advisable to use glass-paper before applying the polish, of which there should be two coats. If, however, varnish is chosen, white varnish should be selected in preference to brown.



MARQUETERIE STAINING.

PROPER DRESS FOR WOMEN CYCLISTS.
CAREFUL ATTENTION TO ALL THE DETAILS REQUIRED TO MAKE A PRESENTABLE APPEARANCE.
To be or not to be the fashion? Are we to ride bicycles? Are we to wear short dresses only to our knees? Are we to ride astride of horses? These questions are absolutely convulsing society. Smoking is already indulged in by some of the would-be smart women, who ape the doings of a certain set in London, but smoking as yet has not received the sanction of fashion's devotees. Bicycling, like smoking, has been so far indulged in surreptitiously and only within the last two or three months has the report gained ground that any women known in society were really indulging in the exercise. Within the last fortnight there have been many wild tales told as to those who went into the Park early and late, made up bicycle parties and rode remarkably well, but no names were mentioned. The women wore heavy veils and were generally unrecognizable. Latterly, two or three of the fashionable doctors have recommended bicycling as a capital means of reducing flesh, and it is not good style to be too stout. Women tell of losing pounds by bicycling, and certainly there is a great change in many of them.

MYSTERY ABOUT NEW SUITS.

There has been a book lately published in England on 'Cycling,' which, I believe, is the swell way to speak of it, and this book it is almost impossible to get at any of the libraries, so great is the demand for it. Women are having suits made at the different tailors, about which they are

most mysterious and which they refuse to allow even their most intimate friends to see. One or two of the so-called fashion journals have lately published cuts of how women should dress when riding, but they were such unbecoming and ungraceful costumes that if women were forced to wear them the sport would never become a favourite one.

Why it should be considered necessary for a woman to make herself look like a scarecrow when she rides a wheel is quite beyond the ordinary comprehension any more than when she is riding a horse. Of course, the line of the riding habit is a different one. When riding on a side saddle on a horse the habit hangs straight down from the waist, the feet being covered entirely, but on a bicycle the feet and legs must show unless the skirt be cut with the greatest care and fastened back with that very useful adjunct, a trousers' strap.

I asked a woman who is very prominent socially and who rides remarkably well what her ideas were as to how a woman should gown herself. She was very indignant that I should for an instant have imagined that she would wear bloomers or anything of the sort, and she showed me her costume, which was exceedingly neat and trim. She said she could see no reason why the skirt should not be of ordinary walking length. She had had her skirt made in that way and it was eminently satisfactory. It reached just to the ankles. She had had riding breeches made to fasten just below the knee, and wore stockings instead of leggings, which she condemned as being too hot and clumsy, and low shoes or slippers. Her skirt fitted perfectly tight over the hips and was cut in a curious round curve, all the seams and hems being on the outside, so there should be no danger of catching in the pedal, which it seems is the great danger to be avoided. The fulness of the skirt was held back and well in place with the trousers guard.

WHAT MUST NOT BE WORN.

The great trouble in cycling is that it is an exercise which induces such tremendous perspiration that it is absolutely necessary to wear flannel. Corsets, unless they are riding corsets, are quite inadvisable, and even they should have thin linings of flannel. Anything in the nature of linen is soon saturated, and the cool air striking when one stops the violent motion is apt to produce very disagreeable results.

Cycling, unlike horseback riding, is possible in the hottest weather, if only the head be kept cool. The muscles are all equally in use, and so no one part of the body is hotter than the other, and the violent perspiration is of necessity productive of good, instead of evil. The great difficulty in when one stops to rest, on account of the cold air, and the air seems cold, no matter how hot the weather is. Then is the time to slip on a coat, which should always be carried strapped to the machine.

This same English book to which I have referred gives many rules and many valuable hints as to the best way to dress. The writer advocates the taking of an extra flannel vest, with collar of flannel attached, which can be slipped on when the rider stops to rest, thus enabling him or her to look neat and trim, instead of so excessively moist and unpleasant, as is necessarily the case when shirt and collar have yielded up their mission of trimness and neatness.

SOME OF THE DIFFICULTIES.

At a private class of bicycling the other day it was amusing to note the struggles made by some of the women to maintain an upright position, and at the same time look dignified and unconscious, and yet I was struck by the fact that the prettier and more stylish the gown the woman wore the better she looked, and the more really feminine and fussy it was made the less unfeminine did she appear.

It is rather soon to prophesy, but if the craze still continues some new and fetching style will be designed which will be chic and at the same time suitable. The little coats which come just below the waist look well and are good form, but of course they are too hot when the machine is in motion. Still, every woman who aims to be correctly gowned will have one to slip on when she can have a chance to get cool.

Many women make the mistake of thinking they can wear high boots, but they are not comfortable and do not give proper play to the muscles over the instep and ankle. Shoes made by some good boot maker, but not with pointed toes, and cut quite low, are altogether the best. The sole can be arched as much as the wearer chooses. Indeed, the very position of the foot on the pedal gives a capital chance to display the beauty of a high arched instep.

THE PROPER COSTUME.

The riding trousers to be worn under the skirts must be carefully cut—more like the full, baggy knee breeches the men wear with their pink coats while in the hunting field—and great pains must be taken not to have too much bagginess over the hips. The blouse waists are the best and can be made with a false piece of flannel and flannel collar, which can be removed at will. Careful attention to details is absolutely necessary in clothing one's self for cycling, and the same determination to be perfect in riding the machine will go far toward making the exercise a pleasure and not a toil.—Exchange.

PRIVATE HOSPITAL GRANT ROAD, WELLINGTON.

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

NURSING STAFF:

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

NURSES SENT OUT TO PRIVATE CASES.

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

NO INFECTIOUS CASES ADMITTED.

All Communications to be addressed to the Lady Superintendent. Telephone No. 726.

LADIES' VISITING CARDS.—100 best Ivory Cards with copper plate, 10s. or 50 for 7s 6d. Can be supplied same day.—GRAPHIC Office, Shortland-street, Auckland.



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 is 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."
"KEATING'S LOZENGES."

"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."

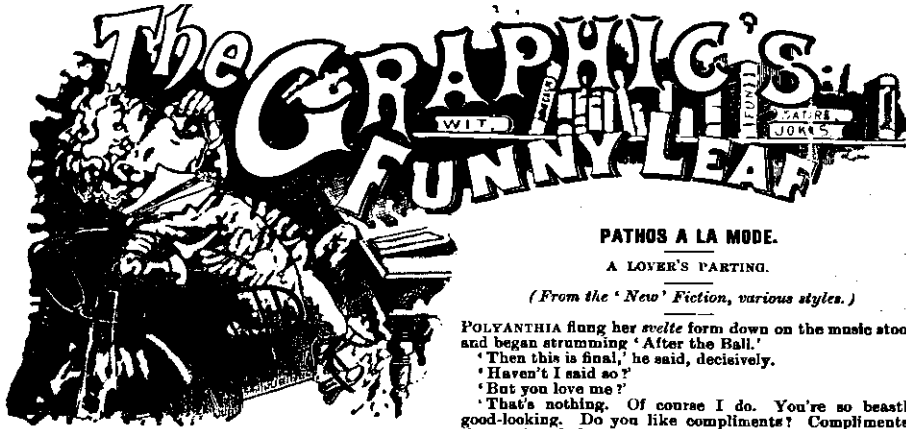
"93, Commercial Road, Peckham, July 12.
"Dear Sir,—I am a poor hand at expressing my feelings, but I should like to thank you. Your lozenges have done wonders in relieving my terrible cough. Since I had the operation of 'Tracheotomy' (the same as the late Emperor of Germany, and Uncle Tom, thank God, 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.



I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

NEW VERSION BY M. BAHINGTON BAYLEY.

I remember, I remember
The days when I was young,
They weren't a thousandth part so sweet
As foolish hardy have sung.
I only wish they had been, though
It doesn't matter now.
The truth is, each succeeding day
Meant just another 'row.'

I remember, I remember
(And here my patience fails)
The way they made me brush my hair,
And trim my finger nails.
I washed eleven times a day,
And then, in manner mean,
They made me do it o'er again,
And said I wasn't clean.

I remember, I remember
The paltry, trifling sum
They gave me every week to spend
On pops and chewing-gum.
I waited for it all the week,
And when it came, oh my—
It never bought one-tenth the things
I wanted it to buy.

I remember, I remember
The stinging leather strap
My mother used to belt me with,
And the loud, resounding clap
It may be true, the phrase you bear.
Upon the lips of men—
'A boy's best friend his mother is'—
But I didn't think so then.

I remember, I remember,
The lamp posts red and high;
I used to think their oily tops
Were twinkling in the sky.
Twas but a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To recollect that I was such
A thickhead when a boy.

THE NEW BUTLER.

OLD JONES: 'And—er—how long were you in your last place?'
Applicant for Place (off his guard—force of habit): 'A month.'
Old Jones: 'Eh? That's a very short time! How long in the place before that?'
Applicant: 'Three months.'
Old Jones: 'Hum! That's a little better. And the time before that?'
Applicant: 'Got off with forty shillings that time!'



PLUCKED.

EXAMINER: 'Now, my boy, suppose I were a friend of your father's, and I lent him one hundred pounds on the condition that he paid me back two pounds a week. How much would he owe me in four months?'
Scholar: 'One hundred pounds.'
Examiner: 'Boah! Nonsense! Why, you do not know the elements of arithmetic.'
Scholar: 'You don't know my father, sir!'

PATHOS A LA MODE.

A LOVER'S PARTING.

(From the 'New' Fiction, various styles.)

POLYANTHIA flung her *swelte* form down on the music stool, and began strumming 'After the Ball.'
'Then this is final,' he said, decisively.
'Haven't I said so?'
'But you love me?'
'That's nothing. Of course I do. You're so beastly good-looking. Do you like compliments? Compliments,' she continued, dreamily, 'are like sausages—they go down well with the mashed.'
'Polyantha, will you marry me?'
'My dear boy, marriage is like a hard-boiled egg—mostly yoke. Besides, I should like it so much that I should be afraid of having nothing left to dislike, and that would be a beastly bore.'
'Polyantha,' he said, deliberately, 'if you had been Noah I think you would have drowned yourself on the first day of the Deluge for fear that you might run short of tobacco in the Ark.'
'What shall you do?' she said, presently.
'O! the neural thing; any chemist will sell it me for two-pence.'
She raised her lithe form to its full height.
'Won't you kiss me once, as—as chorus-girls kiss their spongers?' he murmured, fiercely.
She felt the universe tingling. Great purple stars with yellow borders swam round and round the room. With a crimson cry of indignation she flung the sofa cushion at his parting form. It hit him with a brown thud.
Then she stood on her head. Not because it was nice or satisfying, but because it was the most incongruous thing to do at a moment when she had just found her feet. 'And the world is full of the incongruous,' she said.
But no more incongruous couple could be found than Life and the 'New' Fiction.



THE OPERA HOUSE NUISANCE.

'WHERE did you get that hat? Take it off!'
'Charley's Aunt.'

WHERE GENIUS DIDN'T WORK.

HE was just a plain tramp, unadulterated with soap, and he carried over his shoulder a wooden shovel several sizes too big for him. He pulled the bell in a business-like way, and when she opened the door he said:
'Are you a Christian?'
'Ye'es' (in surprise).
'And do you believe that honest, earnest endeavour should be rewarded?'
'Ye'es.'
'Heretofore I've had a large and lucrative practice in my profession, but this year the elements are against me. I know there's no snow in New Zealand, but it's going to rain this afternoon and rain hard. Now, I'll come back and shovel rain off your sidewalk for a shilling if you'll give me three-pence advance money. Is it a go?'
'Yes, it's a go,' she said, as she slammed the door in his face.
'And they say that genius and tact win every time,' he sighed as he shuffled down the steps.

A TREASURE INDEED!

COONEY EINSTEIN: 'Mein sohn, who is dot girl you wants to ged married mit?'
Young Einstein: 'Rachel Rabelsbeck, fader. Ach, sie ist wunderschön! Sie hat golden hair, und teeth like beards, but eyes dot shine like diamonds—'
Cooney Einstein (in ecstasy): 'Dake her, mein sohn, dake her! She must be a perfect dreasure!'
BEGGAR: 'Have you a copper you can spare, sir?' Carleton: 'Yes, you will find him in the kitchen making love to the cook.'



PRUDENCE.

MARRIED SISTER: 'And of course, Laura, as he is rich, you will go to Paris for your honeymoon.'
Laura: 'Oh, no! I couldn't think of going further than Rotorna with a man I know so little about.'

TRY TO SMILE.

YOUNG WIFE: 'Before we were married, George, you never smoked in my presence.' Young Husband: 'I know it, my dear, but you never wore curl-papers in mine.'

Her Aunt: 'My niece is quite a pianist. I suppose she plays a great deal when you call upon her?' Pathisfootin-it: 'Yes, but I've got used to it, and don't mind it now.'

Little Boy: 'The preacher said there is no marryin' in heaven.' Little Girl: 'Of course not. There wouldn't be enough men there to go round.'

A COCKNEY'S OPINION OF NIAGARA.—A Cockney at the Falls of Niagara, when asked how he liked the Falls, replied, 'They're 'andsome—quite co—but they don't quite hanswer my hepectations; besides, I got thoroughly vetted, and lost me 'at. I prefer to look at 'em in a bin-graving, in 'ot weather, and in the 'ouse.'

THE HUSBAND'S COMMANDS.

- First.—I am thy husband whom thou didst promise to love, honour and obey; for I saved thee from old-maidenism and the terror of single blessedness.
- Second.—Thou shalt not look upon any other man to love or admire him; for I, thy husband, am a jealous husband, who will visit the sins of the wife upon followers. Therefore keep thee faithfully to thy marriage vow.
- Third.—Thou shalt not backbite thy husband, nor speak lightly of him, neither shalt thou expose his faults to thy neighbours, lest he shall hear it, and punish thy perfidy by a deprivation of sundry items such as bonnets, dresses, etc.
- Fourth.—Thou shalt purchase cigars for thy husband rather than ribbons for thyself.
- Fifth.—Thou shalt not go to the opera or evening parties without thy husband, neither shalt thou dance too frequently with thy 'cousin' or thy 'husband's friend.'
- Sixth.—Thou shalt not listen to flattery nor accept gifts or trinkets from any man except thy husband.
- Seventh.—Thou shalt not rifle thy husband's pockets for money when he is asleep; neither shalt thou read any letters thou mayest find therein; for it is his business to look after his own affairs, and thine to let him alone.
- Eighth.—Thou shalt conceal nothing from thy husband, nor shalt thou make false representation of the state of thy pantry, thy purse, or thy wardrobe.
- Ninth.—Remember to rise early in the morning, and be prepared, with becoming good humour, to welcome thy husband at the breakfast table.
- Tenth.—Look for no jewellery from thy husband on the anniversary of thy wedding; for it is written, 'Blessed are those that expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed.'



AFTER MARRIAGE.

HE: 'My dear, I am a little short of money. Could you let me have twenty thousand of your million for a few days?'
She: 'I have no million.'
He: 'Before we were married you said you were worth a million.'
She: 'Why, you often told me I was worth my weight in gold, and I thought one hundred and forty-two pounds of gold was worth about a million; that's all.'